

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 206

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Chapter 206 I Can Promise You Anything

Scarlett's POV:

After seeing Armelle and Henri leave, I cast a cold glance at Charles and withdrew my hand. "I won't play tennis with you. Since you're the one that promised him, you should fix it yourself!" But the next second, Charles grabbed my wrist with a helpless smile. Although I tried to struggle, my efforts were in vain. He moved his face closer to mine and gently cupped my face in his hands as he said to me in a sweet whisper, "Scarlett, help me just one more time. I will owe you a favor once this project is sealed." His words made me excited.

'Well, it is priceless to be owed a favor by him, but I am not good at sports...' While I was lost in thought, he seemed to have read my mind. He put his arm around my shoulder and comforted me gently, "We are not participating in a competition. We just need to have fun and be happy. We can even just talk." However, I could not help feeling a little reluctant as I knew that if I made a fool of myself in the court, it would only embarrass him. "I will give you anything you want as long as you agree to go with me, okay?" His affectionate gaze, his faint smile, and his gentle words made my heart skip a beat. Suppressing the inexplicable excitement in my heart, I stared at him and said, "Really? You can't go back on your words later." "Of course, I am being serious. You can ask me for anything, except for not letting me see can

you."

Hearing that, I threw a contemptuous glance at him. "Forget it, then. I have a program to work on, so I'm busy." "What if I help you promote your program?" His soft and seductive voice made me go limp in my knees. "I can promote it for an entire month." I looked away from him and covered my ears to make my smile less noticeable. "Scarlett." I continued to grin until I heard him pleading me again. Pretending to be still hesitant, I said, "Fine. I'll play tennis with you." Charles' POV:

Holding Scarlett's hand, I walked out of the private room with a satisfied smile. That moment, Janet also walked out of the adjacent room, pushing James' stroller. Upon seeing us, James reached out his arms and smiled. Scarlett immediately let go of my hand and held him in her arms, making him giggle.

'Damn it! This brat is competing with me again! But it's fine as long as I can still be around Scarlett.' Thinking that, I smiled again, and suggested, "How about we take James to the amusement

park?"

Scarlett shook her head in response. "No. He is too young for that. Amusement park is for kids, not infants!" I clicked my tongue. Even though I adored my son, I felt like he was taking away all her attention from me.

All of a sudden, I saw our son yawning, and I quickly said to Janet, "Take him home, Janet. He's tired."

"Okay." Janet took James from Scarlett. I grabbed Scarlett's hand and walked to the parking lot. "Aren't we going home?" she asked in confusion. "Let's go to the amusement park." "What?"

I quickly walked to my car, and opened the door for her, but she seemed to be a little reluctant.

"Charles, I want to..."

Before Scarlett could say another word, I trapped her between my body and the car. Stroking her soft rosy cheeks, I asked with a smile, "Do you still want me to help promote your program for the next thirty days?" | Scarlett blinked her eyes and corrected me with a pout, "Thirty days? There are thirty-one days next month." I couldn't help smiling when I saw how cute she was, and said in a soft voice, "Yeah, you are right." I then lowered my head and got closer to her face. Lily's POV: Life had been really peaceful lately. I had a lot of money to squander, and I did not have to serve that old geezer, Nate. I had dinner with my friend Emma at a restaurant, and was about to leave when I suddenly saw a familiar car in the parking lot. It was a glistening dark luxury car. I immediately remembered that it was Charles' car. I walked closer to the car and saw Charles holding Scarlett in his arms, kissing her. Blushing, she pushed him away. She then got in the car and slammed the door shut. But Charles did not seem to be unhappy. In fact, he walked to the driver's seat with a smile. As if he was being indifferent to me the entire time. I still could not forget him.

I finally understood that he was not incapable of tenderness, he had just given all of his love to Scarlett. "Oh my God! Is that Charles?" Emma exclaimed. I gave her a nod, but I did not want to talk about it, so I pulled her to my car. However, she continued to gossip about Scarlett and Charles. But as soon as she noticed my sullen mood, she immediately changed the topic. "I heard that Charles was the one that helped Rita become the new CEO of the Lively Group. It looks like he likes her. I think he might not really be getting along with his wife." "Don't just make such assumptions. Think about the Lively Group's current situation. If Charles really likes Rita, then why would he watch the Lively Group fall?" I frowned as I did not agree with her opinion. "You're right." "On the surface, it does seem like Charles helped Rita, but he did it just to help her fight Nate. His ultimate goal was probably to take down the Lively Group." I turned my car keys, and drove out of there slowly.

With a complicated look in her eyes, Emma remarked, "That's messed up. But for someone like Charles, there are countless ways of destroying the Lively Group, right? Why did he choose to work with Rita? His wife must be jealous." "Do I look like a psychic to you? How could I know the reason?" I gave Emma a helpless glance, but deep down, I had a hunch. "I heard that Nate is living miserably in prison. He is beat up all the time and he's become mentally unstable. I am

guessing that Rita and Charles made some kind of a deal to get what they each wanted. Anyway, Nate deserves it." I forced a smile as I clenched the steering wheel unconsciously. Scenes of Nate kicking and punching me kept flashing through my mind, and whenever I thought of my unborn child, anger rose within my heart like a tide. I wished that I was able to kill Nate by my own hands. But then, why would I let him die an easy death? I hoped that he suffered a miserable life in prison. Only then, my baby's soul would rest in peace. "Lily! Stop!" Emma screamed. While I was in a trance, I saw a huge shadow in front of me and slammed the brakes.

