

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 83

Chapter 83 Dispute

Scarlett's POV:

I headed over to Charles's office after work, but the receptionist would not let me in and told me that I needed to schedule an appointment to meet with Charles.

I stood my ground and insisted on waiting. I might not have acquaintances or friends in Charles's company that I could sweet talk into letting me see Charles, but I refused to let that stop me. Charles might avoid me, but I would not stop following him like a shadow if that was what it took to get him to agree to the divorce.

"Please have a seat, ma'am. I'll get you a cup of coffee," the receptionist said kindly. I had been coming here for a few days, so I was no longer a stranger to them.

The hall was bustling with people, and I felt a little embarrassed to stand there in their midst, so I took a seat in the waiting area, hoping that Charles would suddenly show up.

"Scarlett? Is that you, my dear?"

I turned around and was surprised at the sight of Alice.

"Mom? What are you doing here?" I quickly got up and walked over to her.

"Oh, I came to bring Charles some food." She raised the lunch box she was holding at me and flashed me a happy smile. Then, she held my arm and asked, "Why are you sitting here by yourself? If you're here for Charles, you can go to him directly."

I mustered an awkward smile, unsure of how to respond.

Alice rubbed my arm and said, "Oh, dear. You've always been a shy one, haven't you? Come. I'll take you to Charles. He'd be very happy to see you."

I instantly imagined the dissatisfied look on Charles's face. He would be many things when he saw me, but happy was not one of them. I followed Alice into the private

elevator to Charles's office.

"Did you know that Charles set the password of this elevator to the date of your wedding anniversary? Isn't that sweet?" she said and flashed me an adorable squinty smile. Then, she added, "Charles values his family and friends a lot. He's been like that since he was a little boy. He's just not used to expressing his feelings openly, but he cares a lot about those he loves, especially you, dear. In fact, all his passwords are related to you."

"Rita's pregnant with Charles's baby, Mom," I said abruptly. I could not take Alice's praises of Charles anymore. He was not the affectionate man she thought he was.

"What? Are you serious?" The happy smile on Alice's face vanished into thin air.

I swallowed the lump that lodged itself in my throat and replied in a broken voice, "Yes, Mom. I found out a few days ago."

Alice hugged me and started comforting me, "Oh, sweetie, I'm so sorry. But are you sure? Have you heard Charles's side of the story? Maybe he can explain all this."

"No need, Mom. This is it. I'm done. I want a divorce. This time, I won't let anything stop me," I told her in between small sobs. My relationship with Charles had not only hurt me in unspeakable ways but also robbed me of my pride and dignity. I did not want it anymore.

"Let's not be hasty, Scarlett. You and Charles need to talk this through," Alice sighed after hesitating for a while.

Eventually, the elevator reached Charles's office, and the doors whirred open. Charles's assistant was out in hall waiting for us. "Mr. Moore is in a meeting right now, but he sent me to usher you into his office to wait."

"No, thanks. We'll wait here. You may carry on with your work." Alice waved her hand and sent Charles's assistant away. Then, she pulled me aside and said, "Calm yourself, dear. Things may not be as bad as you think. I know my son very well. Before you make some permanent decisions, you should open a dialogue with him first. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation for all this. I didn't raise my son to treat his wife like this."

Alice's words made me feel a bit better, so I reached out and gave her a hug. "Thank you, Mom. No matter what happens between me and Charles, you'll always be my mother."

As soon as I finished my words, Charles walked out of the meeting room. He glanced at us, pulled a long face, and walked straight into his office. Alice rushed over to him, and I followed suit.

"Is it true, Charles? Is Rita pregnant with your child?" Alice asked immediately after I closed the door behind us.

"I'm not the father of Rita's baby, Mom," Charles backfired. He sat on the sofa and crossed his legs. He closed his eyes and kneaded the bridge of his nose. There were obvious dark circles under his eyes. He looked exhausted.

"Are you sure? You've been seeing that woman even after Scarlett came home from overseas."

only trying to show her some

"Nothing's going on between me and Rita. I'm gratitude."

"Then why did you express your desire to marry Rita and divorce Scarlett? And now that Rita's pregnant, you won't take responsibility? Is that how I raised you?" Alice reprimanded.

"I'm willing to do anything to prove that Rita's child isn't mine. I've never touched her." Charles fished out his cigarette case from his jacket pocket. He was about to light up when he paused, put the cigarette back in the case, and shoved the case back into his jacket pocket.

"Are you saying that you want a paternity test? I can't believe you. When did you turn into such a coward?" I looked at him coldly.

