

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 98

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Chapter 98 A Face

Scarlett's POV:

Ever since that dramatic morning, Grandma had sent a servant to take care of Charles. Hence, I left Charles' house and returned to my normal life.

However, after I was done with my TV program one day, I found a large bouquet of white roses on my work station. Confused, I picked up the card that was inside it, and read Charles' writing, "May the lawsuit be successful."

Startled, I wondered, 'How does he know that I am suing for a divorce? Nina obviously would not have told him, so did I blabber about it in my sleep?' While I was in a daze, Rita called, and looking at my phone screen, I felt a headache.

"This is Rita." Her voice was domineering.

"What do you want?" I asked coldly.

"I've invited some reporters, and I want you to clarify in front of them that you and Charles have nothing to do with each other."

I could not help but think that she was being ridiculous. After all, Charles and I were still married, so she was in no position to quarrel with me at all.

"Charles doesn't love you anymore, Rita, so wake up, will you?"

"Whether he loves me or not is none of your business. You just need to clarify that you have nothing to do with him. Leave Charles to me. I will win him back," Rita said confidently.

I felt sorry for her because she was still lying to herself. Since I could not bear to listen to her nonsensical conversation any longer, I hung up.

Once it was time to get off work, I walked out of the company and saw Grandma's driver waiting for me at the entrance. I quickly figured that Grandma must have sent him over to pick me up for dinner.

When I got home, I didn't get off the car immediately. Instead, I turned to the driver and asked, "Is Charles here?"

"I just came to pick you up, following Mrs. Moore's order, so I don't know about other things," the driver replied respectfully.

I pursed my lips. I certainly did not want to see Charles there. Before I was able to figure out how to handle my relationship with him, I would always feel uncomfortable whenever I saw him. I didn't make things any more difficult for the driver, though. I opened the door and got out of the car. From the corner of my eye, I saw a familiar limousine. It was Nate's. Why was he there? I frowned.

When I walked to the house, I heard someone shouting, and immediately recognized Nate's voice. He was just like his daughter, and they both liked to cause a scene in other people's houses.

"You must give me an explanation today! I was trying to teach Scarlett a lesson as an elder, and now, Charles has asked someone to ruin my business. Is that how he treats his elders?"

I was a little stunned when I heard those words. Did Charles punish Nate for what he did to me? Since Nate was Rita's dad, I thought that Charles would let him go for the sake of his relationship with Rita.

Once I entered the living room, I looked around. Except for Charles, everyone else was present there. All of a sudden, I felt a little indescribable sense of loss in my heart.

Ignoring Nate, Grandma walked to me and greeted me. She grabbed my hand and said with an unhappy look in her eyes, "Scarlett, you are increasingly distancing yourself from me with each passing day. You've even hidden the fact that Nate has bullied you from me."

Although her accusation was a bit severe, I knew that Grandma cared a lot about me. Hence, I coaxed her in a soft voice, "Grandma, I did not want to tell you, because I was afraid that you will worry about me. Besides, I'm doing just fine. I am just surprised to see Mr. Lively here."

"I am only here because of what you and Charles did! I was trying to teach you a lesson, but you turned a molehill into a mountain!" Nate scolded me, pointing at my nose.

"You were trying to teach me a lesson? Can you even dare to tell them about the real reason you hit me?" I retorted coldly, disgusted by how he could shamelessly distort the right and the wrong. "What? Nate hit you? I thought he was just being mean to you," Grandma said angrily

"Is it not because of Rita? Or is there some other reason? Why don't you dare to let us know?" Alice stood up in shock. She was also furious when she heard that Nate had hit me.

I looked at Nate coldly and noticed his face turning pale as he panicked.

"Tell us, Mr. Lively. Why aren't you telling us your reason? Is it too shameful?" I sneered "Scarlett! Don't talk nonsense to ruin my reputation." Nate's eyes turned red with

rage.

"You gave me a diamond, but I didn't take it, and that's why you are so annoyed," I blurted out. I thought that Nate would still have some sense of shame, but it was evident that I had overestimated him.

Grandma immediately pulled me behind her as she faced Nate and roared, "Nate Lively! How could even have such vulgar thoughts for Scarlett? She is the daughter-in-law of the Moore family. You are not only insulting Scarlett, you are also insulting the Moore family!"

Everyone in the room glared at Nate in disbelief and disgust. "I just want Scarlett to leave Charles at the earliest so that Rita's last wish can be fulfilled." Nate was still trying his best to defend himself.

