

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 16

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 16 Stand Her Up

Charles's POV: I stood in front of the elevator for a long time. I could still feel the warmth of Scarlett's mouth against my lips. Kissing her for real felt better than I had imagined

I stared blankly at the closed elevator doors and replayed what just happened in my mind over and over.

I was not a man of strong desires. Although I had been with Rita for so many years, I had never felt the urge to touch her. But it was different with Scarlett

I really could not explain it.

When she slapped me after I kissed her, I did not even feel it. The pain only registered to me when she started crying. It broke my heart into splinters.

"Charles?" Rita called from behind me. I turned and saw her standing there.

I averted my gaze. I did not want her to suspect anything, and my face would give me away for sure. "Let's go back to the apartment."

I walked into the living room with Rita following me closely. "I'm so happy that you're finally getting divorced, Charles. Now my wish will finally be fulfilled before I die." 1

"Stop cursing yourself, Rita," I backfired without looking at her. I felt annoyed. Why did she always have to talk about death? 2

"Have you spoken with my doctor? You should know the state of my health better than anyone." After she said that, she began to sob.

In the past, whenever Rita spoke in a weak voice and then started weeping, I immediately took pity on her and felt extremely compelled to protect her. But one day, I did not know exactly when, I realized that I was getting a little tired of all of it—the tears, the self-pity, and the sadness. They all just became too much to take.

Whenever I had to deal with Rita, my mind automatically flew off to Scarlett, and I was not even sorry.

"You're fine. Don't worry too much. The stress will just get you down." I restrained myself and tried to comfort Rita with all the patience I could muster.

"Charles, am I starting to trouble you too much?" Rita looked at me nervously.

"No." I walked to the sofa and sat down. I massaged my forehead so that I would not have to look her in the eyes.

"So you and Scarlett will really file for divorce today?" Rita walked to me and asked cautiously.

"Yes."

"May I come with you?"

"Fine."

Rita, who had been obedient and considerate, was suddenly turning into a paranoid, nitpicking girlfriend. I could not help frowning

Ten minutes later, Rita waited at the gate of the community while I went to the basement to get the car. As soon as I got in the car, I called my assistant. "Gather all the senior executives. I want to meet with them in ten minutes."

"Is there a problem, Mr. Moore?"

Judging from my tone, my assistant probably thought that there was some kind of big incident that needed handling. Instead of answering her, I hung up the phone.

Scarlett's POV:

At the entrance of the law office, I paced back and forth with our marriage certificate in my hand. I glanced at my watch from time to time, waiting anxiously for Charles to show up.

I only had half an hour before my show began. If Charles stood me up, then the divorce would be postponed again.

"What happened? Why is Charles not here yet?" After waiting for what felt like forever, I decided to call his assistant to ask what was taking so long.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Moore. Mr. Moore just called an urgent meeting. I don't think he can spare some time to see you today." Charles's assistant spoke in a low voice, and I could hear some chatter in the background. She probably answered the phone in the middle of the urgent meeting she said Charles suddenly convened.

I hung up the phone and stared at the bustling city scene in front of the law office. I heaved a sigh and shook my head.

I had no idea how much more delays I could take. I just wanted it all to end.

I looked at my watch again. I only had fifteen minutes before I had to be at the studio for my show.

I stared at our marriage certificate and grunted. Then, I left the law office and hailed a taxi to work. Fifteen minutes should be more than enough time to get me to the station before my program started.

After I entered the studio, I put all my personal worries aside and focused on my job. Per usual, Abner and the director praised me many times for a job well done. They said that I was not only excellent at what I do but also had an impressive work ethic.

After a whole afternoon's work, I was finally able to clock out and go home. It had been sunny all afternoon, but now all of a sudden, it was raining heavily. Little bean-sized raindrops fell down violently, pummeling the pavement and releasing the day's warmth into the night air.

I did not bring an umbrella with me, so I just stood at the gate of the TV station and waited for the rain to stop. A few moments later, I glimpsed a pair of shiny black shoes beside me, and the dim nearby light was blocked by something big and black. It was Abner and his umbrella.

"Come on. I'll give you a ride home." He smiled down at me and offered to drive me home.

Ever since I joined the TV station as a program host, Abner had been nice to me. He always went out of his way to chat me up and ask about my experience so far on the job. I did not know whether or not it was just coincidence or something, but I always seemed to run into him. At the gate, in the studio, during lunchtime, you name it. But I did not mind. I felt comfortable around him, and he made me feel like an important part of the team.