The screeching of the tires pierced my eardrums, instantly awakening me. "Are you okay?" Emma asked, shaking my arm. Looking at the enormous oil-transporting truck in front of me, I was shaking in fear. I quickly held Emma's hand. "Sorry, I was distracted." Emma gave me a hug and patted me on the back to help me calm down. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have talked about the Lively family in front of you. Don't think too much of the past, okay? The reincarnation of causality will not lead to good results for that family!" "Yes, I know." Tears welled up in my eyes as I buried my head on Emma's shoulder. "Nate has already been punished. And in order to save the Lively Group, Rita is hooking up with a rich married man. Certainly no good is going to come out of it. These people deserve it! And I... I will live a good life..."

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Scarlett's POV:

In the amusement park... Charles brought me to the roller coaster. It began to move and rose slowly, inching towards the top: Frightened, I subconsciously grabbed Charles's hand and gripped it tight. "Why are we riding the roller coaster? Have you ever rode on one before?" Charles separated my fingers slowly and clasped our hands together. As the roller coaster was about to reach the highest point, he suddenly turned around to stare deeply at me. He spoke to me, and his voice was a seductive whisper. "Isn't this exciting?" "N-no. Ahhhh...!"

The roller coaster jerked and took a sudden sharp turn downward, blowing away my words. I found myself screaming at the top of my lungs. Mercifully, the ride soon ended. After I got off, I felt as if I was floating and walking on air. I didn't have the strength to care about where Charles was taking me to. "Let's do this." Charles stopped at a certain spot. I looked up to where he was indicating. Immediately, despair filled me. It was bungee jumping!

However, I didn't let Charles have his way this time. I dragged him away from there and took him to ride bumper cars instead. When the staff asked me if I wanted to drive with my friend or alone, I glanced at Charles and chose the latter. The interior of the bumper car was narrow, and I didn't want to sit shoulder to shoulder with him. The moment I started the car, a huge force banged into me

from behind and my car jerked forward violently. I turned around to glare behind me, my eyes burning with anger, only to be met with a playful gaze. Charles was grinning cheekily at me, amused. "Charles!" I gave him a warning roar. Charles acted as if he hadn't heard anything and kept running into my car over and over. My car bounced back and forth, attacked from all sides not just by Charles, but also by other players in the ring. All the spinning and jerking around made me extremely dizzy. When I finally staggered out of the bumper car, I clutched the railings for dear balance. It took me a while to recover from the dizziness and return to my senses. "Are you okay?" Charles asked concernedly as he hurried over to me. Annoyed, I pushed him away. "Stay away from me!" I turned around, about to leave, but my legs were so weak that I almost fell down.

Charles quickly pulled me into his arms and said gently, "Don't force yourself." I replied with an angry glare, not saying anything. But I was exhausted, so I ended up leaning against his strong and warm chest. I didn't want to move at all. Charles carried me all the way to his car. He reclined the passenger seat and fastened the seat belt for me. It was so comfortable, I couldn't help but sigh happily. Charles then got in the car and took the driver's seat. He looked at me, his eyes narrowed slightly and his lips pursed. The expression gave him the impression of a noble but unapproachable man. However, I could sense a hidden danger behind the look on his face. Nervous, I inched close to the door. "W-what's wrong with you today? Why were you so crazy?" The way he acted earlier in the amusement park was as if he was venting his emotions. What did he need to vent? I pondered about it for a long time, but I couldn't find any answer to it.

After a while, Charles finally looked away. That made me relieved.

He drove away from the amusement park and entered the highway. Fewer and fewer cars were present on the road, and soon, Charles sped up. The scenery outside the car blurred rapidly. I looked at the dashboard, only to be startled. The speed had reached 120 miles per hour! "Charles! You're driving too fast!" Fearing for dear life, I clutched my seat belt tightly and looked at the man beside me uneasily. He had prominent brow ridges, with thick and dashing eyebrows and a pair of deep eyes that seemed to swallow everything. Right now, those deep eyes were looking straight ahead, expressionless. Somehow, I could catch a flash of cruelty in them. "Charles!" I called him again, but he didn't respond. The car continued to speed along the sparsely populated road. I grabbed the handrail, holding it tightly as I closed my eyes in fear. My heart beat rapidly in my chest, pounding hard against my ribcage. "Scarlett." Charles's low and hoarse voice took me by surprise. When I opened my eyes, I saw that the car had stopped at an intersection. If I got out of the car and took a right, I would be home. I loosened my grip on the handrail, unfastened the seat belt, and tried to open the door. However, it was still locked. "Open it. I'm getting off the car." "Not here." His low voice rang once more. The red light in front of us turned green. The car started again, but it went left. "Stop the car!" I tried to stop him in a hurry, but he paid no heed to me. Helpless, I had no choice but to fasten my seat belt again. "Where are we going?"

Very soon, I got the answer. Charles finally stopped at the gate of the Moore mansion. I clenched my clothes, recalling Charles's strange behavior earlier today. A bad premonition rose in my heart "Let's go home." Charles unfastened the seat belt for me and gently took my hand before kissing it. At this moment, my blood froze. There was something obviously wrong with him. "I can't, I have

something else to do today. I want to go back to my own home." Charles smiled and got off the car. Then, he opened the door of the passenger seat for me. "Do you really don't want to come with me?" "No. You don't have to send me..." Before I could finish, he bent down and picked me up. "Ah! C-Charles!"