"Even if Rita is on the verge of death, we would still not allow her to marry into our family. Both you and your daughter are disgusting." Grandpa was also bewildered as he spoke in his deep, strong voice, showing off his prestige.

However, his words worried me. 'Will the elders allow me to divorce Charles after this farce?' I wondered. Deep down, something told me that they would not allow me to do such a thing.

"Don't think that we don't know what your promiscuous daughter is up to. And don't think that we will let her marry Charles just because she's pregnant. We'll never accept and raise her child. God knows who the father is!" Alice was also very strong with her words as she mocked Rita's messy private life.

"Alice! Don't sling mud at Rita! Since you said that my daughter is indecent, show me some proof, or I will have to sue you for slandering her." Nate glared at Alice.

"Don't worry. I will show you the proof, and I hope you keep up your strong front when you see that." Alice snorted.

"You are not welcome in the Moore residence anymore, so you'd better get out." Grandma didn't want to talk to Nate anymore, so she motioned him to leave.

The butler stepped forward and said to Nate, "Sir, this way please."

Nate was indeed enraged, but he couldn't argue with them because he was in the wrong. He could only clench his fists and grit his teeth as he hissed, "Let's wait and see."

With that, he left in dejection.

As soon as he was out of sight, Grandma made me sit on the couch and asked, "Did that old bastard touch you?"

I shook my head.

"Please come to us if anything like it happens again," Alice also comforted me. However, the longer she thought about it, the angrier she became. "How dare he tries to hurt you? He must pay a steep price for what he did!"

With a sigh, Grandma patted my hand and said, "You must tell us if something happens to you or we will continue to be in the dark about such matters."

"Yes, Scarlett. Why are you distancing yourself from us? After all, we are the strongest pillars you can lean on." Grandpa, who was sitting on the opposite couch also advised me.

I was deeply touched by the elders' concern, so I promised them that such things would not happen again, and that if such a thing did happen, then I would let them know immediately. Only after hearing my promise did they let me go.

– "Charles, when did you come?"

Alice suddenly asked in surprise. My heart jolted. I turned around and saw Charles standing at the door. I did not know for how long he had been standing there.

Seeing that everyone finally noticed him, Charles slowly walked up to us, and said, "Scarlett, you're really something. You're going to divorce me, and yet, you get everyone's support." 1

He was mocking me, and I was left with no choice but to look at him helplessly.

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Chapter 99 The Questioning Of The Elders

Charles' POV:

"Charles, what are you even talking about? Scarlett is family. If we don't support her, who will? Besides, Nate came to our house to make trouble. If we keep silent, then how was that fair to Scarlett?" Grandma scolded me.

"Yes, Scarlett is your wife. Even if you don't help her, you shouldn't make such sarcastic remarks!" My mom also glared at me.

I rubbed my temples irritably as I argued, "Who is the heir of this family? Why aren't you defending me?"

"It is because you are the heir that we have to discipline you. Men in the Moore family have always loved their wives. You are the only weirdo here." Grandma picked up the teacup and snorted. 'But I do love my wife! She's the one that doesn't take my feelings seriously.' Since I could not defend myself now, I had no choice but to keep quiet.

"Scarlett is such a good girl. If you don't cherish her now, then you will regret it later. But if you can't change yourself, then you should at least be a decent man and divorce her." My mom continued to nag me.

"But if you do choose to divorce her, then the doors of this house will not open for you again, Charles," Grandma threatened.

I cast a resentful glance at the culprit, only to find that she was also looking at me.

She seemed to be very happy to see me being targeted by my family, because she was smiling brightly. I looked away, but my heart was racing and I could not calm down even after a long time. I was not in the mood to listen to Grandma and my mom's nagging anymore. Scarlett's smile was the only thing on my mind.

All of a sudden, I felt like the entire room was silent, and when I came back to my senses, I noticed the elders staring at me.

I touched my nose and sat up straight. I was so lost in thought that I didn't even notice what they were talking about.

"Why did you stop? Please, continue. Don't keep staring at me. Is there something on my face?" I cleared my throat and broke the silence.

"Try to be serious and don't turn a deaf ear to our words." After a moment's glance at me, Grandma ignored me.