"No, it's okay. I'm just waiting for a taxi," I refused politely. "A taxi in this rain? You're going to be here until morning. Come on. Your place is on the way anyway. I just want to make sure you get home safely." As he spoke, he pulled me to his car, completely ignoring my refusal.

He kept his umbrella above me the entire time, and by the time we were inside his car, he was soaking wet on one side.

I tried to pull him under his own umbrella, but before I could succeed, I was already on his passenger seat and he

Chapter 16 Stand Her Up was on the driver's seat.

I took out a tissue from my bag and offered it to Abner to wipe his face, but he declined and insisted that he was okay. I wanted to help him wipe his face and his arm, but I dismissed the intention. There were just the two of us in the car now. I could not risk the gesture being misinterpreted by anyone who could have spotted us.

I did not want to send Abner the wrong message either.

Soon, Abner gunned the engine and drove out of the gates. Then, he started conversing with me about my daily life. He seemed worried that I might grow bored of the city and fly back to France.

When we passed a supermarket, my phone rang. It was Christine.

Abner stopped talking and signaled me to answer the phone.

I nodded sheepishly at him and picked up. "Hello, dear. Are you home yet? Can you come over for dinner tonight? I made your favorite apple pie." "Oh, Grandma, that's very nice of you, but I already had dinner." Two days ago, Charles and I almost made Michael faint with anger. I was not exactly in a hurry to see him again. The last thing I wanted to do now was upset him. I thought I had already done enough when I boldly asked him for Charles and I's marriage certificate.

"But I already sent the car to your place to pick you up." Christine said in a begging tone, which virtually made me feel guiltier than I already was.

"How could I ever say no to you, Grandma? Okay, I'm coming over. Wait for me." I had considered making up a more convincing excuse, but in the end, I just gave up and said yes.

Soon, Abner and I were in front of my house. Charles's car was also there, which struck a nerve in me.

After standing me up at the law firm today, he had the nerve to show up now. What an inconsiderate jerk.

After thanking Abner, I tried to open my door, but it did not budge. I looked over at Abner in confusion.

He looked like he wanted to say something but did not know how to put it into words. I just stared at him and waited for him to speak up. Finally, he met my gaze and said nervously, "Scarlett, there's something that I'd like to ask you. Since I first saw you at the office, I've found you amazing and cool, and I was wondering..."

“Bang, bang, bang!”

Before Abner could get to his question, we were interrupted by three loud raps on the passenger-side window. Abner and I looked up at the same time to see who was knocking

Charles was standing outside in the rain with a black umbrella. There was enough light for me to see the menacing look in his eyes that sent a chill down my spine.

With a click, the passenger-side door opened, and Charles grabbed my wrist and yanked me out. He dragged me out with so much force that I missed a step and he caught me in his arms. It all happened in the blink of an eye.

Next thing I knew, Abner was getting out of the car and into the pouring rain. As Charles towed me away, I heard Abner scream, “Will you go out with me, Scarlett?” I turned around and stared at him with wide eyes. Did he just ask me out?

“I like you! Let’s go out!” Abner seemed to be concerned that I did not hear him through the heavy rain. He rushed over to me and took my hand in his. “I just want to make sure that you heard me. May I take you out on a date some time?”

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Chapter 17 Being Forced To Compromise

Scarlett’s POV:

Abner’s hair was usually slicked back and neatly parted. Right now, it was a wet mess. I had not had the chance to look at him for a long time until now, and I realized that he was actually quite attractive. I found it a little funny that I did not notice that until I saw him drenched in the pouring rain.

I struggled to find the right words to say to him.

Before I could tell Abner my answer, Charles put his coat on me and dragged me away, forcing Abner to let go of my hand.

Charles led me to his car as I kept looking back at Abner.

Abner stayed on his spot and watched Charles force me into his car. The disappointed look on his face made me feel a horrible pang of guilt.

I had time to give him a decent answer.
I should have just blurted it out before Charles could tow me away.

With one hand holding his umbrella, Charles opened the car door for me. His face darkened even more when he saw me still looking over at Abner.

“Get in the car, Scarlett.”

I took a look at him, gritted my teeth, and got in the car. After turning the ignition and making the engine hum to life, Charles drove away like he was running from the police. We did not speak the entire trip. We just sat there in uncomfortable silence, which was beginning to become a routine for us. Of course Charles’s reaction earlier bothered me, but at the moment, I was more worried about facing Abner tomorrow at work after leaving him hanging like that.

