

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 11

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Chapter 11 The Alimony

Scarlett's POV:

"What?!" I looked at Charles, appalled.

"I don't like your job," he replied curtly without even giving me an explanation. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at me as though he were a king looking at his people.

"No!" I refused straightforwardly.

"How dare you oppose me?" Charles narrowed his eyes and glared at me. He then slowly approached me, which sent chills down to my back.

I was frightened by the aura he was giving off that I took a few steps back. Unfortunately for me, there happened to be a tree behind me. So when my back hit the tree trunk, there was nothing I could do but watch him walk closer to me.

To my surprise, Charles raised his hand and leaned against the tree trunk, cornering me. The atmosphere between us suddenly became ambiguous.

Was this what people called 'Kabe-don?'

"Charles, we'll be divorced soon. You have no right to impose yourself on me." I could not help but clench my hands into fists, and anger rose in my heart. 5

Back then, I loved him wholeheartedly, but his mind was occupied with another woman. Now, when I had agreed to do what they wanted, he started hitting on me. How ironic.

What was this for?

Charles must have noticed that I would not budge, so he sighed and offered, "If you want to work, I can arrange another job for you."

"No! I only like this job, this TV station," I refused with a determined look on my face.

"I'll buy it then and make you the boss."

"Charles, there's no need for you to do th We'll be divorced soon." I was flabbergasted by his words.

"You really won't do as I say?"

"I will not, and there's nothing you can do to convince me otherwise." I turned around to leave.

Just as Charles opened his mouth to speak, Rita's voice suddenly came from a distance.

"Charles, are you two done talking? Mr. Todd has been waiting for a while now. It seems that he has to talk to Scarlett about work."

I was so absorbed in arguing with Charles that I jumped out when I heard Rita's voice all of a sudden. Startled, I unconsciously threw myself into Charles's arms.

It was summer now, so I was wearing thin clothes. At this moment, I could feel Charles's warmth through my thin clothes.

His warm body and cold breath surrounded me. It was electrifying, which made me want to get away from him even more.

"Charles, let's go. Scarlett and Mr. Todd have to discuss work. We shouldn't disturb them."

At that moment, Rita's face changed the instant she saw I was leaning in Charles's arms. She walked over at an amazing speed and skillfully separated us.

"Yes, we're done." Charles narrowed his eyes and returned to his usual cold demeanor as if nothing had just happened.

Abner also came out.

"Scarlett, have you two finished talking?"

I lowered my gaze and nodded. "Yes."

"Let me drive you home." For some reason, Abner looked at Charles inquisitively when he spoke.

As I sat in Abner's car on the way home, I took my phone out and texted Charles.

'Let's not be alone next time. Rita might misunderstand us.'

I stared at the screen for a few minutes and waited for his reply. However, it never came. I had no idea if he had seen the message or he just refused to text me back.

With a sigh, I put my phone back into my bag and forced myself to stop thinking about this matter.

While I was in deep thought, Abner looked at me and asked, "Is there a problem in your relationship?"

"No. It's just that I'm a little troubled about something recently, but I'm good now."

Abner did not delve into the topic anymore.

We arrived at my residence a few moments later. Like a gentleman, he bade farewell to me and told me to have a good rest. He was

so caring to me than Charles ever did.

Once Abner was gone, I turned around and walked into the villa. I then sat on the sofa in the living room and prepared for tomorrow's work.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. It was Charles. What had happened at the restaurant crossed my mind. At the thought of this, I decided not to answer the call and just threw my phone aside, ignoring the relentless ringtone.

The phone only stopped ringing after five minutes. But then, a knock sounded at the door.

Just as I opened it, Charles squeezed in through the gap with a glum expression. Like a husband who had been away from home, he looked around the house and checked if there was another man here.

Once he made sure there was not, he breathed a sigh of relief and asked, "Why didn't you answer your phone?"

"I didn't hear it ring. I was busy preparing for tomorrow's work," I lied. I then closed the door and followed him to the living room, where he sat on the sofa.

Charles glanced at the neatly folded drafts on

the sofa. His face softened a little when he saw that my excuse seemed true.

He crossed his long legs and looked at me like a boss looking at his subordinates. Without a word, he took out a document from his leather bag and handed it to me. "I asked my lawyer to make changes to the agreement and add a clause regarding the alimony."

"Didn't you give me this house already?" I asked, perplexed.

