

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 56

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Chapter 56 Reliable

Charles POV:

Scarlett pushed me away with all her strength and then rushed to the bathroom. She was like a deer fleeing for safety. For some reason, I found that really cute and could not take my eyes off her.

“Charles, why do you always bully her? Scarlett isn’t as cheeky as you are.”
Grandma glared at me. I pretended not to hear what she had said and just stared at the cherry meaningfully.

“Have you ever seen anyone call her husband “brother”? I just wanted to punish her.”

“What do you expect? You’re the one who proposed the divorce, but you keep on delaying it,” Grandma reminded in a serious tone.

I did not expect her to bring up the divorce again. Well, I could not blame

them. After all, all my family knew was that my relationship with Scarlett was just complicated. All of a sudden, the air in the room became stuffy. For a moment, I was at a loss. I did not know how to answer Grandma’s question. She was right, after all.

“I’ve watched Scarlett grow up with my own eyes. We all know she likes you: She may have said that she regards you as her brother, but I don’t think she meant it. You should reflect on yourself, Scarlett is a nice girl. You shouldn’t treat her like this,” Grandma advised.

“Grandma...” I did not want to talk about it anymore

“Charles, if you like Scarlett, then tell her the truth. Stop being a coward, and man up. Scarlett will change her mind sooner or later, and you’ll regret it when that time comes.”

At that moment, the door of the bathroom opened. Grandma immediately stopped talking and continued trimming her roses.

Her words hit my heart like a heavy

hammer. Did Scarlett still love me like she did before? Or had she already moved on? I did not dare to think about

While I was in deep thought, Scarlett walked over. She bit her lip in disdain and stared daggers at me. She must have been dissatisfied with what I had done just now. However, my attention was drawn to her lips, and only one thought came to my mind: I wanted to kiss her.

It took me a moment before I realized I had been staring at her absentmindedly. With that, I quickly looked away.

"Grandma, what were you talking about just now? I think I heard you say 'regret'. What about it?" Scarlett sat down again: But this time, she sat next to Grandma.

"Nothing. I just gave Charles an earful. He always bullies you. He doesn't seem like a brother at all!" Grandma replied with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. I could see that she got a little emotional.

"But Charles does seem like an elder brother to me. He takes care of me all the time." Scarlett patted Grandma on

the back comfortingly. When she spoke, her tone was gentle as though she were coaxing a child. She must still be mad at me that she did not ever glance at me.

Since when did I treat her as a sister?

How could she say that? Annoyed at her attitude, I stood up from my seat and looked at her with a burning gaze..

"I have no idea when I've ever treated you as my sister. I turned around and went upstairs without even giving Scarlett and Grandma a chance to speak.

When I reached the second flight of stairs, I took a look at Scarlett downstairs. She was chatting and laughing with Grandma, and she seemed to be unaffected that I had walked out.

Scarlett's POV:

As usual, I had no idea how I had offended Charles

But I was used to this, so I did not take it seriously. However, Grandma looked at me with a guilty expression. She probably thought that I was hurt because

of Charles's attitude. Because of this, I gave her a reassuring smile.

At that moment, I heard footsteps coming from the gate. A few seconds later, I saw Alice striding towards us.

"Honey, when you went on a business trip for the program last time, did you interview an old entrepreneur in Washington? Someone named Henry?" she asked, a hint of anxiety in her tone

Her words perplexed me. I racked my brains to figure out what she was talking about.

I realized that Alice must be referring to the celebrity interview program I had hosted in Seattle. We flew there to mainly interview a successful entrepreneur, and his name was actually William. But there was indeed a Henry that we had also talked to during the interview. Henry Woodson. Another business man in town.

At that moment, I nodded at Alice in response.

“Honey, did he do anything to you?” she

Channel worriedly asked again while staring right into my eyes.

“We talked about the program. That’s all. He’s very popular.” I could not figure out why Alice had suddenly asked me about that man.

“Oh my God!” Alice exclaimed. She then handed her phone to me, and a news report was being displayed on the screen.

