

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 195

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Chapter 195 Never Let Nate Leave The Prison

## Charles' POV

I was in the meeting room, attending a conference, when my phone vibrated all of a sudden.

After taking a look at it, I suspended the meeting and walked out to answer the phone.

"What's the matter?"

Janet immediately replied in an anxious voice, "Ever since Scarlett went to the prison to see Nate, something seems to be bothering her. She didn't even go to work today, and she has been in bed all day long. I wanted to ask the doctor to come see her, but she forbade me from calling him." Upon hearing that, my heart sank. "Take good care of her. If she's facing any discomfort, call the doctor at once. I'll be home soon." Janet gave me an affirmative response at once. After hanging up, I ordered my trusted subordinate to preside over the meeting while I took Richard to the prison with me. I was furious when I saw the surveillance video of Scarlett and Nate's meeting. "I want to see Nate immediately." Hearing my order, Richard nodded and walked out of the room. He returned soon after. Nate stood behind him, accompanied by the prison guard. His expression changed drastically the moment he saw me. He staggered and was about to fall on the ground. "Mr. Moore, Nate has not been in a stable mental state lately. If you want to talk to him, then you will have to do it in the reception room where there are thick glass windows for protection," the prison guard reminded kindly. "No, thanks. I will talk to him right here. You can go now." I motioned for him to leave the room. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before he walked out, closing the door behind him. "Charles." Leaning against the wall, Charles looked at me in fear. "What are you doing here? I have been sentenced!" "If you can recognize me, then there is nothing wrong with your head. Whatever you said to Scarlett, is it true or not?" My expression was as cold as ice. Nate was stunned. "What do you mean? She left after our very brief conversation!" I leaned against the sofa and called out, "Richard." Richard walked to him and kicked him, slamming him against the wall. Nate collapsed to the floor with a loud scream, and just when he was about to get up, Richard

stepped on him. "I... I really don't know what you mean!" Nate exclaimed, crying out in agonizing pain. I looked down in deep thought. Nate had seemed to be a little crazy in the video, so I wondered if he indeed had a mental problem and lost his memory when he was not himself.

However, his actions had hurt Scarlett in the end.

Thinking of how shocked and helpless she had looked in the surveillance video, I immediately regretted letting her see Nate on her own. I clenched my fists so tightly that veins stood out on my arms. "Richard, pummel him good, but don't overdo it. I need him alive." Upon hearing my orders, Richard nodded. Flustered, Nate crawled towards the door. "No! Help! Someone here is about to kill me... Ah!" His cries for help stopped when Richard punched him hard. I was calmly sitting on the couch, browsing through my emails while listening to his screams and the sound of punches. A while later, his screams gradually grew weaker. Richard turned to me and said, "He's fainted." "Wake him, and teach him a lesson that he would never forget in life." When I looked up, I saw Nate lying on the floor, looking rather pale. He was beaten so badly that he was spitting blood, and one of his teeth was on the ground. His prison uniform was dirty and wrinkled. His shirt was lifted a little, revealing the bruises and scars on his skin. It was clear that the other prisoners had already punished him well. After taking my orders, Richard took out a lighter and turned it on. The flame scorched Nate's skin, who screamed, before he retreated to the corner in horror. Richard then grabbed him by the collar and handed him a photo. "Let me show you something nice." Nate stared at the photo with bloodshot eyes, trembling in fear. Richard looked at him and sneered. "Lily may not be as crazy as you, but she is certainly a shrewd woman. After getting you drunk, she sent all the recordings and photos to Scarlett, trying to drive a wedge between her and Mr. Moore." "That bitch!" Nate cursed, but he was having slurred speech as his teeth were broken. After casting a glance at me, Richard continued, "Now, it is too late. You severed ties with your own daughter for the sake of a vicious woman like her. And the funniest thing of all is that it was your daughter who sent you to prison!" Hearing this, Nate grabbed Richard's arm. "What did you say? Rita? My daughter?" "Yes." I stood up, and slowly walked to Nate coldly. Now that he had caused Scarlett pain, he should know what true pain felt like. "Your daughter has revealed your dirty secret to me. She was the one that asked me to get rid of you by putting you in prison." Nate kept shaking his head in denial as he miserably collapsed to the floor. "Why? She... But she is my daughter..."

To be honest, seeing him suffer was making me feel amused. "Where is the thing that you threatened Alex with?"

Nate was in a daze, and did not react to what I said.

I snorted and ordered Richard, "Get him to spill it." I then turned around and walked out of the room, closing the door behind me, while Nate screamed in agony.