I was not interested in what he had to say. I had known from the very beginning that my marriage with him was only a deal. And now, we had already taken what we needed. An amicable parting was what everyone wanted for us.

But now, it seemed that he was giving me compensation for something he had owed me. I must say, it was completely unnecessary

"You don't have to do this. I can support myself." | turned around and sat on the armchair not far from him, planning to continue reading the draft

"I'm doing this, so you won't be so hard up after our divorce. Technically, you've been my wife, even just in name. It will disgrace me if

you have to flatter your boss to earn a living."

"In short, you wanted to keep me as your mistress to save face. Shame on you!" | scoffed in disdain.

Was I, Scarlett Riley, incompetent in his eyes? Did he think that I needed to rely on men to survive? 6

"We may be divorcing soon, but you're still young. Don't take the wrong path, or you'll regret it for the rest of your life," Charles advised, even though I never asked for it.

I could not help but clutch the draft in my hand tightly in anger until my knuckles turned white. "Charles Moore, have you forgotten that I'm an adult? Stop treating me like a child who knows nothing!"

you're

"I know you're an adult, but inexperienced. You don't know--"

"You're wrong. I know everything now. Can't you see? I'm no longer the Scarlett I used to be!" I interjected.

Charles stared at me coldly for rudely interrupting him.

"Charles, you should go to the hospital and accompany Rita instead of worrying about my

future in the middle of the night. Aren't you afraid that what you're doing will drive her mad? After all, no woman can accept that her fiance still has an ambiguous relationship with his ex-wife."

We would be strangers to each other after the divorce. Why did Charles still want to meddle with my life?

"Oh, come on. I'm discussing an important matter that concerns both of us," Charles reasoned out with a helpless look on his face as though he were coaxing a child.

“What? I can’t mention Rita? You two are going to get married soon. When people see you in the future, even when you’re alone, they’ll ask about your celebrity wife. You should get used to it by now. It’s inevitable.

Charles massaged his forehead with thumb and index finger. He looked as though he was trying his best to hold back his anger I started pushing him to the door. But then, he suddenly broke away from me and let out an enraged roar.

“Can you stop mentioning her?!”

“If you don’t want me to mention her, then leave. The door is over there.” I showed him the way out, my eyes red in anger.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 12

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Chapter 12 Sleeping In The Same Bed

Scarlett’s POV:

“Calm down, Scarlett.”

Charles still tried to persuade me. I walked to the door, opened it, and flashed him an angry, frustrated look.

“Okay, I’ll come back tomorrow.” He sighed and walked toward the door.

The next moment, thunder clapped outside, accompanied by a flash of lightning, and a violent flurry of rain started pattering against the windows.

The rainstorm came so suddenly that it caught us both off guard.

Charles stopped and looked out in the rain.

I was not sure if I had just imagined it, but I saw a faint smile on his face. When I looked closely to confirm, it was gone.

“I’ll leave after the rain stops. Is that okay?” Charles looked at me and asked.

“Whatever.” I was finally able to calm down after being so furious.

Charles went to the bedroom while I headed to the living room and settled on the sofa to continue reading my script and recite my lines for work. I was still a little riled up, but I tried my best to control my emotions and concentrate.

However, the rain outside was not helping. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled like clockwork. The noise made me unable to focus.

I did not have that many lines, but because of the lack of peace and quiet, it was not until ten o'clock in the evening that I managed to recite them perfectly. After finishing with my lines, I went to the bathroom to take a shower. I wanted to have a good night's sleep so that I would be rested and energetic for tomorrow's work.

After getting ready for bed, I went into the bedroom and found Charles curled up on the sofa. He was already fast asleep. He was covered with a thin blue blanket. Because of his height, he barely fit in the sofa. His legs were halfway bent toward his chest.

He must feel uncomfortable sleeping in such a position

But it had nothing to do with me. I should not care about him anymore.

I crawled under the covers and laid down. I let my mind wander, and eventually, my eyelids started to grow heavy. But before sleep could get to me, I felt someone approach the bed. Then, I heard the mattress groan. Someone had just climbed into bed beside me.

I opened my eyes and turned to the person lying next to me.

"What are you doing?" | pulled the blanket up to my chest and glared at Charles.

"Don't worry. I won't touch you even if you take off all your clothes." Charles sneered and then explained, "The sofa is too cold. I'm going to catch a cold if I sleep on it."