I took a glance at it. Apparently, Henry Woodson had taken advantage of his position and sexually assaulted a young girl. I was surprised that he did such a thing. He was such a gentleman when we met.

“Scarlett, tell me the truth: Did he do anything to you?” Grandma asked with concern.

Before I could say anything, Alice interjected, “Our Scarlett is so pretty. We can’t let anyone who bullies her get away!”

I shook my head and reassured Grandma that nothing had happened to me.

Even so, Alice was still fuming in anger. For some reason, she believed that the news about Henry Woodson was a bad omen.

The matter went on even during dinner.

“Scarlett, you’re young and naive. There are many bad men in the world. You have to be careful. I can’t promise anything. But I’m sure that Charles is stronger than that old geezer. He’s trustworthy and reliable,” Grandma earnestly said to me.

I never thought that she would say something like that to me. Upon hearing what she had said, my face turned beet red. What was Grandma thinking about? And how did our conversation lead to this?

Charles happened to come downstairs at that very moment. “What reliable?” he asked while looking at me.

My face turned even redder. I did not know where to put myself,

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Chapter 57 Not On Speaking Terms

Scarlett's POV: I left with Charles after dinner. However, I walked slowly and kept a distance from him.

"Hurry up. Why so slow?" Charles grumbled in annoyance

"You don't have to do this. I can just take a taxi," I replied. The truth was, I was nervous, especially since we were alone. I would rather take a taxi alone or keep a distance from him than be with him.

Upon hearing that, Charles strode over and grabbed my wrist. Then, he quickly walked to the front of the car and pushed me into the passenger seat without giving me a chance to resist.

Unable to do anything. I touched my nose and sulked.

"Put your bag away." Charles ordered. He then leaned over and I caught a whiff of a pleasant scent of pines.

I looked at him confusedly. Charles sighed helplessly. Then, he put my bag on the backseat, pulled the seatbelt beside me, and fastened it.

"Thank you," I said in a barely audible voice in embarrassment.

It was already dark when we left the villa, and the streetlights had been turned on.

While we were stuck in heavy traffic, Charles glanced at me and asked, "Did you meet with Rita?"

I sneered and looked at him with amusement. "Why? Did she tell you that I bullied her again? Don't worry. I didn't do anything to your dear Rita. In fact, I think she's beaming with happiness."

Rita used the same trick every single time. She would meet with me and then complain to Charles about my attitude. Her trick was getting old, and I was getting sick of her.

Chu 2 Noon paking Team Charles did not say anything in response He only spoke just as a deafening stlende filled the air. "Nothing. I'm just worried you'll misunderstand me: "I don't think there'd be any misunderstanding." I retorted. My relationship with Charles was complicated. Even I could not understand it at times..

Charles seemed to be displeased with my response. He cast a scornful glance at me and scoffed, "So you don't care?"

"Rita was the one who had ordered to pour paint in my apartment," I replied crossly while twiddling with the seat belt. The more I thought about it, the more aggrieved I felt

Before he could open his mouth to speak, I added, "And you... you've known it all along,"

Charles nodded in response. It seemed that he did not intend in hiding anything from me. Unfortunately, it was too late for him. My anger rose in an instant, and I could feel my blood boiling in my veins. Now that I knew the truth, my chest

tightened in resentment. I opened the window to get some fresh air.

Why didn't you tell me sooner? Were you afraid I'd make trouble for her? H that's what you think, you're wrong. I'm not the kind of person who seeks revenge for something petty. Besides, I don't care about your affairs anymore." I could not bring myself to look at Charles, so I just looked out of the window when I spoke. To my surprise, I calmed down sooner than I had expected.

All of a sudden, Charles turned a corner and pulled over on an empty road.

"What are you doing?" I asked, bewildered. Did I say something wrong? Well, I might have. Rita was Charles's weakness, after all.

"I pulled over so we could talk." Charles looked at me with a frown Judging from the look on his face, he disagreed with what I had said

"About what? Are you going to tell me that even if Rita did that, I have to cut her some slack because she must have reasons for doing that?" I sneered and

chale National Termine averted my gaze. I tried my best to suppress the worries and scruples in my heart.

