

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 146

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Chapter 146 Are You Still Going To Hold The Wedding

Charles' POV:

As soon as I heard what Rita said, my mind went blank.

I then thought of what had happened before and arrived at an answer.

"Is it true?" I asked in a serious tone, looking at Scarlett. 1

Although I knew the answer to that question, I still wanted to hear it from her.

Crumpling her hem in her hands, Scarlett took a deep breath, and said, "It is."

"How long has it been since you got pregnant?"

"A few weeks now. It's that night of Valentine's day."

"Why didn't you tell me before? *Were* you afraid that I might not want the baby?" I looked at her, my heart filled with disappointment.

She had hidden her pregnancy from me for so long, and she had also refused the wedding. Thinking about it, I could not help but get angry.

"I don't want the baby to affect your decisions." Scarlett continued to keep her head down, looking stubborn and pitiful at the same time. 2

After a long silence, I said to her lightly, "You should go back and rest." Ignoring the surprised look in her eyes, I turned to Spencer and said, "Please send her back home for me, will you?" (This novel will be daily updated at)

"Are you mad at me?" Scarlett asked me in a voice that was filled with grievance.

"Now that you're pregnant, you need to rest well." I softened my tone as I stroked her head.

Seeing that she had no intention of leaving, I added, "You go back first. I'll be back after I take care of things here."

"Tomorrow... Are we still going to hold a wedding ceremony?" Scarlett looked at me nervously as she tightened her grip on the hemline of her dress.

I held her cold hand and said firmly, "Tomorrow, I'll pick you up early in the morning and marry you."

Before she left, Scarlett looked at Rita and said indifferently, "My father made a mistake by trusting his friends too much, and your father is a scumbag. He used his friend to violate the law. (This novel will be daily updated at) He can't get away with it."

Scarlett then turned to me with a nervous look in her eyes. And I gave her a reassuring look before she walked away.

As soon as she left, Rita sat down next to me, and asked eagerly, "Charles, didn't you know that Scarlett is pregnant?"

I drank alone, without answering her.

"Charles has always wanted a daughter. Now, his wish can be fulfilled," David said with a smile.

"I can also give you a baby, Charles. You can have as many babies as you want, with me!" Rita whispered in my ear, and it was obvious how anxious she was. 4

I kept silent for a long time before I slammed the glass on the table with a loud bang.

"I'm going to be a father," I roared happily, looking at everyone, except Rita.

"Charles, I think you still need to find out whether Scarlett's child is yours or not," Rita reminded me.

"Scarlett is nothing like you." I gave her a cold glare and moved away. Clearly, I wanted to keep my distance from her. (This novel will be daily updated at) I completely despised her now.

"Pour me some wine to celebrate this good news! I'm going to be a father." Seeing that I was in a bright and cheerful mood, everyone raised their glasses to celebrate the wonderful news.

"Charles, as far as I know, Scarlett is having an affair with her colleague. Please calm down and don't let her deceive you." Rita was still trying to confuse right with wrong, and my good mood was ruined because of her. 3

"You all drink to your heart's content and enjoy yourselves today. It's my treat," I said flatly before I stood up, about to leave.

However, Rita caught up with me and stopped me.

"Do you really want to marry Scarlett?" she asked me in tears. 2 (This novel will be daily updated at)

"Yes, I am." | nodded without hesitation and warned her, "Don't follow me anymore. I don't want Scarlett to misunderstand me."

"But Scarlett doesn't love you at all," Rita screamed hysterically, standing behind me.

I stopped in my tracks and retorted coldly, "I can feel her love on my own."

Leaving her alone, I strode away from there.

Scarlett's POV:

On my way home, I kept thinking about what Charles would think of the baby. Although he promised me that the wedding would be held as scheduled, I still felt uneasy. And I began to regret hiding the truth from him.

My mind was lost in various conjectures and fantasies.

'Will he really marry me?

Is he going to be angry that I didn't tell him about the pregnancy?

Why did he stay behind in the club?

What is he going to do to Rita?'

These doubts haunted my brain. I really wanted to call him and ask him what was on his mind, but I could not because I was afraid that he might give me an answer that I did not want to hear.

I thought about it for a long time before I fell asleep.

The next morning, the make-up artist came and helped me with my makeup.

