

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 47

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

Chapter 46 Maybe He Doesn't Want To Divorce Scarlett's POV:

Charles had just taken a shower, and his fresh, minty fragrance enveloped me. The pleasant smell coming off his skin was rendering my mind in shambles.

He rubbed his nose against my neck. Every time he touched me, I felt like my bloodstream turned into white water. The excitement was getting more and more difficult for me to hide. He suckled on my neck and then ran his teeth gently on it. As I heaved a nervous breath, he buried his face on my shoulder, and I felt him smile.

"What the hell are you doing, Charles? Why are you treating me like this? We shouldn't be playing these kinds of games." I covered my face to hide my shame.

It was so typical of him to treat me like some plaything. When we were younger,

To Divorce You he used to pull pranks on me and make me cry on Halloween and April Fools' Day, and then he would laugh in a low voice as he did now. What on earth was so damn funny? I did not get it at all.

"All right. I'm sorry. I won't make fun of you anymore. Please stop crying. Your aggrieved look is already driving me insane." Charles wiped away the tears from my eyes and then lowered his head to kiss my chin and cheek.

'Oh, please, stop,' I begged in my heart. I covered my face again. I wanted to start sobbing, but I held it in. Why was he being like this? Did he not know that he was just leading me on with such sweet and gentle actions?

Seeing that I was about to start crying again, Charles stopped kissing me and then leaned against the door with me in his arms. He twirled my hair in his finger like he was so fascinated by it.

"If you really want to have sex, then just go to Rita and stop pestering me." I wiped my tears and tried to get rid of Charles.

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"Rita is not in good health. It's not appropriate," Charles replied seriously and kissed my hair.

"But it's okay to do it with me? You're really lowering my opinion of you. Have you no shame? Sleeping with two people at the same time is disgusting." I cast a cold glance at Charles. I felt so wronged.

He was really making me feel cheap. Did I not have some self-respect? Did he think that I was a streetwalker who would take off my clothes and open my legs for 20 dollars?

Charles did not say anything more. He just hugged me in silence. After a long time, I heard him sigh.

"You win, Scarlett. Now, you can either go to bed upstairs alone or stay here with me." He loosened his grip.

I immediately pushed him away, ran to the bedroom without looking back, and locked the door. I leaned against the door and took many deep breaths. My heart was racing like crazy.

While I was in his arms earlier, giving in crossed my mind many times. A small part of me wanted to be with him, but it was not strong enough to overpower the part of me that desperately wanted to break away. After finally calming down and sorting out my thoughts, I went to bed. I had made up my mind. As soon as we finalized our divorce, I would leave here and cut off all my connections to the city.

The next day, I woke up to the morning sunshine on my face. I slid out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Charles did not bother me the entire night. He slept on the sofa in the living room like a real gentleman. The sun shone on his handsome face. It would have been a perfect, dreamy scene if not for the cigarette butts that were scattered all over the coffee table and the floor.

When did he become so reliant on cigarettes? When we were in high school, he was a model student who kept his grades up and played sports. You I was a little stunned. I seemed to have missed a lot of things in the three years that we were apart. I supposed he was upset because he could not stay with his beloved Rita, or maybe he regretted marrying me and wasting three years of his life.

I lowered my eyes and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Charles. After cleaning up, I left. I had to go home and get some work done on my program's script.

As soon as I got home, I received a call from Charles

"The breakfast was delicious. Thank you." His voice was a little hoarse. It seemed that he had just woken up.

"You're welcome. Thank you for letting me stay the night." I expressed my gratitude. Although he did force me to spend the night in his place at first, I was still thankful that I did not have to stay in my house that still smelled toxic because of the paint.

"We don't have to be strangers to each other, Scarlett. I remember that you're

Chapter 46 Maybe He Doesn't Want To Divorce You not like this before." Charles did not sound good to me. I could picture him sitting on the sofa with a lit cigarette in his mouth and frowning.

"Well, a lot has changed, Charles. We're not exactly on good terms. We're getting a divorce. If we were good, we wouldn't be breaking up in the first place." Charles's remark hit a nerve, and I found myself too annoyed to deal with him. We used to quarrel a lot in high school, and when we grew up, we did not really exert that much effort to become close to each other. Truth be told, Charles and I were like parallel lines that would never meet. It was only because of my childish persistence and infatuation in the past that things had become so difficult and complicated. 1

"I hired someone to get rid of the paint and clean your house. She will arrive around ten o'clock," Charles replied in a defeated tone. He obviously sensed the displeasure in my voice and decided to change the subject.