I didn't say anything to defend myself because I knew that it would be of no use at the moment. Besides, I was already a sinner in their eyes. To them, I was an unfaithful lover who must be nailed to the pillar of humiliation. 2

"When are you going to end your relationship with Rita? I don't believe that the child Rita is carrying is yours. Just sort out the mess quickly. Rita and her family are like chewing gum stuck to the shoe, gross and disgusting." My mother gave me a calm glance as she wanted to get a clear answer from me. Indeed, I had put off the matter for far too long, which was giving Rita and her family a chance to show their villainous sides. 2

Without replying to them immediately, I was silent for a moment before I turned to Scarlett. I noticed that she was also staring at me with her bright eyes, as though she was complaining that I lacked a sense of responsibility.

All of a sudden, a helpless feeling clouded my heart. She was still not believing me. And every time Rita was mentioned, Scarlett would be vigilant. I withdrew my gaze and turned to the others. "Why did you ask me to come back today?"

"Nate said that you ruined his business, and he came here today to ask for an explanation," my father, who was silent until now finally spoke up.

"I didn't do any such thing." I leaned against the sofa, playing with my ring.

"I too believe that Charles would not have done such a thing." Scarlett spoke up for me hurriedly before she added in whispers, "Besides, he won't do such a thing for me." 1

Although her voice was very low, I still heard what she said.

I felt disheartened, because no matter how many times I had explained it to her, she still did not believe that Rita's child was not mine. And now, she also thought that I would not have punished Nate for what he had done to her.

I could not understand her at all.

"I don't believe it. Although the Lively family is not as powerful as they were before, they are not to be trifled with. There are only a handful who would dare to provoke him in public. Moreover, the matter was handled very decisively and efficiently this time, and I believe that Charles is the only one who can pull that off," Grandpa said in a calm voice. Although he was not an active part of the business world anymore, I was certain that he knew about the workings of it all.

"Charles, admit it. You did it, didn't you?" my dad asked.

"I have no reason to do so." I did not want to admit it because I did not want to give Scarlett the idea that she was indebted to me once again, and I did not want her to say something that I would not want to hear.

Besides, she might suspect that I had some kind of an ulterior motive. My heart ached when I thought of the fact that no matter what I did for her, Scarlett was not moved at all.

"What other reason could you possibly need? Scarlett is the reason." My mother was taking things for granted.

"Scarlett doesn't regard herself as my wife at all. In her eyes, we are never a couple. In fact, she wishes that she would never see me again," I sneered with displeasure. Everyone knew that I loved Scarlett, but she didn't believe it. She pretended to be deaf and blind to my confessions, and kept trying to push me away.

"What nonsense are you even talking about? It is all your fault. Why did you even start messing around with Rita?" Grandma was furious. She picked up a magazine and threw it on me. I reached out my left hand to grab the magazine, feeling helpless about her anger.

However, I knew that she was right. Everything did start because of the promise I made to Rita. I had only wanted to repay her at that time, and I had never expected that I would be hurting the most important person in my heart. 2

“Grandma, calm down. Don’t be angry. Charles’ right hand hasn’t recovered yet,” Scarlett comforted her in a nervous tone when she saw Grandma hitting me.

She seemed to be worried about me, and seeing that, my heart softened instantly, like butter on a hot day. “Scarlett.” Grandma sighed and then continued, “Can you withdraw the indictment and not divorce Charles?”

Before Scarlett could reply, I said, “Even if there is such an indictment, I promise that you won’t be able to divorce me.”

Grandma immediately glared at me. “Shut up.”

“Rita is pregnant. What can I do? Leaving him seems like the only solution we have now,” Scarlett complained to Grandma with a gloomy expression.

“Are you jealous, Scarlett?” Alice teased.

I raised my eyebrows, looking at Scarlett as I wondered what she was thinking about.

Scarlett explained in a hurry, “I’m not jealous... I just don’t want to put everyone in a dilemma.”

“You keep saying that you’re not jealous, and yet, every time we mention Rita, you seem unhappy. Besides, we are not in a dilemma at all. We’re happy as long as you and Charles are happy. You just need to follow your heart, and nothing else will matter.” My mother disagreed with Scarlett.

I gloated at Scarlett. She blushed, but she continued to be stubborn as she explained that she was not jealous at all. I was glad that someone finally forced her to face her true feelings. “It’s not a shame to be jealous,” I said coldly.

Scarlett glared at me, signaling me to shut up.

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Chapter 100 Staying Overnight

Scarlett’s POV:

No matter how much I explained, everyone kept misunderstanding me, thinking that I was jealous. Hence, I had no choice but to shut up.

"You won't divorce Charles as long as we prove that the child is not his, right?" Christine asked me.