"Scarlett, you look so stunning today. Obviously, women are the prettiest on their wedding days." Nina couldn't help praising me as she sat down beside me. 2

"You will also have a wedding of your own in the future," I answered absent-mindedly. "Were you too excited last night that you didn't have a good rest? You don't look too well," she asked with concern.

"Nothing. I just feel a little tired. *Maybe*, it's because I got up too early."

To set her mind at rest, I forced a smile.

"Then you'd better rest while you get ready or you will only end up feeling more exhausted later," Nina said lovingly before she covered me with a blanket.

I closed my eyes, but I could not stop thinking about Charles and Rita. After my make-up was done, Ethan's assistant brought me the wedding dress.. As soon as I put it on, I felt like the waist part of the dress was a little looser.

"I think that the wedding dress is much looser than before. It doesn't seem like the size we discussed last time," I said to Ethan in confusion.

"Your husband called me last night and asked me to widen the waist." Ethan massaged his eyebrows tiredly with a helpless shrug. 2

When I heard those words, I was moved. Charles was indeed considerate.

Once everything was ready, Charles came to pick me up. 1

Our wedding ceremony was going to be held on an island.

In order to surprise me, Charles didn't allow me to see the island before the wedding. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)Although I had heard that it was a stunningly beautiful place, when I first saw it, I was moved as it beyond my expectation. It was not hard to imagine how much effort he had put into the wedding ceremony.

The wedding ceremony began, and I held Lawrence's hand as I walked towards Charles.

I stared at him. He was dressed in a tuxedo with his hair slicked back, which made him look more mature and charming.

"You have to love Scarlett with all your heart and your soul. Don't piss her off anymore. You have to protect her and not let her suffer any grievances. You should remember the traditions of our Moore family," Lawrence reminded his son eagerly while holding my hand.

Charles looked at me firmly. "I will love her and take care of her for the rest of our lives. I won't let her suffer even the slightest amount of pain, and I will love her more than I love myself." 2

Upon hearing those words, my eyes instantly turned red and teary. I was deeply touched.

Lawrence then put my hand in Charles' hand with satisfaction.

Charles looked at me tenderly.

The priest asked, "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do." Charles interrupted the priest before he could even finish his words.

And I found that to be quite funny.

“Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?” the priest asked me.

“I do,” I interrupted him, just like Charles did.

“Oh, it looks like you two can’t wait to get married. You may exchange rings now,” the priest said with a smile.

Charles and I put a ring on each other’s finger before he lifted my veil and kissed me on the forehead. 5

All the warm blessings and cheers from our close friends and relatives made me tear up again.

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Chapter 147 Drugged Water

Scarlett’s POV:

As the crowd cheered and gave us their blessings, I threw out the bouquet. When I turned around, I noticed that Nina was in Abner’s arms as she caught the bouquet and lost her balance.

Everyone cheered again. Nina’s face turned as red as an apple.

“It seems that you two are destined to be together,” I bantered.

Nina’s face turned even redder. She immediately got out of Abner’s arms, feeling embarrassed. The crowd whistled and hooted at them.

The atmosphere felt great, and it could be seen in everyone’s eyes how much they were enjoying.

Charles and I exchanged glances and couldn’t help but smile, too.

At lunch time, everyone was singing and dancing, and the ambiance was quite convivial.

Spencer invited me to dance, and I willingly accepted.

As I danced with him, he told me so many stupid things that Charles had done during his childhood. (This novel will be daily updaed at)I swore, I had never laughed so hard in my life.

The moment I turned around, Charles pulled me away.

The crowd hooted once more. "Looks like the bridegroom is jealous!"

"I've been watching you dance since you were a child. Nobody dances better than you. You can dance whenever you want, and I'll always dance with you," Charles whispered in my ear as he wrapped his arms around my waist.

I looked back at him and smiled. It turned out that he remembered that I learned to dance as a child.

"Anytime, really? What about the time when we are quarreling?" I asked. "Ah, it's fine! We'll patch things up after the dance." Charles looked at me with affection.

"What if we break up?" I asked when I saw the happiness in his eyes.

"We're not going to break up. To be precise, we'll never get divorced. I won't let you have that opportunity!" Charles retorted.

"What happened last night..." I wanted to say something, but stopped midsentence.

"We'll talk about that later," he responded as he pinched my nose.