Soon, we arrived at the mansion. Charles walked into the house first, and I followed him “Hello, dear.”

As soon as I entered the living room, Christine greeted me warmly, but before she could start a conversation with me, Charles grabbed my hand and dragged me upstairs. He moved so abruptly that everyone immediately followed us. They must have thought that he was going to beat me up or something.

“Charles, what are you doing? Where are you taking me?”

“Son, if there’s any problem, just say it. You don’t have to hurt your wife.”

“What are you doing, Charles? Let go of Scarlett!”

Charles ignored Christine and Alice who were shouting at him from downstairs. He shoved me into the upstairs bathroom and kicked the door shut before his mother and grandmother could catch up with us.

He turned on the tap and turned me to face the sink. He stood behind me, grabbed my wrists, and put my hands under the running water. He rubbed my hands as if he intended to slough the skin off.

“What are you doing? You’re starting to hurt my hands,” I snapped at him, but he did not even slow down. Was he trying to wash Abner’s touch off my hands?

But why?

I really did not understand why he even cared. Our marriage would end soon. I would no longer be his wife, and he would no longer be my husband. Why was he still acting like he was holding my reins?

“You’re still my wife. You’re still a married woman. You should behave like one,” Charles replied through clenched teeth.

Our marriage would end soon. I would no longer be his wife, and he would no longer be my husband. Why was he still acting like he was holding my reins?

"You're still my wife. You're still a married woman. You should behave like one," Charles replied through clenched teeth. 2

"All right, enough of this," I muttered and broke free from his grip. I turned off the tap, grabbed a clean towel off the rack, and started drying my hands. Charles put his hands on his hips and stared me down. "You know what, Charles, if you hadn't stood me up today, you wouldn't have had to deal with me tonight. We would've been out of each other's hair," I said, keeping my voice as level as I could.

"I didn't mean to stand you up. I had something urgent to deal with," Charles explained.

"Something more urgent than our divorce?"

"Something came up in the office, and I had to take care of it."

"I don't believe that. Nothing is more important to you than granting the final wish of Rita's life." With that, Charles instantly stopped talking.

I pressed, "Well, since you were not free today, how about tomorrow? Or the day after tomorrow? Just put a date on it already. You can't possibly be unavailable all the time."

"Enough, Scarlett!" Charles suddenly yelled. His sudden outburst startled me, but I refused to end our conversation without getting a definite answer.

"Just tell me when you're planning to get this over with, Charles! You want a divorce, don't you? And I already agreed. You're the one causing all the delays now, and you have the nerve to get angry with me? Whatever game you're trying to play here, I'm not interested. Just set a damn date!"

I did not bother to rein in my emotions anymore. All the waiting and stalling was starting to drive me insane. On top of that, I had to deal with Charles's overreaction to everything and also his attempts to control my life. I could not take any of it anymore.

Charles fell silent once again and flashed me a pained expression that could have broken my heart if I had not been so furious at him.

My old self would have lowered her voice and consoled him right then and there, but things

were different now.

Just because I held a special place for him in my heart did not mean that he could trash it whenever he wanted.

We were at an impasse. Neither of us was willing to compromise.

After a while, just when I was about to give in, he suddenly sighed and said, "Tomorrow. Let's do it tomorrow."

I breathed a sigh of relief and set the towel on the sink. "Thank you," I muttered.

Charles was a tough guy to deal with.

But at the moment, I was just happy to get a commitment from him. Not uttering another *word*, Charles turned around and opened the door.

Christine, Alice, Michael, and Lawrence were standing outside and looking at us with mixed anticipation and concern.

They quickly stepped aside to let Charles pass.

I kept silent for a while and carefully planned my next words in my head. I had no idea if they heard everything Charles and I talked about *While* Michael and Lawrence turned on their heels and followed Charles, Christine and Alice walked into the bathroom and started comforting me. "I'm so sorry about Charles, dear. You deserve better."

"Your grandma is right, honey. You do deserve better. Don't *worry*, we will help find you a *perfect* match." Christine and Alice walked me out of the bathroom. I forced a smile to assure them that I was all *right*.

Charles's POV: I walked out of the bathroom feeling like my head was going to explode. Everything I laid eyes on pissed the hell out of me. I went to the balcony to try and calm down.

"Are you really going through with the divorce?" Grandpa's voice came from behind me. I turned around and saw him walking over to me. My father was right on his heels.