Ignoring my pleas, he carried me to the villa. All my struggles were in vain. My legs were tightly locked in front of him. His huge hand spanked my buttocks slyly. "Be good." My cheeks turned bright red as shame and anger filled me. "What are you doing?! Put me down now!" To my surprise, he did put me down. I took a deep breath, about to scold him, but he suddenly closed the distance between us and stood right in front of me. The dim lights outside the villa shone on him, outlining his handsome profile. My heart began to beat quickly as a sense of anticipation rose in me. Charles caught me off guard and wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me into his arms. The next second, he grabbed my lips for a fierce kiss. Stunned and shocked, my mind stagnated, and my voice was broken by the kiss. "Charles..." Charles pushed me against the wall, kissing me with ferocious desire. The tip of his tongue pressed against my teeth and soon intertwined with my tongue. He kissed me so violently, the pain made me wince. I wanted to push him away, but he grabbed my hands and pressed them over my head, leaving me no room to resist. He was literally taking my breath away! I gasped and opened my mouth, trying to breathe in more air. Yet, Charles grabbed my jaw and kissed me more ferociously than ever. He only let go of me when he saw that I almost suffocated. Breaking the kiss, he then picked me up again and made his way to the door. "Charles, I won't go in." I still had a shred of reason remaining. His desire for me was so strong, I couldn't imagine what would happen after we entered the house. "Then, we can do it here..." Charles whispered, his voice deep and hoarse with desire. So shocked I was, my body stiffened.

Charles leaned against my back suggestively. Suddenly, the air between us turned ambiguous. I watched nervously as he entered the lock password. A small beep followed, and I was stunned. The password turned out to be the date of our wedding. Back then, whenever I came here, it was always the butler who opened the door for me. I never expected the lock password of the Moore mansion to be our wedding date. My heart began to waver as mixed feelings surged in me.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 208

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Chapter 208 I'm Sorry

Charles's POV: I opened the door without letting go of Scarlett. Then, I closed the door behind me, and the Moore mansion fell into silence. The only light source was the dim yellow lamp on the side. My piercing gaze became softer the longer I stared at her. Her red and plump lips looked so alluring to me. At this moment, there was nothing in the world that I wanted more than to kiss her. Although I did not drink, I felt like I was intoxicated. Without thinking, I lowered my head and kissed her. Our lips intertwined with each other. And when we touched, I felt a strong urge to get more of her. Scarlett tried to push me away. "Stop... Grandma and the others might see us," she said breathlessly "Don't worry. They took

James to the park." I held her by the waist with one hand and held the back of her head with the other. Once again, I indulged myself in her lips. I could smell the scent of her body as we kissed, and excitement washed over me. At this moment, I took a look at her. I was disappointed to see that while I was enjoying myself, she was just staring at me with her eyes wide open. "Close your eyes when we kiss," I grumbled. Scarlett mumbled something in response, but I did not hear what she had said because of my fervent kiss. I could not seem to get enough of her. But then, I suddenly let her go. I was afraid that I would not be able to control myself if this went on. "I'm hungry," Scarlett complained. I was stunned. But then, an idea occurred to me. With a sly smile, I moved closer to her and whispered in her ear, "Do you want to have dinner or have sex with me first?" Her eyes widened in shock.

Our faces were only an inch away from each other. I could hear her breathing. But for some reason, she was holding her breath. A deafening silence fell between us. A few moments later, Scarlett looked away and said, "I... I don't want to eat. Get off of me." Albeit reluctant, I decided to let her go. But just as I did so, she ran away from me. Her actions piqued my annoyance, so I trapped her against the wall. "Charles, I want some warm water. The roller coaster and everything still made me feel sick," she asked while looking at me with her doe eyes. However, her eyes betrayed her. I pressed my forehead against hers and looked into her eyes. "I don't believe you. You just want to run away from me, do you?" Her face turned redder. All of a sudden, I felt an urge to kiss her again. Just as I was getting closer and closer to her, she suddenly looked behind me and screamed in horror.

"AH! Charles, there's a big spider on the wall! Look!"

"A spider? Are you sure?" I asked in disbelief, How could a spider enter my house?

"Yes! Quick! It's crawling towards us. Hurry up, and kill it!"

The terror on Scarlett's face was convincing. Thinking that what she had said might be true. I turned around to look at the said spider. But the moment I looked away, she pushed me. Before I could process what had just happened, she had already run to the door. I did not know whether to laugh or cry. But no matter what tricks she played, I would not let her get away from me. With that, I strode forward and pulled her into my arms, like an eagle catching its prey. "Where's the spider? Are you thinking of escaping again?" Scarlett laughed awkwardly and reasoned out, "Oh, sorry. I thought it was a spider. You know what? Why don't we eat dinner now? I'm starving." She tried to talk her way out, but I remained unmoved. Her red face was quite amusing, though

"Really? But you sound like you want to have some fun with me first." I grabbed her waist and carried her on my shoulder. "Charles, what are you doing? Put me down!" Scarlett pounded on my shoulder in protest, but it aroused my sexual desire even more. I carried her all the way to the bedroom. When we reached the door, I kicked it open and then threw her on the bed. She must have realized what would happen next. She crawled to the foot of the bed in an attempt to get away from me. In my eyes, she looked adorable. With a chuckle, I pulled her back and pinned her to the bed. "Scarlett, please... I've really missed you..." I whispered in her ear. Scarlett did not struggle anymore. She just looked at me in the eye with her beautiful eyes. Without another word, I lowered my head and kissed her again, leaving her no chance to say no. But this time, I was gentle. I

indulged myself and let the fire inside me burn. Even though Scarlett had been trying to push me away, there was no way she could resist me. I held her tightly and kissed her more passionately, giving her no chance to refuse. Before I knew it, my hands had wandered on her body and begun to tear her clothes. All of a sudden, I tasted blood in my mouth. It was not until I felt a strong sense of pain did I let her go.