The entire day, everyone celebrated our wedding through dancing and singing. Soon, night fell. The moon was riding high in the sky, and it illuminated the night.

The crowd didn't get tired even though it was night. On the contrary, they were even livelier than this morning.

Charles held my hand and took me to the tent that he had prepared.

The moment I entered, I noticed that there were all kinds of daily necessities inside it. Surprised, I turned to him for an answer.

But he just pursed his lips and kept silent. He took off his tuxedo and unbuttoned the buttons on his sleeves and collar.

Feeling nervous, I took a step back and swallowed. Charles and I stood across the bathtub. He stared at my belly and his face became serious.

"I'm so fucking stupid," he cursed while looking at me. "You know, I hate being lied to the most. Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"

Upon hearing that, my heart tightened. I looked at him, and said in a flirtatious voice, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Please don't be mad at me anymore, okay? I told you that I was afraid you'd feel obligated to stay with me because of the baby, so I didn't tell you."

"I don't think you trust me enough," he said, still wearing a sad face.

"It's not that I don't trust you; it's just that I don't want to affect your judgment," I explained. However, Charles didn't seem convinced.

"My husband is a gracious man, I'm sure. He's not going to get mad about what I did. So, please, honey... just forgive me. I'll listen to whatever you say from now on."

I did my best to say as many nice words as I could to please him. Soon, his face softened.

"Have I passed your test now?" Charles finally broke his silence.

I smiled at him and nodded solemnly.

He strode over to me and held me in his arm. As punishment, he bit my lip and said, "No matter what I say, you'll listen to me, okay?"

"Of course!" I nodded eagerly.

"Since you did something wrong, you should be punished."

He chuckled, placed his right hand at the back of my head, and pressed me against the wall. Then, he pulled me towards him and placed his left arm around my waist.

Soon, I lost my balance and fell into his embrace. Charles' face was inches to mine and he was snickering. I accidentally kissed him.

I glared at him, annoyed and embarrassed. A smile appeared on his lips, and he pinched the back of my waist. When I scoffed at him, he took the opportunity to slide his tongue into my mouth.

Moments later, Charles whispered to my ear, "Can we do it?"

At this point, I was basically panting.

All of a sudden, I heard Spencer's voice coming from outside. "Hey, Charles! Come out here for a drink. You can have sex later. You have all the time in the world."

Charles frowned and gritted his teeth. I could tell that he wanted to tear Spencer apart.

"Don't drink too much." I pushed Charles away and chuckled.

"I'll mete out your punishment later." He planted a kiss on my lips, straightened his clothes, and left.

After he left, I turned on the bathtub's faucet to prepare for a bath.

Once I was finish running the bath, the tent opened up.

Rita came in with a bottle of water in hand. I frowned at her, wary of what she might do. O

"How dare you barge into this tent?" | glared at her, showing her my vigilance.

"I'm just here to send you my best wishes and to have a drink with you.(This novel will be daily updaed at)" Rita poured two glasses of water and looked up at me.

But I just stood there, silent and observing her. The first thing I noticed was the wound on her wrist.

Rita handed me a glass of water, but I just frowned at her and decided not to take it.

Instead of getting angry, she clinked the glasses of water by herself. Then, she glanced at the large bed with rose petals littered over it.

"Do you have any idea what I've done to win Charles over?" She smiled while glancing at my wedding bed blankly.

"I'm willing to sacrifice my life for him. That's how far I'll go. Even if everyone thinks I'm cheap, shameless, and downright foolish, I never wavered; not even once! I can do anything and everything, as long as I can win him over." Rita paused for a moment just to look at me with contempt. "What about you? What can you do for him? Are you willing to die for him as well?"

"You've gone to extremes just so you could have him. I don't think that's love." | sneered at her with disdain, offering her no shred of sympathy. I

"May you two grow old together." Rita chuckled before handing me the glass of water. "Here, have a drink and accept my blessing."

"I don't need your blessing," I responded.

"Look, if you drink this glass of water, I will never pester Charles again. I'll stay as far away from both of you for as long as I live."

"Wow! You must have an inflated self-esteem, don't you?" | shook my head, still refusing her offer.

"I'm afraid there's one thing you don't know. Your mother and my father used to be in a relationship. That means there's a small probability that you and I are half-sisters," she answered.