"I've already sent someone to teach Rita's bodyguards and the person who had splashed the paint a lesson. I won't let go of those who dared to bully you." Charles paused for a second and continued, "As your husband, it's my job to help you. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"What about Rita? Did you teach her a lesson?"

Charles fell silent. Seeing this, I folded my arms in front of my chest and snickered. "You're doing this to defend Rita, aren't you? In the end, you're just afraid that I'd take my anger out on her /f you really care about me, you shouldn't have kept me in the dark in the first place."

"She's ill!" Charles bellowed.

I closed my eyes. Suddenly, a scene of Charles and Rita hand-in-hand flashed through my mind. He was dazzling, and Rita was gorgeous. They looked like they

Clinto ST NO hopeakmg Thu were walking out of a painting. They were indeed a perfect match,

I suppressed the bitterness in my heart and asked. "Can a patient do whatever she wants? Forget it. Just do your job and protect Rita at all costs. After all, if she calls you in the dead of night, you'll just come running to her, won't you?"

"Don't mention her anymore," Charles warned.

Then what else do you want to talk about? Do you want to talk about our relationship? There's not much to say." I pursed my lips and looked at Charles coldly.

"Scarlett, I will never be your brother, nor will I ever follow your stupid rules. You'd better stop thinking about it. You can only be my wife," Charles said in an icy cold tone.

I blinked my eyes, incredulous with what he had just said.

I raised my chin confidently and looked him in the eye. "I won't accept a man who has affairs with another woman.

Charles, just accept it. Our relationship is Over."

"Rita and I have only hugged and held hands. Nothing more," Charles reasoned out as if saying that would make a difference.

"But I didn't hug and hold hands with anyone except you," I **fired back**.

Just as I was about to say something more, Charles leaned over and kissed me. His breath was shallow and quick, and the way he kissed me was not gentle but passionate.

He only let go of me until he had run out of breath. For some reason, his eyes were dark and unfathomable. "I've never kissed Rita like that. Scarlett, do you believe me now?"

Like a sweet, loving couple, he then rubbed his nose against mine.

My body trembled like a leaf, but I forced myself to get a grip. Then, I wiped my lips in front of him with apparent disgust. "You have no right to kiss me."

Chinter 57 Not On paling Tin Whe has the right to kiss you then? Abner?". Charles asked while pinching my chin.

"It's none of your business." I lowered my head and did not look at him anymore.

"I beg to disagree. If you dare to do this, I'll lock you up and make sure you won't be able to go anywhere." As soon as Charles finished speaking, he started the engine and sped away, even faster than the speed limit.

I clutched my seatbelt tightly as though holding for my death life and pleaded, "Charles, you're crazy! Slow down!"

Charles did not stop until he heard that I broke down into tears because of fear. "Yes. I'm crazy," he mumbled to himself.

I did not notice the inexplicable look on his face. All I wanted at the moment was to get the hell away from him

When I arrived home, I hurriedly got out of the car and slammed the door behind me.

"Don't show up in front of me again!" | said through gritted teeth. For a second, I felt an urge to bite him out of anger.: Charles ignored my explosion and just drove away without saying a word.

In the following week, he and I did not see each other. We were not on speaking terms.

Nevertheless, I still knew about his whereabouts. After all, all his movements were posted on the Internet. There was even a picture of him that took the Internet by storm. It was a picture of him picking Rita up from the hospital

Many writers took it as an inspiration and wrote romance novels. Meanwhile, the netizens all called for them to get married as soon as possible.

Me? Well, I paid no attention to it and instead buried myself in work.

One day, I happened to bump into Abner while I was walking out of the studio. He was wearing a silver gray suit. He looked handsome and elegant. I greeted him

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with a smile.

"There'll be an important dinner party tonight. You have to go." Abner invited me

“No problem. What time should we go there?” I agreed without a second thought. I had nothing to do at home anyway. I had better put my worries aside and focus on my career.