"You didn't have to do that, but I appreciate it," I thanked him politely. You – After telling Charles that I had to go and get ready for work, I hung up.

When I was about to enter my house, I saw a familiar figure standing in the corridor. It was of a tall man clad in all black. It was Abner.

He turned around and saw me standing not far away. I approached him.

"Where have you been, Scarlett?"

"What are you doing here?" I was surprised to see him at my place this early

"I heard from Nina that someone trashed your place with paint. I decided to swing by to make sure you're all right. I brought you breakfast." Abner touched his nose and handed me a small brown paper bag and a paper cup. Whatever was in the cup, it had gone cold. Abner must have been waiting for a long time.

"Thank you, Abner. You didn't have to come here. You could've just called or texted. My place is out of the way from your house and the station." I knew that Abner meant well, and truthfully, I felt a little sad for drawing a line in the sand between us. I could not give him what he wanted. At least not now. He was a young, wealthy, and accomplished man. There were so many girls in and out of the station who admired him, and he deserved better than me.

"It's fine. I'm just worried about you. I rang the doorbell several times, but no one answered. I thought you had already gone to work. Do you need me to help you clean up your place?" Abner forced a smile and looked at me.

"No, thanks. I can manage. I just need to buy some special cleaning tools. My house is still a raging mess, and I don't want you going in there and messing up your clothes or something," I answered awkwardly.

"Did you stay in a hotel last night?" Abner asked tentatively. I had a feeling that he already knew the answer. He just wanted to hear it from me.

"No, I slept at Charles's house last night," I said frankly. I did not see the point of hiding it from him.

Abner fell silent. I watched as jealousy, disappointment, and helplessness took turns twisting his handsome features. It broke my heart a little.

"Thank you for bringing me breakfast. I have to go get ready for work." I dodged Abner's gaze. We were colleagues and friends. I did not want to mess up the already flimsy relationship we had.

"Aren't you guys getting divorced? Or are you getting back together?" Abner asked from behind me as I tried to open my front door. 2

"Charles and I are over. We just haven't gotten around to finalizing the divorce." Charles had never been in love with me. I was the only one between us who wanted us to be together.

"You two have been at this for a long time now. Don't you think the delay is already getting ridiculous?" Abner pressed

"It's just because of some family issues. Charles's family doesn't want us to divorce. We're taking care of it."

"Don't you think Charles is only making that an excuse? He's rich and powerful. If he wants to divorce his wife, even God won't be able to stop him. Scarlett, have you ever thought that maybe Charles doesn't want to divorce you?" Abner went straight to the point.

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In my opinion, what Abner said was ridiculous. He was just an outsider and had no idea that Charles felt nothing but dissatisfaction towards me.

Charles and I had been living together since childhood. I could tell that I was not his cup of tea. He loved Rita. He even married me for her sake.

"When we got the marriage certificate and *were* about to finish the divorce formalities, Charles's grandmother fainted all of a sud

den. That was why we were unable to finalize the divorce. Once Grandma gets better, I'll get the marriage certificate and go through the divorce formalities again," I explained.

"I've told you that those reasons are just lousy excuses. If Charles wants to divorce you, he would've done that already. Do you think he's a procrastinator?" Abner insisted.

"Charles had always made fun of me since high school. He liked seeing me pathetic. You're wrong. He doesn't have feelings for me." I stood on my ground.

I might have considered that if it was in the past. After all, Charles seemed reluctant to leave me. However, I was in the right mind now. Charles had always treated me as a plaything. He would play with me whenever he was bored and then leave when he had gotten tired.

Rita was the woman he loved. He respected her, took care of her, and most importantly, loved her.

"I guess Charles was just stubborn and maybe a little bit chauvinistic. Now, even though the situation has reached the point of divorce, he's still too proud to apologize. You know, men from rich families are more or less chauvinists. You can't expect them to confess that they've fallen in love with someone," Abner stated confidently.