"Didn't you hear her earlier? She wants it done already." Saying that, I felt like my heart was being wrapped in barbed wire. I thought about Scarlett and I's confrontation in the bathroom just now.

"And what about you?" Grandpa stood beside me and looked into my eyes. "Do you want it? And are you really going to marry that actress once you end your marriage to Scarlett?"

"Grandpa..." I did not like the ugly emphasis Grandpa put on the word "actress" to describe Rita. He sounded like he was mocking her. "Rita doesn't have much time left."

"If that's your decision, then I respect it. But I'm allowed to be worried that Rita's just manipulating you. You may be all grown up, Charles, but I'm still your grandfather. I still want the best for you. But if you don't want to heed my warning, then it's up to you." Grandpa heaved a deep sigh, gently patted me on the shoulder, and then left.

Even though my father just stood there and listened the entire time, I could tell from the look in his eyes that he thought the same thing as Grandpa

"By the way, Christine and Alice are setting up a blind date for Scarlett." Before he disappeared downstairs, Grandpa turned around to leave one last remark.

"Right." It did not surprise me. My mother and grandmother had always been obsessed with giving Scarlett the best of everything. Since they struck out with me, they of course would restart their quest to find her a husband that she deserved.

"That's all you have to say to that?" Grandpa prodded, unsatisfied with my reaction. 1

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I looked up at him and flashed him calmest expression I could muster.

We locked eyes for a few moments, and then Grandpa sighed, shook his head, and went downstairs. My father still did not say anything. He just stood there and stared at me, but his gaze was enough to make me feel like the biggest disappointment in the family by far.

After Grandpa and Dad left, I grabbed my laptop and locked myself in the study. I worked and worked until I was numb and completely distracted. The last thing I needed right now was to be thinking about Scarlett's blind date.

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Chapter 18 Have A Fever

Scarlett's POV:

It was pouring outside while we were having dinner. Because of this, I could not help but be *worried* about how I would go home. I would rather not take Charles's car.

Christine must have sensed my apprehension. She looked outside the window and asked with a smile, "Dear Scarlett, would you like to stay for the night?"

"I have work tomorrow, Grandma," I replied with an apologetic smile.

"It's okay. I'll ask the driver to drive you to the company tomorrow morning, so you won't be late."

Charles cast a glance at us. Seeing this, Christine glared at him and said sharply, "What are you looking at? I don't care whether you want to stay or not. But I hope Scarlett stays with me, even just for the night."

Christine held my hand and looked at me expectantly.

"Okay." I could not refuse her, so I just agreed.

Chapter 18 Have A Fever

Christine's face lit up. Meanwhile, Alice, Lawrence, and Michael were also delighted.

Only Charles seemed indifferent. He just continued eating and did not even spare us a glance.

Christine had reserved a room for Charles and me in the mansion. But because the two of us were getting a divorce, it was inappropriate for us to sleep together. Therefore, Christine decided to arrange the guestroom solely for

Charles

The latter did not say anything when Christine made the arrangement. Without a word, he went to the guestroom to rest. But when everyone was already asleep, he went to my door and knocked.

As I opened the door, I saw him standing outside in pajamas. His pajamas were white with slim blue piping. The style was ordinary, but on him, the pajamas looked expensive and custom-fitted.

I immediately blocked the door and showed no intention of letting him in. "What's up?" I asked crossly

Charles pushed the door open and walked straight to the bed. "I can't sleep. There's a strange smell in the guestroom." 2

"Till sleep there instead then." I walked out of the room as soon as I finished speaking.

"What do you mean? Do you think that I'm interested in scrawny women like you?" Charles looked me up and down as he spoke.

My blood boiled in anger. Me? Scrawny? Humph! I was in good shape!

On second thought, I understand what he meant. As the saying went, "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder." Besides, how could he be interested in me when he already had someone in his heart? My being defensive was unnecessary.

But in that case, what was the matter with him in the elevator this morning? Could it be that he was driven by desire?

I eyed Charles with suspicion, and he looked back at me. But instead of offering a compromise, he lay on the bed and occupied half of it.

"Since you insist on staying here, you sleep on the sofa. I'll sleep on the bed as usual," I said sternly. I did not want to make too much noise and wake Christine and the others up. But since he would not budge, I decided to let him be. Maybe sleeping on the sofa was not so bad, after all.

"What are you doing? Did I say you could sleep there?" Charles stood up and pulled me to the bedside. "Just sleep next to me. Don't make me tie you up and throw you on the bed."

I struggled to get out of his grasp, but he was too strong for me. He pulled me to the bedside and pushed me onto the bed.