Abner looked at me apologetically. “I’m afraid I can’t go with you. I have another appointment tonight. You would go with Linda instead. Be careful, okay? Call me if anything happens.” “I will. Thank you,” I replied with a smile. I appreciated his concern and kind gestures,

It was undeniable that Abner was a great man. Sadly, we could only be friends.

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Chapter 58 Work Party

Scarlett’s POV:

Just like Abner had advised, I went to the party with Linda.

I had been to this kind of gathering before. But until now, I was still not used to it. I did not like drinking either. After all, alcohol was the most common excuse people used after making a mistake.

The first thing I saw when I entered the private room were several men with bulging bellies and empty wine bottles. It appeared that they had been drinking long before Linda and I had arrived

A fat, bald man waved at me and said, “You’re late. Miss Riley, why don’t you sit next to me? I have something to tell you.” He then glanced at the young blonde woman who was sitting next to him

As if on cue, the woman, probably his secretary, stood up and offered her seat to me.

“This is Mr. Valdez, the CEO of Valdez Group,” Linda whispered in my ear before I walked over to him

I immediately understood what she meant by that. That man was someone I could not afford to offend. He had invited me enthusiastically. It would be disrespectful to decline. As I slowly made my way to him, I unconsciously tugged the hem of my dress, lengthening it for an inch or two.

I sat next to Mr. Valdez and forced a smile.

"Scarlett, you're more beautiful than I thought. When I first saw you on TV, I thought your legs under your skirt must be smooth and enticing," Mr. Valdez looked at me with a lecherous gaze and even put his hand on my thigh.

I felt that the smile on my face must be stiff.

"You must be more beautiful in bed. Scarlett, a lady like you should wear short skirts often, so you can make more men think with their dicks." Mr. Valdez continued to make lewd and sexist remarks, and the men he was with laughed heartily at his jokes.

I felt humiliated and indignant. I felt an urge to kick him on the part where it hurt the most. But, of course, I could not do that. Unable to do anything, I took a deep breath and restrained myself.

"If you say so, Mr. Valdez. I will consider your suggestion," I replied with a forced smile. It was obviously a lie. If only I could, I would tell him to go fuck himself. Sadly, saying that would cost me my job.

Mr. Valdez lit a cigarette and turned to Linda. "Linda, you have an obedient subordinate here. But she's still a newbie. You should teach her more."

"I will, Mr. Vaidez." Linda agreed with a smile. Just as I thought that verbal sexual abuse was the worst part of the drinking culture, the guests began to take turns to propose a toast to Mr. Valdez. When it was my turn, everyone looked at me expectantly. I looked at Linda unconsciously and noticed that she was also cheering for me.

Only then did I realize that at work parties, young girls were always at a disadvantage. Stifling my distaste, I raised my glass and clinked it with Mr. Valdez's. He smiled happily and drank the wine in one gulp. Not wanting to put myself in a bad light, I plucked up the courage and did the same thing.

I thought that compromising was enough, so this dreadful experience would soon be over. But it turned out that the worse was yet to come. Mr. Valdez began filling my glass with alcohol again and again. As I did not want to offend him, I had no choice but to drink it every time.

My mind became fuzzy not long after, and it continued until the rest of the party.

God. I had never drunk so much in my life.

Once the party was over, Linda told me she would wait for me at the gate. She just had to see other guests off first.

My head was spinning so badly that I had to lean against the wall when I walked. With my remaining consciousness, I contemplated whether to call someone or just hold out, hoping I would not end up sleeping on the streets for the night. The first choice seemed more logical. But on second thought, I had no idea who to call. With that, I supported myself on the wall and continued walking.

"Here you are, Scarlett. You're drunk. Do you want to go upstairs and take a rest?" A creepy and ominous voice came from behind. It was that old geezer, Mr. Valdez. When he spoke, he put his hands on my waist and fumbled around.

His touch made me feel sick to the stomach. But thanks to this, my foggy mind became clear in an instant.

"No, thank you, Mr. Valdez. I should go home now, or my family will be worried sick." While resisting the impulse to beat him, I shook off his hand and walked forward. Fortunately, there were guests in the corridor, so he did not insist.