The night was indeed colder than usual because of the rainstorm, and the thin blanket that he was using was no help at all.

When he said that he would not touch me, I believed him. Charles was in love with Rita. He always had been. He would definitely have no desire for another woman, especially the one his family forced him to marry. 3

Thinking of this, I felt relieved, so I scooted aside to give him some space.

But Charles was not satisfied with that. As soon as he laid down next to me, he grabbed the blanket that was tightly wrapped around my body.

I was okay with us sharing a bed but not a blanket. I glared at him and pulled the blanket back. "This is my blanket. Can't you go find another one that you can use?"

"I don't have another thick blanket. Do you really think that I want to share a blanket with you? I just don't have a choice."

“Then just use the thin one.”

“Why are you picking a fight with me right now? It’s just a blanket. Why are you acting like you feel so violated?” Charles sat up and put the whole blanket on him.

“You...”

I was so angry with him that I gritted my teeth and tried to grab the blanket back, but he was too strong for me. I was no match for him at all. I had no other choice but to give up. I sat up and was about to slide out of bed to sleep in another room.

Unexpectedly, Charles pressed his arm over me and forced me to lie down. And then he ordered, “Sleep.”

I reminded him through clenched teeth, “Charles, we’re going to divorce soon. Don’t you think it’s a little inappropriate for us to sleep in the same bed?”

Charles only kept pressing his arm down on me as if he had not heard anything I said. Then, he covered us both with the thick blanket.

and shot

I turned my head to face him daggers toward him with my eyes.

He just laid there with his eyes closed as if nothing in the world bothered him.

Then, he suddenly opened his eyes and flashed me a triumphant smile. I was so pissed off that I considered slapping him in the forehead.

A few moments later, a harsh sound broke the silence. Charles’s phone rang.

It must be Rita. She was the only person who would call Charles in the middle of the night.

For sure she would tell Charles right now that she was in pain, and Charles would rush to

the hospital to accompany her despite the raging storm.

It had been going on like that for a while, and I had memorized the routine.

As I expected, Charles jumped out of bed and went to answer his phone. I was not able to overhear their conversation. He hung up the phone quickly, put on his coat, and left without looking back. 3

It all happened as if I was not in the room at all.

After Charles left, my world became quiet once again. The storm outside had stopped, and I laid there with my eyes closed until sleep finally found me and whisked me away.

The next day, I got up early and got ready for work

When I was about to leave, I received Alice's
call.

"Hello, Scarlett. How are you doing?"

"Hey, Mom. I'm fine. I'm on my way to work now."

"Can you and Charles come over tonight after work? Your grandfather is back. He wants the whole family to have dinner together."

"Grandpa's back?"

"Yes. Can you come to dinner?"

"Of course."

I was so excited by Grandpa's return. With him home, the divorce could be put on the agenda.

Thinking that I could finally force Charles to get on with the divorce, I was in a good mood the whole day, and my work went smoothly.

Abner praised me for being professional. He said that at the TV station, I was the host with the most potential. After I got off work and ran into him, he even teased, "You're so capable, Scarlett. I'm afraid I'll lose my position to you soon."

the last person you'll lose

"Oh, please. I'm your job to."

Abner and I walked out of the office, talking and laughing

"Scarlett Riley!" A cold voice called my name.

I turned around and saw Charles standing at the gate with a livid face.

I immediately swept my eyes around for any signs of Rita, but she was not with him. He

obviously came here for me.

The only reason that Charles would come here to pick me up was probably that Alice and Christine told him to.

He was unhappy because his family had once again forced him to be a husband to me and leave his beloved Rita behind. I could understand why he was in such a foul mood.

"I'll leave you to your friend then, Scarlett. See you tomorrow." Abner quickly said goodbye to me the moment he laid eyes on Charles.

"Okay. See you tomorrow." I waved at him with a smile.

Before I could put down my hand, Charles had already grabbed my arm and dragged me toward his car.

"What are you doing? Charles!" And just like that, my happy, carefree day got spoiled. Charles was getting more and more overbearing, and I was pretty sure that he had no right to be. It was not like we were a real married couple.

"Get in the car!" With a long face, Charles yanked the car door open. 1

I turned around and rolled my eyes at him. He pushed me into the car and slammed the door shut. Then, he marched around the hood and got into the driver's seat.