Soon, Richard walked out of the room and handed me a note. "It's in his private safe at home, and here's the combination to open it." Taking the note from his hand, I said to him flatly, "Make sure that he never steps foot out of this place." Nate had been sentenced to only a ten-year imprisonment. But I could not help feeling that it was too less of a punishment for a piece of shit like him,

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## Chapter 196 The Hard Disk

### Rita's POV:

I had just gotten up this morning when I heard a set of footsteps coming from the front door. Thus, I got up and quickly got dressed. Not long after, I heard a loud banging on the door. The moment I opened it, I saw a row of bodyguards in suits. They all looked fierce, and they entered our house before I could even utter a word. I was so scared that I just stood rooted to my spot. In a fit of panic, my mother came over, but she couldn't say a word when she heard the commotion. After regaining my composure, I gathered my courage and asked, "Who the hell are you people? Don't you know that trespassing is illegal? Get out of here or I'm going to call the police!" Right after I finished my sentence, the middle-aged man in the lead threw a smartphone at me and shot me a disdainful glance. "Call the police if you have the guts. And don't say later that I didn't give you a chance!" His intimidating presence left me petrified. It was then that my mother came to my side and spluttered, "Stop acting so arrogant! This the Lively family's house. I'll have you know that..." "You're the ones who are trespassing into my house!" When I heard that familiar voice, the group of bodyguards made way for her. Soon, I saw Lily's proud face as she approached me. "Lily, what the hell? Why did you order all these people to break into my house?" I asked with disdain.

"I have in my hand the deed of transfer of ownership of your house. I'm giving you and your mother three hours to pack up and get the hell out of my house!" "No! Nate would never do this to me!" Having said that, my mother grabbed the deed of ownership from Lily's hand, reading through it carefully. "Stop questioning and go pack your bags while I'm still in a good mood. My patience is thin, so you better get packing now! If not, you'll soon face my wrath." Lily seemed so proud of herself. This time, I took the document and reviewed it. My father had indeed signed the document. However, there was no way I would let Lily succeed without a fight. "There's something wrong with this document. The seal and signature on it are all fake! Lily, do you seriously think you can kick me and my mother out of this house just because you presented us a forged document? You stupid bitch!" I shouted brazenly. Then, my mother walked up to Lily and gave her a slap across the face. Infuriated by my mother's reaction, Lily covered her face and gnashed her teeth. "Seize them!" The middle-aged man behind her acknowledged the order and immediately tried to restrain my mother. However, I stood in front of my mother and said, "If you try to lay a hand on me and my mother, I am going to make your lives a living hell!"

Just then, I noticed Richard standing at the door. I ran to his side, grabbing his arm as if holding onto dear life. "Richard, please! I need your help to drive Lily out. She's trying to kick us out using that forged document!" "Sorry, Rita. I'm just here to grab a few things. I won't meddle in your affairs." Richard pulled his hand away from me. He didn't even dignify me with a glance while he was speaking. I felt disheartened to see that. After he said that, Richard stood in the living room while his subordinates went upstairs. Seeing that my mother was trembling in fear, I told her that she should leave first. "Mom, you should go back to your room. Richard and I are here. They won't dare to do anything." I could tell that my mother was reluctant to go, but she had no choice but to agree with my suggestion. After telling me to be careful, she shot Lily a cold glance before heading upstairs. Now, only Richard, I, Lily and her men were in the living room. I felt that the air around us had become tense.

Moments later, Richard glanced at Lily and said, "Well, go on with your business." His mere presence in the room was so daunting. Lily was a bit terrified. She turned around and whispered something to her bodyguard. Then, she approached me and said, "Fine. I'm going to be the bigger person and give you two more days. If you don't move out by then, I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!" "Are you kidding me, Lily? You're seriously threatening me in my own home?" I argued. "It won't be your house for long!" Having said that, Lily left the premises of my house along with her men. Once she was gone, I held Richard's arm, trying to curry favor with him. "What are you planning to take from my house?" Instead of responding, Richard just frowned at me. After glancing at me, he quickly looked away. His eyes become sharper, and his face turned grim. Truthfully, his daunting presence was making me feel scared.

In a trembling voice, I said, "Richard, please don't frown at me like that. You're scaring me." To my surprise, Richard threw my hand away and shot me a disdainful glance. "If you're so scared of me, then stay the hell away!" "Why have you become so heartless to me, Richard? Back then, you..." "Never mention our past to me again. You make me feel sick!" The sound of his voice made me feel that he loathed me to his very core. I was so hurt by his words that I felt like my heart was shattering. I plucked up the courage to ask a question. "If you hate me so much, then why did you send bodyguards to follow me around some time ago? Were you not trying to protect me?" "It's my job. What makes you think I care about you beyond that, Miss Lively?" "Your job, huh? Then who gave you that job?" I refused to give up until I heard a satisfactory answer. "Mr. Charles Moore," replied Richard. It was then that I heard a sound coming from the stairway. I glanced over there and found that Richard's men had come down. "We got it," said one of them. I saw him holding a transparent box.

Richard took the box to examine it carefully. "Let's go," he said.

"Richard!" I wanted to know what was in that box, but he didn't even give me a chance and left without a second thought.

Once Richard had left, I went to the study to look for some clues. Soon, I found that my father's safe had been opened.