I immediately saw Linda when I arrived at the entrance. She walked up to me and supported my body.

"Honey, you look tired. Let me call a Uber for you."

"No need. I'll drive her home," a familiar voice said.

I turned around and saw Abner marching towards me and Linda with a fierce look on his face. He yanked me away from Linda's hand, and my face bumped into his chest.

"Linda, I asked you to take care of Scarlett, didn't I? Why did you push her to Mr. Valdez? Scarlett isn't that kind of girl. I hope this incident won't happen again!" Abner ordered. Judging from the tone of this voice, he was furious.

He held me in his arms and solemnly said, "Scarlett, I'm sorry I'm late."

I could tell from the pain in his voice that he was guilty. I appreciated his help. but I did not have the strength to respond. My eyes closed slowly. And before I knew it, I

The next morning. I was awakened by a loud noise.

You bastard! Where did you take her last night?" a familiar voice bellowed. It was Charles

My eyes fluttered open, and I ran to the living room as fast as I could.

In the living room. I saw Charles beating the hell out of Abner on the floor. A few steps away from them, a vase lay in pieces. The veins on Charles's forehead bulged in anger. What was more, his eyes were so fierce as though he was going to kill Abner. I was terrified of what would happen next. So, without thinking. I rushed over and stopped Charles

"Charles, what are you doing? Stop it!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

Unfortunately, my words had no effect on Charles, and he just pushed me away. If it were not for the sofa behind me, I would have fallen on the floor and got hurt.

"Charles, what the hell are you doing?" Abner pushed Charles away and rushed to my aid.

Charles also stood up and looked at me blankly as if he could not believe what he had done.

"Charles, why did you hit him?" I angrily asked. There were far more important things to worry about than myself. For instance, Abner was beaten black and blue.

Instead of answering my question, Charles asked back, "He took you to the work party, didn't

he?

*He didn't. I went there myself! Social engagements are necessary for work," I fired back.

To my surprise, what I had said angered Charles even more. He pushed Abner out of his way and grabbed my hand.

Scarlett, I can give you the whole world. Just tell me. Don't do this to yourself. And, for fuck's sake, don't torture me like this!" Charles closed his eyes and frowned deeply as if repressing pain

I opened my eyes wide, incredulous with what I had heard. I even thought that I was only hallucinating Charles was once my whole world, but not anymore. Bitterness flashed through my heart at the thought of this.

"Scarlett, don't attend those kinds of social engagements anymore. Where did that jerk touch you? Go, take a shower." Charles grabbed my hand and dragged me to the bathroom

I shook off his hand. "You're worried that someone might have touched me. Is it because you're scared that I'd cheat on you?"

"That's not what I mean." Charles hoisted me up over his shoulder and walked to the bathroom

"Charles, you jerk! Put me down!" I roared angrily.

"No way!" Charles retorted.

The two of us yelled at each other, completely forgetting that Abner was still in the living room.

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Chapter 59 I'm Sorry

Scarlett's POV:

Bang!

Charles slammed the bathroom door shut. The next moment, he was making me stand under the showerhead

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I took a few steps back and looked at him warily. I tried my best to stay as far as I could from this dangerous man in front of me.

Charles put his hands around my waist and forced me to the corner. "You promised me you wouldn't drink anymore. Didn't you take my words seriously? You're so defiant. I should start thinking how I'd punish you so you'd learn," he said through gritted teeth. For some reason, he sounded as though he was restraining something inside him.

"I never promised you anything," I retorted. At the thought of him and Rita, my heart sank yet again. Why did he come back to me again? I was fine without him. "Are you still not convinced?" Charles scoffed.

I straightened up and perfunctorily replied, "No." I was still exhausted from last night that I did not have the strength to argue with him.

"Don't move." Charles suddenly hit me on my behind, but his face remained stern.

I frowned in annoyance. "Don't spank me! How many times have I told you not to spank me?!"

"You don't allow me to kiss you either." Charles suddenly lowered his head and kissed me on the cheek. As he saw that I was maddened by what he had done, he asked smugly, "What? I spanked you and kissed you. What are you gonna do? Beat me?".