I chose to keep silent. Whatever was making him lash out at me was none of my business. Also, it was pointless arguing with him.

I was just happy that I would not have to endure him much longer. Grandpa was back. After I got our marriage certificate from him and filed our divorce, I would finally be free. I would not take Charles's mind games anymore. 6

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 13

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Chapter 13 Get The Marriage Certificate

Scarlett's POV:

The atmosphere in the car was depressing, and the expression on Charles's face was so horribly icy. I avoided his gaze the entire time and just looked out the window. The surroundings outside blurred past us, showing me how fast he was driving.

Without really thinking about it, I grabbed on to the handrail on my door. Suddenly, the car came to a screeching halt on the side of the road. The force threw me so strongly forward that I felt the seat belt bruise my shoulder.

I screamed and turned to glare at Charles.

"What's wrong with you? I didn't ask you to pick me up. You should've just stayed with Rita if you wanted to. Why couldn't you leave me out of it?" I said crossly.

"We're still married, Scarlett. Why are you already flirting with another man?" Charles muttered in a harsh, accusatory tone. 4

"What?" It took me some time to understand

what he was talking about, but after a few moments, I finally got what he meant. I looked him dead in the eye and backfired, "I wasn't flirting. I was talking to a colleague. Honestly, I've had enough of your overreactions. We're as good as broken up. *We're getting a divorce.*"

"You know we haven't gone through the formalities yet," Charles emphasized.

"What's the difference? Besides, you're not in love with me. You're in love with Rita. It's pointless for you to try and fence me in."

"It has nothing to do with love. No man wants his wife to talk and laugh with other men."

"Then that's your problem. I have the right to socialize as I please." 2

After saying that, I kept my eyes fixed out the window and ignored Charles's murderous stares.

None of us spoke for a while until Charles just gave up and gunned the engine again. This time, he drove even faster.

"If you want your Rita to die without anyone taking care of her, then be my guest and drive your car like you stole it," I reminded him sarcastically as I tightened my seat belt

Charles flashed me a death glare, his eyes narrowing into slits.

After a few heartbeats, he eased off the gas and slowed the car down. If I had known that mentioning Rita's name would stop him from acting like a lunatic, I would have uttered it sooner.

It seemed that Rita was really the only woman who easily affected him.

When we arrived at the mansion, the butler was at the door to greet us and immediately caught Charles's sour mood. He couldn't help but whisper to me, "Miss Scarlett, is Mr. Charles okay? What's wrong with him?"

"He'll be fine. Let's just leave him alone." smiled at the butler.

The butler simply nodded in understanding and turned to close the front door.

When we entered the living room, the elders cheerfully welcomed us. I greeted them with a smile.

"You're finally here. Welcome. Let's start dinner. You must be hungry after a whole day's work." Michael Moore, Charles's grandfather, flashed me a kind smile like he always did and ushered us to the dining room.

Michael took the seat at the head of the table. Charles and I sat down to his right while Alice, Lawrence, and Christine took the seats to his left. Soon, dinner was served, and we started eating

Like every patriarch in a prominent family, Michael was the most venerable man among the Moores. Everybody equally feared and respected him, but he had always been gentle to me, and he honored me as much as I honored him.

Thinking about how Charles's family had treated me so well over the years, I suddenly got cold feet about bringing up the divorce.

But when I thought about Rita and Charles going shopping for wedding dresses together while Charles was still married to me managed to summon enough courage to open my mouth. "I'm sorry to ask this of Grandpa, but I would like to have Charles and I's marriage certificate, please. We've decided to get a divorce."

Everyone stopped and turned to look at me.

"We can talk about that another day, dear. Let's just enjoy our family dinner tonight. We haven't been able to sit and have a meal together in a long time," Michael replied

gently but firmly. I could tell from his expression that he wanted to avoid the subject. More than Alice and Christine combined, Michael did not want me and Charles to get divorced.

"Grandpa, I appreciate everything that you and this family have done for me, and I'm not trying to be ungrateful or anything. I just want to make this decision on my own." I looked at him with as much resolve as I could muster.

"Scarlett, are you in love with somebody else? You can tell us, honey." Seeing that I was determined to get a divorce, Christine looked at me and asked the important question.

"Where is this coming from, you two? If there's anything wrong, you can discuss it with us. Let us help you make your marriage work. Don't act on impulse," Alice added before I could answer.