Suddenly, I heard a noise coming from the door. It made me think that Richard had come back. I was so startled that I immediately turned my head, only to find that it was my mother. "Mom, what are you doing here? You scared me," I said, holding my chest. "I saw them leave, so I came out. What are you looking for?" she asked. "Richard took a transparent box away a few seconds ago. I didn't have the courage to grab it back because I was heavily outnumbered. That's why I'm here in the study to see if there's anything valuable lying around." Then, I squatted in front of the safe to check inside. I thought that there would be something valuable in it, but I got nothing. Just then, the phone downstairs rang, so I ran downstairs to answer it. "Hello? Is this the Lively residence?" I heard a deep male voice coming from the other end of the line.

"Yes, and who is this?" "I am a representative of the federal prison, ma'am. Something has happened to Mr. Nate Lively..." After I hung up on him, my mind went blank. This news couldn't have come at a worse time. I was aware that my father would have a hard time in prison, but I never expected him to be mistreated so soon. "What's wrong, Rita? Who called us?" My vision was blurred,

and all I could hear was my mother's anxious voice. When I thought of how cruel my dad was to me before, I gradually calmed down. "Something happened to dad!" "Wait, what? What happened to him?" my mother asked anxiously. "He abandoned us a long time ago, so his business has nothing to do with us anymore," I said, visibly irritated. Charles' POV: After leaving the prison, Richard went straight to Nate's villa. His efficiency in work had allowed him to come back soon. "Sir, here's that thing you wanted." Richard handed me a hard disk. "Well done, Richard. I'll give you the rest of the day off." After accepting the disk, I told him to leave.

I used a decryption software to access the hard disk. There were many nude photos of Scarlett inside it. These indecent pictures of her had made my blood boil and my face turn red with shame.

Thinking of how he got these photos angered me even more. No longer able to control myself, and punched the table instantly deleted all the files in the hard disk, and then I asked the technical personnel to destroy it. By midnight, I left the company and went to Scarlett's house. After inputting the password, I entered the house and tiptoed to the second floor. Quietly, I pushed the door open and stepped into

her room. Scarlett had fallen asleep, and by the looks of it, she didn't seem to be sleeping well. Her forehead was practically covered in sweat, and her breathing was ragged. She must be having a nightmare. I grabbed a tissue and used it to wipe her face. Suddenly, she shouted, "No! I don't want it! Stop! Nate, you loathsome bastard!" I thought she would wake up, but she didn't. The way she whimpered made her sound like a trapped animal, desperate and powerless. "I'm so scared. I'm scared!" My heart ached for her. Gently, I held her cold hand and tried to comfort her. "Scarlett, you need to move on. Nobody can threaten you ever again. Have faith in me. I'm going to protect you for the rest of my life." Cautiously, I went to bed with her and embraced her. Once I was beside her, I heard her breathing becoming steady. And in order to help her sleep more comfortably, I adjusted my posture, for fear of waking her up. Under the faint moonlight, Scarlett's fair skin looked fatally tempting to me. My desire to have her made me want to leave a mark on her skin. I bit my lower lip, holding back my arousal. Then, I just planted a kiss on her cheek. It had been a long time since I had slept beside Scarlett, so I couldn't let myself sleep too deeply. I wanted to cherish this hard-won heartwarming moment forever. Early the next morning, I reluctantly left Scarlett's home before she could wake up.

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 197

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### Scarlett's POV

I woke up from a terrible nightmare that morning, which seemed to have lasted all night. There was a few hours in between that I felt safe and relaxed though.

Perhaps, I felt so because I dreamt of Charles in those few hours. After I struggled to get up from the bed, I put on my clothes, and walked downstairs for breakfast. Just when I was about to head out to work, I noticed that my shoes seemed to have been moved a little. Seeing that, I turned around and asked Tracy, "Did someone come here yesterday?" However, she hung her head silently for a long time. I then turned to Janet, who faltered. It did not take long for me to understand what had happened. "Charles came here last night, didn't he?" "I'm sorry, Scarlett. Mr. Moore ordered us not to breathe a word about it to you." "It's all right. Let's go." Tracy and Janet dropped me off at the TV station, and the moment I reached my office, Nina walked to me. "Scarlett, why did you come to work so soon?" She was always like a cheerful bird that chatted and made me smile. "Are you going to support me if I stop working?" I teased her. "You must have gone soft because of Charles' charms. Have you made up with him yet?" Nina asked, ignoring my tease. "I no longer hold it against him now, but that doesn't mean I am going to forgive him." I gave her a gentle smile before I began to sort out some messy files on my desk. "Scarlett, as far as I can tell, he is not going to give up so easily, you know?" There was a sudden hint of firmness in her tone. "Nina, please give me some time, and I promise, I will face my relationship with him. For now, just get back to work." Wanting to numb my heart with work, I quickly got rid of her. I devoted myself to my work that entire day, without caring about anything else. And I did not even know that it was almost time for us to get off work until a colleague reminded me. The next second, a delicate bunch of white roses wrapped in kraft paper appeared before me. "Surprise!" Charles' voice came. I raised my head and saw his big, bright smile as he exclaimed, "I got these roses for you. They're beautiful, aren't they?" However, to me, it was not a pleasant surprise at all. Stunned, I did not say anything to him, and nor did I take the bunch of flowers from his hands. Charles continued, "Scarlett, can I ask you out to have dinner with me tonight?" "No, I have to work overtime," I refused without hesitation. "The restaurant I booked tonight is just amazing. Are you sure you don't want to try?" Charles asked again, unwilling to give up.