"You rascal!" I pushed him with all my strength, but he did not even budge. This man was getting more and more shameless as time went by. And now, he was acting like a pervert.

Charles merely ignored my outburst and lectured me. "Listen. Don't attend that kind of work party anymore. If you disobey me, I'll be sure to punish you," he warned in a low voice.

"It was work! Nothing happened, is there?" I explained in a hurry. I hated it whenever he meddled with my work life.

"Work? You almost got molested! Are you sure that's part of your work?" Charles coldly asked while staring at me with an intense gaze. "Don't stretch me to the limit, Scarlett. I allowed you to go to work because I wanted you to be happy. But just so you know, if you keep doing this, I can take your job away."

None of his words seemed to have an effect on me. He sighed to calm himself down and compromised. "I can give you everything you want. But I don't want this to happen again, I'm worried about you."

It was only then that I looked at him. For a second, I felt my heart warmed up. I could not say anything harsh to him, especially when he just wanted me to be safe, could I?

Ever so slowly, Charles reached out his hand and gently touched my face. He then stared at me intently with his blue eyes. They seemed as mysterious as the vast sea. I could not bring myself to look away. They were tempting to look at. All of a sudden, I felt a cool sensation on my lips. I was so engrossed in my thoughts that the next thing I knew, Charles had kissed me.

I struggled to get out of his grasp, but he only held me tighter. He held my waist and lifted me up, not allowing me to break free. Like a koala hugging a tree, I put my legs around his hips so I would not fall to the cold bathroom floor.

Charles nibbled the top of my tongue and gently asked, "Will you be a good girl now?"

The kiss turned my mind in disarray, and I could hardly breathe. I could not think straight, so I just nodded. However, Charles did not seem satisfied with my answer. He sucked on my lips harder and asked me again in a hoarse voice, "Answer me. Will you be a good girl?"

"Yes." The most important thing at the moment was to satisfy Charles in his demands.

"Good girl."

Charles finally let go of me after getting the answer he wanted. He returned to his usual noble temperament and even helped me run the bath

"Thank you." I rolled my eyes at him in annoyance. I had now returned to my senses and remembered that Charles was a jerk. 2

My hangover subsided, and I instantly felt better after taking a shower.

A few moments later, I sat on the edge of the bed and wiped my hair with a towel. But then, I could not help but think of Charles. What on earth was he up to?

His behavior these past few days perplexed me. Was it only an illusion? I patted my head, unable to comprehend what he was thinking

At that moment, Charles came in with a tray in his hand. As he saw that I was in deep thought and patting my head, he teasingly asked, "Have you realized what you did wrong?"

I looked at him and forced a smile. "Yes. Under the guidance of the great Mr. Moore, I have deeply reflected on my behavior. I realized that I was wrong. I should've just stayed in France, so I wouldn't suffer," I retorted.

Charles put down the tray and chuckled, "But you returned. Now that you're here, you can only be my Mrs. Moore."

He walked towards me and touched my damp hair. "Why aren't you drying your hair? You might catch a cold."

Without waiting for my response, he went to fetch the hairdryer.

"I made you pasta. Eat it while it's still hot," Charles said while helping me dry my hair

On the tray were two plates of pasta. No matter what Charles did, he always did his best. Even though he was not really that good at cooking, the food he cooked still looked like the ones served in restaurants.

My stomach growled, but I did not want to admit defeat.

"I'm not hungry." I refused him flatly. I should practice not giving in easily

"Don't starve yourself. I put shrimp in the pasta. It's your favorite, right?" Charles sighed and made a concession, seeing that I was stubborn. "Look. I'm sorry. I promise I'll consider your

feelings more in the future."

I looked up at him incredulously. unable to believe that an arrogant man like him would apologize. I must still have a hangover.

"Next time, I'll ask for your permission before I kiss you. Well, I'll still kiss you even if you say

no."

What the hell? What a cheeky devil! I was angry and, at the same time, ashamed. I raised my hand to hit his chest, but he grabbed my wrist in the blink of an eye. "Baby, let's eat something first so that you can have the strength to hit me," he said with a smirk.