I sighed. "Abner, Charles is with the woman he likes. They're going to be The Revelation engaged soon. I bet one hundred dollars that they'll be happy once I'm out of the picture." This argument would not come to an end. After all, Abner and I were both steadfast and had enough evidence to prove our statement.

Abner shook his head and smiled at me.

"I bet one hundred dollars that they'll be on edge when they get married. The woman you're talking about is Rita. She'll cheat on Charles, possibly blackmail him, and torture him to death." He just made the serious subject humorous. No wonder he was popular with the young ladies in the company.

Truth be told, I would pay to see Charles suffer

With a smile, I checked the time on my watch. I was going to miss breakfast if I did not start eating now. "Are we going to continue the subject? I haven't had breakfast yet."

"You can go in now. I'll wait for you down there." With a bitter smile, Abner went downstairs.

I opened the door to my apartment. But before I stepped inside, I turned around and looked at him. "Abner, you're a good man. I think we'll be good friends."

"I can be your friend at the moment, but I'm not sure in the future. Scarlett, I tend to be stubborn when I like someone. Even if I know that it's impossible to be with the woman I like, I still want to get close to her and be by her side." Abner looked me in the eye, and I could see his sincerity in his eyes.

Charles was different from Abner. He always hid his emotions, so I never had the chance to understand him.

After I changed my clothes and had breakfast with Abner, we finally went to the TV station

Rita's POV:

Since our quarrel last time, Charles had not come to see me. He did not even return my calls. What was more, he would not respond whenever I asked him about our wedding. I could not help but panic. I could feel that he was

Chapter 47 The Revelation – changing his mind.

This was all because of Scarlett.

Why did she have to come back? Couldn't she just finish the divorce formalities via e-mail?

The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt. I could not just sit still and wait for death to come. I had to let Charles know that Scarlett was actually a whore.

"You've been following Scarlett for a long time. Have you taken any useful photos of her?" I asked Richard, my bodyguard, unhappily.

I had ordered him to follow Scarlett and dig up dirt on her.

Richard slowly zoomed in on a set of photos in the camera and showed them to me.

In the photos, Scarlett and Abner were chatting happily at the door of the former's apartment. Another photo showed them walking out of the building together. Not only that, but Richard also took a picture of them having breakfast at a restaurant. They looked like a sweet couple from afar.

"Well done. Send these photos to the media today. Give them more money to exaggerate their relationship. It would be better if they brought up the news that a rich man housed Scarlett some time ago," I ordered with a smug look on my face.

Scarlett was not as good as she seemed. I could not understand why the Moores all liked her.

That family hated ill-mannered people the most. And yet, Charles's legal wife was flirting with all kinds

of men. How could they blame me for being easy but turn a blind eye on that bitch?

"Why are you still here? I said, send these photos to the media now," I snapped. I had to make sure that the wedding would happen soon. The longer it was delayed, the more anxious I felt.

"Honey, it's not as easy as you think. Ever since Scarlett started working in the TV station, Charles has communication with major media outlets. Any rumors about her have to go through him before anyone else. If we expose it rashly, Charles will find out who did it," Richard said hesitantly.

Charles was the one who hired Richard to be my bodyguard. As Richard worked for Charles before, he knew very well what his former boss was capable of.

"What?! Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked in horror.

Now, Charles was paying more attention to Scarlett's affairs. What happened? Had he found out something? No. It was impossible. Nobody knew about what I had done.

"Send the photos to this paparazzo. I knew about him when I was still acting. He won't give us away as long as you give him enough money." I then slid the paparazzo's phone number to Richard. This was the perfect opportunity to deal with Scarlett. I couldn't just let that bitch go easily.

However, Richard still seemed hesitant. I could see in his eyes that he feared Charles.

"What are you so afraid of? I've told you, Charles won't find out about us. He only believes what he sees. For sure, he'll be too disappointed to investigate." I wanted everyone to see Scarlett's true colors. The more Charles thought that Scarlett was pure and innocent, the more I wanted to break his fantasy.

"No, honey. You don't know how smart Charles is. He may even find out our relationship as well," Richard whispered in my ear.

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I should imbecile.

"I didn't ask you to send this photo in person. Just hire someone else to do the job. Why do you think you should do it yourself?" I rolled my eyes at him. My patience was wearing thin. Richard was lucky that he was still of use to me. I would have kicked him out of my way if he was not.