"I'm not interested," I refused again, bluntly. "Well, I'll head back, then. Be careful on the way home. Besides, I am not going to give up on you!" Saving that, Charles walked to the door, but he deliberately slowed down his pace, as though he was expecting me to change my mind and ask him to stay. Ignoring it, I began to clean up my desk. I got some more work done before I left the TV station and headed for Garden Street. Remembering that there were some new toys at home, I wanted to pack them up and take them to James, who was growing up so quickly. When I pushed the door open, Charles walked out of the house, startling me. "Charles! What are you doing in my house?" I shouted at him, feeling annoyed. However, he just ignored my question, smiled at me, and left. I was obviously puzzled by the oddity of his behavior. When I entered the living room, I found the bunch of roses that he brought to my office earlier in a vase in my living room. The refreshing faint floral fragrance dissolved my anger little by little. Shaking my head, I forced myself not to think too much of it as I walked upstairs, packed up the toys and headed to the Moore mansion. The Moore family was about to have dinner when I arrived there. Christine quickly asked me to join them with a warm smile. I looked around, and only after making sure that Charles was not there did I feel at ease.

"Scarlett, how was your day?" Christine asked, pushing the plate of scrumptious roasted beef towards me. "Not bad at all, Grandma. But there is still a lot of things that I need to deal with." "Do you have any guys special at the company? If

that's the case, then I want to meet him. Wait. What do you think of Spencer?" Alice asked curiously as she sat down beside me.

That's her business. We should not involve ourselves too much in her choices," Lawrence interrupted her, before I could reply. "I'm just asking. Besides, she's always alone, and there are not many who care for her, so I am a little concerned about her," Alice said worriedly. It was clear that she did not notice the change in my expression at all. "We can take care of Scarlett. She doesn't need others. Besides, I think she is the perfect match for my grandson, so I suggest you drop it, Alice," Christine protested. Not knowing what to say, I felt awkward, and lowered my head to focus on eating. Soon, everyone stopped talking about it. After we were done eating, I proposed that I take James back to my apartment for the weekend. To my surprise, Alice objected strongly. "Scarlett, I feel that it is better for James to stay here. You won't be able to take good care of him on your own. Besides, you're also busy with work. However, you can always come and see him here." Although she was using a very polite tone, I could clearly sense the firmness in her words. "Okay, then. I am going upstairs to see James." Not wanting to argue with her any more, I walked to the second floor.

James was sucking his fingers adorably. "Hello, darling. How are you doing today?" I whispered to my son as I held him lovingly. Alice suddenly pushed the door open and walked in. "Scarlett, Charles won't come back tonight. You can sleep in the master bedroom with James. The bed in the nursery is too small for a grown

up."

While I was contemplating, James suddenly uttered a syllable, surprising me. "James, what did you just say? Say it again, sweetie." I knew that a baby that was only a couple of months old could not really speak, but still I was very excited. "Papa, Papa." James said something similar to the word Papa. With an excited smile, Alice also walked to us. "Oh my God! My grandson says Papa now! Say it again, James!" But James did not say it after that. Perhaps, it was just a coincidence, but I was jealous that he called his father first, and not me. After Alice left, I held my son in my arms, trying to coax him to sleep and asked again, "James, can you say Mama?"

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Chapter 198 Ambiguous

**Charles' POV:**

After leaving Scarlett's house, I told Spencer I'd meet him at his bar. The moment I entered the bar, the deafening music resonated in my ears. It was so noisy that I frowned with displeasure. If only I could stay with Scarlett at home, I would never go out to drink at a bar. "Come on, man! Let's drink!" Naturally, Spencer couldn't read my mind, so he asked me to sit down and drink with him. But before long, I

received a message from my mother. "Scarlett is here with James." After having read the message, I sprang to my feet and couldn't wait to get out of the bar. "Charles, what the hell, man? We just got here. Where are you going?" Spencer asked when he caught up with me. "Scarlett is at home. I wanna go back now. Sorry, dude. I have to cancel on you today," I said with a little bit of regret. "Well, your wife is always more important than your bro! It's cool. Let me see you off, then!" Spencer responded. "Thanks, Spencer," I replied. Spencer knew me well, so he didn't get mad at me. Instead, he just followed me to the entrance of the bar. It was then that I saw Vivian at a corner of the bar, speaking to a man. I patted Spencer on the shoulder, asking him to take a look. Quietly, we approached him. And when we were close enough, we were able to hear the man speak. "I'll see you again next time, babe!" "Fuck off!" Vivian growled. "Spencer, do you think she cuckolded you?" Once the man had left, I couldn't help but tease Spencer. "That's impossible!" I could tell that Spencer was infuriated. He hurried to Vivian's side and asked, "Who was that man?" It seemed like she didn't expect to run into Spencer here. "He's one of my friends," she replied. "A friend, huh? Then why did you call you 'babe'?" Spencer refused to believe her. "Spencer, that's enough. I'm too exhausted to deal with your crap." Vivian had no intention of answering and just walked away from him. "Spencer, I gotta go, dude. Go ahead and deal with your problem." Seeing that they were having a fight, I decided to leave them alone. Upon my arrival at home, I changed my shoes at the door and was about to go upstairs. However, I suddenly realized that I reeked of smoke. I knew that Scarlett wouldn't like it, so I decided to go the bathroom to take a shower first. About a half hour later, I finished cleaning myself and now I smelled great. I put on my pajamas, which were the same style as Scarlett's.