"That's impossible! My parents are each other's first love. Nate just held an unrequited love for my mother." I tried to stay calm, but in reality, I was fazed by this revelation.

“Whether it’s true or not, you won’t even consider taking the water I’m trying to give you. Are you scared of something, Scarlett?” Rita glared at me.

I looked her dead in the eye, took the glass, and put it away.

All of a sudden, she walked towards me. I instinctively covered my belly, and backed away from her. But because of my long gown, I tripped over. Rita took this opportunity to corner me against the wall.

“What are you going to do?” I struggled to break free, casting her a stern glare. I was starting to panic, because I was scared she would do something to my child.

Rita grabbed my hands, and slowly picked up the glass as her face became vicious.

“You need to drink this water.” It seemed as though she wanted to force me to gulp it down.

“Let me go!” I shouted. However, Rita just tightened her grasp on me. 2

“Today is your God damned wedding night! All I want to do is to congratulate you. What are you so afraid of?” Rita broke into a maniacal laughter while trying to put the glass close to my mouth. 1

I exerted every strength I had to push her away and I managed to do it. This caused the glass to fall to the floor.

Rita stumbled due to how strongly I shoved her. I was so scared that I leaned against the wall; practically hyperventilating.

Suddenly, she rose to her feet and tried to drown me in the bathtub.

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Chapter 148 Do You Even Deserve My Trust

Scarlett’s POV:

Rita tried to drown me in the bathtub. As a result, my clothes became soaking wet and clung to my body.

I tried to get up, but she pinned me down with all her strength.

In a fit of panic, I grabbed her leg and clenched it as tightly as I could. Rita groaned in pain and unconsciously loosened her grip on me. While she was distracted, I took the opportunity to turn the tables.

"You're not here to congratulate me but to kill me, are you?" I asked with a sneer. I was out of breath after fighting for my life just now.

"I want you to die with your child!" Rita admitted without a second thought.

While I was tussling with her, I heard Richard's voice behind me. "What are you doing?" he asked incredulously

Flustered, I let go of Rita.

She stood up and knelt at my feet, gasping for breath. To my surprise, she grabbed my leg and pleaded weakly, "Scarlett, please don't do this. I'll leave now."

However, I was unmoved. I raised my foot, intending to kick this hypocrite in front of me.

But before I could kick her, Richard went out of the tent and ordered to the people outside, "GO and find Charles."

Unexpectedly, Rita grabbed her own neck tightly and did not let go until she almost knocked herself unconscious.

She collapsed on the edge of the bathtub and looked at me with a cunning smile.

A few moments later, Charles entered the tent and looked at me up and down. Then, he put his coat over my shoulders and asked with a frown, "What's going on?"

"Rita broke in," Richard replied with his head lowered to the ground.

Charles looked at Rita and pointed at her neck. "Scarlett strangled her?" he asked in disbelief.

I looked at Charles with utter disappointment.

"She strangled herself," I scoffed. I felt wronged. How could he suspect me of doing such a horrible thing?

"Scarlett, you've been caught in the act. How could you lie?" Rita looked at me wide-eyed and even forced a cough to make her believable.

"You know yourself who's lying between us," I said through gritted teeth.

At that moment, Rita turned to Richard pitifully and asked, "You saw everything, right? Scarlett almost drowned me to death."

However, Richard looked into her eyes and replied with a straight face, "I didn't see anything when I came in."

I looked at him in astonishment. When he came in, he definitely saw me pressing Rita down in the bathtub.

Richard was defending me! I cast a meaningful glance at him, grateful that he had taken my side.

Charles looked at Richard with furrowed brows and ordered, "Take Rita out."

"No, I won't go," Rita protested, "Charles, trust me. I came here to give Scarlett my best wishes. But when she saw me, she suddenly flew into a rage." I

"Get out!" Charles repeated, unmoved.

"I won't leave. I'll stay here and seek justice for what that woman has done. I almost died. Are you just going to turn a blind eye to it?" Rita wiped her tears as she spoke. If I had not known her, I would have pitied her. She looked pathetic.

Suddenly, Richard stepped forward and dragged her away without a word.

"What are you doing? Let go of me! You bastard. How could you betray me? (This novel will be daily updated at)Since when did you join Scarlett's side? Why did you just stand there and do nothing when she tried to kill

me?"