I could not hold back my anger anymore. "Charles, how dare you do this to me?!" I yelled angrily.

"Just go to sleep and stop shouting!"

Charles pulled the quilt over me and held me tightly in his arms, not giving me the chance to leave.

He had been clear from the very beginning that he would never be interested in me. Even so, I did not dare to struggle in his arms in fear of turning him on.

I just lay still for a long time. I had no idea what time I had fallen asleep. The last thing I remembered was that he was holding me in his arms. The next day. The golden ray of sunshine made its way through the bedroom window, and it was dazzling. I struggled to open my eyes, only to find that the person next to me when I slept was no longer there when I woke up.

I suddenly remembered that we were supposed to go to the law office today to sign the divorce papers. With that, I quickly got up to look for him downstairs.

Just as I walked to the door, a hoarse voice came from behind. "You're up," Charles said weakly.

I turned around and saw him on the sofa, curled up in pain. Unlike his usual demeanor, he looked pitiful. It overturned my impression of him.

I rushed to his aid and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"I'm burning with fever."

"Have you taken medicine already?"

Charles did not speak and just leaned against the sofa. The listless look on his face was enough to answer my question.

"Hang on. I'll get you medicine." I walked out of the room and asked Christine for antipyretics. But before she handed me the medicine bottle, she asked what had happened to Charles first.

Once I got the bottle, I returned to the room and took two capsules from it. "Give me your hand," I ordered to Charles.

Charles was taken aback for a second but still did as told. I could not help but notice how slender and fair his hands were. They looked nice, unlike the hands of most men.

I placed the capsules in his hand. But for some reason, Charles only stared at them with a frown.

"Hurry up and take them. That way, we can go through the divorce procedure without problems," I urged.

"I'll feel worse if I go out at this time." Charles lifted his head and looked at me. His flushed face concealed his cold temperament. Right now, he looked like a patient who just wanted to be taken care of.

But instead of feeling sorry, I felt an urge to yell at him. Was it because he had been with Rita for a long time that he had learned how to put on act? While I was in deep thought, my phone suddenly rang.

I glanced at him and walked to the window to answer the phone. Suddenly, Abner's voice came from the other end of the line. "Scarlett, I just passed by your house. Would you like me to give you a ride?"

His voice was the same as it usually was. It seemed that he was unaffected by what had *happened* yesterday. I guessed he had not given up yet.

"Abner, I appreciate your offer. Unfortunately, I have something important to do today. I won't go to the company later." I declined apologetically. All I wanted right now was to get the divorce over with.

I could not wait any longer.

"I see. See you at the TV station then."

"See you."

After saying goodbye to Abner, I hung up the phone and watched Charles take medicine. But for some reason, he was just staring at the capsules in his hand in a daze.

"Why haven't you taken them yet? Don't tell me that you need to be coaxed like a child

first." All of a sudden, he looked up at me and asked in a low and icy cold tone, "Are you dating that man?"

"It's none of your business. Take the medicine

now."

The truth was, I planned on rejecting Abner. It was just that I did not want to tell Charles about it. What did it have to do with him *anyway*?

"Of course, it's my business. As long as we haven't divorced, we're still a couple. How can you hook up with another man behind my back?! What? Is he better than me?" Charles scoffed.

"If you really want to know, yes, he is. He's gentler and more considerate than you," I answered with a sneer. Well, I only said those words to piss Charles off. Would it not be nice if he divorced me out of rage?

In a fit of anger, Charles stood up abruptly and threw the capsules on the floor. "Scarlett, do you want to die?!" he bellowed.

"I think you're the one who wants to die. You don't want to take medicine when you're clearly sick!" I fired back.

I must be out of my mind. We were about to be divorced. Why did I still care if he took medicine or not? He was not a pitiful man who needed my care anyway. I did not have to be *concerned* about him.

From what I saw, he was not that difficult to *deal with* whenever he was with Rita. He must be gentle to her. Maybe she was special in his eyes. Nevertheless, I did not want to waste my time on him anymore. So, without another word, I left for work.

Just as I arrived at the TV station, Mr. Walker, the man who wanted to ask me out for dinner last time, appeared in front of me again.

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Chapter 19 The Scandal

Scarlett's POV: Mr. Walker's middle-aged driver got off the car and walked up to me. "Good day, Miss Riley. May I have a moment?"

"Hi. Sure," I replied politely.