I stared at myself in the mirror. My hair was still damp, and my muscles were well-outlined. Not to toot my own horn, but I was quite proud that my figure was great. Then, I deliberately left the two topmost buttons of my shirt unbuttoned. If I were to seduce Scarlett now, she wouldn't be able to resist my charms. 'This plan is going to work!' I remarked inwardly. "Scarlett!" I exclaimed, opening the door of the baby's room. But I was disappointed to see that only James was sleeping in bed. 'Where on earth is Scarlett?' Suddenly, I heard a set of footsteps coming from behind me.

"Charles?" Delighted, I turned around and asked, "Where have you been?" Scarlett raised a glass of water she was holding. "I went to get some water." Then, she looked at me and asked, "Aren't you going in?" Only then did I realize that I had been standing at the doorway. "Yes, of course. I'm sure James misses me. I want to see him." Scarlett's mouth twitched. "Then you'd better hurry up. We're about to sleep." 'We?' I repeated in my mind. The following second, I realized that she wasn't referring to me. It made me upset that my woman was going to sleep with another man, even though that man was my son.

I tiptoed into the room and walked to James' crib. Even when he was sleeping, he was still so cute. "James looks a lot like you," Scarlett said all of a sudden.

"Really? How so?" "Your eyes, nose, and lips look similar," she replied. A smug smile appeared on my lips. "Ah, so you've been observing me carefully, huh?" Scarlett was none too pleased to hear my remark. She glared at me and said, "It's getting late. Good night." Upon seeing her reaction, I was rendered speechless. Thus, I reluctantly left the nursery. When I returned to the master bedroom, an idea popped into my mind. 'I can just carry her here by

force. Besides, it's not like I haven't done something similar in the past.' Then I tried my best to control myself, and calmed myself down. 'No, that would only make Scarlett mad.' In the end, I kept on tossing and turning in bed, and couldn't fall asleep.

Scarlett's POV:

Once Charles had left, I was able to sleep soundly. It was rare of me to get a chance to sleep that well. When I woke up the next day, I was shocked to find myself lying alone in the master bedroom. 'What the hell happened? Wasn't I sleeping in James' room last night?'

I looked down and found that two buttons of my pajamas had been undone and half of my breasts were exposed, leaving me flustered. While I was trying to figure out what happened, someone opened the door and came in. It was Charles "Charles, how did I end up sleeping here? Where's James?" "You were sleeping so soundly last night, and you kept calling my name. What's up with that? Do you still have feelings for me?" Charles didn't answer my question, and he just stared at me with those taunting eyes. "Nonsense! Do you think I could do something like that?" I argued. Then, I wrapped myself with the blanket and glared at him. "There's no need to get mad, Scarlett. I'm just here to tell you that from now on, James and you can sleep in the master's bedroom, and I'll sleep in the nursery." Charles suddenly became serious. "No, thanks. Aren't you going to tell me where James is? You haven't even answered the question

yet!"

"Don't get so worked up. Mom just took him out for some fresh air," he answered. All of a sudden, Charles got closer to me. We were so close to each other that our faces were merely inches apart. His eyes were as deep and unpredictable as the ocean. Somehow, it seemed like there was a storm hiding beneath them. We hadn't been this close for a long time. Suddenly, the atmosphere became tense and ambiguous. I could feel my heart racing, and I had goosebumps. I felt so nervous that I couldn't even say a word. After having stared at me for a long time, he chuckled. "You're adorable." That simple sentence was enough to make me blush. Oh, how I hated myself for losing my composure! After composing myself, I said, "Charles, I'm your ex-wife now. You need to distance yourself from me." "And why should I do that? You are James' mother, and I am his father. Like it or not, we're a family," Charles answered, getting even closer to me. I pulled up the quilt with both hands, slowly retreating until my back was against the headboard. Soon, I found myself entrapped by him. "Charles, what the hell are you trying to do? Don't come any closer!" "Shh! I just want to do something important before we go downstairs for breakfast," he said. The sound of his deep, bewitching voice made my heart beat even faster.