I was stunned for a moment, as that thought had never occurred to me before. If Charles was not the father of that child, then the problems would be a lot less complicated. However, I was still in a daze, like a leaf blown by the wind which was unable to fall. 1

"But if Charles really is the father of that child, then I will make him divorce you myself." Christine assured me.

"Yes, just give him a chance to prove himself. If Charles really turns out to be the father of that child, then I will ask him to give you an explanation," Michael echoed.

My mind was a mess and I couldn't refuse them after listening to their words. Charles was also staring at me, waiting for my response.

Avoiding his gaze, I turned to look out the window. Glancing at the rainy skies that were as gloomy as my mood, I could not help but sigh. "It's raining outside," Charles murmured, following my gaze.

By then, everyone else also noticed that it was dark outside. The conversation had lasted longer than intended.

"Tonight, you both can stay here," Christine suggested. I shook my head and replied, "I have to go back to the station. There is still something that I need to do."

"How dare the TV station director make you work overtime?" Charles asked sullenly. "Give me his phone number. I will talk to him," he added, holding his phone in his hand.

I quickly grabbed his phone. "It's not like that. I have nothing to do now anyway, so why can't I get some work done?"

'I wouldn't be thinking too much about this if I was busy,' I thought to myself. I needed something to keep me distracted, and if I am immersed in my work, then I would not have to dwell on such painful thoughts.

"Work is important, but not at the cost of your well-being. Look, lately, you have lost a lot of weight." While caressing my hair, Christine glared at Charles. "It's all your fault."

"Why are you blaming me, Grandma?" Charles felt aggrieved with a look of disbelief in his eyes, a

"If you got along with her, then she wouldn't need to go to work, would she?" Christine scolded Charles.

"Grandma, Charles cannot be blamed for me wanting to work," I explained to Christine in a hurry, afraid that Charles might get annoyed later and forbid me from going to work, which would also be exactly what he wanted.

Charles snorted, "I'd like for her to depend on me, but will she agree to that?"

His words made me blush. What did he mean? Was our relationship really that deep in his eyes? Not daring to look at him, I lowered my head and held Christine's hand, acting like a spoiled kid.

"Grandma, you are the best. Please let me go back to the TV station. I have already agreed to meet with a colleague." I gave an eager look at Christine.

"No, I am sure that your colleague will understand. Besides, it's pouring outside. I can't let you go," Christine refused, pretending to be sad. "You rarely ever come here, and after staying for just a little while, you already want to leave. Why are you in such a hurry? Do you really find me that annoying?" 1

"Grandma, it's not like I find you annoying. In fact, I am also reluctant to leave you." I was in a real jam as I tried to comfort Christine. I had no choice but to compromise in the end.

It was a hearty and warm dinner with everyone talking so freely at the table. Actually, aside from my relationship with Charles, everything else about the Moore family was warm and comforting.

After dinner, everyone left, leaving Charles and I alone in the living room.

"Which room are you going to sleep in tonight?" Charles asked me, taking the coffee from the servant.

I ignored him, pretending to watch the TV. I knew why he was asking me that question. I could sleep in any room as long as it wasn't with him.

"Since you've applied for a divorce, don't expect me to share a bed with you," he said in a noble tone, as he sipped on his coffee.

I rolled my eyes at him. "You wish." 'What a narcissist!' Sometimes, the things that Charles said could really make people angry. I wouldn't sleep with him even if he begged me to!

"You can sleep in my room, then. I will find another room to sleep in," he said. With a look of suspicion in my eyes, I inquired, "Why are you being so kind all of a sudden?"

"Well, if I am not being a gentleman to you, then Grandma will blame me." Charles rubbed his chin with an unreadable look in his eyes.

I pouted as I turned to look at the TV again. "Whatever you want."

Without saying more, Charles stood up from the sofa. "Excuse me, please let me pass." 1

He wanted to walk past me, so I moved my leg to one side and looked at him crossly. "You can go the other way."

"It's too far from the stairs," he complained with a flat expression. 'Nonsense!' It was obviously closer to the stairs, and he was just deliberately trying to disturb me.

But before I could say anything, he squeezed past me with his hands in his pockets, looking childish.

Since all the elders and Charles were gone, I was alone in the living room with just the sound from the TV. As I lay on the sofa, my body gradually relaxed, and I fell asleep after the long day.

Charles' POV:

I could not stop thinking about Scarlett even after I got out of the shower. She was just downstairs, and yet I could not help missing her.

I was thinking of how beautiful she was, regardless of whether she was angry or shy. She was as stunning as an indescribable work of art.

