

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 86

Chapter 86 Bitterness

Charles's POV:

Looking at Scarlett's confused face, I could not help softening my voice. "I don't want to leave you alone. I'll just end up worrying about you."

However, after hearing what I said, she looked me dead in the eyes. Her eyes suddenly became sharp. She was like an angry kitten that was pretending to be a fierce lioness. "If you delay the divorce again, I will sue you," she muttered.

"I won't divorce you even if it kills me!" Looking at her pale face, I felt sorry for her. I held her in my arms and shook my head.

"But Rita's pregnant with your baby..." Scarlett whispered, sounding aggrieved.

I tried to comfort her, "The baby's not mine. It's Richard's."

Scarlett raised her head and looked at me in surprise. "How could you say that? You're really going to burden others with your responsibility? My God, Charles. I'm so disappointed in you. Get out. I don't want to see you or talk to you. You're upsetting me." 3

As she spoke, she pushed me away.

All I could do was take the hit. After all, it was my fault. I was the reason for her distrust. I walked out of the bedroom without looking back.

The moment I walked into the living room, I regretted leaving. Scarlett was still sick. The last thing I should do was leave her alone.

I turned around and went back to her room without hesitation.

When I entered the bedroom, I found Scarlett staring at me with wide eyes. She obviously did not expect me to return. Before she could say anything, I climbed into bed beside her and crashed my lips onto hers. She struggled against me, but I did not let go.

I slid my hand under her jaw and kissed her slowly and carefully. After a few heartbeats, she stopped resisting. It instantly got me worried that her condition was getting worse. I let go and took a look at her.

"Why did you stop? Are you okay?"

"It's pointless to fight you. I can't beat you anyway." There was no expression on her face, and she did not meet my gaze at all. I could not decide whether to feel hurt or guilty.

But when I saw the unmistakable absence of light in her eyes, I felt like she just stabbed me through the heart with a dagger. "Has Rita really destroyed your trust in me?" I asked in a cold voice.

Scarlett darted her eyes at me and stared at me quietly for a few seconds. Then, she answered in a heartless tone I had never heard her use, "Yes."

I found myself gnashing my teeth together and shoving down the emotions that threatened to make me explode like a volcano. Just then, my phone rang. I impatiently took it out and answered it. Soon, Rita's voice came from the other end of the line.

"Hi, Charles. I just want to let you know that I will get an abortion," Rita said. I could tell that she was trying to keep her voice steady because I was still able to hear her anxiety.

I did not say anything for fear that I would snap at her. I was fed up with all her drama and her constant efforts to keep me away from Scarlett, but I was not going to tell her off right this minute.

She said when I did not respond, "Charles? Charles, are you there? Did you hear what I just said? Say something!"

Thinking of everything she had done, I could not help feeling incredibly annoyed. Instead of talking to Rita, I raised my voice on purpose and said something ambiguous to Scarlett. "Hold me tight, Scarlett."

"Charles, who... Who are you with? Who are you talking to?" Rita became agitated right away. I asked her, "Who else can it be? Don't bother me anymore, Rita. Scarlett doesn't like it when you call me all the time."

Then, I hung up the phone and looked at Scarlett who kept silent the entire time I was on the phone. I lowered my head and continued to kiss her affectionately. "Be with me, Scarlett. I will give you anything—my body, my heart, my possessions, anything you want." "I want a divorce." Her voice was as hard and cold as a stone.

"No."

As I spoke, I continued to kiss her from her lips down to her collarbone. I stared at her fondly, the woman I loved with all my heart.

She took a deep breath as her eyes glinted with tears.

"We can't go on like this, Charles," she said in a soft voice and pulled my arm. "We should just get this over with. Please, I'm begging you."

I got off her, sat up, and stared into her eyes, and the determination that I saw despite the sadness poised to burn a hole through my chest. I could not help feeling enraged. She really wanted to divorce me at all costs.

"Why don't you just sue me and let the world know about our marriage's bitter end?" I asked through gritted teeth. Damn it! I did not mean to say that, but my reason just could not stop my fury.