"By the way, since you're afraid that Charles will find out about our relationship, stop calling me honey in public. If someone overhears it, he'll find out about us, and we'll be dead meat," I warned through gritted teeth. I hoped this idiot would at least be a little smarter.

"Fine. I'll go now." Richard finally walked out of the ward with the pictures.

Now, the only thing I had to do was to lie on the bed and wait for the news to come out. I would then call Charles as soon as it did.

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Chapter 48 Photos Charles' POV:

"Charles, we received some photos of Scarlett. A paparazzo gave us these pictures and asked us to post them on the front page of today's newspaper," one of my contacts from one of the media outlets called with the news. I was having lunch with my friends when I received the call.

I had told them before that anything related to Scarlett must have my approval first before being released.

"From which TV station is the paparazzo? Withhold the photos for the time being," I ordered. I could not help but frown when I received the news. This had happened before.

"It's not a paparazzo from any TV station. The pictures must've been taken privately. This happens all the time, but it's rare for the paparazzi to target a news anchor or like this, especially when she isn't that famous yet. By the way, should I send the photos to you now?"

"Okay. Send the photos to Abby Restaurant now." I hung up the phone and returned to the table. All of a sudden, Spencer leaned over and smiled mockingly at me.

"Why do you look so worried? Is your dear Rita not feeling well again? Did she ask you to go to her now?" he teased.

David, who was cutting steak, also raised his head

"You should also care about Scarlett when you have time. She's been our friend since we were little," he said with a hint of hesitation in his voice. He seldom meddled in other people's business. Today was an exception.

"Charles, instead of caring about Scarlett, you should divorce her as soon as possible. Set her free. She's young and beautiful. For sure, she'll find an excellent man for her," Spencer advised while looking at me with an inexplicable look on his face

I massaged my forehead with my thumb and index finger in annoyance. "Since when did you become so nosy? I'll deal with this matter by myself as soon as possible."

David looked at me in bewilderment. "Charles, you never delay anything. It's not your style,"

"David, tell me, why are you in such a hurry to see me get a divorce? Don't tell me you also like Scarlett," I grumbled.

I knew he only regarded Scarlett as a sister. It was just that I was unhappy that he was siding with her.

David did not answer my question and just rolled his eyes at me.

The man I had contacted from the media a while ago arrived soon. Without further ado, he took out the photos from his bag and put them on the table.

In the photos, Scarlett was having breakfast with Abner. These photos did not mean anything, but they would affect her reputation, especially if such a thing happened repeatedly.

I took the photos and looked at them carefully. "Do you remember the person who sent these?" Someone must have taken these photos for the sole purpose of ruining Scarlett's reputation. They did not even take a clear picture of her face in fear of being discovered.

"They said that the man who gave these photos was in a black suit and sunglasses. He said that someone had asked him to release the photos anonymously. I think this man knows that anything related to Scarlett must have your approval, so he doesn't want to risk giving himself away," the man from the media thoughtfully said.

I nodded and gestured for him to leave.

Once the man was gone, David pointed at the photos and inferred, "Scarlett isn't that famous. I doubt any paparazzi would follow such a gossip that doesn't gain that much attention. Scarlett must've offended someone."

"I bet it's Rita," I nonchalantly said while stirring my coffee.

"Why do you think so?" David and Spencer asked almost at the same time.

"Rita and Scarlett were at odds before." I knew Rita could order her bodyguard to help her. They had an affair, after all. But for some reason, I was neither jealous nor sad when I found out about them.

All of a sudden, Spencer stood up and slammed the table. "What does Rita want to do to Scarlett? When she hooked up with those old men, I've warned you that she wasn't a good woman. Aren't you going to do something this time? If you're going to cover up for her again, I'll go to that whore and settle accounts with her myself."

I ignored Spencer and instead asked him and David an intriguing question. "If your fiancée slept with someone else, would you still marry her?"

Rita saved my life. I should at least fulfill her last wish, shouldn't I?

The two of them fell silent. It was David who first regained his composure. "Let me ask you something. What if Scarlett has had sex with another man abroad? Will you still want her?"

Scarlett had told me before that she was still a virgin. I knew her. She was not promiscuous. Even when I kissed her, she trembled like a leaf like she had never been kissed by a man.