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Chapter 199 The Last Supplication

### Scarlett's POV:

Charles was drawing nearer and nearer. Even from this close, his face was still flawless and impeccable. All of a sudden, I thought of us having sex in the past. I could still vividly remember the sound of his hoarse groans. The mere thought of it made me blush and my heart beat fast. "What's the matter, Scarlett? Why are you blushing?" I could see the playfulness in Charles' eyes, so I quickly turned my head away. After a while, silence ensued and I realized that I had been fooled. When I raised my head, I saw that Charles was standing at the door of the master bedroom and holding back his laughter. "Scarlett, I'm just here to take my phone. I left it beside the pillow after I carried you into the room last night. There's no need to be so nervous!" "Fuck off!" I was both ashamed and angry, so I threw a pillow at him. Now that Charles had left, I dawdled for a long time before going downstairs. As I headed downstairs, I prayed that Charles had gone. However, things didn't go as I had hoped. When I entered the dining room, I saw him smiling at me. The second I sat down, he said to me, "I'll drive you to work after we finish breakfast." "That won't be necessary. Besides, it's out of your way!" The thought of getting fooled by Charles earlier infuriated me. I gritted my teeth, feeling embarrassed once more. "I have something to deal with at a place near the TV station. If you don't take my car, I'm going to take yours." Charles' response took me by surprise, and it left me speechless. "Fine." After a few seconds of silence, I reluctantly agreed to his suggestion. I had lost my appetite, so I only took a few bites of the bread, grabbed my bag, and left the dining room. "Wait for me," Charles said from behind me. I didn't want to talk to him, so I hurried to the garage. After getting in the car, I took out a stack of documents from my bag and began to read them. Through this, I was able to ignore Charles. "You're just a producer. How come you're busier than I am?" he complained. "Well, the new program has just begun, so it's natural for me to be busy," I replied while reading through the documents. "You do know that you can just quit your job, right? I'm more than capable of supporting you for the rest of your life." Upon hearing his remark, I immediately glared at him. "What's wrong? Have I said something bad?" Charles seemed to have noticed my gaze, so he glanced over at me. "I'm an independent modern woman. I don't need you to support me financially. Besides, who are you to me?" I instantly felt better after saying that. Regardless of how he might react, I returned my focus to the documents.

Rita's POV: Early in the morning, I went to the Moore Group's parking lot to wait for Charles. Having waited for a long time, I had grown tired, but he still hadn't shown up yet. I thought that he might not come to the company today, so I decided to give up and leave. But before I could leave, I saw Charles' car in the distance. Happily, I straightened my clothes and tried to be as decent as possible. When the car parked, I made my way towards it. Charles didn't get out of the car. He just rolled down the window and shot me a glance. "Charles, something happened to my dad at the prison. Do you have anything to do with that?" "I have no idea what you're talking about," he said frigidly. "Frankly, I don't care whether he lives or dies. All I care about is the Lively Group. And for that, I need your help. Please." I had to plead with him, because I didn't have any other options. "The Lively Group is already yours, isn't it?" "Yes, it is now legally under my charge, but it's about to go bankrupt. I don't want to be the laughingstock of others! Charles, you're my last hope." I humbled myself before him, and tried to look as pitiful as possible. "Is that so? But you told me that you only want the Lively Group to be yours and that you don't care what sort of condition it's in, remember?" The way Charles spoke only stressed me out. I was so speechless that I couldn't think of a response. "Richard! Send Rita away. I have a meeting to attend, so I'd rather not

waste my time here," Charles ordered impatiently. "Charles, wait! Please!" I pleaded. "We're not that close, Rita. From now on, you should call me Mr. Moore." My heart ached at his remark. He even deprived me of calling him by his first name. "Mr. Moore, I'm begging you! If you want, I can get on my knees and apologize to you." Dignity was meaningless for me now. I would throw it all away just to save the Lively Group. "Miss Lively, please come with me." Richard dragged me out of the parking lot without a shred of respect. I stared at Charles' direction, breaking into tears. This was the saddest moment of my life, for I had been forced into a desperate situation. Now, I realized that I had lost Charles' trust forever. The pain in my heart was enough to shatter it into a thousand pieces. "There's no need to drag me! I can walk by myself." While Richard was dragging me out of the parking lot, I tried my best to break free from his grasp

and managed to succeed.

Just then, I received a call from my mother.

"Mom? What's the matter?"