"I'm not being a coward. Since neither of you believe me, then I need to produce some sort of proof," Charles retorted in a tone that I could tell he was desperately trying to keep neutral. I had the chance to stare at him more closely. He looked like he had lost some weight in the days that we had not seen each other.

I averted my gaze and muttered, "You got her pregnant. You don't get to walk away from the responsibility of raising your child."

"But it's not my child, so it's not my responsibility. Even if you tell me over and over that I'm the father of Rita's baby, it won't change the fact that I'm not because I never climbed into bed with her."

"And you expect me to believe that? Come on, Charles. Be a man." I looked at him with disappointment

Alice, who had been standing there and watching us argue, suddenly exploded with emotions. "Enough! You better be right about you not being the father of Rita's unborn baby, Charles, or I swear the rest of your life will be filled with nothing but regret."

"I'm very busy right now, Mom. I don't have time for this. I've already explained myself. If you don't want to believe me, then there's nothing else I can do."

With a cold face, Charles asked his assistant to show us out.

Alice set down the lunch box on the coffee table and said, "I brought you some food. I hope your conscience doesn't bother you so much that you won't be able to enjoy it."

Before leaving, I remembered why I came to see Charles in the first place. I raised my chin, put the papers down in front of him, and said, "Let's get divorced. No more delays. I want it done as soon as possible."

"No!"

Completely infuriated, Charles swept the papers off the coffee table and rose from his seat. He ran his fingers through his hair, and a little growl escaped his throat. His assistant walked over to me and led me out. 1

"You'd better leave now. Mr. Moore is in a bad mood," she said to me in a low voice.

I nodded and left with Alice.

"Is Rita really pregnant with Charles's child? What if Charles was telling the truth about him not going to bed with Rita? What if Rita is pregnant with another man's child and is using it to force Charles to marry her?" Alice wondered out loud.

"But who else could father Rita's child?" I asked in a dispirited tone. To be honest, I was hoping in my heart that Charles was indeed telling the truth. But Rita was so desperately in love with Charles. The last thing that she would do was to be unfaithful to him and sleep with another man. She would never ruin her chances of marrying him.

"I've known Charles to be an honorable young man. He doesn't lie, and he has always been responsible. If he really got Rita pregnant, he would own up to it without hesitation. Besides, he told us that he wanted to build a life and a family with you." Alice held my hand and flashed me a look at shattered my heart.

The back of my eyes instantly burned, but I bit back the tears. Sometimes, I could not comprehend how fate could be so merciless to its subjects. I once imagined a perfect life with Charles, a life that we would happily spend together surrounded by our children. But now, it did not look like it would ever turn into a reality, and it left a bitter taste in my mouth and a giant wound in my heart.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 84

Chapter 84 Amnesia

Alice's POV:

I rushed home the moment I parted with Scarlett in Charles's company.

"Alice, slow down. Keep your elegant image." Christine advised while enjoying her tea time in the garden. She could not help but make fun of me when she saw me rushing over with a frantic expression.

"Mom, I have something important to tell you." I sat down opposite Christine, not caring about my manners.

Christine put down her cup of tea and looked at me curiously. "What happened?"

I took a deep breath and tried my best to keep a straight face. "Rita is pregnant."

After hearing what I said, Christine was no longer in the mood for tea. She waved her hand, signaling to the butler to take the tea and desserts away. She looked serious. I could not figure out what she was thinking at the moment.

"Mom, what do you think?" I asked inquisitively.

Christine pondered for a moment. "Are you sure Charles is the father?"

"I... I think so." The truth was, I was unsure. But now that I thought of it, what Scarlett had said made sense. If the father was not Charles, who else would it be? Rita had been keen on marrying into the Moore family. She would not do anything stupid, would she?

While I was in deep thought, my phone rang. I looked at the caller ID, and my face turned white as a sheet.

Christine must have noticed the look on my face that she asked, "Is it Susan?"

I nodded in response. Susan's voice then came from the other end of the line, and it was aggressive like a shrew.

"Rita is pregnant. Charles must be responsible for it."

I forced a smile and replied, "We'll be sure to take responsibility if the baby is indeed Charles's."

"Whatever. The wedding should be held as soon as possible." Susan hung up the call without even waiting for my response.

"They're definitely a family. All of them are bad-tempered." My head was throbbing because of what just happened. While I was massaging my temples, I decided to call Charles. I had to talk to him tonight. No matter who the father of Rita's child was, matter must be solved immediately.

Charles' POV:

When I entered the yard, the butler opened his mouth to speak but stopped on second thought.

I raised my eyebrows and casually walked into the living room.

Just as I had anticipated, everyone was gathered there except the person I wanted to see the most.