As Rita was unwilling to leave, the security guards surrounded her. This shut her up. Now, she had no choice but to follow Richard out.

The tent quieted down once Rita was gone.

Now, Charles and I were the only ones left in the tent. He looked at my dripping wet clothes and advised with concern, "Change your clothes now, or you'll catch a cold."

Just as he was about to help me take off my clothes, I slapped his hands away. "Don't touch me if you don't believe me."

"I believe you. Let's talk about it later, okay? Right now, you should change your clothes first. You should think of our child even when you're mad," Charles persuaded me.

"Get out. I don't want to see you right now." I pushed him out as I spoke when, all of a sudden, he caught sight of the scratch on my arm.

Charles pointed at it and asked, "What happened to your arm?"

I put my arm behind my back and answered sarcastically, "I did it to myself."

Upon hearing this, Charles moved closer and whispered, "You're so cruel to yourself. Are you going to scratch me like that in the future?"

"What's wrong with you? Now's not the time to mess around!" I yelled in a fit of anger.

"Don't be mad at me anymore. Does it hurt?" Charles kissed my arm, which took me aback.

"What are you doing?" I withdrew my hand, embarrassed.

"It won't hurt anymore if I kiss it. Now, Scarlett, please don't be mad at me anymore." Charles held me in his arms as soon as he finished speaking.

However, I was not in the mood for his sweet talks. I turned my face away and muttered, (This novel will be daily updated at) "You'd rather believe Rita than me. You think I tried to strangle her."

"I didn't. I'll always be on your side. I was just asking, that's all."

"If I hadn't fought back, she would've drowned me to death!"

"Yes. You did a great job for defending yourself. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left you alone here."

Although Charles had acknowledged his faults, I was still quite annoyed with him. I pushed him away with my remaining strength and did not let him get near me.

But he did not give up. He reached out and tried to pull me into his arms.

I pushed him away yet again and turned my face to one side. "Don't touch me."

"You're my lawfully wedded wife. Of course, I can touch you. Scarlett, don't be mad at me anymore." Charles coaxed me as he unzipped my dress.

I felt a chill on my back, so I grabbed my dress to cover my body. But then, he grabbed my hands, and my dress fell to the floor. I shivered with cold, but he wrapped me in his warm embrace.

"Are you still cold?" Charles asked with concern. I felt his warm breath in my ears, and it somehow warmed me up.

"Let... Let me go," I pleaded in trembling voice.

"It's cold, and you're naked," Charles reminded. Judging from the tone of his voice, he was feeling sorry for me. But then, his hands began to wander around my body.

"Scarlett, please don't be mad at me anymore. I missed you so much," Charles whispered in my ear and gently kissed the back of my neck.

My body tensed up, amusing Charles. "You want it, don't you?" on the bed.

He kissed me on the lips passionately. His mouth then trailed down my collarbone and then chest and stomach. But when he reached the lower part of my body, I instinctively grabbed his arm to stop him.

Charles looked at me with a gentle smile. "Are you scared?"

"Don't..."

"Scarlett, you only make it harder for me to calm down when you're looking at me like that. (This novel will be daily updated at)" Charles put his hand on his forehead and took a deep breath.

I looked down at his crotch. Sure enough, he was as hard as a rock. "I... Let me help you..."

"Believe me, Scarlett. I want to have sex with you right now, but I can't. You're pregnant. As the father of your child, I have to endure it." Charles kissed my waist as he restrained his burning desire. 3

All of a sudden, something occurred to me. I pushed him away and said in serious tone, "Bring Rita here. I think that glass of water was poisoned."

"Don't worry. I'll send someone to deal with it," Charles reassured in a low voice while kissing

1.

"I want to deal with it myself," I insisted.

Charles stood up and brought me a change of clothes.

I immediately put it on.

"Do you even deserve my trust?"

"We're married."

"You don't trust me," I retorted when I remembered that he had suspected me.

"I'm sorry for what happened just now. I'll have someone bring Rita in."

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Chapter 149 The Truth Of Miscarriage

Scarlett's POV: Not long after, Richard brought Rita in. She focused her attention on the glass of water on the table.

"Do you want to drink it?" asked Charles.

Rita nodded, ready to take the glass.

But I picked it up before she could grab it.

"Didn't you give this to me?" Right after I said that, I smiled at her, and Rita's face turned grim.