I could not resist the restlessness in my heart, so I made up an excuse to get myself some water and walk downstairs. I just wanted to see her.

The TV was still on, but Scarlett was fast asleep.

I covered her with a blanket. Like a little puppy, she nestled her face against the soft blanket. I could not help but reach out and stroke her long smooth hair as I felt the love in my heart overflow.

I took her hand and kissed it gently. I then looked at her intently, unwilling to blink.

The image of her was carved so deep into my heart, which caused me to love her more and more. I really hoped that time would slow down so that I could watch her sleep quietly forever. Although I was just watching her sleep, my heart was filled with joy and satisfaction.

I tucked her hands inside the blanket and leaned forward to kiss her marble-like forehead

However, that was far from enough.

I wanted to lean in and kiss her lips too.

But Scarlett rolled over with her back to me, making me lose the chance to kiss her.

With a helpless smile, I decided not to disturb her sleep anymore. I turned off the lights and the TV before I got into the blanket and held her. She was still deep asleep as she placed her hands on my waist, her cheeks slightly flushed.

I lowered my head and kissed her on the lips. Thinking of how much I loved her, I could not help but sigh in my heart.

The next morning

By the time I was awake, it was still early in the morning. I continued to hold Scarlett for a long time before I finally let go of her.

However, I reluctantly went back upstairs before she woke up. Or else, she would feel really embarrassed and accuse me for taking advantage of her while she was asleep.

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Chapter 101 The Attitude Of The Elders

Scarlett's POV:

I was alone on the sofa when I woke up. But I got the sense that Charles slept next to me last night. Maybe it was a dream, but I could not be sure.

"Good morning, Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore just went upstairs," the servant who was cleaning said to me. I took a deep breath and nodded. I kept my face neutral, but deep inside, I felt ashamed and flustered.

"He told me to tell you as soon as you wake up to go upstairs and take a shower," the servant added.

I did not understand why Charles always had to use such ambiguous words that easily gave other people the wrong idea. As blood rushed to my cheeks, I lowered my gaze and made my way upstairs.

I ran into Charles just as he was stepping out of the bathroom. He was drying his hair with a towel. He was naked from the waist up. The muscles on his torso were well defined, and his collarbone, for some reason, looked sexy and inviting. When he raised his head, his Adam's apple slightly bobbed.

I averted my eyes and swallowed. "Will you please put a shirt on?" "No. It's hot." Charles put down the towel and glanced at me. "Why is your face so

red?"

"It's stuffy downstairs," I snapped, feeling a bit embarrassed by how defensive I sounded.

"Why aren't you looking at me?" Charles asked, confused and a bit annoyed. He pinched my chin and forced me to look at him.

Standing close to him now, I could see that his skin was still slick, and for reasons I could never fathom, he looked a hundred times more handsome to me when he was fresh out of the shower.

We looked into each other's eyes for a long time. In the end, I lost the little staring contest and shook off his grip on my chin. I suddenly remembered that his arm had not recovered yet, so I walked past him and grabbed the hairdryer from one of the drawers in the bathroom. "Let me help you dry your hair."

Charles beamed and nodded.

"Sit down. I can't reach your head." He was way taller than I was. I could only reach up to his shoulder.

He sat on a chair obediently, and I started to blow-dry his hair, which was short and soft. It was the first time that I helped him dry his hair. It felt a little unnatural to me. From time to time, I grazed the back of his ear with my fingers, and when I did, I felt some sort of tingle. I clenched my jaw and shoved down my emotions until I was done.

"There. You're all good," I said after making sure his hair was all dry. Charles stood up and raised his eyebrows at me. "How should I thank you?"

"No need for gestures of gratitude. You're always welcome. We should help each other and build a harmonious future," I joked, but at the back of my mind, I wished that our relationship could be much, much simpler.

"Well, I don't want to owe you anything," Charles pressed.

Why did I get the feeling that he had used that tone with me before? I knitted my brows.

"How about I repay you with a kiss?" Charles suggested smugly. I pushed him away, feeling repulsed by his behavior. "I said there's no need for you to thank me."

"No, I insist. I have to pay back what I owe you. That's what you do with me. And didn't you say we're strangers? A kiss shouldn't be an issue with us, should it?" he teased.

I raised my head and glared at him. I resented that he was using my own words to get me to do what he wanted.