"I know that our Charles hasn't been a great husband to you, but marriage is a big deal. You can't just drop it like a hot potato."

“Mom, Grandma, I’m not in love with anybody right now. If I were, I would’ve already brought him home and introduced him to you. Charles and I have reached a consensus. We will break up amicably.”

The Moore family had been taking care of me since they took me in. They protected me like their own flesh and blood. I understood that they only wanted to make me stay, but the more they did, the more I did not want to hurt

them

They raised me and gave me a home I could call my own. Before them, I was an orphan and alone in the world. I owed them my life, and I had always believed that the only way for me to repay them was to give them my life completely and unconditionally.

Truth be told, I did not want to let go of Charles, but I did not want to stand in the way of his happiness either. If Rita was the love of his life, then I would gladly leave the picture and let them be happy.

“Look what you’ve done, Charles! You’ve hurt your wife so much that she wants to leave you!” Seeing that I insisted on the divorce, Lawrence growled at his son. Charles only averted his gaze.

He just sat there and did not say anything.

“This is our fault. We shouldn’t have forced you two to get married in the first place,”

Christine muttered.

“No, Mom. This is my fault. I should’ve taught my son better about treating his wife well,” Alice chimed in, comforting Christine and giving Charles a stern look.

The next moment, Charles’s phone rang, making all the heads turn toward him. An eerie silence followed. Everyone just waited for Charles to pick up his phone.

Rita really had a knack for calling in the most inconvenient of times.

Michael’s serene expression turned into one of indignation. He narrowed his eyes at Charles and commanded, “Let’s eat. That phone call can wait.”

“Rita is not in good health. I should be with her, or she will be scared and worried sick Charles calmly declared as if he was not at afraid of his grandfather’s possible reaction

Then, he picked up his phone and walked out.

“If you leave right now, young man, don’t bother coming back. That woman may be ill, but she’s not in immediate danger. All she’s doing is keeping you away from your wife and your family. She’s turning you into a puppy dog that she can

summon whenever she needs comfort. Have you no dignity?" Michael said all of that in one single furious breath.

"Leave him be, Michael. Charles doesn't know how to cherish the right person, and he will sorely regret it soon enough. No need to stress yourself out because of him." Christine gently patted her husband on the shoulder and calmed him down.

I just sat there and kept quiet until I heard Charles's car speed away.

After a while, Michael spoke again. "Christine, will you please go upstairs and get Charles and Scarlett's marriage certificate?"

"What? I thought you wanted to talk about this another day," Christine said in shock.

"Scarlett is a good girl. We've already stolen three years of her life by marrying her to our stupid grandson. She deserves to be hap and free, and even if she doesn't end up w Charles, she'll always be a part of our family!

"Very well." Christine flashed me a reluctant look, and then a weak smile curled her lips. She slowly rose from her seat and went upstairs to get our marriage certificate.

Ten minutes later, I left the mansion with the piece of paper I had come for. I should be elated, but I was not. Our elders had been worried about us, and I knew that they never

wanted our marriage to crumble like this.

But the inevitability of it all sent all of our worlds into a standstill tonight, and now we had to wait for time to take the edge off our sadness and grief.

As soon as I was left alone with my thoughts again, I wondered if I had made the right decision agreeing to divorce my nominal husband

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 14

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Chapter 14 A Sleepless Night

Charles's POV:

I called it. Whenever I set foot in our family's mansion, I got unresolved issues thrown at my face and then I ended up leaving in the worst of moods. There had been no single instance where I had left with a smile.

I sat on the edge of Rita's bed and recalled what happened just now. I felt so upset that I considered smashing something.

A few moments later, my phone beeped. It was a message from Scarlett.

"I've got our marriage certificate." I had to read the message thrice to make sure that I was not imagining it.

It was the most offensive text message I had ever received to date. I clicked on the photo that followed the message. It was taken on the day of Scarlett and I's wedding.

In the photo, we were standing very close to each other. While Scarlett had on one of those cute, squinty smiles that she put on

whenever she was delighted about something, I was frowning like a boy who had been dragged into some activity that he did not want to do

She must be very happy that day when she married me.

I gently ran my thumb over her face in the photo and found myself falling in a vortex of mixed feelings. How could a cheerful little daisy like Scarlett suddenly turn into a thorny rose?

I was not prepared to see her so determined to get out of my life.