"Charles, believe me when I say this; I came here to give you my best wishes. That's all," said Rita. "Is that so?" Charles placed his phone on the table. As I listened to the sound coming from the phone, I realized that it was a video of what happened after Rita broke into our tent. I stared at Charles, shocked by this matter. He actually installed surveillance cameras in the tent.

Charles looked back at me. I could tell that he had guessed what was on my mind, so he nodded towards the bathtub.

I followed his gaze and saw a camera just above the bathtub. 1

A frown appeared on my face as I looked at him. 'Why on earth is a camera above the bathtub? What was he trying to record?'

"It's for fun,' Charles mouthed with a naughty wink.

I frowned at him to express my dissatisfaction.

The video showed Rita trying to drown me in the tub. In a fit of panic, she began to defend herself. "Charles, no! You have to believe me. Scarlett wants something more than just to be *Mrs. Moore!*"

"Oh? Then, what else does she want?" asked Charles.

"Your heart. Nothing more, nothing less," I responded before Rita could get another word in. I could see the joy in Charles' eyes when he looked at me. "She's lying! Scarlett just wants the wealth of the Moore family for herself!" Rita exclaimed as she glanced at me with disdain.

"Whatever I want has nothing to do with you," I remarked, glancing back at her with equal contempt.

"You created a rift between me and Charles, and yet you say that this has nothing to do with me?"

"Your relationship with him is in the past now. He merely wanted to repay you for saving his life before. Your cheating and betrayal have severely affected our relationship. Once and for all, we should end things between you and Charles."

"What are you planning to do?" Rita asked, swallowing nervously.

"Oh, there's no need to be so agitated, Rita. I just want to figure something out." After pausing for a moment, I asked, "Have you ever slept with Charles?"

Upon hearing this, Rita's eyes widened, but she soon calmed down. "We've done things that a couple normally does."

"I'm asking you if you've slept with him or not. Just answer the damned question!" | growled.

"We..."

"Have you slept with him or not?" I repeated. I was gradually losing my patience, so I was becoming harsher towards her.

"No," Rita said through gritted teeth. Then, she looked at Charles with affectionate eyes. "We may not have slept together yet, but I love Charles more than you do, Scarlett!" "That's enough. I'm done with your tomfoolery!" | raised my hand to interrupt her midsentence. My eyes fell on the water she had offered to me before. "Is there an abortient in this water?"

"Of course, not! It's just an ordinary mineral water." Rita was trying to stay calm.

"I see..." | picked up the glass of water and stared at it carefully.

"Well, if you don't believe me, I'll drink the water," Rita said, ready to grab the glass from my hand.

I moved it away from her and smirked. "Cornered beasts will always do something desperate."

"You're the one doubting my integrity! So, to prove my innocence, I'll drink the water, myself. If nothing happens to me, that just means you've wrongfully accused me," Rita replied anxiously as she scrambled to get the glass.

Just then, someone came in with a medical equipment case. At this point, she was even more agitated than before.

Rita moved forward, but I quickly raised my hand to stop her. "What's the rush? We'll know what's in this glass of water after it's been tested," I said.

Afterwards, I gave the glass of water to the person who came in.

He drew some liquid from the glass using a syringe, turned around, and left.

"Even if there's something wrong with that glass of water, there's a good chance that you planted the drug in it just to frame me." Rita's body was trembling, and her voice was laden with grief. 0

"I have nothing to gain by setting up a loser like that," I replied.

"You looked so calm earlier, and you're clearly trying to hide your guilt. You just don't want to give birth to Charles' baby, do you?" she argued.

"Well, why don't you tell me all your crazy theories while we're waiting?" | cast her a glare to express my contempt.

"On second thought, I'm sure you wanted to have a baby with Charles, so you'd be able to secure his family's wealth by using the baby as a leverage," Rita responded.

"They why would I want to get rid of the baby by drugging myself since it's this important for me?(This novel will be daily updaed at)" | sneered.

"Perhaps part of you still don't want to have this baby, because you know it's not Charles'; it's Abner's!" Rita's eyes lit up and she continued telling us about her analysis. "You're afraid that Charles will one day find out that the child in your womb isn't his, so you planned to fake a miscarriage and pin the blame on me. That way, you'll be get your revenge on me, and be able to protect your good name as Mrs. Moore. Or maybe..."