"Relax. I'm kidding," Charles laughed after a brief pause and then looked into my eyes. I heaved a sigh of relief, but next thing I knew, his lips were a hair's breadth away from mine, and before I could draw another breath, he was already kissing me. He sucked on my lower lip and then traced my teeth with the tip of his tongue. For once, he was not being aggressive. He was being so gentle that I considered kissing him back despite my mind's objections. Before I could completely get lost in his intoxicating kiss, I raised my hand, put it on his chest, and pushed him away. My knees threatened to buckle as he let go but put a finger under my chin and tipped my head up.

He gave me two soft pecks on the lips before flashing me a satisfied smile.

I cursed myself as my face burned. He succeeded again. I allowed him to succeed again.

"You're getting redder and redder, my dear. Maybe a shower will help get rid of some of that heat," Charles smiled and brushed his thumb over my cheek.

I backed away from him, walked into the bathroom, and shut the door, and his lingering scent greeted me. When I went upstairs, I told myself to keep my guard up and keep Charles at arm's length. I did not want to wait for a man who did not love me, so I had to end whatever was going on between me and Charles. 4

But it was easier said than done. Whenever I was around him, I felt like I was no longer in control of myself. My attraction to him was too strong for me to fight. Frustrated, I shook my head and took off my clothes. I decided to put all my troubles behind me for the time being. Right now, I really needed a long, hot bath. Maybe it would help me figure out my next move. a

Alice had prepared quite a selection of clothes for me. After taking a bath, I dried myself off, changed into an off-shoulder light purple dress, and went downstairs.

I found the whole family sitting in the living room. Alice's eyes lit up as soon as she saw me.

"Oh, Scarlett, sweetheart, you look so beautiful in that dress! If I were a man, I would be fascinated by you right now."

Alice's compliment made me blush. I took her hand and said, "It's because you have good taste in clothes, Mom. Thank you."

"Oh, please! You make the dress look good! Don't you think so, Charles?" Alice turned her head toward Charles who was sipping his coffee silently.

"She's not that bad," Charles muttered, taking a glance at me. 1

It took all my strength to keep my face neutral. I did not understand why he was being cold and distant again. What changed since he kissed me earlier?

"Well, I also had some suits made for you, dear. You can wear them to work or to important occasions in the future," Alice turned to me and said with a smile.

I got a warm feeling in my heart. Alice had always been nice to me and treated me like her own daughter. I smiled at her sweetly and said, "That's very kind of you, Mom. I really appreciate it. I love you so much. I really can't imagine my life without this family."

"You don't have to worry about life without us. You'll always be our family. You'll always be with us," Alice replied and squeezed my hand. She pulled me to sit on the sofa and then glared at Charles. "Charles, you should be the one doing these things for your wife, you know? You should take good care of Scarlett."

I sat there awkwardly and considered defending Charles. Charles turned his head toward Alice, dissatisfaction so obvious on his face. "Mom, I've bought Scarlett hundreds of clothes. She never wears them."

"I have my own clothes, Mom," I interjected.

Alice just rolled her eyes and shook her head as if she was done with the conversation about my wardrobe.

After breakfast, Charles and I prepared to leave. On our way out, Christine pulled me aside.

"Remember what you promised me, dear. If we confirm that Rita's child isn't Charles's, you won't divorce him. I don't want you to leave this family. Anyone with half a brain can see that Charles cares about you very much. You should give him a chance."

I pursed my lips and said nothing. I did not know how to respond. Charles and I's problems were not only about Rita's unborn baby.

"What are you worried about, Scarlett?" Christine asked.

"I need more time to think, Grandma. I..."

"What else do you need to think about? Charles loves you, and you love Charles. You love each other, so be together. Don't worry about Rita. I'll take care of her," Christine butt in.

I knew that she was doing this for me and Charles, so I decided not to argue anymore. So far, I had no choice but to let nature take its course.

After our short conversation, Christine let me go.

"What did Grandma say to you?" Charles fell into step beside me and asked nonchalantly. .

"It's a secret between women. You don't have to know," I answered casually. As I spoke, I quickened my pace and left Charles behind. I could not help blaming him in my heart. If he had not entangled himself with Rita for so long, I would not be in such a dilemma now. 2

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Chapter 102 Confusion

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I walked out of the door, Charles grabbed my wrist. He peremptorily opened my palm, placed his hand over mine, and walked forward entwining his fingers with mine.

"What are you doing?" I tried to shake off his hand, but couldn't.

"I am just holding your hand. Can't you see? You should tightly hold your husband's hand from now on, just like this." Saying that, Charles shook our hands slightly.