"Are you free at lunchtime? My boss is wondering if he could buy you lunch today?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I have an appointment at that time," I directly refused and chanced a glance at the luxury car behind him.

"What a pity." He did not insist. "Well, maybe next time then. Have a great day, Miss Riley."

Then, he turned around and got back in the car.

I stood at the gate of the TV station and watched as Mr. Walker's car sped away. I did not leave my spot until the car disappeared from my view. I took a few deep breaths before heading inside the station. I thought the invitations would stop after I refused that man twice.

But it was just the beginning of a roller coaster ride of dramas. I found out that it had started rolling when I ran into one of the *studio* assistants in the bathroom in the afternoon. She showed me some photos and news articles on her phone.

"Scarlett, look! Someone took a photo of you standing next to a luxury car and talking to a man this morning. There are many comments that said..."

The assistant did not finish her sentence. The comments must be bad.

I took her phone and checked the news. The headline jumped right at my face.

“Rookie TV host gets dropped off to work by rich mystery man,” the article’s title read. I could not help shaking my head.

Right below the headline, there was a photo of me and Mr. Walker’s driver right by Mr. Walker’s luxury car.

The angle of the camera only captured my profile while the face of the driver was fully shown. We were smiling at each other, but it was only because we were having a polite conversation. I looked closer at the photo and found that Mr. Walker’s outline through the window was highlighted. Reading the article, I discovered that the writer had pointed out that the man was talking to was the driver of the man inside the car, allegedly my rich mystery man.

The article was released by a well-known news site. The netizens would definitely believe it. I scrolled through some of the comments. Most of them were about me being a shameless seductress.

“How do I get rid of this?” I was a public figure now, and stupid gossip like this could tarnish my image and ruin the reputation of the TV station I worked for. That was the last thing I wanted.

The assistant looked embarrassed. “If you delete this news, won’t you look guilty?”

“So I’m just supposed to leave it?”

“Well, people will forget about this soon enough. Thousands of things are happening all at once, and social media is always updated with new stuff.”

“I suppose you’re right. Thanks for telling me about this.” The assistant left the bathroom after that. I stared at myself in the mirror and considered my next move. I could not believe I was already extremely stressed out. But what the assistant said made sense. I would be old news by tomorrow. There was no point worrying about that presumptuous article, so I took many steady breaths and went back to work.

At the end of the day, I met with Rita.

This woman was really starting to get on my nerves. When I got off work, she was right outside the TV station. I did not understand why she could not leave me alone.

We went to a nearby cafe to talk. We sat in a private area, and as soon as we were settled, she asked right away, “Do you know why I came to see you?”

“To bug me about the divorce. It’s not my fault, you know. Charles cancelled again because he’s sick.” Since she was so straightforward, I decided to be blunt as well.

"If you really wanted to divorce Charles, you would've already filed for divorce even if he was absent. You should be more determined to push through with this, Scarlett. You know, Charles is possessive. You are beautiful and young. If you don't make a move while he's stalling, he'll think that you're unwilling to let him go."

"Why are you pushing me and not him?" | could not believe the gall of this woman to shift the blame on me.

"I can't afford to stress him out. You can. He's your soon-to-be ex-husband. You don't have to care about his feelings. And don't you also want this over and done with? We both know that Charles doesn't, has never been, and will never be in love with you. So why are you letting him waste your time? And speaking of time, it's not something that I have much of. I just want to become Mrs. Moore before I bite the dust. I'm begging you, Scarlett. Just cut ties with Charles."

"Thank you so much for making me realize how much time I'm wasting." Rita was about to cry, and I could not help feeling amused. *Was* she so desperate to marry Charles that she would beg me like this? It was pathetic.

"Here. There's one million dollars in this account. I know you've just come home from abroad, and you're starting fresh. I want to help you financially. Consider it a gift." To my astonishment, she took out a bank card and set it on the table in front of me.

"Are you bribing me to expedite my divorce?" | sneered.

"If that's how you want to see it, then I can't do anything about it," Rita replied nonchalantly.

"Do you think I agreed to divorce Charles for money?" Mirthless laughter escaped my throat. Then, I continued, "Rita, I need you to *understand* something about me. I'm not stupid. If all I really wanted was money, then | would've chained Charles to my side and fought you off with a stick."

"No, Scarlett. Listen to me. I wasn't trying to humiliate you..."

"Oh, stop with the acting already! I see you, Rita. I know what you're trying to do. Don't pretend to be some poor dying woman whose only wish is to marry the love of her life. You're not all what you seem to be. So screw you and your money!"