"You know Scarlett. She's different." I averted my gaze as I spoke. I could not bring myself to think that Scarlett had slept with another man. What would I do anyway? Well, frankly speaking, I might kill that man

Scarlett's POV:

Getting off work is undoubtedly the most relaxing moment of the day. I had not had such a pleasure for a long time.

As soon as I walked out of the gate of the TV station, I saw Charles standing by his car. He was wearing a black suit and had a cigarette in his mouth. His tall figure cast a shadow over me.

He turned his head and saw me standing a few meters away from him. He then leisurely blew a smoke ring, walked up to me, and stroked my hair

"What are you waiting for? Get in the car. Let's go to the hospital and visit Grandma." Charles opened the door and pulled me in without waiting for my reply.

My heart skipped a beat. Back when I was in high school, Charles often stroked my hair and asked me to go home with him just like he just did.

It was a pity that we could no longer go back to the way it was. Charles loved someone else, and we were going to divorce soon. 2

At the thought of this, I came to my senses and refused him. "I can take a taxi."

"Scarlett, I came here to pick you up. Stop being so stubborn." Charles seemed to have seen through everything that he insisted on pulling me into the car. Once we were inside, Charles handed me a paper bag. "Look at what's inside."

I opened the paper bag while eyeing him with suspicion. It had pictures of Abner and me having breakfast together this morning. There was even a photo of him walking out of my apartment.

What was the meaning of this? Did Charles order someone to take these photos to grill me? How dare he? I was upset and disappointed in him.

"If you're wondering who took those pictures, it wasn't me. I don't have time to ask the paparazzi to tail you and take photos of you. Someone must want to ruin your reputation. Don't worry. I've made sure that these photos won't be released," Charles explained when he saw the resentment on my face.

I lowered my eyes in guilt. "I see. Thank you." Charles never cared about me. But, how did he find out that someone was watching me and taking pictures of me in secret? Anyway, the fact that I was thinking about this... I must be out of my mind.

"I don't accept thank yous. They're meaningless. Why don't you make me breakfast for a week instead?" Charles looked at me expectantly as he drove.

"It's fine by me as long as you don't mind my poor cooking." I accepted his request without a second thought. I did not want to owe him anything, after all.

few

We arrived at the hospital a moments later.

As if we were lovers, Charles held my hand and pulled me into the elevator. But when we were inside, I went to the corner and stayed as far as I could from him. What he had done last time weakened my resolve. I must not let that happen again.

"Don't worry. I won't be rude to you anymore," Charles reassured. He must have seen through me at a glance.

I did not say a word and just nodded in response.

The elevator door opened a few moments later. To my surprise, Rita was standing at the door of the ward. The moment she saw us, she walked up to us and clung to Charles's arm with a sweet smile.

I could not help but lower my head in resentment. I felt like I was a toy that had been abandoned once again.

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Chapter 49 Cake

Charles' POV:

Scarlett stayed as far as she could away from me. She was cramming herself in the farthest corner of the elevator, a helpless look on her face. I would not hurt her. Why did she seem so scared of me? Did she resent me?

As soon as I stepped out of the elevator, Rita rushed over and clung to my arm.

"Charles, I've been waiting for you for a long time. Why did you only come here now? Is Grandma getting better? I want to visit her with you." Rita rubbed her chest against my arm as she spoke.

Instead of being thrilled, I was disgusted, so I immediately withdrew my arm from her grasp

"Grandma isn't in good health. I'll take you to her once she recovers," I reasoned out while trying my best to be patient.

"Are you still mad about what happened last time? I'm sorry, okay? I promise I won't go out to drink again. Charles, you don't know how much I miss you," Rita coaxed me in a sweet voice. I used to buy it. But now, it only smothered me.

How I hope I could hear something like that from Scarlett. However, she would never do that. All she wanted was to make a clean break with me.

"I was busy recently. I had to deal with a lot of things at the company. I'll visit you at the hospital when I'm free. Anyway, you should go back to your room and have a rest. You haven't completely recovered yet," I urged perfunctorily. If Rita stayed here, she would disturb Grandma in her ward.

"But I really want to visit Grandma," Rita insisted.

I frowned and sighed in exasperation. "Grandma doesn't like you. You should be very clear about that by now. You'll only put her under stress."

As I did not agree, Rita turned to Scarlett and begged for her sympathy.