I looked at him speechlessly. There were strange feelings in my heart, but since I could not get rid of him, I could only let him do what he wanted.

He took me to the private garage, where many limited-edition luxury cars were parked.

I watched him get on the driver's seat. I couldn't help but ask in confusion, "Didn't you ask the driver to take us?"

"I will drive you to work. Get in the car," Charles urged.

I got into the car slowly but I was still a little doubtful. "Can you even drive?"

I knew that he was good at driving, but I was a little worried about the injury on his

arm.

"I'll prove it to you with actions and not words." Charles turned the steering wheel and drove the car out of the garage.

"If you feel any pain or discomfort in your arm, then you must tell me. Don't force yourself." Worried, I kept looking at his injured arm. Charles was racing the car so fast that I gripped the seatbelt, feeling like I was really risking my life for him.

"What? If it was really that dangerous to ride with me, then you wouldn't be here, would you?" Charles retorted, glancing at me.

"Eyes on the road!" I shouted nervously. My heart rose up to my throat when I noticed him looking at me while he was trying to overtake another vehicle on the road.

"You haven't answered my question yet," he said, slowing down the car a bit. "Of course, I will." I pouted and continued, "After all, it's not easy to get a taxi around here."

"Well, you can shut up now." My words darkened his expression all of a sudden.

He drove me to the TV station, but he was quiet along the way. I curled my lips, thinking of how narrow-minded he was.

I unfastened the seat belt and cleared my throat before I said, "Be careful on the way."

With a long face, Charles threw a thin suit jacket at me, and said, "Put this on."

"Why?" I asked in a low voice. His behavior was really confusing. Men were indeed more unpredictable than women. Often times, I found Charles to be like an incomprehensible math problem that could make me scratch my head. "You are not allowed to wear such strapless dresses to work anymore," Charles said, sulking. When he saw that I was not taking the jacket, he helped me put it on.

"Is that why you were so unhappy this morning?" I guessed boldly. But my heart was racing.

Charles snorted, "It's good that you are able to realize your mistake. I won't blame you this time, but from now on, you're only allowed to wear such dresses in front of

me."

I tried my best to restrain my smile as I looked at him with a calm expression. "Well, that's not your call."

"Try me, then," Charles threatened, looking at me. I knew that he could do anything he wanted, so I didn't contradict him. "Ask your lawyer to handle the case as soon as possible," I reminded him in a low voice.

With that, I got off the car. I was gradually becoming better at handling him. "Are you really in such a hurry to divorce me?" Charles' eyes were as cold as ice as he stared at me.

"Drive carefully." Without answering his question, I waved goodbye to him with a big smile.

He seemed to be so furious, because he drove off without even saying goodbye to me.

Once he was gone, I heaved a sigh of relief. How could I not be in a hurry to divorce? I was afraid that my heart would soften again soon if things continued to be the same way. I found myself gradually relying on him. In fact, I did not even want to leave him.

After I finished hosting the TV show that morning, I received flowers from Charles again. The card on it read, "It's not that easy to divorce me."

The vigorous handwriting on it was as domineering as his voice. While I was staring at the card, a hand reached out and grabbed the card from me.

The woman read out the words on the card loudly.

There seemed to be a hint of tease in her clear voice as she said, "I didn't expect Charles to be so loyal to you."

I helplessly looked at the woman, who had delicate makeup on. "Nina, this is not loyalty. He's just not reconciled about losing me."

Nina put down the card and winked at me. "Scarlett, you are lying to yourself! And honestly, I think that you already know of the feelings in his heart. You're just afraid of facing the facts."

"Why would I be afraid?" I smoothed my hair awkwardly.

"You are afraid of getting hurt again, and that's why you've closed the door to your

- heart," Nina said earnestly, sighing heavily. " I was stunned by her words as I was not expecting her to pierce through the truth with just a single pertinent remark. Actually, I was indeed a coward. I was eager for Charles' love, but I kept pushing him away because I was afraid.

"Even my father believes that it won't be easy for you to divorce him," Nina added.

I forced a smile. I was at a loss for words when I recalled what Grandma had told me the night before.

"Last night, the elders asked me to withdraw the lawsuit." After a pause, I turned and opened up the window behind me before I continued, "They wanted to investigate whether Charles is really the father of Rita's child, so they want me to wait for the result."

"I'm sorry that I can't help you in this matter," Nina said apologetically.