'Damn it! How could she bite me?!' I exclaimed inwardly. With her body trembling slightly, Scarlett looked away and reminded me, "Charles, we're already divorced..." "Please don't reject me. You know how much I want you." I looked at her intently, trying to find her true feelings in her eyes. However, she still pushed me away. Although it hurt, I held her in my tight embrace and reassured her, "I'll take responsibility for you." I kissed her earlobe as I spoke. A few moments later, I felt her body relax, so I finally loosened my grip on her. Unable to take it any longer, I took off my coat and then my trousers. "Hang on." I reached out to the bedside table and took out a condom from the top drawer. We already had James. To me, one child was enough. I did not want to have another child who would only disturb our precious time together.

The anticipation was killing me as I tried to tear the condom packet.

But no matter how hard I tried, I could not tear the packet.

I took a look at Scarlett and found that she had bolted to the door yet again.

She had tried to slip away from me every chance she got. Unfortunately for her, I would not let her. I merely took two strides, and I caught her in my arms again. "I won't let you escape." Scarlett's face was a little red in embarrassment, but she still looked up at me defiantly. "We're already divorced! You can't touch me anymore!"

"I don't care. You'll always be mine."

"You're wrong!" "I'm not," I argued stubbornly. We were like a child fighting over a toy. The next moment, I gave her a long and lingering kiss again. She tried to punch me, but I nimbly blocked her attacks. She could only twist her body in protest, but her struggles were all in vain. "Scarlett, you're mine," I announced with a triumphant smile. Perhaps Scarlett had gotten tired. Or maybe, she was moved by my words. She finally stopped punching me. At this moment, I was content. In my eyes, every second with her was worthwhile. While we were immersed in each other's presence, my phone suddenly rang. I held her in one hand and answered the call with the other.

"What is it?" I asked impatiently. "Boss, we're now at the Moore mansion," Janet said respectfully. She was implying that the happy time was over. "Got it." I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. My excitement and elation burst at once.

"Is James back?" Scarlett asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I see. I'll bring him here now." "No. Just stay here with me for a while." I did not want to let her go just yet. I wanted her to stay with me a little longer.

Scarlett's POV:

Charles was half-naked. His warm body was pressing against mine. I had stopped struggling and just let his hands wander on my body to his heart's content. But the more intimate we became, the more uneasy I felt. Instead of letting my desire get ahold of me, my mind wandered off. The scene where my father was desperately begging Charles before he died crossed my mind. It still bugged me to this day, especially when I recalled how heartless Charles was at that time. At the thought of this, I pushed Charles away with all my might. The bewilderment on his face brought a pang to my heart, but I had already made up my mind. "We should keep a distance from each other."

"What are you saying?" Charles asked in a hurt tone. "I'm sorry." I wanted to remind him that we were already divorced, but I stopped myself when I saw

his dejection. Even if I did not tell him, I was sure he knew what I was talking about. After a long period of silence, Charles finally let go of me. "I'm going to take a shower." I was in a daze as I watched him let go of me and go to the bathroom. I unconsciously touched my sore lips, and my eyes fell on the condom packet on the bed. Perhaps Charles and I should not see each other in the future. We would only torment each other in the end. It took me a while before I got ahold of myself. And when I did, I hurriedly put on my clothes and went downstairs at once.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 209

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 209 He Would Keep The Ring

Charles' POV:

Standing by the window quietly, I watched Scarlett leave.

I could tell that she was still mad at me because I had not helped her father.

Thinking about it, I found myself drowning in regret. Why hadn't I helped him back then? If I hadn't turned a blind eye to her father's dilemma, then there would not have been as many obstacles in my relationship with her. Clenching my fists tightly, I made up my mind. I was determined to make her come back to me one day. Scarlett's POV: I got home, but I could not fall asleep at all, despite the fact that I was tired. Whenever I closed my eyes, I ended up thinking of Charles. The next day, I went to the TV station, but I was absent-minded all day long, and when someone suddenly bumped into me from behind, I almost tripped and fell. Nina, who was standing beside me, caught me right in time as she looked at me

with a frown, feeling worried. "Scarlett, are you okay?" I nodded in reply. I then saw a woman rushing away, stomping her foot as though she was enraged.

"Who is she?" I asked Nina.

After looking at the woman for a while, Nina replied, "It's Emily." "What happened to her?" "She was supposed to host a program with Lucia, but..." Nina clicked her tongue and hesitated for a moment before she continued, "I don't know what tricks Lucia played to get the sponsorship from Charles. Ever since she did that, Emily has been cast aside." Her words felt like heavy stones pressing on my heart. Although money was not omnipotent, it was indeed impossible to do anything without it. It could easily change things for people who are trying to climb their career ladder. Money made it easier for some people and harder for others. Emily's case was a good example of how money could affect one's career. The thing that seemed more ridiculous was the fact that it was Charles, who sponsored Lucia. Several days passed since. Charles seemed to have disappeared because he had not contacted me since then. He only sent me a text a day before he was supposed to play tennis with Henri, reminding me of the time and place. However, his words felt a little cold and brief. So, I didn't reply to him. But since I had already promised him, I did not want to go back on my word. ' The next morning, I woke up earlier than usual and freshened up. I put on my wedding ring right before I left my house. The diamond glowed in the sun, dazzling me.

Charles was waiting outside for me. He was dressed casually, which made him look youthful, and handsome. The rising sun cast a golden glow on the horizon, but Charles looked more dazzling than the sun. After getting in the car, neither of us said a word. The gap between us wouldn't disappear so easily. Besides, there was no point in talking too much. The car stopped at the tennis courts, and wanting to catch a breath of fresh air, I quickly got off. "Scarlett."