"What's going on? It's so ceremonious." I asked, knowingly and sat on the couch lazily with my legs crossed.

My father snorted and grumbled, "Stop playing dumb." "Wow. The last time you were this stern was when I chose to go to law school regardless of your objection," I retorted. "Stop changing the topic. Susan called today and asked you to marry Rita as soon as possible," he said with a straight face.

"Why does no one believe me when I say that the baby is not mine?" I was dissatisfied and helpless that nobody believed my words.

"That's not the point. Back then, you were the one who took the initiative to buy the wedding dress for Rita. Sometime later, the news of your engagement was broadcast. Everyone knows that you two are getting married. Charles, I'm telling you, you have to clean up this mess without discrediting the Moore family." Mom came straight to the point.

"I'll take care of it. Don't worry." I did not want to defend myself anymore. They would not believe me anyway. Without waiting for their response, I got up and left.

When I left the villa, I did not know where to go, so I drove around aimlessly. All I could think about at that moment was Scarlett. I missed her so much. It was driving me crazy that I could not see her. But, she must hate me now.

With nowhere to go, I decided to go to the bar with Spencer.

"Charles, stop smoking." David snatched the cigarette from my hand and looked at me worriedly. I had been smoking for quite a while now that the ashtray was filled with cigarette butts.

Spencer patted me on the shoulder. "He's right. You asked us out for a drink. How could you smoke in a corner alone?"

I forced a smile at them, but it came out bitter and unconvincing. Neither cigarette nor alcohol could dispel my dejection right now. All I wanted at the moment was to see Scarlett. I even hoped she would call me, but that would be wishful thinking. I just wished I could hear her voice right now.

David heaved a heavy sigh and tried to ease the atmosphere with his senseless monologue. "As I see you heartbroken, I now believe the theory the wise never falls in love easily."

I took a swig of alcohol and chuckled. "I'll wait for the day you eat your words."

"Charles is right. He used to be cold and heartless. But now, he's suffering because of love. In my opinion, theories are destined to be overturned." Spencer clinked his glass with mine to show solidarity with me.

But then, he shook his head and added, "Charles, you'd better make everything clear to Scarlett. I think there are too many misunderstandings between you two that it's confusing her."

"Scarlett doesn't believe me. In my eyes, I'm a scum," I replied glumly.

"Then why don't you just have sex with her? When you two have a real relationship, she won't leave you anymore."

As I did not say anything, Spencer winked at David and teasingly asked, "What the hell are you talking about? You know what kind of person Scarlett is. She's smart and rational. Don't act rashly, and make sure that the gains outweigh the losses."

"What else can we do then? How about I ask someone to send Rita abroad and make sure she never comes back?" David suggested.

"David, stop it." Spencer glared at David and then looked at me. "Charles, listen to me. The only way to solve this problem is to clearly explain to Scarlett what you truly feel."

I did not say anything, but I knew that Spencer and David were doing this for my own good. Nevertheless, there were some things that could not be explained in a few words. Anyway, all I could do at the moment was drown myself in alcohol.

Scarlett's POV:

I had been restless ever since I returned from Charles's company. Everything seemed to be off track.

I lay in the bathtub and stared at the ceiling blankly as I recalled everything that happened between Charles and me. I did not get out of the bathtub and walk out of the bathroom until the water turned unbearably cold.

Now, I lay on the bed, wide awake. I kept tossing and turning, but I still could not fall asleep. Exasperated, I picked up my phone and typed on the search bar, "How to divorce in a short time?"

Dozens of search results came out. After reading the netizen's suggestions, one answer caught my eye. I decided to sue for divorce.

I immediately called Nina and told her my plan. At first, she did not support what I was planning to do.

"Scarlett, I think you should think it over. Charles is an excellent man. It's hard to find someone like him again," Nina advised with a hint of hesitation.

"It doesn't matter how excellent of a man he is. Rita is pregnant with his child. I should stop clinging to him and do the right thing," I explained calmly.

"Wait. What did you just say? That woman is pregnant?! If that's the case, why wouldn't Charles leave you alone? What a jerk!" Nina was flabbergasted by the news and became sympathetic to me. Now that she knew the truth, she promised she would help me with the divorce process as much as she could.

At that very moment, the doorbell rang. I hung up the call at once and went to answer the door.

It was Spencer, David, and Charles. It seemed that they had been drinking as the latter was passed out drunk.

"Scarlett, let us in. Charles is so heavy," Spencer pleaded while gritting his teeth. He looked exhausted, probably from carrying Charles all the way here.