I turned to her, shaking my head. "It's not your fault, Nina. Now that the elders are also involved in this matter, I know that the divorce won't happen anytime soon. Thank you all the same."

"Don't be upset, Scarlett. Try to look on the bright side of things. Maybe your journey with Charles shouldn't stop here," Nina comforted when she noticed my long face.

"They are just procrastinating it," I replied with a helpless smile. Everyone had a good intention, indeed, but regardless of what the result might be, someone was bound to get hurt in the end. "What's your plan now?" Nina asked all of a sudden.

"I plan to take things slow for now. Grandpa's birthday is coming soon, and I don't want to upset him." I felt uncertain about the future. Charles was very determined not to divorce. Would I really be able to make it?

"Honey, I think you care too much about the elders' opinions." Nina rubbed her forehead helplessly and continued, "I feel that you should think more about yourself. If you really feel unhappy about your marriage to Charles, then don't force yourself to stay." "No, I am not forcing myself to do anything!" I replied straightforwardly. As for the elders, I knew my position very well. "They have helped me a lot and I don't want to hurt them. No matter what happens to me and Charles, I will repay them," I explained.

"As a good friend, I will support you in whatever decision you make." Nina stopped persuading me and smiled brightly. "Would you like me to accompany you to the birthday party?"

"No, thanks. I won't be staying at the party for long, anyway," I refused her kindness.

"Why?" she asked, looking at me in confusion.

I sighed as I sat back in the chair. "I think Rita will also come, even if no one invites her."

'Grandpa's birthday party must be grand.' I knew that there would be a lot of VIPs attending the party. After all, the party was not just to celebrate Grandpa's birthday, it was also an opportunity for important people to talk about business with each other.

A woman like Rita, who was racking her brains to marry into the Moore family, would never let go of such an opportunity to get acquainted with powerful people.

"How can she have the nerve to show up at his party? After all, she still hasn't married into their family yet. Even if you consider the Lively family's status, they are not qualified to attend Mr. Michael Moore's birthday party. Am I right?" Nina pouted, trying to defend me.

"I am certain that Rita will come. She has a special relationship with Charles, after all!" I said in low spirits. The thought of seeing Rita and Charles together at the party made my heart ache.

"Are you jealous? Have you ever considered the possibility that Charles might only be treating Rita well out of gratitude?" Nina teased as she gave me a mischievous look.

"I don't believe that's the case." I sighed and explained, "Although Charles said he just wants to repay her, his previous actions prove that his motives are not just repaying his debt to her." s

"I understand, dear." Nina seemed to be enlightened all of a sudden.

"What?" Amused by her reaction, I turned to her.

"You two need to sit down and have an open talk," she

"Maybe." Thinking about what she said, I realized that she was right. Charles and I had not talked peacefully because of Rita's existence. We would often give each other silent treatment or quarrel most of the time. However, the situation had gotten much better lately. Charles would kiss me as soon as he heard something that made him unhappy, completely ignoring my feelings, though.

"Why are you blushing now?" Nina interrupted my thoughts.

"It's nothing. You go on, please," I said with a wry smile as I pushed her jokingly. I couldn't let Nina know what I was thinking, or she would certainly ask me to describe how I felt when Charles kissed me.

"Let me tell you something." Nina leaned closer with a mysterious look in her eyes.

"What is it?" I asked in a daze.

"Spencer said that Charles is still a virgin." Nina's voice was barely a whisper as she said those words to me with a sly smile.

My cheeks were flushed and I stammered, "R... Really?" "You don't believe me? Well, you can ask Charles to prove it to you when you get the chance." Nina's words were getting increasingly ridiculous. How could such a thing be proved? I quickly covered her mouth and said, "Stop it, Nina!"

"Why are you so shy about it? Charles is such a good man. You're the one at loss for not sleeping with him. Anyway, you should find an opportunity to sleep with him before the divorce, or it would be a pity!" Nina said casually, pulling off my hand from her mouth.

She kept encouraging me.

Just then, Abner knocked on the door. When he saw Nina and I giggling and talking so secretively, he asked, raising his eyebrows, "What are you two talking about? And why are you so happy?"

"Nothing." I stopped smiling, straightened my clothes, and pretended like nothing happened.

"We were just talking about..." Nina looked at me with a snicker.

"We are just talking about work." I interrupted her, glared at her, and reminded her not to say such things. I then turned to Abner and asked, "What's up?"

"The special guest for the interview later is Spencer Patel, and he said he would like to reveal something about Charles' marriage," Abner said to me seriously.