

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 76

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Chapter 76 Cut Off

Scarlett's POV:

"I wish you a happy night," Nina said with a meaningful look on her face. She then closed the door behind her, leaving me and Charles alone.

At that moment, Charles jolted me on his shoulder and advised in an evil tone, "Nobody can save you now, so be good."

"Charles, I swear if you don't put me down this instant, I will cut off my relationship with you!" I warned through gritted teeth.

"Wow. The little kitten has turned into a ferocious tiger."

Charles chuckled, and I felt his chest vibrate. My anger subsided all of a sudden.

I licked my lips and scoffed, "Are you scared?"

"You're going to cut off ties with me. How can I not be scared?" Charles grumbled. Nevertheless, he did not put me down and carried me to the car.

"I can go home by myself. You don't have to drive me home."

I recalled that Charles mentioned he wanted to stay overnight in my place. I suddenly felt an urge to flee at the thought of this.

Charles must have sensed what I was thinking. He put his hands on my shoulders and threatened, "If you run away, we'll do 'it'."

I stiffened and stopped struggling at once. "I won't run. Just don't do it," I pleaded in a low voice. 3

As soon as I finished speaking, I realized that I was being ridiculous for talking to him like that. I should have snapped back at him and expressed my displeasure. Besides, it was vulgar to mention sex all the time. At the thought of this, I raised my head and stared daggers at him. I wanted to tell him with my eyes that I would never let him sleep with me all his life.

However, Charles did not seem to care. Without even looking at me, he kissed me on the forehead and went to the driver's seat.

"I'm telling you, what you're thinking won't work."

I reminded him that he could never sleep with me, but he did not seem to hear me. Annoyed, I punched him on the shoulder. "Did you hear me?"

All of a sudden, Charles moved close to me that his face was only an inch away from mine. "What-what are you doing?" I stammered.

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"Nothing. I'm just helping you buckle up your seatbelt," Charles answered with a playful smile. A few seconds later, I heard an audible click on my side.

My face turned beet red. I averted my gaze in embarrassment, but I had no idea where to look. In a fit of panic, I pushed him away. "It's alright now. Thank you."

Neither of us said a word the entire ride. I just looked out of the window and ignored his presence. I hated to admit it, but I couldn't help but feel that Charles had affected me the way no one had done before.

Beep.

My phone beeped, indicating that I had received a message. I took my phone out of my bag and saw that it was a message from Nina.

"Honey, I can guarantee that Charles loves you." 2

I stared at her message for a few seconds. My mind was in a mess because of it. How could Charles love me? He never cared about anyone except Rita. Even if he really was interested in me, perhaps he was just attracted to my body. The sudden realization hit me that the one you couldn't have was always the best. Once Charles had me, he would soon lose his interest in me and become attracted to someone else, for sure. He would just throw me away like a used doll by then. At that moment, Charles noticed that I was troubled about something. "What's wrong?" he asked with a frown.

I put my phone back in my bag and lied, "Nothing. I just read a joke." Fortunately, Charles did not ask another question.

We arrived at my apartment thirty minutes later.

Just as I was about to get off the car, Charles locked the door of the passenger seat. I looked at him warily, wondering what he was up to.

"What do you want?"

"I forgot to tell you something." Charles rested his chin on his hand and looked at me with amusement. "If I want to do something, do you really think you can stop me?"

I instinctively put my arms on my chest. "What do you mean? You know what? Just go home. You should sleep early. It's good for your health. You're wasting your time with me here."

Charles snorted. "Is it really?"

He then unbuckled his seatbelt, and his face turned serious all of a sudden. "I bought the house you used to live in before."

"What?" My jaw dropped at what he had said, and I looked at him in awe.

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"It's under your name now." "Why did you do that?" I asked Charles in confusion. Did he really spend a fortune just so he could sleep with me?

"The house was taken away after your father's case. Anyway, I believed he was wronged. And that place belongs to you, so I bought it back. You're my wife. You deserve it." Charles paused for a second and added, "Just like I've always told you, I'll give you everything you want. You don't have to burden yourself."

"How's that possible? We're just married by contract, remember?" I reminded. I swore to myself I would not be indebted to Charles, be it a favor or money. However, I seemed to owe him more and more as time went by.