I had no choice but to eat the food he had cooked. I was starving, after all. Once we were done eating, I took the tray back to the kitchen.

Charles was drinking coffee on the sofa when, all of a sudden, I remembered something "You drove Abner away again. He's my friend. Why are you so rude to him?"

"Abner isn't trustworthy. He let you drink with those filthy men, and you almost got hurt. I should've beat him harder." Charles seemed dissatisfied that I defended Abner after what had happened. As soon as he said that, he put down his cup of coffee and went to the kitchen.

"But nothing happened, didn't it?" I reasoned out even though I knew I was in the wrong.

All of a sudden, Charles grabbed my hand and bellowed, "Scarlett, how could you not care about your own safety?! Have you ever considered the feelings of those who care about you?"

"I will protect myself in the future. Don't tell me what to do and what not to do," I fired back.

"Then don't agree to my face and then do the contrary. I know your tricks."

He sounded as though he knew me well when, in fact, he did not. I shook off his hand in annoyance. There are times when I can't refuse because of my job!"

"You're my wife. Nobody dares to make things difficult for you," Charles scoffed. His eyebrows were furrowed, and anger could be seen in his eyes.

"Have you forgotten that our marriage is a secret?"

"Then let's make our relationship public!" It seemed that Charles intended to make use of this situation to do what he wanted

But, had he forgotten that he had Rita and that the major media regarded the two of them as a couple?

"There's no need to do that. We're going to divorce anyway."

Bringing up the divorce was something that could not be avoided. Every time that was mentioned, the two of us would break up in discord

Charles left a few moments later, and I went to work

- Sony For some reason, it felt that something was up as soon as I entered the company building. People around me gave me weird looks and whispered to one another.

It was not until I saw a familiar figure by the door of the office that I realized what was wrong. 'It was because of Rita. What tricks did she have up her sleeve again? Stressed, my temples

started throbbing.

Suddenly, Rita rushed towards me and pulled the hem of my dress. "It's all my fault. Scarlett, please forgive me. I know I was wrong. I'm so sorry!" she cried out.

Her doing that was ridiculous. People would just think that she was the victim when she was actually a perpetrator,

I did not say anything in response and just looked at her coldly. Because of this, she sobbed harder to gain sympathy from me and the people around me. "You must hate me now because of Charles. It's not our fault he and I love each other so much. Please forgive me. Think about our friendship for so many years."

The employees started whispering to each other. I could not blame them. Anything about Charles was good gossip.

"How can I not forgive a dying woman?" I scoffed with feigned pity.

Rita stopped crying at once and raised her head in surprise. It seemed that she never expected I would say something like that.

The first person to lose his temper was Rita's bodyguard. He cursed at me and strode forward, possibly to beat me. Fortunately, my colleagues were quick to their feet, and they stopped him in time. The scene was chaotic.

Meanwhile, Rita knelt on the ground and continued acting, "I'll kneel here until you forgive me

"Rita, I really don't have time for this. If you want to kneel, just do it." As soon as I finished speaking, I entered the studio with my colleagues and did not even look back

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 60

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 60 Rumors

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I left the studio, I heard a female voice call my name. "Scarlett, I didn't expect you to be so capable!"

I turned around and the person I found made my jaw drop. Fiona, one of my colleagues, was walking toward me, her high heels clicking against the floor. "Stop pretending to be innocent. You're having an affair with Rita's man. Poor Rita." Fiona raised her voice by several notches. She stood in front of me like a hungry lioness that was about to scratch my face off with her claws and then gut me.

She and I were just ordinary colleagues. We were not friends or in good terms in any way. Ever since we met, I had always felt like she hated me, and that feeling had been supported by her behavior toward me. When she heard the rumors going around, she was one of the first people to mock me with them.

It was ridiculous that she and everybody else thought I was Charles's mistress.

"I'm not having an affair with anyone, Fiona. I'm not desperate, and I have some self-respect. I would never date a married man just so that I wouldn't be single,"

I retorted, holding my head high. After that, I walked away. I had more important things to do than engage in pointless arguments with judgmental people.