Scarlett gently took my hand. "No, I don't want that, Charles. Let's divorce peacefully, okay? There's no need to put ourselves and our family through such a painful ordeal.

Once again, she was begging me. And it broke my heart beyond imagination. I wanted to make her understand just how badly I longed to be with her, but without her trust, I could do nothing, and it just made me even angrier. I smiled bitterly and withdrew my hand.

"I can never get you to trust me again even if I sacrifice my life or everything I have, can't I?"

After I pulled away from her grasp, she lowered her head and said nothing. Her face grew even paler, making her look like a fragile porcelain doll in the dim light.

I had made up my mind not to give Scarlett a way out, but it was only driving her further and further away from me. Maybe it was time for me to let her go so that she could take some time to figure out her true feelings. But could I really bear to let go and carry on without her? Impossible.

We were silent for a long time. I laid beside her and turned my back to her. The longer she kept quiet, the more bitter I felt in my heart. Did she really have nothing to say to me?

"Don't you have anything to say?" I could not help breaking the silence.

Scarlett did not respond. I turned around and found her asleep, but her eyes were only half-closed. I did not know whether to cry or to laugh. As it turned out, I was the only one having our fight.

I carefully took her hand and kissed it, and my heart was filled with affection. There was no need to argue with her. As long as she was happy, it was enough. As for all the other troubles, I would resolve them and prevent them from ever hurting her again.

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Chapter 87 The Call From Nate

Charles's POV:

"Scarlett, I'm going to get you some soup, okay? You should have some so that you can take your medication. Then, you can go back to sleep," I whispered in her ear.

"But I want to sleep," Scarlett pouted and said in a daze.

"You can sleep after you've taken your pills."

I stroked her hair and then went to the kitchen to get her some soup. When I came back to the bedroom, Scarlett had already gotten up. She was leaning against the headboard and staring into space. "Let me feed you," I said and carefully picked up the bowl. She narrowed her eyes at me and retorted, "I can feed myself."

"No. You're still weak. You'll just spill this hot soup all over yourself and get hurt," I backfired and avoided her touch.

"Fine," she mumbled and finally let me feed her.

After Scarlett finished the soup, I helped her take her medication. I could not help smiling while watching her trying to down her pills. She had always hated taking any sort of medication since we were children. Apparently, she had not outgrown it.

"Are you going to sue me with the help of Nina's father?" I tried to get some useful information from her.

Scarlett took a sip of water and glanced at me with clear eyes. She pursed her lips and did not say anything. It seemed that she would never tell me anything no matter how hard I tried.

"Forget it. I'm not that curious." I heaved a sigh and then asked her, "Where do I sleep tonight?"

"You sleep here, and I will sleep in the guest room," Scarlett answered.

"Very well, but don't blame me if I sleepwalk to the guest room tonight," I chuckled, and she shot me a death glare. She looked particularly cute when she was annoyed by my little quips.

She rolled her eyes, slid out of bed, and walked to the wardrobe. She muttered, "His woman's pregnant and he wants to sleepwalk into another woman's bedroom."

"Can you speak up? I won't be mad at whatever it is you're saying."

She turned her head and squinted at me like a threatened cat. She repeated in a loud voice, "Your woman is pregnant and you want to sleepwalk into another

woman's bedroom. Can you be more shameless and inconsiderate? Honestly, Charles, you've already got Rita. Why are you still pestering me?"

"Like I already told you, Rita's pregnancy has nothing to do with me. I've been denying it since it came up. Why can't you believe me?" I explained to her again. To be honest, I was getting a little tired of telling her my side of the story. It was like she had not heard anything I had been saying.

"Then who else could've gotten her pregnant? Everyone knows that you and Rita are a couple, and I'm the nuisance that's standing in the way of your dream life. Just let me go already so that you can live happily ever after with the mother of your child," Scarlett snapped, her eyes reddening with frustration.

"Well, it is possible that Rita has been sleeping with another man because I've been ignoring her. I've told you that I've never climbed into bed with her. You're the only one in my heart. Can't you see how insane I'm going because I love you so damn much? In fact, I'll come out tomorrow and announce our marriage." All the pent-up rage and frustration that I had been keeping a lid on for the past few days finally burst out of me like water out of a broken pipe.