I got out of the way and let him take Charles inside. But then, something occurred to me. In the past, Spencer alone could take Charles back with ease. Why did he say he couldn't handle Charles even with David's help now?

At that moment, the two put Charles on my bed.

Spencer wiped the sweat on his forehead and helplessly said, "Charles is drunk as a skunk. David and I can't handle him anymore. We planned on sending him back to his own place, but Charles went crazy all the way and insisted on coming to your place. Anyway, he's here now. Please take care of him."

"You'd better send Charles away. It's bothersome to let him stay here." I refused disdainfully. I did not want to be entangled with Charles anymore, especially after what I had just found out.

However, Spencer just patted me on the shoulder and ignored my refusal. "Thank you, Scarlett. David, come on!" With that, he and David left my apartment.

I looked at the drunkard on the bed, at a loss for words. I poked Charles on the waist, but he made no reaction. It appeared that he was fast asleep.

Charles's usually cold face was gentle when he was asleep. Even though I was trying so hard to suppress my feelings for him, I could not stop myself from caressing his face.

I smoothed his hair and found that his forehead was red and swollen. He must have bumped it while he was out drinking. I could not deny, I was concerned

about him. So, I took some ice cubes from the fridge, wrapped them in a towel, and put the compress on his forehead to reduce the swelling. I also wiped his face with a warm towel in hopes that he would feel better when he woke up.

It was already deep into the night when I finished caring for him. As he was sleeping on my bed, I went to the guestroom and slept there.

When I woke up the next morning, the sun was already shining brightly outside. I rubbed the sleep off my eyes. For some reason, I was a little light-headed. I must have not slept well last night. It did not matter, anyway. With that, I got out of bed and sneaked into the next room.

The room was dim as the curtains were closed. To my surprise, Charles had not woken up yet. It was odd, considering that he usually woke up early in the morning. Worried that he had a hangover, I put my hand on his forehead to check his temperature. I was relieved to know that it was normal.

Just as I was about to withdraw my hand, Charles grabbed it, and his eyes fluttered open. He did not seem like he had just woken up. In fact, he looked very sober.

"You were just feigning sleep," I grumbled. "Why is your hand so cold?" Charles frowned and pulled me closer to him.

"Does your head hurt?" I raised my head to look at him. He had small stubble already, for just not shaving for one day.

Charles lowered his gaze and solemnly said, "Scarlett, I don't remember anything except you."

My eyes widened in alarm. "What's wrong? Is it because you drank too much last night?"

"Just kidding." Charles burst into laughter. He then kissed me on the forehead and whispered in a loving voice, "You were scared, weren't you?"

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Have A Fever

Scarlett's POV:

When I realized that Charles had fooled me, I was very upset. Just when I was about to push him away, he raised his hand and touched my forehead as he said in a nervous voice, "Scarlett, you seem to be burning up. Do you have a fever?"

"Really? I don't know." Thinking that I was only feeling weak because Charles had scared me, I touched my forehead.

He gently put me on the bed and covered me with the blanket as he said, "Hold on a minute."

He then quickly walked to the living room, found a thermometer, and handed it to me. "Check your temperature."

Taking the thermometer from him, I pouted.

Charles glanced at me, and said, "You are an adult. Don't you know it when you are sick?"

I got up in a hurry and defended myself, "I thought that it was because of lack of sleep. I should be fine if I just rest for a while. Besides, you scared me with your inexplicable words this morning, so it's your fault."

Seeing that I was wronged, his expression softened. He reached out and rubbed my nose with a helpless look in his eyes as he said, "It's my fault, yes. Lie down and rest like a good girl."

Five minutes later, Charles took the thermometer, and his expression darkened when he saw the reading. "It's 102 degrees, Scarlett! How can you not take care of yourself?"

I cleared my throat and hinted, "Maybe, I have been too worried lately, and that's what caused me to crack. If you want me to recover quickly, then you must cooperate with me. Like finding time to sign some documents."

"Just give it up. Since you are sick, I will take good care of you. As for the documents you want me to sign..." After a pause, Charles leaned closer and added, "Don't even think about it."

"How do you know what documents I am talking about?" I asked, looking at him innocently.

"It must be the divorce agreement, I am sure," Charles said lazily and stood up.

Frustrated, I closed my eyes, not wanting to talk to him anymore.

Charles tucked me in and seemed a little unhappy. He said to himself, "It's me who got hurt on my forehead, but no one takes care of me. On the contrary, I have to take care of you." I slowly opened my eyes and cast a glance at him. "This is a punishment for your neglect."

"That's nonsense," Charles retorted helplessly. He then covered my eyes with his palm and continued in a soft voice, "Get some rest. I'm going to prepare breakfast." Feeling the warmth of his hand, I said dryly, "You can go to work now. I'm fine on my own."