I turned around, and saw Armelle and Henri walking towards me. They were dressed in sportswear. They already seemed to have finished warming up, and their foreheads had tiny beads of sweat. But they smiled and were quite active. Charles and I, on the other hand, were not as energetic as them. Suddenly, Charles intertwined his fingers with mine, and I looked into his eyes, surprised. At first, my heart skipped a beat, but then it began to race so fast. "You came so early!" Holding my hand, Charles walked to them to greet them. "Let's play doubles." Henri seemed to be very enthusiastic. He picked up the racket and took Armelle to the court, leaving no chance for me to refuse. Charles looked at me and said in a seemingly considerate yet cold tone, "You don't want to be my partner? If that's the case, then I can play on my own." I was stunned for a second, but I picked up the racket. "I can play doubles with you." Now we were on the court, ready to begin the match. Although I made many mistakes, there was an inexplicable strange feeling in my heart. At least for now, Charles and I were together, as a team. We worked hard for the common goal, made up for each other, and fought together. Thinking of that, tears welled up in my eyes. It was undeniable that I really wanted to be happy with him, but it was harder than it seemed. And for some reason, I was a little distracted. When I finally came back to my senses, I saw the ball flying towards me. Just when I was frozen, I felt a tall figure appear in front of me. It was Charles! With a wave of his hand, he hit the ball with his racket. He then dropped his racket to the ground, grabbed me by the shoulder, and examined me nervously. "Scarlett, are you okay?" I looked at him blankly. My throat was completely parched. "I... I'm fine." Henri and Armelle also

rushed to my side, looking worried. "I'm sorry that you almost got hit by the ball. I was so excited that I accidentally used too much force when I hit the ball," Henri said guiltily, looking at me. "Thank God, Charles was there to protect her just in time!" Armelle said as she pinched Henri's arm. Henri looked at her with a grin. "Ouch! Baby, please be gentle!"

"It was not your fault. I was the one that was distracted," I comforted Henri.

"Take a rest." Saying that, Charles dragged me away from the court and made me sit on a bench. He then continued to play with Henri, while Armelle sat down with me and talked.

Time passed quickly, and soon, it was noon. Armelle held my hand all of a sudden. "It's too early to go home. My friend is hosting an art exhibition. Why don't we go there this afternoon?" We all agreed, so after having lunch, we went to the art exhibition. Armelle was holding her husband's arm intimately and talking to him sweetly while we were at the exhibition. I looked down at my hand and saw that Charles was holding my hand tightly, but since my palms were a little sweaty, I pulled my hand out, feeling a little uneasy. "My hand is sweaty," I explained. Hearing that, his expression turned cold and he pursed his lips. There was a strange coldness between us.

After we were done watching the art exhibit, I let out a sigh of relief. We all had dinner together, and Charles drank a lot. On our way back, I turned to the driver and said, "Go to the Garden Street." Charles glanced at me and remained silent. Soon, we arrived at the destination. I opened the door and got out of the car, but the next second, he pulled me back inside. I turned to look at him in confusion. "Anything else?" Charles lowered his head and touched my hand softly, his slender fingers scratching my skin. His fingers brushed over my wedding ring. "Are you going to take off your ring after you get home?" I don't know why he asked that, but I nodded in reply. Seeing that, he took off the wedding ring from my finger. "What are you doing?" I asked in surprise. Charles looked at me with a deep gaze that made my heart ache. "I will be keeping the ring from now on." Upon hearing that, I did not know what to say, so I looked at him in silence. Actually, the ring was not too expensive. I had purchased our wedding rings from a small independent brand back then, and even though it was not from a luxury brand, Charles seemed to cherish our rings a lot. While I was lost in thought, he leaned in and kissed me on the lips. He put his arms around my waist and pulled me closer with great force as though he was trying to embed me into his body, but his kiss was very gentle. He then licked my lips before he finally let me go. Even though I did not drink a lot, I still felt drunk after that. And if he had not hugged me like that, I would have fallen down to the floor. Somehow, tears rolled down my cheeks. Charles narrowed his eyes at me, tempting me and pulling me into a dark abyss. I suddenly felt like the whole world had gone silent, and the sound of our kiss was the only thing that could be heard. Charles pressed his forehead against mine with a cold look in his eyes. "Scarlett, you will regret your decision, sooner or later." "You are drunk." "If I was drunk, then I would have carried you upstairs to have sex," Charles sneered and loosened his grip on me. I took two steps back and saw him turn around. He got in the car, and slammed the door shut loudly, making me shudder. Confusion filled my heart as I watched him leave. It was indeed hard for me to read Charles' mind now.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 210

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 210 Sending A Bunch of Red Roses

Scarlett's POV: After what happened last night, I thought Charles wouldn't want us to get back together anymore. Because I kept refusing him again and again, I assumed that perhaps, he had completely given up on me.