"Enough! You're not going anywhere and announcing anything." With a fresh pair of pajamas in hand, Scarlett flashed me a panicked look.

I approached her and reached out to touch her, but she backed away, went into the bathroom, and shut the door behind her.

I took a deep, steadying breath. I regretted scaring her. Overtaken by my emotions, I fumbled in my pocket for my cigarette case. Then, I remembered that I had given up smoking for Scarlett.

Just as the sound of running water from the bathroom filled the air, Scarlett's phone rang. I wondered who would call her at this late hour.

I walked to the bedside table and glanced at the caller ID. It was an unknown phone number. After a few moments of internal debate, I decided to answer the call. I was a little surprised to hear Nate's voice.

"Hello, Scarlett. I wasn't expecting you to pick up this late. Why are you still up? Are you lonely? Would you like to join me for a drink?" I held the phone tightly and did not make a sound. My eyes threatened to well up with tears as I desperately tried to shove down my rage. I remembered what Spencer told me in the past about Nate harassing Scarlett. If I could strangle the old man through the phone, I would.

"Scarlett, sweetheart? Are you there? Why aren't you saying anything? If you want, I can come over right now and satisfy you. I'll do what Charles can't."

It was then that I finally understood what was going on. What a shameless old man!

Nate continued, "And whatever Rita has, you will have, too. All you need to do is agree to my offer, and I'll make you the happiest woman in the world." "This is Charles," I finally snapped. Nate paused for a few seconds and then laughed awkwardly. "Oh, I'm sorry, Charles. I thought I was speaking to Scarlett."

"You dare seduce my woman?" I asked in a cold voice.

"No, of course not. This is just a misunderstanding. I didn't get my message across very well." Nate faltered over the phone. His tone drastically changed from perverted and confident to guilty and scared.

"What's there to misunderstand? You called my wife in the middle of the night to sexually harass her. Are you bored or something, Mr. Lively? Because if you are, I can give you something to be excited about and teach you a lesson at the same time." I let my voice drip with menace.

"I just want to express how much I care for the younger generation. After all, I've watched Scarlett grow up." I was a little disappointed with the excuse that he went with. I expected more from someone like Nate Lively.

"I wasn't born yesterday, Nate. I know exactly the kind of care that you want to express to my Scarlett. Since you have the guts to covet my woman, then facing the consequences shouldn't be a problem for you. It's funny that you think you can make Scarlett the happiest woman in the world by waving your money in her face. She's not like that. It's going to take more than money and worldly things to get her and keep her. She's special, she's mine, and if you want her, you can pry her off my dead fingers."

After that, I hung up, deleted the call log, and blocked Nate's number.

At this time, Scarlett came out of the bathroom. Seeing her cell phone in my hand, she was confused. "Why are you holding my phone? Did anyone call me?"

"No. I was just about to charge it for you." I did not want to tell her the truth. If I did not let her know about Nate's disgusting call, I would have better chances of keeping that old, sleazy bastard away from her.

"You're lying. Whenever you hide something from me, you avoid my eyes. Besides, my phone's fully charged. I plugged it in before I slept." Scarlett looked at me and tilted her head to the side.

"I'm not trying to keep anything from you, okay? I'm just trying to protect you from being stressed out. You haven't fully recovered," I replied, taking two steps toward her. I still had not gotten over the fact that she did not tell me about Nate and that I had to hear it from Spencer. Nate's call just now was the confirmation I needed.

"What are you talking about? I don't understand." Scarlett looked at me in confusion.

"Never mind. Go to sleep." I did not want to say anything more. I was afraid of rousing her suspicions. She had always been a sensitive person.

"You're so weird," Scarlett muttered, turned around, and headed to the guest room. I tossed and turned in bed until the wee hours of the night. I could not fall asleep, so I poured myself a glass of red wine and sat on the balcony. I thought about all the ways I could put an end to all the miseries plaguing me and Scarlett.