

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Announce

Charles' POV:

"Ankle's done too. Are you hurt anywhere else?" I asked, looking at Scarlett.

"No," Scarlett said in a low voice. Strands of her hair fell on both sides of her face, which made her look youthful and charming.

I pretended to be cold and serious as I retorted, "I don't believe you. I need to do a general check-up just to be sure."

"I am not lying to you! I am not hurt anywhere else." Flustered, Scarlett stopped me, fearing that I might lift up her shirt again.

I couldn't help but laugh as I held her hand. "I was just kidding. But if you feel uncomfortable, then please let me know. After all, we have been married for a long time, so there is no need for you to feel so shy around me."

"Who's married to you for a long time? Charles! You always say the weirdest things," Scarlett complained like a spoiled child, blushing.

"Okay, I won't say such things anymore."

With a chuckle, I stopped teasing her.

After I was done treating her wounds, Scarlett wanted to leave. Being alone with her was clearly taking a toll on me, and since I could not let her go so easily, I took her back to the bed.

"Ouch!" Scarlett winced.

Startled by her reaction, I checked her wound nervously. "Where does it hurt? Does your wounds hurt here?"

"Gotcha! Ha-ha!" Scarlett smiled slyly, looking a little complacent.

"You dare lie to me now, but wait and see how I punish you for it." I smiled slightly and approached her, pretending to lean in for a kiss.

"Don't do that, Charles. I'm sorry." She placed her hand on my chest and pushed me away gently. Seeing Scarlett in a lively mood, joy and love filled up in my heart, and I kissed her uninjured cheek loudly.

She was stunned by my sudden kiss, and after a long time, she said, "We're not meant for each other, so don't kiss me like that again." "Believe me, we are meant to be. Besides, I am going to hold a press conference tomorrow to announce that you are my wife," I said indifferently as I put one of my legs over hers intimately.

Scarlett hesitated for a while and said, "Don't do that."

Even though she was refusing my proposal, I was feeling happy because she was not refusing me as firmly as she had before. And her hesitation was proof that she still cared for me.

"Your opinion is invalid, anyway." I touched her nose and carried her into the bathroom before she could refuse me again. "Charles, you did not ask if you could carry me! My feet are fine, and I can walk on my own," Scarlett protested indignantly. I ignored her complaint. After she finished washing up, I made her sleep. A while later, I saw that she was fast asleep. I planted a kiss on her forehead, stood up, and walked out of the room.

My assistant, who was waiting in the living room, saw me and asked cautiously, "Mr. Moore, should we take action?"

"Yes, go ahead and arrange everything," I said to him.

Scarlett was in danger now, and I needed to take the initiative to protect her.

"Okay."

After my assistant left, I called someone to terminate the contract with Nate.

And I was just getting started. I was determined to make everyone who hurt Scarlett pay a steep price.

Scarlett's POV:

I was woken up by a phone call the next morning. Yawning, I answered it. 1

"Scarlett! Why aren't you up yet? The entire Internet community is buzzing over the news of your marriage with Charles!" Nina's excited voice came from the other end of the line.

"What did you just say?" I asked in shock, certain that I must have been in a daze when I heard her.

Nina repeated herself so loudly that I almost felt my eardrum tearing. I rubbed my ears and hung up the phone in a hurry before I started to browse the news. I saw my marriage certificate with Charles on the front page of a website, and I was smiling happily in the photo.

Startled, I felt like my head was about to explode. Charles had said that he would

make our marriage public just the night before, and I had woken up to him sleeping right beside me.

"Honey, let's sleep a little longer," Charles mumbled in a low voice as he put his arm around my waist.

I pinched his cheeks with both hands, feeling angry that he had made the decision without even discussing it with me first. "Why did you announce our marriage to the public without my consent? You even released our marriage certificate! I looked like an idiot in that picture, and you released it!"

"Honey, you are the most beautiful woman in the world," Charles answered calmly with his eyes closed.

'Is he even listening to me? That's not the point!' I was rendered speechless.

Charles' phone rang, and I figured that it must be a call from Rita. After all, she was bound to have a lot of questions about what happened. I pushed Charles to answer the phone.

"Honey, just lie down with me. I'll solve everything after I wake up." He ignored the call, buried his face in my chest, and continued to sleep.

"Really?" I was in disbelief, but he continued to be silent.