But when I woke up this morning, I saw a bunch of red roses in a vase on the table. The roses were displayed prominently, looking bright and warm. "Good morning, Scarlett." Tracy placed breakfast on the table. I sat down to eat, though I didn't say a word about those roses. Tracy faked a cough and tried to attract my attention. She asked, "Aren't the roses lovely?" I threw her an indifferent look and replied on purpose, "Didn't you put them here a few days ago?" "What? There were no red roses before! Mr. Moore brought them here this morning." "You don't have to give the credit to Charles, Tracy." Flabbergasted, Tracy tried to explain the situation to me in a hurry. "You have to believe me, Scarlett! Mr. Moore put the roses in the vase when you were asleep. He went to the rose garden before dawn to pick them, all by himself. If he finds out that you think I'm the one who gave you the roses, he'll fire me..." I turned to look at the roses, somewhat dazed. Yesterday, Charles told me that I would come to regret my decision one day. Yet today, he sent me roses. What was he thinking? I couldn't understand him at all. After I was finished with breakfast, I went to work and arrived at the TV station on time. The moment I got past the gate, I noticed Lucia walking towards me from afar. Her well-done makeup was stunningly gorgeous, accentuating her beauty. "Hi, Scarlett!" she greeted me with a wide smile. She suddenly turned around and clung to my arm, as if we were the most intimate of friends. "I really wanted to thank you. Thanks to Charles's sponsorship, I'm back on TV! I'm at the center of attention again!" "Then you should go thank Charles. You don't need to come to me." I pulled my arm slowly out of her grasp. "Well, you two are a couple! I thought I should ask for your opinion first before coming to him. You won't misunderstand me, will you? I know that there are rumors about me and Charles in the workplace recently. Some people even said that they saw Charles with me yesterday!" Lucia's face lit up as she spoke. I knew she was doing this on purpose. At this, I couldn't help but laugh. "He went to the art exhibition with me yesterday. I don't think he had any time to see you." In that instant, she froze. She quickly changed her expression and gazed at me with a pitiful look. "There's really nothing between Charles and me! He won't come to see me anyway. Trust me, Scarlett. The only reason he agreed to sponsor my program was because he thought I was pitiful."

Lucia's fake airs annoyed me. I didn't say much and left. I thought that was the end of it. Contrary to my expectations, Lucia appeared in front of me frequently. Whenever we met, she kept mentioning Charles. She pretended to apologize sincerely to me, but in truth, she wanted to imply to me that she and Charles had a close relationship.

Finally, I reached the limits of patience. I slammed the script on the table and turned coldly to her. "Since you've apologized so many times, I assume this

sponsorship must have caused you a lot of trouble. So much, that you feel indebted to us. I have a way to help you solve this little problem of yours for good. Do you want to hear it?" Lucia's face paled in nervousness. She looked at me warily, and stammered, "What... what?" I slowly took out my phone and looked up Charles's number in my contacts list. "I'll call Charles right now and ask him to withdraw the sponsorship for your show. Then, *you* don't have to apologize to me humbly again and again." So saying, I dialed the number right before her eyes. "N-no! Wait!" Lucia got nervous at once. Her shrill voice pierced my eardrums, making them ache. She grabbed my phone in a hurry and hung up the call immediately. Then, she turned back to me with a flattering smile and handed my phone back to me. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. If you don't want to see me, I promise, I won't show up and apologize anymore." "Good. Next time, use your brain before you do anything." I picked up my phone and the script, and left without sparing another glance at her. Without Lucia's persistent interruption, my work went smoothly. After I finished work, William called and asked me out for dinner. He said he got some problems and could use a friendly listener. From the tone of his voice, I could tell that he was frustrated. I hesitated for a while, but in the end, I accepted his invitation. When I arrived at the appointed restaurant, William was already there. He was standing at the entrance, waiting for me. He opened the door for me like a gentleman. I got out of the car, thanking him politely for the gesture. I entered the restaurant with him, but I didn't expect to meet an acquaintance. It was none other than Spencer, who was walking towards us with a frown. William greeted him. Spencer then looked at me, as if he wanted to say something to me. "What's wrong? You don't have money to pay the bill?" I joked. "No!" Spencer sighed and immediately told me the truth. "Charles is having dinner in room 808. Lucia's also there with him." At this, my brows rose. So Charles sent me roses in the morning, and then had dinner with another woman in the evening as I tried my best to control my facial expression, pretending not to care the slightest. "Really? The dishes in this restaurant must be very good." "You seriously still have the mood to eat?" Spencer pushed me to the elevator in a hurry, snarling angrily all the while, "Lucia's well dressed and looks really sexy. She obviously wants to seduce

Charles! If you don't go to him now, you'll regret it in the future!" "We're divorced. He has freedom to love anyone he likes. Why should I interfere in his personal life?" I explained to Spencer coldly, stopping in my tracks. But the words were also for me, so that I could remind myself to remain sober and in control of my feelings. Spencer flashed me a bitter smile. "Divorce? Scarlett, you better go talk to your lawyer to confirm

that."

"Wait, what do you mean?" I was bewildered. "I never said anything!" Spencer waved his hand, sighed, and then left. I stared dumbly after his receding back, frowning deeply. "Didn't you already got a divorce?" William was just as confused. I shook my head and said, "I have no clue. I'm sure I went to the lawyer's office with Charles to complete the divorce procedures. How could we not get divorced?" Yet, Spencer's mannerisms were so odd. He wouldn't say things like that for no reason. What was the real truth?

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 211

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Chapter 211 Divorced Or Not

Scarlett's POV:

Could the divorce be fake...? Thinking of this, suspicion grew within me. I asked William to order food for us first. After that, and I took the elevator upstairs to where Charles and Lucia were. In my haste, I had forgotten to knock on the door of Room 808 and directly pushed it open. Unexpectedly, I was met with a steamy sight. Lucia was dangerously close to Charles, a coquettish smile on her dolled-up face. She leaned forward seductively and raised a glass of wine. Her full chest almost touched Charles's arm. Charles didn't refuse Lucia's approach. He leaned back on his chair in a relaxed manner and clinked glasses with Lucia casually. There was even a faint smile on his lips, as if he was taking delight in her attention. He seemed to be enjoying the moment very much. When he met my eyes, his face suddenly changed and his relaxed look morphed into shock. "Scarlett...!" By now, my face was as cold as ice. "What a coincidence." Lucia turned and saw me as well. She hurriedly put down her glass, panic coloring her face, and burst into a nervous explanation. "Don't get me wrong, Scarlett! Nothing happened between Charles and me. I was just making a toast. The reason I invited him to dinner was because I wanted to thank him for the sponsorship..." "Don't worry. Scarlett won't care who I drink with." Charles drank without a care in the world, as if no one was around. He rubbed his thumb against the glass in his hand lazily. With his sharp and good-looking features, he looked extremely handsome. He had drunk a little too hastily just now, and a small spot of red wine remained at the corner of his mouth. It gave him the impression of a vampire who had just satiated his thirst with blood. He looked ruthless and condescending, attractively so. Anger, depression, suspicion, and countless other emotions filled me, combining into a large lump that blocked my windpipe. Suddenly, I found it difficult to breathe. Just like that, I was no longer in the mood to question whether the divorce was true or false. When I took another look at Charles, discomfort crept on me. "I entered the wrong room. Sorry to bother you. Have a good time." I put on a fake smile and bade them goodbye as calmly as I could, but in reality, my mind was in a mess. The moment I turned around to leave, I ran into Spencer, who had just come back. He quickly stopped me and demanded, "Scarlett, are you going to leave just like that?" I patted him on the arm and comforted him, "William's waiting for me downstairs. Don't worry about me."

Then, I walked past him and headed downstairs.

I returned to the private room I booked with William. All kinds of tasty dishes filled the table, but I had no appetite. William poured me a glass of red wine, which I picked up and drowned in an instant.

"Scarlett?" William looked at me, surprised. A frown colored his face and he advised, "Don't torture yourself because of anger. You're more likely to get drunk if you drink too fast." "I'm not angry at all." That was a lie.

William seemed to see through me with just one glance. He swapped the red wine in front of me

with non-alcoholic juice.

"Every man would act according to the circumstances. You have to learn to distinguish between what's real and what isn't. Don't take things seriously easily and anger yourself for no reason." I had no choice but to nod. "Yes, I know, Mr. William. Can I have a glass of wine now?" William poured me some wine in a glass, but was soon interrupted by a knock on the door.

Right after that, who should come in but Lucia. She pushed the door open and marched in, then took to staring at us with an unreadable look. "Am I interrupting you?" "What's the matter?" I put down my wine glass, shooting her a cold but composed stare. "Scarlett." Lucia looked slightly drunk. She staggered to me and mumbled pitifully, "You can't be angry. There's really nothing going on between Charles and me." I was annoyed. "You've already explained things to me just now. It's meaningless to repeat it." "How could it be meaningless?!" Lucia ignored my annoyed look, going as far as to sit next to me. She flashed me a dazzling smile that was almost blinding. "I heard Abner used to be infatuated with you. But what happened after that? Now, he's become Nina's husband!" William pulled a rare, uncharacteristic long face at this. He cast a sharp glare at Lucia, his eyes narrowed in warning. "Stop it! You are not welcome here. Please leave now." "What? Looks like Scarlett's new lover doesn't welcome me! Do you want me to leave too, Scarlett?" Lucia inched closer and closer to me, overwhelming me with the stink of alcohol. I frowned, growing more annoyed. I pushed her away, and she staggered back to her seat. Her face was slightly red, but her eyes were very clear and sober. I sneered derisively at her. She was probably just pretending to apologize, but I knew that her real purpose was to show off to me. "Lucia, are you trying to say that Charles is just like Abner? That even if he was once loyal to me, he'd eventually leave me and choose you?" "No, no, no! You're thinking too much. Do you really think Charles will lose his affection for you and abandon you sooner or later, too?" Lucia drawled as she crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes full of provocation. She was trying to get a rise out of me, no doubt. "No, I just wanted to remind you that there's a difference between a dream and wishful thinking." I stared coldly into her eyes, not backing down. Sparks flew as our gazes met. The next moment, William stood between us, separating her from me. With him shielding me from Lucia, I could only see his broad shoulders and back. He warned in a severe tone, "Miss, do you need me to call the security for you to leave?" Lucia shot me a scornful look before leaving haughtily. The second she stepped out, William closed the door and turned to me. Unable to help myself, I flashed him a bitter smile. "Even a woman like her dares to show off to me now."

William tried to comfort me during our entire meal, but I didn't listen to him. After our meal, we went out of the private room together. From the corners of my eyes, I noticed Charles standing by the elevator. When our eyes met, I looked away quickly and held William's arm tight. "I'm feeling too full. Let's go for a quick stroll." While William and I were walking, Charles kept ringing me. I ignored him completely and muted my phone. William teased me with a smile, "You're cute when you're jealous." "I'm not jealous. We're divorced." "But your friend just asked you to talk to your lawyer, right? Are you really sure the divorce procedures have been completed?" William asked tentatively, worried for me. I carefully traced my memories for a while before muttering vaguely, "Maybe." "Maybe...?" I

shook my head. "I'm not sure. I was about to give birth at that time, so I didn't have the energy to ask about it." "I think there is something wrong." William's words kept ringing in my ears. I returned to the Moore mansion and then coaxed James to sleep. As I did so, my mind pondered over his words. Had I really divorced Charles?

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 212

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Chapter 212 Kiss Me

Scarlett's POV:

It was late at night, but try as I might, I still couldn't fall asleep. I tossed and turned restlessly in bed, feeling very conflicted. A gust of wind suddenly blew over. I looked up by instinct and realized that the door of the nursery wasn't closed properly. I stood up and walked over to close the door. All of a sudden, a dark figure appeared outside, scaring the wits out of me. "You...?"