"Scarlett, can you go inside and plead with Grandma for me?" Rita implored while sobbing pitifully.

Scarlett glanced at me, probably to see how I would react. Then, she turned to look at Rita and shook her head. "I'm afraid I can't. It's your problem. I'm merely an outsider."

"Why won't you help me? I know I was wrong. I just want to apologize to Grandma in person." Rita wiped her tears, but she would not stop sobbing.

Grandma's health was at stake here, so I did not give in much less compromise. I knew it would only cause more trouble if I helped Rita. She liked making trouble, after all

Without a word, I left with Scarlett. But then, Rita decided to follow us.

"Rita!" I stopped in my tracks and looked around. I saw Richard, her bodyguard, a few yards away from us.

"Take Rita back to her ward and make sure she doesn't go out. Otherwise, you don't have to come to work next month," I ordered sternly.

I was bewildered when I saw that Charles's attitude changed towards Rita.

As soon as he finished speaking, he took me to Grandma's ward.

At that moment, Grandma was lying on the bed and laughing heartily as she watched TV.

"Finally, you're here! I've been waiting for you two to visit me for a long time." Grandma waved at me and added, "Scarlett, come and sit next to me."

"Grandma, have you been feeling better?" I asked with a smile. I wished Grandma would recover soon. In that way, she could finally give me our marriage certificate once she was discharged from the hospital. Was I unscrupulous to wish for my own selfish desire?

"Yes. I feel better now than before. But, sometimes, my head would hurt so badly. I may have to stay in the hospital for a few more months," Grandma replied with a smile. She seemed to have seen through what I was thinking.

"Don't worry about me. Anyway, let's see what Grandma is keeping for you." Grandma pinched my cheek and then opened the cupboard. My eyes widened in surprise when I saw what she was handing to me.

"It's Cadecake! Didn't the owner of this cake shop move back to his hometown?" I asked in surprise. Nevertheless, I was beaming with happiness.

I used to eat their cakes when I was a child. Unfortunately, the owner of this cake shop moved away when I was in high school. I had not had such a tasty cake since then.

"I asked Charles to buy it. At first, he thought it was troublesome. But when he heard that it was your favorite, he went there in person without hesitation. I heard that there was even a rainstorm when he went to the countryside. Well, at least, he protected your cake well." Grandma blinked and looked at me expectantly.

In awe, I turned to look at Charles. It was only then that I noticed that his hair was slightly unkempt, and his trousers were a little damp. Charles was also looking at me. There was a faint smile in his eyes, and he did not seem as cold as he usually was. Instead, he seemed gentle and at ease.

It suddenly occurred to me that he smiled like this when he kissed me. At the thought of this, my face turned red.

"Stop looking at me. I won't give you some. It's all mine." I let out a snort and turned my head away as though I was not moved by what he had done.

"I'm not gonna ask for some anyway. It's just like in the past, don't you think so? I always gave my share to you when we were kids. Charles smiled and pulled a chair next to me.

That was true. He treated me well sometimes.

"Grandma look at Scarlett. She's bullying me," Charles complained to Grandma with a feigned hurt expression.

"Oh, shut up. Who would dare to bully you? I knew you made fun of Scarlett and bullied her when you were little. I just wish you wouldn't bully her anymore." Grandma cupped my face and smiled. But as she did so, she happened to lift my hair, and her face froze all of a sudden.

She turned to look at Charles meaningfully. For some reason, she seemed to be holding back her glee, and she kept blinking her eyes at him as though expressing her appreciation. I immediately realized what was wrong. She must have seen the hickey on my neck. I fixed my hair at once and lowered my gaze, too embarrassed to look at them.

Charles probably saw that my face was beet red. He stroked my hair and chuckled.

"Well, I'm going to take a rest. You can go back now." Grandma noticed that something must be going on between me and Charles, so she smiled ambiguously and drove us out. I followed Charles into the elevator. I could not stop smiling like an idiot as I stared at the delicate cake in my hands.

Honestly, I had no idea why I was smiling from ear to ear. Perhaps it was because I imagined how embarrassing Charles looked like when he was drenched in heavy rain. He must have been in a mess at that time.

At the thought of this, I glanced at him and saw he was staring at me with his arms crossed over his chest. His eyes, for some reason, were filled with lust. He looked like a wolf in a rut, eager to vent his sexual desire.