"Rita! You need to come home. Quick! Lily brought some men here again. And she threw out all of our clothes!" My mother sounded anxious and helpless. "Mom, are you serious? Why didn't you stop them? They had no right, nor reason to throw our belongings away! You know what? Forget it. Let's talk about this when I get back!" Angrily, I hung up on her, feeling disappointed at my mother's incompetence. With no other choice, I humbled myself once more and begged Richard for help. "Richard, do you mind lending me two of your men? Lily is causing trouble at my house right now." "Sorry, but I don't have the right to command Mr. Moore's men." "You are so heartless," I said. After glaring at Richard, I decided to drive away. I drove so fast that it took mere minutes for me to get home. I found that the door had been left open, and the house was in disarray. There, my mother was crying on the sofa, and the person I hated most, Lily, was looking at me as if she had won. "Rita, you've finally come back," she said, trying to goad me. "Damn you all! Even dogs are capable of guarding houses, right? Well, you lot are even worse than dogs!" I ignored Lily and scolded the servants first. "Don't bother, Rita. These servants won't be serving you any longer. Anyway, take a gander at this document. I brought Tim with me today. He can prove to you that this document had been signed by your father, Nate Lively, himself." Only then did I notice that my father's private lawyer, Tim, was also there. "Tim, you incompetent traitor! Lily, I'll have you know that I will never let you succeed!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "Struggling is useless, Rita. Release the hounds!" Lily commanded. Before I could react, I saw two fierce-looking wolf dogs charging towards me and barking like crazy. I was so scared I thought I would die. "Rita, don't say I didn't give you a chance. You still have five minutes. If you don't leave now, my wolf dogs will show you my wrath!" Having said that, Lily turned around and went upstairs. The sight of the wolf dogs left my mother so scared that she hid herself behind me. "Rita, what should we do?" Through gritted teeth, I said, "For now, I think it's best that we leave. Sooner or later, we'll move back into this house." "And how are we going to do that? Will you be asking Charles for help? It's useless, Rita. Your father has already pleaded with him many times. He won't help us." My mother's face was filled with disdain.

Firmly, I responded, "Mom, do you know what women are most talented at? We're incredibly good at playing the victim. One way or another, I'm going to convince Charles to help me make a comeback!"

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 200

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 200 It's Karma Christine's POV:

As Charles' grandmother, I was naturally worried about his relationship with Scarlett. They already had their own child, and yet they couldn't make up even after so long. It was like they weren't even aware that they were parents already! "Mom, they have their own lives to live, and we shouldn't interfere with that. Just give them some more time. Charles is my son and I know him well. I'm sure he'll make up with Scarlett in the end." Alice put the peeled orange into my hand and tried to comfort me. "I hope you're right." I let out a deep sigh. The following moment, the butler walked in a hurried pace and bowed to me. "Mrs. Lively is here to see you." "Which Mrs. Lively?" "Have I become too old for this? Why can't I remember I have a friend with that last name?" I wondered. "It's Susan Lively, Madame. Mr. Nate Lively's wife," answered the butler. Upon hearing that, Alice and I exchanged glances. We were clearly thinking of the same thing. We were reluctant to meet with Susan. However, I still nodded. "Send her in." After receiving the order, the butler left. "She's probably here for something evil. Why do you bother meeting with her?" Alice asked, visibly confused.

I ate a piece of the orange and said, "Eh, I've a long and boring day, dear. I'm sure Susan will provide us with some much needed entertainment to pass the time." Soon, Susan came in. Her clothes were neat and decent, but they were obviously a style from a different era. She had become pale and gloomy, which was worlds different from how she used to be. "Ah, Susan! Long time no see. Why do you look so haggard?" Alice asked politely, gesturing Susan to take a seat. After greeting us with a nod, Susan replied, "There have been too many things lately. Nate is in prison right now, and Lily has been coming to my house, causing trouble from time to time. What's worse is that the Lively Group is in crisis. It's been a troubling time for me. Each day that I wake up, I have to face so many problems at once." Alice put on a smile. "Maybe it's karma." Susan was taken aback. Tears welled up in her eyes as she got down on her knees before us. "Believe me when I say this, I really feel guilty for what happened in the past. Please, give us a chance to atone for our sins! Help us!" I leaned against the sofa and snorted, "Do we look like fools to you? Why in the world should we help you? Have you forgotten what you've done to Charles and Scarlett?" "We will never do that again! I swear, I won't let Rita trouble them again!" Susan shook her head,

seemingly desperate. Alice scoffed at her. "Nate made the same promise to me, but look at how things turned out!" "Susan, do you really believe that Rita will listen to you? Much like her father, she's an impenitent little cunt. Back then, Nate tried to rape Scarlett's mother. Fortunately, we arrived in time to prevent that tragedy from happening!" The more I spoke, the angrier I became. Soon, my chest was heaving up and down. Alice began stroking my back to comfort me. "Mom, calm down." "Nate has already been punished! And he has given

everything to his lover, Lily. He doesn't care about me and Rita one bit. You shouldn't blame us for his sins. We're innocent!" Tears ran down Susan's cheeks.