At that moment, my phone rang. Charles irritably opened his eyes and muted my phone. "It's our time now, and we mustn't let anyone disturb us," Charles said overbearingly.

"I have to go back to work."

"No. The director was the reason behind what happened last night. How dare you talk about going back to work?" Charles was a little angry. He reached out and held me tightly, stopping me from moving.

I sighed and softened my tone as I asked, "Then can I go home now?"

"There are reporters all around your home now. If you want to go somewhere, then you can come back to my place." Charles gave me a cold look of disagreement.

"I don't want to go to your house. I want to stay in Nina's house. There won't be reporters around her house." I continued to be in a stalemate with him.

"Isn't being with your husband better than being with your friend? Don't keep pushing me away. I'm the person who is closest to you," Charles said with a pout.

Speechless, I hung my head down, sulking.

"The only person you can rely on is me, your husband. You can act like a spoiled child and do whatever you want. But no matter what happens, I am always going to love you, so just try and rely on me, okay?" he said again, kissing my ear.

I pushed him away shyly. "You promised me to keep a distance from me, and yet, you keep going back on your word. Why is that?"

"I never agreed to this unreasonable request,"

Charles said in a low voice and continued to kiss me. His tongue slid into my mouth and brushed lightly against the roof of my mouth. Feeling his tender touch, I lost all my strength, and bore it in silence.

I couldn't help but gasp when his hands kept caressing my waist. He tried to take off my clothes, so I grabbed his hands in an attempt to stop him. 2

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 92

Chapter 92 Unexpected News Scarlett's POV:

Charles bit my lips discontentedly, "Let go of your hand," he said with a low and intoxicating voice. However, what I did was quite the opposite. I held his hand tighter and replied, "No." Helpless, Charles took a deep breath and buried his head in the crook of my neck. "Don't you trust me?" 1

His words brought me to reality and woke me up from my sexual fantasies. I stared at the ceiling and did not say a word for a long time. I felt like my heart was drifting in the endless sea, unable to get ashore.

"Scarlett? Answer my question. Are you now willing to give yourself to me?" Charles's hands made his way up again. He kissed me on the neck, and his breathing became deep and heavy. I knew he was about to lose control of himself.

"You've changed," I remarked.

Charles stopped kissing me and stared at me confusedly with his lustful eyes as if the answer was on my face.

I suppressed the overwhelming feelings in my heart and explained, "Let me remind you, Charles. You already have Rita. Stop messing with me anymore. I don't want to be caught up in your love affair."

"You've never trusted me, have you?" Charles let go of me as soon as he finished speaking. For some reason, he looked hurt. 1

I straightened my clothes and looked at him seriously. "You'd better pay more attention to her. She's pregnant and terminally ill. She needs you." I was aware my words would do nothing but enrage him. But, I had no choice but to say it. I had to make things clear for him once and for all. :

"Is there anything else you want to say? Say it now," Charles ordered with a sneer.

I was hesitant at first. But, I figured that this was a perfect opportunity for me to tell him what had been troubling me. "Charles, let's divorce. Don't delay it anymore. Let me leave with dignity."

"Scarlett..." Charles laughed bitterly and looked at me with disappointment. "You really are heartless."

I was at a loss for words. I wanted to cry my heart out. I would rather him be angry with me than disappointed.

Without another word, Charles stood up and put on his clothes. Just as he was about to walk out of the door, he turned around to face me. "You'd better give up. I will never agree to the divorce." His tone was resolute, and he sounded like there was no chance he would change his mind. 3

With that, he strode out of the room without even waiting for my response.

I was dumbfounded and, at the same time, a little helpless because of his refusal. If Charles did not agree with the divorce, things would eventually be out of hand. Rita's baby bump was going to show, and soon, it would be impossible to hide. If that happened, not only the three of us would be affected, but also the reputation of the Moore family.

I went straight home from the hotel. I even bought a mask on the way as a disguise, so the reporters would not be able to recognize me.

To my astonishment, there were no reporters at my door, waiting for me.

My uneasiness finally subsided. Charles must have dealt with them for me. He might be stubborn, but he was kind and considerate. Even though he was cold to me when we were at the hotel, he still made sure to take care of everything for me.