I could not help but bite my lips, anxious that he would suddenly lean over and kiss me.

"I'll take a taxi later. You don't have to drive me home," I immediately said the instant the elevator door opened. I was worried Charles would offer to send me home. Knowing him, he would not take no for an answer.

"You like flattering yourself, don't you? I don't have time to send you home. I have to go see Rita." Charles snorted and looked at me sideways. His demeanor changed from what it was a while ago. Now, his tone was as mean as it usually was.

"I hope so. By the way, thank you for the cake. You idiot could've caught a cold in the heavy rain," I retorted. I refused to admit to being inferior. It was just like in the past. We could not get along with each other. And when we were together, we would not stop quarreling until we both got hurt.

With that, I hailed a taxi and waved goodbye at Charles with a smile.

"Bye, Mr. Moore."

Charles gritted his teeth and glared at me with a sneer. He then slammed the door shut behind me. A few moments later, the car disappeared at the corner of the street.

As soon as I arrived home, I received a message from Charles.

"Little virgin, don't forget to make breakfast for me for a week."

I was going on a business trip next week, so I could only return the favor from Charles when I returned.

"Let's talk about it when I'm back from my business trip."

"Come back early."

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 50

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 50 Getting Sick Scarlett's POV:

Abner and I, along with some crew, were tasked to go to Seattle, Washington to conduct an interview with a certain famous personality.

Seattle was beautiful, and its weather was not in the extremes all year round. Abner loved it there and even commented that he would want to settle down there someday.

The interview lasted for two days and ended right on schedule. The interviewee's name was William, and he's an outstanding and well-renowned entrepreneur. He was already in his 50s, but he still carried himself with the sort of dignity and elegance that drew women of all ages to him.

The night before our flight back home, William invited me, Abner, and the staff to dinner at a fancy restaurant.

"I heard that you've interviewed a lot of celebrities in the past. Is Rita Lively one of them?" William asked me with great interest while cutting his steak.

As if right on cue, all the heads at our table turned to me. My colleagues were familiar with Rita. They once saw her at the TV station looking for me.

"No, but I know Rita. One of my friends is very close to her." I decided to tell him the truth.

"How is she now by the way? Is she getting better?" William continued to ask.

"She should be out of danger now." After all, Rita went to bars at nights now and got drunk.

"Is she married?"

"No, not yet, but many people like her." I lowered my head and tried to focus on my salad. My remark barely sparked interest from anyone at the table. I supposed they did not know about Rita and Charles's engagement.

"Rita does have a lot of pursuers, but I remember her saying that there's already someone that she'll marry after she fully recovers," William said in a voice tinged faintly with disappointment.

"I think Rita will get what she wants." After Charles and I divorced officially, he and Rita would be able to be together openly. "Really? Then I should start preparing her wedding gift," William said flatly and took a sip of his wine.

He seemed to be very familiar with Rita. I hated to admit it, but I was actually impressed that Rita knew such an icon in the business world.

I wanted to ask William how he knew Rita, but looking around and seeing my colleagues, I decided against it. I did not want to seem gossipy. The last thing I needed right now was for something to go wrong again. I shoved down my curiosity and changed the subject.

The dinner lasted till very late. After saying goodbye to William and thanking him, Abner proposed that we and the team go for drinks and dancing to celebrate the

success of the interview. Nina made me drink a lot. At the end of the night, Nina practically carried me to my hotel room, and I passed out drunk on the sofa.

The next morning, I heard Nina calling me for breakfast, but my head and my whole body felt so heavy and hot that I could just grunt a response.

Then, my surroundings suddenly rang with many voices that felt like they were right in my ears.

I opened my eyes and tried to see what was happening, but my vision was still hazy. Then, someone scooped me up and carried me out of the room. I did not know who it was. All I knew is that his chest felt strong and warm. Could it be Charles?

No. How could it be Charles?

He should be with Rita right now. They would get married soon after our divorce.
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After a long time, I finally regained the strength to open my eyes. I saw white walls and smelled disinfectant.

Abner was sitting by my bed, and on the bedside table was a stainless steel tray of pills.

"Where am I?" I rubbed my aching forehead

"The hospital. This morning, Nina swung by your room to invite you for breakfast, but she didn't get any response from you. So she asked the hotel manager to unlock your door, and we found you unconscious on the sofa and burning up with fever." Abner poured me a glass of water and handed me the pills.