Rita always put herself in a weak position to win people's sympathy and achieve her true goals.

I had seen enough of those schemes, and I was sick of it. "Scarlett..." Rita looked at me with wide eyes. She obviously was not expecting me to react the way I did. I did not want to hear another word from her, so I rose from my seat and left the cafe.

On my way out, I took out my phone and called Charles. "I'm filing without you, Charles."

Charles picked up, but there was only dead silence on his end of the line. I was about to speak again, but he suddenly hung up.

Reining in my annoyance, I put away my phone and walked out of the cafe into the sidewalk. I was surprised to see Mr. Walker's luxury car again. Had he been waiting for me to come out?

"Good evening, Miss Riley. Could my boss take you out for dinner and drinks tonight?" The driver rolled down his window, poked his head out of the car, and spoke kindly to me.

"Well, 1..." | was about to refuse, but then I caught a glimpse of some paparazzi not far away. They were taking photos again that I was sure would fuel tomorrow's rumor mill. I thought for a second. Charles ignored me just now. Maybe the badly titled gossip articles and paparazzi photos would get his attention and make him realize how dead serious I was about the divorce. I took a deep breath and smiled.

"Okay," I agreed. The driver looked stunned. He probably expected me to decline again, but all the same, he jumped out of the car and opened the door for me.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 20

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 20 Drinking

Scarlett's POV:

Mr. Walker's driver took me to a high-end bar not far from the cafe. He ushered me inside and led the way to a long corridor of lush private rooms. Before long, he stopped in front of one and knocked on the door.

"Come in." A deep, attractive male voice called from the inside.

The driver opened the door and gestured to me to go in.

I nodded at him and walked into the private room. The room was dimly lit, but it exuded a cozy ambiance. It was also fair in size. Most of the space was taken up by large, nicely upholstered seats and a small table. Mr. Walker was sitting on the sofa and swirling the contents

of his glass. The rust-colored liquid, which I assumed was whiskey, glinted in the light

"Have a seat, please." I saw a flash of amazement in his eyes the moment he looked at me. He gestured me to take the sofa opposite him.

"Thank you." I sat down.

Then, he said bluntly, "One million dollars a year plus birthday and holiday gifts."

He spoke as if he was pitching a business proposal. My go-to reaction was a tentative

chuckle.

"You'll have to explain what's happening here, Mr. Walker. I'm not sure I understand," I said

directly.

"I watch your show. You look pure." He looked at me up and down.

"But I don't believe anything I see on a screen. Not right away at least. I had to see it in person first. Many stars look pure through a TV set but not all of them really are." I was starting to get a sense of what he wanted to happen, and I immediately thought of stopping it before it turned into something that could not be undone.

After a few moments, Mr. Walker began to hesitate. He looked at me with scrutinizing eyes as if he was trying to read my every move. When he was about to speak again, we heard a big commotion outside. Someone was trying to enter our private room.

The driver outside tried to stop that person. But obviously, he did not succeed.

The door swung open violently, and Spencer, who was a little out of breath, rushed over to "Scarlett, you've got to come with me. You've got to stop Charles. He's drinking himself to death right now."

"What? Where?" I jumped up from the sofa.

"David and I have been trying to stop him, but he won't listen. You know how he is. He's as stubborn as a mule. He won't listen to either of us.

"Take me to him."

Spencer and I were only halfway to the door when I suddenly stopped.

"No. Call Rita. She should be the one to talk to him."

Charles listened to Rita, not me. I could not even get him to take some medications for his fever this morning.

"But Scarlett..." Spencer protested, but I was already walking back to my seat.

I ignored him until he gave up and left. Charles's POV:

Earlier this evening, Scarlett phoned me and *told me* that she was going to file for divorce even without me. I got so upset that I was *able* to power through my fever and dragged myself to the bar. To my relief, Spencer and David were also there.

I went through three rounds of shots without blinking, and as soon as I started slurping my *words*, Spencer and David stopped the drinks from pouring in.

They tried to stop me from drowning my sorrows, but they failed. Finally, they decided to call Rita.

"Charles, you're burning up. You're not well. You can't drink anymore." Rita walked over to me, sat down beside me, and grabbed my

glass.

I leaned back on the sofa, shut my eyes, and pinched the bridge of my nose.

"Hey, Rita, we'll leave him to you, all right? We'll just step outside for a bit. Don't worry. *We won't* come in unless you call us." Spencer's words implied something.

Did he really think that I would have sex with Rita in such a dirty private room in a bar?