"If you don't want to be burdened..." Charles moved closer to me with a mysterious smile, held a lock of my hair, and smelled it. "You can always pay me back with your body." 2

"You wish!" I pushed him away as hard as I could. I wanted to get away from him, but the door was still locked. Unable to do anything, I bit my lower lip and glared at him. "Open the door! You bought the house without my knowledge. I won't sleep with you just because you did that. Just let me out. I don't want to listen to your nonsense anymore!"

Charles leaned against his seat and nodded as though he were in deep thought. "You're right. I shouldn't have threatened you to sleep with me."

"Then why don't you open the door?" I was flabbergasted.

Unexpectedly, my phone rang. I looked at it to see who was calling and found that it was Nate. I took a deep breath and hung up the call at once.

Charles raised his eyebrows and looked at me confusedly. "Why didn't you answer it? Who is it?"

Before I could say anything, my phone rang again. Annoyed, I picked it up, and Nate's greasy voice came from the other end of the line.

"Scarlett, have you decided? I promise that you won't suffer any losses if you become my mistress."

I resisted the urge to curse him right there and then. "I'm gonna have to decline your offer. Please find someone else to bother."

I hung up the call before he could even reply. Just like his daughter, Nate was always bothering me. "Is it Rita or Nate?" Charles asked with a frown.

I forced a smile at him. He had always had a keen eye. He just guessed correctly that

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it was Nate. But what was the point of telling him about it? He was going to marry Rita soon anyway.

"It's just an insurance agent." All of a sudden, I remembered something. I lowered my head and said in a muffled voice, "Bring the marriage certificate tomorrow. Let's go through the divorce formalities." "It's lost."

I looked up at him, wide-eyed. "Lost? Where did you lose it? Charles, are you kidding me? How can we divorce without that?" I did not believe him. I had known Charles for so long that I knew he was not irresponsible. He should have it hidden somewhere.

He did not answer my question. Instead, he got out of the car and walked to the door of the passenger seat.

My heart pounded in my chest. Was he going to force himself on me?

"Hey! What are you doing? Stop carrying me on your shoulder! Charles, you've gone too far!"

Regardless of my protests, Charles picked me up and carried me on his shoulder like a sack. He then carried me upstairs in one breath. Although I was displeased with his behavior, the path was so bumpy I could not speak. A few moments later, I saw him input the code to my apartment as if it were his, and I felt even more hopeless. Could I really be able to cut off my relationship with him someday?

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Chapter 77 Seduction

Scarlett's POV:

"Are you crazy?!" I bellowed while kneading my wrist and glaring at him as he had just thrown me onto the sofa.

"Be mindful of your actions." Charles yanked off his tie and threw it on the floor. Then, he unbuttoned several buttons of his shirt, knelt on the sofa on one knee, and bent over to me. "Don't you dare run away while I shower, or else you won't be able to get out of bed tomorrow," he warned in a barely audible tone, which made my hair stand on its end.

"Fine. But stay at least ten foot away from me. You're not allowed to kiss or hug me either." I put forward a request, dissatisfied with his domineering attitude.

Charles snorted and pinched my face. "You wish, Scarlett. Stop dreaming that you can challenge my authority."

I rolled my eyes and threw a pillow at him as I watched him leave.

While Charles was taking a shower, I sat on the sofa and thought of ways on how to get rid of him.

All of a sudden, Nate called. I glanced at the closed bathroom door and heaved a heavy sigh before I answered the call.

"Is Charles at your place?" Nate asked in his usual greasy voice.

"It's none of your business. Leave me alone, and stop calling me." I refuted Nate without a second thought. I was tired of him bothering me all the time. 2

However, he seemed rather amused. "Oh, stop playing hard to get, Scarlett. Just so you know, I can satisfy you in bed."

"You wish. You're nothing compared to Charles. He's strong and athletic, unlike you, dirty old man. If you want to describe yourself, you should be realistic," I retorted sarcastically. I had known that Nate was full of himself, but I did not know that he was this shameless. 1

"But I'm more experienced than he is. Charles is still young. He still has a long way to go, don't you think?" Nate seemed proud of himself for sleeping with many women. But instead of feeling impressed, I was disgusted.