I was in a dilemma. On the one hand, Charles was treating me well as if he were in love with me. But on the other, he had gotten Rita pregnant. Of course, I knew very well what I should do: I had to divorce Charles one way or another. The more considerate he was to me, the more difficult it was for me to stick to my principles. In all honesty, I was afraid that I would fall for him because of how caring he was and that I would be unable to extricate myself from him. 1

I was engrossed in thought the whole day. To make things worse for me, Charles did not contact me, nor did he come back in the evening.

I had no appetite to eat. I only had a bite of food for dinner, so I would not sleep on an empty stomach. As I lay on the bed, I could not stop myself from checking my phone to see if Charles was calling. But if he did call me, I had no idea what to say. 3

I turned over and heaved a heavy sigh. Every time we met, bringing up about the divorce was inevitable, and we always ended up being at odds.

But come to think of it. He had no right to be mad at me. He had knocked Rita up. And now, she was pregnant with his child. In a fit of anger, I blocked his number on my phone. 1

But just a few minutes after doing that, I picked up my phone again and unblocked him. I hated this. I hated myself for being weak when it came to him.

With a heavy sigh, I threw my phone aside and stared at the window in a daze. I tried my best not to think of him. But, I knew at the back of my head that I was longing for him. If only I could hear his voice right now...

The next day.

Because of what had happened in the past two days, I decided to ditch work and stay at home instead. After breakfast, I took out the coffee beans Nina had given to me and made myself a cup of coffee.

The sun was shining outside, and the aromatic smell of coffee wafted in the air. I was in high spirits; that was until two uninvited guests showed up at my house. It was the director of the TV station and his wife. But instead of feeling angry for what had happened to me because of the former, I was calm and composed.

The director gave me a flattering smile. Then, he took out a tissue from his pocket and wiped the sweat off his forehead. I could see that he was nervous.

"I didn't expect you and Mr. Moore were a couple," he initiated with a wry smile.

"Yes. I must say, you two are a perfect match," his wife echoed.

I forced a smile at them but did not say anything in response. I was not in the mood for pleasantries and small talk. Besides, my desperation when I fought against Nate still haunted me to this day.

At that moment, the director cleared his throat loudly and asked, "Nate... He knows your relationship with Mr. Moore, doesn't he?"

His question perplexed me. Was he passing the buck? I did not answer his question and waited for him to continue.

"I... I just asked. I didn't intend to imply something," the director explained when he saw that I was indifferent. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his wife furtively pull his sleeve and wink at him.

The director wiped his sweat again. All of a sudden, his expression turned solemn. It seemed that he was finally going to say what he had come here for. "Scarlett, I came here to apologize to you. I had no idea that Nate had the hots for you. I thought he just treated you as a junior. He's an old friend of your father, after all. I never expected him to be so... filthy."

"Yes, Miss Riley—I mean, Mrs. Moore. I'm deeply sorry for what happened. My husband had no idea. Had he known, he wouldn't have entrusted you to that man. Please forgive him."

As much as I wanted to avenge myself, I knew that Nate was the only one who should be blamed for what happened. He only used the director as a stepping stone. I took a deep breath and pondered for a while. After a moment of silence, I finally opened my mouth to speak. "I accept your apology. I won't take action regarding this matter."

The director of the TV station breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Scarlett. But, Mr. Moore has ordered me to resign and take the blame. Please put in a good word for me to Mr. Moore. Scarlett, please help me."

To my surprise, the director's wife got down on her knees and begged, "Please ask Mr. Moore to let us go." She looked haggard as if she had aged ten years in just a few minutes.

Truth be told, I was dumbfounded. Charles had the ability to force the director of the TV station to resign. What else could he not do?

Meanwhile, tears streamed down the cheeks of the director's wife. I kept asking her to stand up, but she refused to do so unless I agreed to their plea.

I decided to call Charles in the end. However, he would not answer.

I looked at them and shrugged my shoulders helplessly. "Maybe he's busy at the moment. Could you call him again?" the director's wife implored.

I sighed and called Charles again. The line kept ringing, and it took a while before the call was answered.

"Charles—"

"Scarlett, this is Spencer. Charles got into a car accident last night. His arm was severely injured, and he's in a coma. He's in the hospital right now."

Spencer's words were an unexpected blow to me. The world quieted down in an instant, but the news of the accident rang to my ears. 1

In a fit of panic, I hung up the phone and rushed to the door, leaving the two visitors confused. I even lost a slipper along the way, but I did not bother to retrieve it. All I wanted was to see Charles right away.