Before I could react, the dark figure suddenly took me in his arms. In that instant, a familiar unique scent entered my nose. It was Charles's smell. "Charles...? You're back?" He did not reply to me. Instead, he took me by the hand and entered the room. "Don't wake James up," I said in a low whisper. "I'm here to see my wife." Charles let go of my hand and took a seat on the sofa in the nursery. He threw something in his hand aside, which I found to be a bag with a rope in it. Why... why did Charles bring a rope? "Charles, you're drunk. You need to go back to the master bedroom and sleep." "Scarlett, you're so gentle. Are you smiling at me?" To my surprise, Charles reached out his hand to stroke my face gently. "Exactly how much did you drink tonight? Did you drink with Lucia?" I couldn't stop myself from asking that question. Envisioning how intimate Charles and Lucia could have been when they fed each other wine with their lips was enough to drive me insane. "Who's Lucia? I... I don't know her. Scarlett... your face is so smooth." Charles continued to touch my face, ignoring my question. "Lucia's the woman you insisted on sponsoring!" I didn't want him to change the topic. "I don't care about other women. I just want you." With that, Charles grabbed my hand and pulled me to the sofa.

"I drank with Spencer tonight. He said he'd get me drunk. But look, I'm still sober." He then put my hand on his chest, letting me feel his heartbeat. "Okay, okay. You're the best." My voice softened, despite myself. "I can drink more!" Charles muttered defiantly. "You are already drunk. You can't drink anymore." I tried to stand up and walk away, but he stopped me. The next second, I stumbled and fell on his lap. I turned to Charles and asked in a hushed voice, annoyed, "Charles, what are you doing?" He smiled at me and said softly, "Kiss me."

That stunned me.

"Kiss me," Charles repeated stubbornly, after seeing that I didn't reply. 'This drunkard is really shameless!' I straightened up and rose from his lap, and gave

him a gentle peck on the lips. It was just a peck, yet, it caused my heart to ripple with strange emotions. "Again." His command took me by surprise. Helpless, I gave him another peck. Then I blinked my confused eyes and asked, "Is that enough?" "One more kiss," Charles demanded bossily. I kissed him again, but this time, he didn't let me go. He held the back of my head before pushing me into a deep kiss. It was so possessive, it took away my breath in an instant. I struggled, but that made him kiss me even harder. Because I was afraid of waking James up, I had to endure it. His mouth carried a strong scent of alcohol that consumed me, making me drunk as well. After a long while, he finally let go of me. "Scarlett, I want to drink with you. Okay?" I replied helplessly, "I'll go downstairs to get some wine. Wait for me in the master bedroom." Of course, I wouldn't bring him any more wine. Instead, I brought two glasses of water with honey that could alleviate his hangover. Charles sat on the edge of the bed in the master bedroom as he waited for me. I handed a glass to him, which he stared at for a while. "Honey, do you plan to get me drunk and then have your way with me?" "Will you drink or not?" I handed the glass to him. He drank it all in one breath before placing the glass on the bedside table. Then he burst unhappily, "This wine's not as sweet as you." Immediately after, he pulled me into his arms possessively. "Honey." His voice rang softly from above my head. "I'm not your honey. We're divorced." "No, you're my wife. That will never change, not in my entire life." "So, the divorce is a bluff? We didn't really get divorced?" I finally made up my mind and braved myself to ask. "You've found out?" I looked up to see him smiling complacently, as though he had succeeded in pulling somebody's leg.

"Answer me directly, Charles. *We* haven't really divorced, right?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You really are something!" My compliment was dripping with sarcasm, but it didn't seem to get through him. He continued holding me in his arms, and then kissed me hard. "It's impossible for me to divorce you, Scarlett. I said it, didn't I? That I'd love you more and more..." Charles tried to kiss me again, but I cleverly dodged his lips. "I'll get you a glass of water with honey to make you feel better." "Alright. My wife is so kind to me!" Finally, he let go of me. Released from his grasp, I tiptoed my way to the kitchen.

I never expected that we really didn't divorce. Charles lied to me! How dare he! Fury burned me. Suddenly, a brilliant idea came to my mind. "Is my honey water ready yet?" Charles's voice suddenly came from behind me. He pulled me into a hug, and his warm breath made me tremble. "Yes, yes. Drink it." I spun around and handed the glass to him. "Feed me." "Okay." I brought the glass to his lips. "Call me honey, or I won't drink it." Charles started to act like a spoiled child. "Honey, please drink this." Left with no choice, I was forced to deal with him obediently. "That's it." Charles opened his mouth obediently and drank everything. "Let's go upstairs after this. We shouldn't wake Grandma and the others up." "It doesn't matter. The rooms are all sound-proof. They can't hear us." Charles picked me up and whispered in my ear, "Let's go upstairs." He then carried me into the master bedroom and gently put me on the bed. He also got on the bed and lay beside me, and then caressed my face affectionately. His hands moved downwards, but I quickly stopped their descent. "What's wrong?" Charles muttered discontentedly, like a child who had lost his candy. "Charles, let me do it today." Charles didn't expect me to take the initiative and stopped speaking immediately. I got up and straddled over him. Then, I bent down and

kissed him again and again. Charles returned my kisses, though he was more aggressive about it. After a while, he finally couldn't hold it anymore and fell fast asleep. I patted Charles on the face several times to make sure he was truly asleep. When I had confirmed it, I removed myself from him and stood back up. I went to the nursery, and took the rope that Charles had brought back to the master bedroom. Then, I got on the bed and began to work. "How dare you lie to me? How dare you bring the rope back? You wanted to tie me up? Well, let's see who's going to be tied up." I worked hard for quite a long time until I finally got it done. Satisfied, I retreated to the nursery. Tonight, I could finally enjoy a good sleep.