"Don't keep trying to drive me away. Right now, the only priority I have is to take care of my wife. Nothing is more important to me than you." There was a hint of flirtation in his voice.

"Shame on you." I could not help but blush at his words.

"I like it better when you're on me," he added, continuing to be the cheeky devil.

I pursed my lips and closed my eyes, ignoring him. While Charles went to the kitchen, I sat up, and called Nina, asking her to come over.

I was not sure how long I waited for her to show up, and just when my eyelids started to feel heavy, I heard the doorbell.

I got out of bed and was about to open the door for Nina, but Charles got to it before I could.

"Hi, Charles. What a surprise! You are here too." Nina gave him an awkward greeting as she was also not expecting him to be there.

Charles raised his eyebrows and glanced at me with a meaningful look in his eyes. I gave him a stiff smile. Did he find out about my plans once again? After entering my bedroom, Nina complained, "Scarlett, why didn't you tell me that Charles is here? If I had known, I would not have come."

"Nina, can you do me a favor? I don't want to stay alone with him in the same room, so could you please help me send him away?" I asked her expectantly.

"This is your private matter, and it won't be appropriate for me to get involved between you two. Moreover, it is not my principle to break up lovers. If only you and Charles could just admit it and be together." Nina sounded hesitant.

"Please, help me just this once, okay? I can't be with him. It is impossible! I already explained the reason to you last night, right?" I continued to plead with her and asked her to help me.

"Although your reason is indeed quite valid, I am still scared. Charles is the man who can make the whole business world shake with just a cough. How can I dare to provoke someone like him? You're probably the only one who would dare to go up against him," Nina said hesitantly.

"If you can help me, then I can arrange an interview with him for you." Using my trump card, I gave her a smile. "If that's the case, then okay." Nina made a compromise and added, "Don't forget what you promised, though."

I gave her a nod of assurance as I pushed her out. "Hurry up! I am counting on you."

Once she stepped out of the room, I hid behind the door as I watched what was going on in the living room.

Charles had finished cooking, and he had arranged all the food on the dining table.

Surprised, Nina exclaimed, "Oh my God, Charles, you are such a good cook."

"Would you like to stay for breakfast?" he offered her. "Sure. It would be an honor, Charles," Nina readily agreed. She was so excited that she completely forgot about the task that I had given her as she took out her phone to click some pictures of the breakfast.

I walked out of the room, intending to remind her not to forget the plan. "Nina..." I said, winking at her.

"What's the matter, Scarlett?" Nina glanced at me for a second before she turned to focus on her phone again. "I am going to take a few photos and upload them to Instagram. I need to show off that I had the honor of tasting Charles' cooking, right?"

I understood that I could not count on her anymore, so I pulled up a chair and sat down next to her.

"Scarlett, taste the fried chicken." She handed me a piece of the fried chicken excitedly.

"Thank you." Gritting my teeth, I smiled at her, and winked again. However, she seemed to be oblivious to my hints. 'What a careless woman!'

"That's for you, Nina. Scarlett has a fever, and she can't eat that," Charles said all of a sudden as he took away the piece of fried chicken from me and pushed forward a bowl of hot chicken broth towards me. I noticed that there were chopped onions in the soup, and frowned. "I don't want it."

Nina seemed to have suddenly remembered the task I gave her and cut in, "Scarlett doesn't want it because her appetite is very low whenever you're around

Charles blinked his eyes but he gave me an understanding look as he said, "Since Nina is here to take care of you, I will take my leave. Don't forget to take your medicine after you eat."

I was not expecting him to leave so quickly. Looking at his back, I sort of felt sad.

After breakfast, Nina washed the dishes for me while muttering, "Charles is such a good man. Are you really going to divorce him? There are not a lot of men who are willing to cook and take care of their wives, you know? I am sure that he really loves you. There must be some kind of misunderstanding between you two."

"Charles is not faithful. He is good to me, but so is he to Rita. What I want is a dedicated lover. Shouldn't love be something that only two of us share?" I

blurted out while I kept telling myself that divorcing him was really the right thing to do.

“Well... It is indeed a pity that you two can't be together, but as your friend, I will support you, no matter what you decide.” Nina sighed regretfully.

After cleaning up, she left while I took the medicine and rested the whole day. The evening came, but my fever still was not down. I had no strength to get up, so I continued to sleep.

While I was in a trance, I felt a warm hand touching my forehead. I struggled to open my eyes and saw that it was Charles.

“Charles? Why are you here again?” I asked in a hoarse voice, confused.