Just as I was preparing for my next interview, Nina trotted over to me, her anxious voice filling my ears.

"Scarlett! Have you read the news?" She waved her phone at me. "They're saying that you stole Rita's husband! Oh, my God! I can't believe that woman is slandering you for publicity! It's such a desperate and pathetic move!"

Nina was so angry that I could see smoke coming out of her ears, but I had gotten used to it.

"I thought she was supposed to be critically ill. How does she have the energy to go around and make a scene all the time? Is she just pretending to be sick so that she can get attention Nina surmised in a low voice,

Although I was a little stunned by her question, I just shook my head. "She's sick, Nina. And if she wasn't, she wouldn't be able to hide it from Charles."

"Scarlett! Why do you trust Charles so much?" Nina looked at me in disbelief.

"Because I know him well."

I had never doubted Charles's love for Rita.

"Well, I still think that Rita is hiding something. You should look into her. Just because you trust Charles doesn't mean you have to trust Rita, too." Nina kept shaking her head and looking at me as if I was being a colossal idiot...

"I just nodded perfunctorily. I did not have the time to think about the matter. I had work to do.

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“He most definitely is not! He’s a playboy!” Michael protested immediately.

“Grandpa, Charles thinks that Spencer and I are a perfect match. In fact, he has been trying to set us up,” I said lightly.

All I wanted was to divorce Charles and make him disappear from my life as soon as I could. Lying about Spencer’s track record with women was a small price to pay for that.

All of a sudden, everyone turned to look at Charles,

“Yes. I think Spencer will be good for Scarlett,” Charles agreed.

“I beg your pardon?” Michael almost sprang to his feet.

“I don’t mean to judge your friend, Charles. But I think we all know what kind of a man Spencer really is. You can’t do this to Scarlett,” Alice muttered, rolling her eyes at her son.

“I think David is more reliable. We have discussed before that he is a good young man.” Lawrence, who had been silent since I anived, suddenly suggested. He darted his gaze at me, and I saw a shadow of guilt in his eyes.

I did not expect him to vouch for David. So they had thought about fixing me up with David? But why was Charles pushing Spencer? I chanced a glance at Charles, but he averted his eyes.

Charles’s POV:

I did not expect that my lies would be exposed.

"Very well. Charles, come to the study with me." Grandpa looked at me sternly and went upstairs. Keeping my eyes away from Scarlett, I followed him in silence. As soon as I entered the study, Grandpa turned to me. "Go on. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I don't want to divorce Scarlett, Grandpa. I want to take good care of her," I answered seriously. At present, that was the only truth I could tell.

"Then sever your ties with Rita. You should announce to the public that you've been married to Scarlett for three years now." Grandpa spoke without looking at me. Instead, he began rummaging in one of his desk drawers.

I had nothing to say to his last remark. I had promised to marry Rita and give her a perfect wedding

My silence apparently irritated Grandpa. He was probably thinking that I was trying to arrive at a situation wherein I could be with Scarlett and Rita at the same time.

You really disappoint me, Charles. Take your marriage certificate. Don't use me and your grandmother as an excuse anymore." After saying that, Grandpa pushed me out of his study and slammed the door behind me.

I went downstairs with our marriage certificate in hand and my mind in shambles.

"Charles, you've got the marriage certificate, haven't you?"

I was surprised to find Scarlett waiting for me at the bottom of the staircase. Instinctively, I shoved our marriage certificate in my back pocket. She looked at me expectantly with her big, charming eyes, and my heart ached.

Why was she so eager to get rid of me? I did not answer her.

Seeing that I did not say anything, Scarlett grabbed my wrist, shoved me into the bathroom, and shut the door

"Have you got our marriage certificate or not?" she asked in a low voice.

"No." I shook my head.

"Why else would Grandpa talk to you in the study? Don't lie to me."

"If you don't believe me, you can frisk me," I replied in a provocative tone.

As I expected, a muscle flickered in Scarlett's jaw. She was annoyed, but she still reached out with trembling hands to search me.