"Did you quarrel with your family again?" Sensing the negative energy with which must be bombarding her, Rita opened her eyes and spoke in a weak voice.

"Yes," I replied.

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I'm the reason you're always fighting with your family. If it weren't for me, you'd be at peace with them. I'm a burden to you." Rita covered her face with her hands and started sobbing. 3

"No. Of course it's not your fault. Don't think too much. It's just that Scarlett asked Grandpa for our marriage certificate earlier." |

put away my phone and held her hand in mine

"Did she get it then?" Her eyes instantly lit up.

"Yes," I answered.

But the happy and excited look on Rita's face did not make me feel good at all. It only reminded me of the unshakable resolve in Scarlett's eyes when she asked my grandfather for our marriage certificate.

At that moment, I realized how she would do anything to break away from me.

I had two women in my life. One of them yearned to divorce me while the other was desperate to marry me.

But what about me?

What did I want?

I suddenly came to the horrible realization that I had no idea what I wanted. Everyone else seemed to be sure of their choices while I mindlessly drifted in a sea of mine.

But I understood that I was at that point where whatever choice made would not serve my own agenda. I promised Rita that I would marry her after I divorced Scarlett.

It was the least I could do for her, to fulfill her dying wish and put a perfect ending to her short life.

However, it was not a choice that put me in high spirits. After Rita fell asleep, I left the hospital and went for a ride.

I drove my white Maybach like a drunk, heartbroken teenager who felt lost and confused.

I cruised around aimlessly for a while.

Then, I found myself pulling up in front of the villa where Scarlett lived. I rolled down my window and stared at the light in her bedroom.

What was she doing at this time?

She must already be asleep with a satisfied smile on her face because she finally got our marriage certificate. Otherwise, she would not have sent me a message that soon.

She was overjoyed because it was only a matter of time before she could finally divorce

1. me.

The idea annoyed me so much that I lit up a cigarette and took a deep drag. It was the only way left to help me calm down.

Scarlett's POV

I don't have to work that morning, so instead of rushing to the company, I decided I would go to the nearby breakfast place from the villa and grab a bite to eat. I was extra cheery because I had finally gotten our marriage certificate. A little more time and this would all be over

But before I could go far, a familiar white Maybach caught my attention.

“What are you doing here?” I walked over to check on Charles and noticed the pile of cigarette butts scattered beside the car. Judging from the number of cigarette butts, I had guessed that he had been sitting there all night. I looked at him with wide eyes.

He was still wearing the clothes he wore yesterday, and the stubble on his face and his bloodshot eyes told me that he had not gotten

any sleep

“I just got here. Those cigarette butts aren’t mine,” he explained nonchalantly. 1

“Okay.” All I could think about at that moment was that my soon-to-be ex-husband was so excited to divorce me that he camped out in his car all night just to drag me to the lawyer’s

office at first light.

“Do you mind if I go get some breakfast first before we go to the lawyer’s office?” I pointed to the breakfast place not far away. I thought he could at least let me eat before formally wrecking our marriage.

“Get in the car,” Charles looked up at me and said firmly.

I hesitated for a while. He did not really answer my question, so I had no idea if we were getting breakfast or heading to the lawyer’s office. Finally, I gave up and just got in the car.

As we passed by the breakfast place, I caught a whiff of the delicious food they served there. I looked out the window and saw the owner handing a cup of coffee to a customer. Charles did not stop, so I guessed there was no breakfast for me.

“You always buy breakfast at that place?” Charles suddenly asked.

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you just make it yourself?”

“I don’t know how.”

I was an orphan and then an adopted

daughter of the Moore family. I grew up in a sheltered household where everything was done for me. Life skills were not a priority to learn.

Charles did not say anything more after that and just focused on driving.

But he did not take me to the lawyer's office to file our divorce. Instead, he took me to his apartment.

"I thought we're going to file our divorce right now. Why are we at your place?" I swept my eyes over the luxury apartment district where Charles lived. It was so fancy that ordinary people could not afford even the bathrooms here.

"Let me make you some breakfast first Charles answered perfunctorily.

He got out of the car and went to open my door for me. I watched his face carefully. He seemed to be walking on air today, and once again, it confused me.

Well, maybe he was just feeling as on a high as I was. After all, he could finally legally dump me today and marry the woman of his dreams.

"Is making me breakfast your way of buttering me up before divorcing me?" I asked with a smile.