"Thank you. I didn't make drunken ramblings, did I?" I usually blathered when I was hopelessly wasted.

Abner just raised his eyebrows. That was enough answer for me. Obviously, I did say something that I should not have said.

"When I picked you up to rush you here, you kept mumbling Charles's name. You've mistaken me for him. Scarlett, if you still have feelings for Charles, why don't you just tell him? You two are not getting any younger. You shouldn't be playing petty mind games." Abner's words were blunt and honest and something that only mature men would say.

"I don't have feelings for him anymore," I replied instinctively.

After that, an uncomfortable silence hung in the air above us. I felt ridiculous the moment the words left my lips. I thought I had grown accustomed to lying to myself when it came to Charles. As it turned out, I had not. And now I was making myself look like a fool in front of Abner

"And even if I still do, I will never tell Charles. He already thinks that I'm still in love with him. If I confirm his assumptions, he will just use them to ridicule and then reject me. That's his style. He thinks that not having feelings makes him the winner," I added, clenching the sheets.

Since Charles and I agreed to file a divorce, I had been trying really hard to

– stick to my pride and principle. I respected Charles's decision to leave me for Rita, but all this time, he seemed hesitant to finalize that decision. He had been stringing me and Rita along, and it was not the kind of relationship that I wanted. I wanted a husband whose only choice was me, not someone who could not make up his own damn mind.

"I see. If you need anything, just tell me. I will help you anytime." Abner seemed to have sensed my uneasiness and instantly dropped the subject

"I want to fly home now." I lowered my head and regretted my little outburst. I might feel comfortable around Abner, but every time I revealed a part of myself to him that I still had not sorted out, I felt embarrassed.

"You haven't fully recovered. And if we go home now, will there be anyone to take care of you?" It annoyed me a little every time Abner looked at me with worry that bordered on pity

"I can take care of myself, Abner. I'm not an invalid. Let's just go home, please," I insisted

Abner could just sigh and then took care of my discharge from the hospital. Next thing I knew, we were on a flight back home.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay on your own? I can take you to a hospital right now and then drive you back here tomorrow." Abner pulled over in front of my house. He got out of the car and took out my suitcase from the trunk.

"I'm fine now. I don't need to go to the hospital," I turned him down as politely as I could

"Very well. Don't forget to take your pills before bed. The doctor said to finish your round of antibiotics even if your fever is already gone." Abner gave me the rest of my medications and kept reminding me about them like a worried father. I smiled

"Abner, don't you have more important things to worry about than me?" I teased. I just got sick because of a very bad hangover, and he was fussing over me like I had been diagnosed with a terminal illness.

"I'm serious. The doctor said spiking a fever frequently is not a good thing. Your face is still red." Abner frowned and then reached out to feel my forehead. cold voice "Scarlett!" Charles's interrupted us.

Abner turned his head to look at Charles who was just getting out of his car. Abner handed me my suitcase.

"Take care of yourself, okay? I'll see you at work," Abner said by way of goodbye. Then, he turned around and got in his car. He just walked past Charles as if he did not even see him. I spoke before Charles could

"Whatever brought you here, I don't want to talk about it right now. I'm exhausted. I want to sleep." I took my suitcase and made my way to my front door. Charles was right on my heels.

"Looks like you had a great time with Abner during the last few days. Have you enjoyed working with him so much that you don't even want to talk to me?" Charles started in a tone that I resented.

I wanted to snap back, but I was too tired to do so. All I wanted was to crawl into bed and sleep for a long time.

"Stop pulling conflict out of thin air and go home, Charles." I just wanted to get some rest after days of hard work. I did not understand why Charles always had to show up when the last thing I wanted to do was to deal with his crap.

"Why do you have a bottle of pills in your hand? What are those for?" Charles noticed the medications in my hand and grabbed them from me. He checked the label.

"I caught a cold when we were wrapping up in Seattle," I replied and leaned against my door.

Charles knitted his brows and then took my suitcase.

"What are you doing? Didn't you hear me? I want to rest. Leave me alone," I yelled

Charles held my wrist and forcibly grabbed my suitcase. Per usual, he could not just turn around and leave when I asked him to.