"Innocent, you say? Rita pretended to have cancer and claimed that she didn't have long to live. She deceived Charles and forced him into situation that he thought he needed to divorce Scarlett. Can you honestly say that she's innocent? I think she's the worst of you all! She'll do any means necessary to achieve her ambitions!" I pounded on the table, standing up with rage. The startling noise made Susan tremble with fear, Defeated, and shamed, Susan cried bitterly. People who had no idea about the truth might think that Alice and I bullied her. "Butler, see our guest out," Alice said. Then, she helped me sit down, and then she poured a glass of water for me. Susan didn't want to leave, but in the end, the butler forcefully dragged her away. "Didn't you tell me that you just wanted to watch the show? Why did you get furious? You know, I think we shouldn't see anyone from the Lively family in the future, lest you get mad," Alice remarked while massaging my shoulders. Until now, I was still boiling with rage. "How dare that stupid woman come to our house and pretend like she's the victim in all this? Shame on her!" Scarlett's POV: After working for a whole day, I said goodbye to Nina and left the company. Upon stepping out of the TV station's gate, I saw Rita and several reporters blocking my way. As soon as she saw me, she knelt on the ground and stared at me with pleading eyes. The reporters immediately encircled us and took photos. Meanwhile, Janet and Tracy stood in front of me. "Forget it." I patted on their shoulders, turned around, and began walking away from Rita. However, she sprang to her feet and grabbed my hand. "Scarlett, I'm here to ask for your forgiveness. I have wronged you, and for that, I sincerely apologize. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?" I glanced at the reporters around us and shook off her hands with a smile. "What do you want me to forgive you for? Is it the fact that you hired someone to kill me? Or for trying to make me miscarry my baby and stage it like an accident?" Right after I said that, the reporters burst into an uproar, looking at Rita in astonishment. Rita froze for a moment, and she almost failed to continue with her acting. But to my surprise, she was able to go on being a hypocrite. "Those are just misunderstandings, Scarlett. Please, have mercy on me and help the Lively Group!" "When you hired someone to kill me, did you show me or my child any mercy?" I was smiling, but my eyes were as frigid as a frozen tundra, and I was staring daggers at Rita. My gaze was enough to leave her trembling with fear as she was about to kowtow before me. "Stop her!" I commanded.

Janet and Tracy grabbed Rita's arms and lifted her up.

Slowly, I walked forward and leaned close to Rita's ear. Every word that I uttered was laden with hatred. "I hope the Lively Group disappears from the face of the earth. Would you like me to fan the flames and speed up its destruction?" Rita stared at me, dumbfounded. She couldn't utter a word, so I just walked away. The following day, my name was on the top searches again. I read the news while drinking coffee. The media had reported that I remained unmoved even when Rita had humbled herself before me and apologized. In the comments section, netizens came up with their own theories, and they left me amazed. It was true that human imagination was boundless. During the afternoon, William came to discuss the modification of the program with me. We had been talking for quite a while now, but we still hadn't reached the same page. After glancing at his watch, he said, "It's quite late now. Shall we continue our discussion over dinner?" "Sounds lovely. Perhaps we should ask Nina to join us. Maybe she can come up with some good suggestions regarding the questions we raised," I answered.

"Are you scared of being alone with me in private or something?" William asked gently. I was caught off-guard by his remark, but I managed to compose myself. "Of course, not. Well, if you mind it, then let's just go on ahead!" "I'm just kidding, Scarlett. I'll go get my car. I'll wait for you two at the entrance." Having said that, William left. I was relieved at how things turned out. Each time I interacted with William, I couldn't help but think of Charles' warning. When we arrived at the restaurant, the three of us chatted while eating, and the whole dinner was a delight. During the meal, I went to the bathroom. On my way back to our table, I heard a familiar voice coming from a private room I had just passed. Just then, the waiter opened the door and served the dishes. I accidentally glanced inside the room and saw Rita toasting to a middle-aged man. She happened to glance at the door. Upon seeing me, her face changed dramatically. After saying something to the middle-aged man, she put down her glass and walked towards me. "Scarlett, have you been following me?" she asked, displaying her hostility. At first, her words left me confused, and then I laughed at her. "Don't flatter yourself! It's just a

coincidence that I'm here, too. Maybe because you did so many bad things in the past that God directed me here just so I could see how low you have gone."

Rita gritted her teeth and said, "Don't tell anyone about this! You didn't see me here today, got it? Scarlett, do you understand?"

"I will not retaliate unless I'm being attacked. There's no need to worry. As long as you don't do anything to offend me, I won't waste my time on you." With that, I waved my hand in dismissal and walked into my private room.

There, I saw an unexpected guest in the room that left me stupefied.

"Charles? What are you doing here?"

Charles was sitting at my original seat, staring at me. "Am I not allowed to be here?" Before I could say anything, Rita walked past me and entered the room. It seemed that she had followed me here.

"What a coincidence! I see that Charles is here, as well. Well, since we're all here by chance, why don't we all eat together?" As she spoke, she pulled out the chair next to Charles, intending to sit down.

I found it amusing, hilarious even, so I leaned against the door of the room, quietly watching her theatrics.

Charles reached his hand out to stop Rita. "Sorry, but I lose my appetite whenever I see you." Rita froze for a moment and then she forced a smile. "In that case, I won't trouble you any longer. My mother and I are having dinner with an important guest. I should go back to them." Dejected, she went out of the room. Instead of closing the door immediately, I shot Charles a glance and asked, "What about you? Why are you still here?" Before Charles could respond, William said, "Charles, since you're having dinner with a client, we won't keep you here."