"Think whatever you want," Charles replied, a shadow passing over his face.

I kept silent after that and just followed him into the gated community. The valet at the entrance bowed to Charles and greeted him, took his car keys, and went to park the car.

We went up to Charles's apartment. I sat on the sofa while Charles headed to the kitchen and started making breakfast. I watched him as he cooked and thought that Rita was a very lucky woman. She was going to marry a good man. He had an impressive family background and excellent upbringing. He was easy on the eyes, and he could cook. What more could a woman ask for?

No wonder Rita went to great lengths to be with him.

Before long, Charles was setting the table. He made a delicious-looking ham and egg sandwich that smelled divine. My mouth instantly watered the moment I laid eyes on

For a moment, I forgot all about the fact that I would no longer be his wife soon. That was probably the difference between letting go

and not letting go.

Charles lowered his head and focused on eating his breakfast. Then, he suddenly said, "If you really want to work, you can come work in my company."

"You want your ex-wife to come work for you? Aren't you afraid of being the topic of office gossip?" I thought we were finally having a peaceful moment, but when Charles brought up the idea of us working together in the same office, I almost completely lost my appetite.

"I don't care about that. Just consider it, will you?" Charles looked straight into my eyes. He still looked so exhausted. I almost felt sorry for him.

"I like my job, Charles. I appreciate your offer, but I want to stay where I am now. And don't forget that we're getting divorced soon. I think it'll be easier for both of us if we stop interfering in each other's affairs as early as now," I explained as calmly as I could.

"Can you stop bringing up the divorce every chance you get?" Charles put down his sandwich and then looked up at me with a sullen expression

"Can you stop interfering with my life?" | met

his gaze. I was asking sincerely. I was not trying to challenge him.

Charles averted his eyes and took a deep breath. We sat there in silence as the tension that hung above us grew. I was not sure what he would do next, but knowing Charles, I was certain that he would not give up control without a bloodbath of a fight. I was honestly surprised that he had not lashed out on me yet.

But it was obvious that he was desperately holding on to the last slivers of his patience, which I could easily snap with the right words and tone.

Before Charles could do anything, the doorbell rang.

"Could it be Rita?" She was the first perso that I thought of. She was the only one who would show up at Charles's apartment at this hour

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 15

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 15 A Kiss

Scarlett's POV:

"Rita is in the hospital." Charles obviously did not intend to open the door.

The doorbell rang again as if it would never stop unless the door was opened. It seemed that the unexpected visitor was a stubborn person. If it were not Rita, then who else could it be?

Charles turned his head toward the door and frowned. He seemed to already know who was standing outside.

"Okay. I'm not sticking around to find out who that is. I'm going to hide out somewhere." | stood up and tried to find a place to hide.

Even though Charles and I were only having breakfast and had not done anything that crossed the line, I still did not want to cause any trouble.

Charles looked at me with a complicated look in his eyes. Then, he walked toward the door. He strode over so fast that I was not able to hide.

“Hi, Charles.”

The first thing Rita did after Charles opened the door was look over his shoulder into the living room. She spotted me right away by the dining table.

They were not married yet, but I was already regarding them as a couple, and I was the outsider who should not be in Charles’s apartment at this time of day. That was how I felt whenever I was around them.

Charles stood at the door as if he was blocking Rita’s passage. Rita said lightly, “Charles, why are you standing in my way like that? Are you hiding another woman in there that you don’t want me to meet?”

“Only Scarlett is here,” Charles said calmly and then moved aside to let Rita in.

Rita came in and asked me with a smile, “Hello, Scarlett. What are you doing here so early? Is there a problem?”

“Why don’t you ask Charles?” Rita was asking a question that she already knew the answer to, and I was not going to fall for it. I really could not stand the pretentious air that she put on, so I diverted the question to Charles and let him deal with it.

Charles fixed his eyes on Rita’s white high heeled shoes and muttered, “We’re discussing going to the law firm later to file the divorce.”

“And?” Rita seemed to think of something. Then, she turned to me and said in a sickeningly sweet voice, “Scarlett, we have known each other for a long time. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask me. I will do anything in my power to help you.”

Her tone and body language gave her away. She was marking her territory. She was telling me not to meet with her future husband behind her back.

“Thanks for the offer, but I can file my own divorce, thank you very much,” I retorted, reining in my annoyance.