It was uncomfortable talking to him, but I endured it. Suddenly, an idea occurred to me. With my phone in his hand, I walked to the bathroom and gently asked, "Charles, do you want me to select your pajamas?"

"Sure," Charles answered with the sound of running water in the background.

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Now that I had gotten the answer that I wanted, I sneered and hung up the call. If Nate was smart enough, he would not call me so brazenly again.

Charles came out of the bathroom after a while. He was not wearing anything except for the bath towel that was hung loosely on his hips. I could also see his well-toned abs even from afar.

"Where are my pajamas?" Charles looked around and frowned in confusion when he saw that his pajamas were nowhere in sight. I turned around and muttered, "Find it yourself." I was still in a bad mood because of Nate.

Without a word, Charles picked up my phone and input the password.

I could not help but look at him gloomily. He knew everything about me, did he not?

Unfortunately for him, I had already deleted the call log. As Charles could not find anything, he just chucked my phone aside disappointedly. To my surprise, he held up my face and looked into my eyes as though he were trying to retrieve information from them.

His intense gaze brought a bitter feeling to my heart. I lowered my eyes and mumbled, "Don't look at me like that."

Charles never listened to my words. Regardless of my plea, he did not take his eyes off me. He pinched my chin harder, forcing me to look up at him. The ambiguous atmosphere now turned romantic. Unable to stand his gaze, my face turned red again.

"What's wrong? Unhappy?" Charles moved close to me that I could feel his warm breath on my face. I was so nervous that I instinctively held my breath. At that moment, I cleared my throat to ease the awkwardness between us. "Stop. Don't get too close to me." Charles snickered. "Beg me."

I swallowed hard and averted my gaze. "Charles, stop seducing me!"

"I'm not seducing you. You're a woman with strong willpower, aren't you? I don't have the ability to challenge your self-restraint, do I?" Charles blinked, and his thick eyelashes fluttered like two little fans. Impressively, they made him appear more innocent.

"If you're not seducing me, then why are in front of me, half-naked?" I asked in a low voice. I turned my face away and did not dare to look at him. Charles held my hand and chuckled. "Didn't you say you'd select my pajamas? I don't see them. Without pajamas, I can only be naked. Perhaps you actually don't

want me to wear anything, so you keep muttering excuses."

"Of course not!" Embarrassed, I raised my head and looked at him. However, the sight of his beautiful smile stunned me. It was as bright and warm as the sun during winter. I rarely saw him smile like this.

But before I could come to my senses, everything turned black. It turned out that Charles had leaned over and kissed me with lust and desire burning inside him. Unlike before, his kiss was fervent and wild, and it seemed as though he was going to swallow my whole tongue.

I struggled to squirm free from his arms but to no avail. So, I leaned my head back slightly and whispered, "Don't push your luck."

"You should learn to embrace what you truly feel." Charles held me tighter and did not allow me to get out of his embrace. With one hand on my waist and the other on the back of my head, he kissed me passionately once again. His kiss rendered me speechless, and I could only hit his back to express my dissatisfaction

"Focus." Charles held my hands and looked at me with eyes filled with desire. Unable to do anything, I followed his lead and allowed myself to indulge in his wonderful kiss.

It was not until the phone rang that I came to my senses and was able to get out of his arms.

Charles' POV:

I only let go of Scarlett when my phone rang for the third time. I could not help but curse inwardly. Why was it that every time I got a moment with Scarlett, someone would call and ruin everything? 2

As I saw Scarlett staring at me with her doe eyes, I felt compelled to kiss her on the lips again. She pushed me and urged, "Answer the call." I sighed and kissed her forehead. With my arms around her, I answered the call and put it on speaker.

"Let go of me," Scarlett whispered while struggling to get out of my arms. I took a deep breath and, without warning, bit her on the neck. It was unwise of her to move like that in the arms of a man, who had been holding back his desire for a long time. At that moment, I suppressed my lust and cast a warning look at her.

Scarlett seemed to understand what I meant. She wrinkled her nose in displeasure but stopped moving.

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"Charles, can you hear me?" Rita asked at the other end of the line. I frowned and waited for her to continue.

She was silent for a moment as though she did not expect I would be so cold to her. "Charles, can you come to my house? I feel lonely today. Can you accompany me?"