I shot Spencer a warning look. He got it so *quickly* that he grabbed David's arm and started dragging him out. I started yelling.

"No! Stay here, both of you!"

"But we want to give you and Rita some *privacy*." Spencer grinned cheekily at me.

I wanted to punch him in the face.

I flashed him a menacing look. Then, his throat bobbed, and he let go of David's arm. He settled back on his seat.

"Fine." I got a new glass, filled it with wine, and started drinking again.

"Slow down."

Spencer and David winced as I downed the contents of my glass. They urged Rita with their eyes to stop me.

Rita reached out and attempted to take away my glass again, but this time, I was able to dodge.

"Please, Charles. Enough already." She reached out for my glass again. She did it over and over even if she failed and failed. I was starting to get extremely annoyed. Suddenly, I was not in the mood to drink anymore.

I tossed my empty glass to the floor, and it rolled on the carpet.

"Are you done?" Spencer asked.

I glared at him.

"Then it's time to go home. Come on." Rita heaved a sigh of relief and held my arm to help me up.

But I shook off her hand. I climbed to my feet and went straight for the door.

I walked out of our private room and staggered through the corridor. Then, I saw Scarlett talking and laughing with a man outside another private room. I instantly recognized the man she was with. It was Mr. Walker who had asked her out before.

Scarlett looked gorgeous today. She was wearing a blue dress, and per usual, she carried herself with dignity and grace. She seemed to be enjoying her conversation with Mr. Walker. In fact, she was laughing at something that he said. I stood there as my heart cracked and rage seethed out of it.

The thought of her dressing up for another man made me want to drag her away from that pompous Mr. Walker.

Scarlett's POV:

"Scarlett!"

Mr. Walker and I were outside of our private room and saying our goodbyes when I heard someone yell my name. I turned my head and saw Charles standing outside another private room a few feet away.

The warm light cast terrifying shadows on his gloomy face. He looked poised for a fight.

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"Spencer, David, take Rita back to hospital."

I kept my eyes fixed on him. He spoke to somebody inside the private room, but I did not catch what he said.

Then, Spencer and David walked out. Rita followed suit

Charles started speaking to Spencer and David. He appeared to be giving them instructions, and then Rita started protesting. Charles must be asking his friends to take Rita home because the next second, Rita flashed me a vicious look.

Right then, I thought that I had to get out of there. Surely, Charles was going to make

flashed me a vicious look.

Right then, I thought that I had to get out of there. Surely, Charles was going to make trouble for me again. He was obviously angry for God knew what, and he was ready to take it out on me.

But I was too slow. Next thing I knew, Charles was dragging me by the arm toward the private room he, his friends, and Rita had just vacated. He slammed the door shut, grabbed my neck, and pinned me against the wall.

"Charles!" Rita screamed and pounded on the door.

"Come on, Rita. Let's go," Spencer coaxed her.

"No! I'm not leaving here until they come out!" Rita half-sobbed.

"Take her away, Spencer!" Charles shouted.

I gasped as I tried to pry Charles's strong hand from my neck. I felt like I was trying to bend a steel pipe with my bare hands.

"What the hell are you doing, Charles? Let go of me!" I struggled to finish my sentence.

"All this time, I thought highly of you, Scarlett But maybe I shouldn't have. What are you doing having drinks with an old man? Are you hoping to get some new sexual experience or something?"

What was he talking about? Mr. Walker was only around thirty years old. He was not old at all. And even if he was and I was trying to sleep with him, what did Charles care? The reason I agreed to see Mr. Walker was that Charles was being difficult with the divorce.

"It's none of your business!"

"I'm still your husband. If you want sex, just ask me for it. Don't be so depraved that you're willing to hook up with a disgusting geezer." The anger in Charles's eyes

was unlike anything I had ever seen before. He tightened his grip around my neck, and I dug my nails in his hand, but he did not seem to notice.

"I don't want anything from you."

"Okay. So Pierre wasn't enough, huh? Now you want some older lover? Why are you acting like you're running out of men to sleep with?"

"It has nothing to do with you."

"It has everything to do with me! Grandpa is not in good health. Do you think your scandalous private life will help him sleep well at night? What do you want, Scarlett? Do you want many different men? I'll give them to you! How about Spencer and David? Would you like to sleep with them, too? Fine! Go! Have at them!"

"Don't talk to me like I'm the one acting out since the beginning. You're the one who asked me for a divorce. Why can't you just man up and make it happen?"