I did not want to stay any longer, so I grabbed my purse and headed for the door. When I passed by Rita, she held my hand and flashed me her best puppy dog face.

“I mean it, Scarlett. You’re like family to me, and I’m really sorry you and Charles didn’t work out. But you have to understand that love can’t be forced. Love should be mutual in order for it to be real. The more you hold on to what’s not meant for you, the more you delay what is. You don’t want to waste your

time on someone who's in somebody else, do you?" 2

love with

"Don't worry, Rita. After Charles and I divorce, he's all yours. I'm not going to try and chase after him." Rita truly fancied herself a great actress, but I was not in the mood to be in one of her scenes.

"Oh, sweetie, that's not what I meant. I truly want you to be happy." Rita looked at me as if I were the one who wronged her.

"Well, thanks. Have a nice life, too." I felt so disgusted that I wanted to throw up.

"I apologize if I touched a sore spot. I won't speak of it anymore, but if you need help with anything, my door is always open. Please remember that."

Rita spoke to me as if I were one of her closest friends from way back, but in truth, she was just establishing her dominance.

In Charles's home, she was the queen, and I was the enemy that she wanted to keep close. She was acting like Charles's dainty little girlfriend, but with the right motivation, she would sink her claws into him and chain him to her side.

She thought that I could not see through her

schemes, but I could smell them from a mile away. Having had enough of her little show, I marched out of Charles's apartment and never looked back.

As I saw myself out, I heard Charles bark at Rita, "Stay here and wait for me to come back."

It was a stern order that Charles uttered in a voice I had never heard him use before.

But then again, I did not have to care anymore.

I walked to the elevator and waited for it to arrive. When I heard footsteps approaching me, I pumped the down button anxiously. All I could think about was how much I wanted to get out of there.

My tolerance for Charles and Rita today had already run out.

Thanks to my bad luck, Charles caught up with me before the elevator arrived. Before he could say anything, I muttered, "I'm going home to get the marriage certificate. I forgot to bring it with me."

Charles did not say anything for a long time. After what felt like an eternity, he finally said, "Rita's never been here before. I've never told

her about this place.”

If that were true, then that meant Rita was stalking her own boyfriend, which I found pathetic

Then, I remembered that she bumped into me at the restaurant near the TV station on my first day at work.

What if she were following me that day, too? What a crafty woman! She had been shadowing me and Charles all along.

But I did not understand why Charles would keep a secret from Rita. Why did he not tell her about this place when he was supposed to be head-over-heels in love with her and was desperate to marry her? I turned around and watched him carefully.

“The apartment is under your name. It’s written in the agreement,” Charles said. So that was it? He did not tell Rita about this place because it belonged to me?

“Oh, I see.” So Charles was not trying to keep secrets from Rita after all.

The next moment, the elevator doors whirred open. I was about to walk in when Charles suddenly grabbed my hand.

He pushed me into the elevator and trapped me in a corner. My heart leapt to my throat as he held me by the jaw and crashed his lips into mine.

He kissed me so deeply that I gasped for air.

I braced my hands on his chest and tried to push him away, but the more I tried to break free from his grasp, the more he pushed his body against mine. I kept my eyes wide open, and I watched pain, guilt, and passion twist the fine contours of his face.

I was practically punching him away, but all my efforts ended up in vain.

He did not stop until my phone rang. He let go of me, caught his breath, and apologized, “I’m so sorry, Scarlett. I couldn’t fight it anymore.”

As my eyes burned with tears, I shoved him away and slapped him across the face. I pointed a finger at him and screamed, “Screw you, Charles!”

He was the one who served me with divorce papers my first day back home. What the hell was he doing trapping me in an elevator and then kissing me?

What did he think of me? Some bimbo he

could have fun with whenever he grew tired of his sick girlfriend?

Before the elevator doors closed, Charles stepped out. He stood there and looked at me with such a dejected expression. I hurriedly wiped my tears away as they fell.

I closed the elevator doors as Charles ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. As the elevator went down, I fished my phone out of my purse and checked my call log. Then, I wiped my mouth on the back of my hand.

I got a missed call from Abner and a text message.

"It's raining today. I can pick you up if you need a ride to work later."

"No, thanks. I can manage." 0

I refused directly. Now I planned to get back home, get our marriage certificate, and file for divorce. I was done being caught up between Charles and Rita. Time to break free. 1

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