"Rita, I have already made myself clear to you. I won't go there anymore. Why don't you ask Richard to keep you company?"

While I was talking, the bath towel on my waist loosened and fell to the floor.

“Ah!” Scarlett screamed in surprise and covered her eyes with her hands. Her face turned even redder than before.

My mood turned better in an instant. “Scarlett, go and take a shower first.”

Upon hearing this, Scarlett ran away like a rabbit. I could not help but laugh at her reaction.

“Oh my God. Charles, are you with Scarlett? Did you sleep with her?” Rita asked sharply: “Do you have anything else to say?” I asked back. This woman was getting more ungrateful, and it was wearing my patience thin.”

“I... I want to prove my innocence. Charles, nothing happened between Richard and me. I promise I’ll behave myself in the future. Can you break up with Scarlett and give me one more chance? Let’s start over. Please.” Rita begged for forgiveness regardless of her image.

Unfortunately for her, I was tired of her blatant lying. “What happened in the past has been imprinted on my mind. How can we start over and pretend that nothing happened? I’m grateful for what you’ve done for me, but that’s it. Don’t ruin my last shred of mercy for you. One more thing. I honestly don’t care if you and Richard are in a relationship.”

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Chapter 78 Divorce

Scarlett’s POV: When I stepped out of the bathroom, I found that Charles was not in the bedroom. I heaved a sigh of relief. He must have gone to Rita’s place. Before I could get him out of my mind, the door swung open. My heart leapt to my throat the moment Charles walked in.

“Why... Why are you still here? I thought you went to see Rita,” I asked in a trembling voice.

“If I leave, my wife will be unhappy,” he shrugged and started walking toward me.

I scoffed.

“What do you mean? We’re a married couple, remember?” Charles narrowed his eyes.

I shook my head. “We have never been a real married couple. Have you forgotten that our marriage is fake from the very beginning?”

I tried keeping the words in, but standing in front of Charles now, I could not help blurting them out in an accusatory tone. If it were not for him wanting a divorce, I would not have come home from overseas.

Charles furrowed his brows, and his eyes glinted with a dangerous light. He reached out and grabbed my wrist.

“What about now? I want us to be a real couple, Scarlett. I love you.” As he spoke, he approached me step by step, forcing me to retreat.

In a few heartbeats, I found myself backed in a corner. The wall felt cold against my back, and it was a complete contrast to Charles’s warm torso that was a hair’s breadth away from mine.

“Do you still think I’m not being serious? I mean it. I want to be with you.”

I looked at Charles’s face, gnashed my teeth together, and shook my head. Charles lifted my wrist that he was holding and pressed my hand against his chest. I felt his heartbeat on my palm.

“Scarlett... Please tell me you want to be with me, too.”

My mind went in shambles as my eyes threatened to burn with frustrated tears. I kept silent for a long time, trying to sort out the mixed feelings that my nominal husband once again had stirred up. I once loved him so deeply, but all he did was

hurt me over and over again. He broke my heart for Rita every chance he got, and now he was telling me that I was the love of his life.

How was I supposed to believe him?

“No, Charles, I don’t want to be with you. We can’t be together,” I refused coldly. “I don’t love you anymore, okay? Have you forgotten all the things you’ve done to me for Rita’s sake? I can’t be with someone who treats me like an option. I deserve to be a priority. And you can’t make me take you back with a mere ‘I love you’. Quit being so indecisive, will you? Seriously. I’m about to lose all respect for you.”

A muscle flickered in Charles’s jaw as he stared at me in silence.

I put my hand down from his chest and waited for him to speak.

After a few moments, he lowered his head and finally stepped back.

“You will regret saying that sooner or later,” he said in a low voice. I could not perceive any emotion in his tone. Then, he turned around and laid down on the sofa.

I went to bed and turned my back to him.

The next day, I went to work as usual, but I still felt a little depressed. I went to get myself a cup of coffee, hoping that it would refresh me and help me focus.

"You look awful. Is everything all right?" Nina came over to my desk and asked with concern.

"Yeah. I just didn't get that much sleep last night," I replied, taking another sip of my coffee.

"That's rough. How about we go grab dinner and some drinks after work? We can discuss what's bothering you or just have a good time until you forget your troubles. What do you say?"

"Sounds like a plan." I knew she meant well, so I did not refuse. I was thinking about finding a place to be alone and rest for a while, but maybe company was what I needed this time. And Nina was kind enough to offer it.

After we got off work, Nina took me to a nice restaurant.

"Oh, cheer up, Scarlett. The food here is divine. You're going to love it." After placing our orders, Nina reached out and held my hand.

I nodded and forced a smile. "Thank you, Nina. I can't wait to eat and feel better."

"Is Charles the reason you're so down?" Nina asked while arranging her plate and cutlery.

I frowned. I was not expecting her to mention Charles's name, and hearing it annoyed me.

"Tell me the truth. Are you so listless because there's something wrong with your sex life? Is Charles's sexual appetite too intense?" Nina asked again.

"No. In fact, we haven't slept with each other ever," I retorted.

"What? No way! You've been married for years. How is it possible you two haven't slept together yet?" Nina lowered her voice, but I could tell that she was extremely shocked.

"It's true. He and I have never lived together like a normal couple, and now we're getting a divorce," I answered firmly.

"But... But he seems to care about you very much now," Nina stammered.

"Men will always prefer the new over the old. It will be stupid of me to fall for any of his thoughtful gestures now. I've learned my lesson. He's hurt me enough," I replied calmly while cutting my steak with my knife.

"Wow. I'm so sorry. You must have suffered a lot because of him," Nina frowned.

“Speaking of divorce, do you know how to expedite one?” I blurted out mindlessly as the heartbroken look on Charles’s face from yesterday flashed before my eyes.

Nina shook her head.

“Well, I don’t know the details of speeding up the process, but I do know that getting a divorce on the grounds of infidelity is quite easy,” I murmured to myself.

“What?” Nina stared at me with wide eyes.

Before we could continue, a man from the table next to ours coughed loudly as if he was trying to get our attention. I sneaked a peek out of the corner of my eye and was surprised to find Spencer and Charles sitting there opposite each other.

I froze with my hand still holding my fork near my mouth. The piece of steak that I was about to eat almost fell off my fork. It was very likely that they had overheard our conversation. I lowered my head and pretended not to notice them. “What’s wrong, Scarlett? You look like you’re in pain.” Nina handed me a piece of tissue.

I shook my head. “Nothing. I just thought about something at work.”

I tried to conceal my uneasiness from Nina by putting on another fake smile. I went back to my food and tried to concentrate, hoping that Charles would not come over and bother us.

I ate the rest of my food while keeping the conversation as far away from the topic of Charles as possible.

After dinner, Nina went to the parking lot to get her car. I stood on the sidewalk outside the restaurant and waited for her.

A few moments after Nina left to get her car, I heard a familiar and annoying voice from behind me. “Oh, my God. Scarlett? Fancy seeing you here.”

I turned around and saw Nate standing behind me with a big, smug smile on his face. He looked like an old-fashioned, respectable gentleman. Who would have thought that there was a filthy mind under all that old-timey elegance?

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Chapter 79 Charles Was Drunk

Scarlett’s POV:

Nate had not stopped pestering me, which was so annoying. There was even a point where I suspected that he was following me. I stared at him coldly.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here, I'm meeting a friend at this restaurant." He seemed to have read my mind from the way I looked at him. He immediately held up his hands in surrender and explained. ?

He was undressing me with his eyes again, and it filled me with disgust.

"Really? What a coincidence."

"Sweetie, have you thought about what I proposed last time? If you agree right now, I'll have ten million dollars wired to your account immediately," Nate said smugly.

I stood my ground. Even if he gave me everything he had, it would never be enough to pay for my freedom and dignity.

Nate reached out and attempted to grab my wrist. I dodged his advance.

"Mr. Lively, as an elder, you should conduct yourself appropriately, and I don't think you're doing that by trying to touch me without my consent." After that, I turned around and walked toward the parking lot to look for Nina.

But Nate did not heed my warning. He caught up with me, grabbed my shoulder, and turned me around. Then, he dragged me toward a big tree shading one secluded area of the parking lot. Even if he was significantly older than I was, he was still stronger, and the more I struggled to break free, the tighter he held on.

"Let go of me, Nate! This is harassment! I'll call the police!"

"All this resisting is useless, Scarlett, and you know it. Give in now, or suffer the consequences," Nate scoffed.

Before I could respond, I heard a familiar pleasing voice.

"Good evening, Mr. Lively. Is there a problem here?" Spencer said as he walked toward us.

Nate was stunned to see Spencer. He obviously was not expecting anyone to come over and interrupt him as he tried to manhandle me. He let go of me and faced Spencer. 2

I took the opportunity to rush over to Spencer's side.

"Are you all right? Did he hurt you?" Spencer looked at me with worried eyes, which I

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deeply appreciated.

I shook my head.

Spencer turned to look at Nate, raised his chin, and said, "We haven't seen each other in a while, Mr. Lively. I see you're as energetic as ever."

"I'm flattered." Nate curled his lips in an amused smile, He did not seem to be threatened by Spencer's presence at all.

"Charles and I just grabbed dinner nearby. What are the odds of us running into you?" Spencer continued to talk casually, but as soon as he mentioned Charles, Nate's face changed.

"Well, fate is indeed a funny thing. I'm meeting a friend for dinner, too. I should get going. You two have a good night. See you around," Nate said by way of goodbye, forced a smile, and started walking away. Spencer and I just stared after him.

"That man is trouble, Scarlett. You should stay away from him," Spencer said when Nate was out of earshot. He shook his head and shoved his hands into his pockets.

I nodded my reply. That was when I realized that I was shaking a bit. That encounter with Nate truly scared me. "I will. Thank you."

"Spencer? Hey! What are you doing here?" At this time, Nina pulled over beside us and rolled down the passenger-side window. She was overjoyed to see Spencer.

"I had dinner with a friend at a nearby restaurant. I heard the food there was amazing." Spencer also smiled at the sight of Nina.

That was when I started feeling a little uncomfortable. Since Spencer was here, it meant that Charles was also... Before I could finish that thought, Charles showed up.

He walked over to us with a facial expression as cold as the night. "Let's go, Spencer.

Spencer pursed his lips and whispered in my ear, "You should go and comfort him, Scarlett. He won't say it, but I can tell that he's pretty upset. When you and Nina were talking earlier about speeding up a divorce, we overheard your conversation. Charles has been in a foul mood since."

"That's not my problem, Spencer. He's the one who asked me for a divorce, and I've had it with his delaying tactics. He's the one who's leaving me with no choice," I backfired without hesitation. Then, I got into Nina's car without looking at Charles.

Seeing me get in the car, Nina immediately shifted to drive. As she drove away and watched Spencer and Charles through her rearview mirror, I fastened my seatbelt and shoved the thought of Charles out of my mind. Charles's POV: Chaule: Was Drunk

Scarlett left just like that. She acted as if she did not even notice that I was there. She did not even look in my general direction.

I felt heartbroken. I did not expect that she was capable of treating me that way. At the restaurant, she even said that she would cheat on me to get our divorce finalized as quickly as possible. a "They're gone, Charles. Let's go," Spencer shrugged. I did not say anything and just stood there.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Nate was here earlier and bothering Scarlett. I arrived just in time to rescue her from that dirty old man. I mean, I get it if he's attracted to her because she's beautiful and all, but he looks at her like she's a piece of meat. I don't like it. You should watch out for that geezer," Spencer explained, breaking the long silence.

I whipped my head toward him and stared at him with wide eyes. I could not believe such a thing happened just now. But why did Scarlett not tell me?

I suddenly remembered that one time when Nate sent a driver to bring Scarlett a gift. I balled my hands into fists as rage threatened to burn a hole through my chest.

How could she keep me in the dark about Nate? Did she not tell me because she did not believe that I would help her?

My heart suddenly felt so heavy that I started gasping for air.

"What's wrong? Are you okay, buddy?" Spencer asked, patting me on the shoulder.

"I need a drink," I blurted out.

I did not like drinking, but now I felt like alcohol was the only thing that could numb my pain.

"Really? Sweet. Me, too. Let's go," Spencer snickered.

When we arrived at the bar, we sat at the counter and told the bartender to keep the drinks flowing:

“What on earth does Nate want with Scarlett anyway?” I shook my glass, watched the liquor swirl inside, and then gulped it down.

“Oh, please. You know what every man wants with Scarlett. She’s magnificent.” Spencer ordered a glass of martini and sipped it leisurely.

“Yes, but... I bet he has an ulterior motive.” I downed another glass and began to feel dizzy. “Well, whether or not that old man has some scheme up his sleeve, you still have to keep an eye on Scarlett. Or just sleep with her already to make your marriage official, whichever is easier for you.” It might be the alcohol taking over my better judgment, but to me, Spencer had begun spewing nonsense once again.

We drank a lot and almost closed up shop ourselves. By the end of the night, my mind was left a wasteland of Scarlett’s images and memories. I took a taxi and told the driver to go to Gardner Street. Soon, I arrived at Scarlett’s house.

I dragged my feet to her front door, careful not to bump into anything and then pass out.

I entered the password to her door and had to budge it open with my entire body. My vision was spinning, but I managed to make my way through the darkness and into Scarlett’s bedroom. I found her lying there on her side with her back to me and covered with a blanket. I climbed into bed beside her and laid on my back.

All I could think about was wanting to sleep with her.

After a few moments, I felt her stir beside me. And then there was a small scream, and then her bedside lamp went on.

“Charles? What the hell are you doing in my bed? Oh, my God, you reek of alcohol!” Scarlett’s voice rang in my ears. Panicked as she was, she still sounded enchanting to me.

I rolled to my side and brushed my thumb over her cheek. My movement forced her to lie on her back.

“Don’t leave me, Scarlett,” I murmured.

“You should go home or go to Rita.” She tried to back away from my touch.

I felt unhappy.

“No. I don’t want to go home or go to Rita. I want to be with you.”

Before she could protest again, I pressed my body onto hers and silenced her with a hungry kiss.

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Chapter 80 Unexpected News

Scarlett's POV:

As I woke up, I stretched my arms and rubbed the sleep off my eyes. Just like I always did the moment I woke up, I took my phone from the bedside table and checked the time. However, what I saw unexpectedly jolted me awake.

"Famous actress Rita Lively and the CEO of the Moore Group are getting married!" the headline of the news read.

I had mixed feelings. I had no idea how many people had already seen the news. I could not help but think that I might be the last one to know about this.

While I was in a deep thought, Nina suddenly called.

"Scarlett, have you seen the news?! Charles is going to marry Rita! It's ridiculous! A few days ago, he acted as if he loved you with all his heart. But now, news of him marrying someone else is trending on the Internet. He's so confusing!" Nina went straight to the point as soon as I answered the call.

"That's what I've been telling you, Nina," I replied calmly as though the news did not affect me in any way.

"Oh my God! I can't believe it!" Nina sounded so disgruntled by the news.

At that moment, I felt something move under the quilt. It startled me and made me hang up the call in fright. I took a deep breath and looked at the quilt. It was arched, and it seemed that a person was underneath it.

My heart pounded in my chest. I slowly approached the quilt, and my eyes widened in surprise when I saw Charles's face under it. He was fast asleep next to me. His angular face was like a sculpture-sharp and well-defined. His unkempt hair made him look a little wild and carefree, unlike his usual demeanor, which was reserved and astute. My eyes trailed from his face down to his body. I could not help but swallow hard as I gazed at his well-toned deltoids and abs.

It was not until then that I remembered that Charles had come over last night, drunk as a skunk. Unlike when he was sober, he acted all childish and annoying last night.

I stared at him, lost in thought. For some reason, I could not take my eyes off him.

Charles must have sensed my burning gaze as he slowly opened his eyes after a moment.

“Who’s going to get married?” he asked in a hoarse voice, and it made him sound sexier.

“You are. You and Rita are going married. It’s written on the news.” I turned-my face away and got out of bed as soon as I finished speaking. I did not want Charles to think that I cared about it.

However, he suddenly grabbed my hand, wrapped his arms around my waist, and pulled me into his arms. As a result, I fell backward on his warm chest.

“Charles, let go of me. Why don’t you go and hug your Rita instead?” I was annoyed by his aggressiveness. I knew that struggling would not take me anywhere, so I grabbed my phone on the pillow and showed him the news.

Charles took my phone and stared at it for a moment. Then, without a word, he handed it back to me and took his own phone to confirm what he had just read. I laid under the quilt and did not say anything. My chest felt stuffy, and I find it a little hard to breathe. I must admit, the news of Rita and Charles getting married broke my heart.

“I won’t marry her.” Charles quickly put on his shirt and tie as he spoke. Once again, he became the cold CEO he had always been.

I lay on the bed with my arms around my knees and ignored him. The news of their marriage was written all over the Internet. Compared to it, his words meant nothing.

Charles was going to marry Rita, and we could finally be divorced. That was what I wanted, was it not? But why was I unhappy?

“Scarlett, let’s announce our marriage to the public,” Charles casually said. Nevertheless, his words were like an atomic bomb.

Shocked by what he had said, I sat up and looked at him. At that moment, I felt that the pain I had bottled up in the bottom of my heart could no longer be suppressed and would burst anytime soon. My eyes stung, and a few seconds later, tears streamed down my face uncontrollably.

“I didn’t ask anyone to post this news.” Charles sat on the bedside and wiped my tears. Although his fingers were rough, his movements were so comforting that I could not bring myself to push him away.

This sensuous feeling washed over my body. ‘Just enjoy yourself for a while,’ I told myself inwardly and then allowed Charles’s warm embrace to calm me down.

I buried my head in his chest and closed my eyes, greedily enjoying the tenderness he was giving me at the moment.

A few moments later, my phone suddenly rang. The loud and unexpected ringtone brought me back to reality. I pushed Charles away and courteously answered the phone.

"Hello. Is this Scarlett? It's William. We've met on your program." A gentle voice of a man came from the other end of the line.

I immediately remembered the person I was talking to. I had interviewed William before.

"I'm in Los Angeles for work. Would you like to have lunch with me?" William politely asked like a gentleman.

"Sure," I agreed without a second thought. I had a good impression of him, after all. I figured that I would probably see him again at work, so it was only necessary to maintain a good relationship with him.

We exchanged a few pleasantries afterward, and then I finally hung up the call.

I recalled what William had said the last time we met. He asked me about Rita and told me that she would marry the man of her dreams once she recovered.

Her wish was going to come true now. She and Charles would get married soon.

While I was in a daze, Charles hugged me from behind. "Who was that?" he curiously asked.

Instead of answering his question, I pleaded, "Let me go." Our position was intimate, and it felt awkward.

"I don't want to." Charles turned me around and kissed me. Before I knew it, he had put his hands on my waist, picked me up, and pushed me onto the bed.

I was powerless, so I just kissed him back and followed his lead. He even touched me amorously, and my body trembled at his every touch.

"Don't see other men," Charles ordered in between kisses.

"That's my friend," I protested straightforwardly.

"You're my woman. I won't let anyone else have you." Charles tightened his grasp on my waist and kissed me harder as he spoke. His tongue then forcefully entered my mouth and explored it.

His unique masculine musk enveloped me. And because of his kiss, my legs were weak and trembling. I must say, I was starting to like it that I felt an urge to indulge myself in his burning desire. However, I knew at the back of my head that I could not let things go on like this.

"You're wrong. I'm not yours." Ashamed of what I was feeling, I tried my best to keep my head clear.

The fire in Charles's eyes dimmed. To my surprise, he stood up and began unbuttoning his belt. What was he doing? Was he going to force himself on me?

In a fit of panic, I gritted my teeth and rushed out of the bedroom.

"I wanted to run away as far as I could. There was no way I could accept this man, especially when he already belonged to someone else.

But when I ran to the door, I realized that I was only dressed in a camisole nightie and that I had left my phone on the bed. Even if I could run away, where would I go anyway?

With shame and anger in my heart, I stood in a daze as Charles made his way towards me.

I did not look at him, and he did not say anything either. He just handed me my phone and kindly put a night robe on me. m

"I won't force you. I'll try my best to restrain myself. But you can't make me wait too long," Charles solemnly said.

I clutched my phone tighter and did not say a word. My face was still flushed because of what had just happened.

Charles moved closer to me and whispered something in my ear. "Did you hear me, honey?" His low and husky voice sounded like a dangerous signal. It made my hair stand on its end and made me take a step back instinctively.

Without warning, Charles lifted me up yet again. "Don't go anywhere this morning. Just stay with me here."