After a pause, she continued, "Maybe Charles will feel so bad about this matter that he'll treat you even better just to make it up to you."

Upon hearing all of her guesses, I applauded her. They all sounded so viable.

"You're one smart woman, Rita. Is this how you killed your own child? This time, I'll be the one guessing how you lost your baby." As I said that, I paused to look at her and pretended to be surprised. "Did you take an abortient before you came to me?"

Rita stood frozen, seemingly befuddled.

"You're right, Scarlett. I found a medicine box in the car," said Richard. 3 I felt so sorry for him. 'Why did he fall in love with a woman like her?' I wondered.

"You're lying, Richard! None of that happened. Why are you colluding with Scarlett just to set me up?(This novel will be daily updaed at)" Rita argued, and then she added, "Why are you taking her side? Did you sleep with her as well?" 1

"You're insane!" Richard scowled at Rita.

"Why do you sound so guilty? Look, Charles, Scarlett isn't just having an affair with Abner; she's also hooking up with Richard!" Rita remarked as she looked at Charles.

"I'm not blind, nor am I an idiot. That box of abortient in your car was yours," Richard said flatly.

Rita glared at him as her face was distorted by anger.

"Why are you so agitated? I was merely guessing. Once the test result comes out, we will know the truth."

I looked at her for one more time, invoking her ire. Her face turned pale and her fists were trembling at her sides.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 150

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 150 Wedding Night

Scarlett's POV:

I could not hide my amusement when I saw Rita's panic-stricken face. With a sly smile, I brought the glass of water to her.

"You wanted some water, didn't you? Here. Have a drink," I said while handing it over.

Rita slapped my hand and got on her knees.

"Charles, didn't you promise you'd marry me? Why are you in denial of your feelings for me?" Rita sobbed while looking at Charles with tearful eyes. 2

"Indeed. I was in denial of my feelings for Scarlett." Charles looked at me guiltily.

"What-what did you say?" Rita stuttered in disbelief.

Charles did not answer her question. Instead, he sneered and warned her, "You'd better not drug her; otherwise, the Lively Group will fall into crisis."

Rita was in utter shock. She opened her mouth to speak, but no sound came out.

I could not help but sigh as I gazed at Charles's stone-cold expression. 'Wow. Rita has crossed my bottom line again and again, but Charles is still on my side.' With a frown, Charles turned to Richard and pointed at Rita, who was in a daze. "Take her out.

Just as Charles had ordered, Richard dragged Rita out right away. Finally, the commotion had come to an end. Well, at least for now.

Now that only the two of us were left in the room, Charles's demeanor changed. He held my hand and asked gingerly, "Honey, are you still mad at me?" 2

I lowered my head. "Yes."

"Don't worry, honey. I'll get justice for you. I won't let that woman off this time."

I raised my head and looked at him. "Humph! Will you wrongly accuse me like that again?"

"I've heard that pregnant women are sensitive. Now, I can attest to that. Honey, I didn't mean that. I just asked. Anyway, it's my fault for making you unhappy. I'll make it up to you." Charles coaxed me with sweet words. I must admit, it was working.

However, I did not say anything and just pinched his side as hard as I could.

"Honey, you can punish me as you like. But today is our wedding night. Can you forgive me for now? Let's do what we should do first..." Charles kissed me on the cheek, but his hand wandered around my body. Before I knew it, his hands were on my back, trying to unzip my Wedding Night dress.

"Don't..." I tried to stop him, but my body was slowly giving in.

"Honey, I know you're unhappy because of what has just happened. Let me make it up to you." Charles kissed the back of my neck, and it sent shivers down my spine.

I got so weak in my knees, so I grabbed his arms for support.

Impressively, Charles managed to unzip my dress. Now that my breasts were exposed, he fondled them lustfully.

"You... I think you're just comforting yourself," I muttered while glaring at him.

Charles raised his head and stared at me with an aggrieved look on his face. "It's been so long since we last made love. Don't you want it? Well, I know I can't wait to fuck you right now."

My face turned red with embarrassment. The truth was, I wanted it too. But I was worried about our baby. "But... The baby..."

"It'll be fine as long as I'm gentle. Shall we do it, honey?" Charles asked for my consent while kissing me on the neck.

I looked at his bright and pitiful eyes, and my heart softened. How could I saw no to that? "Okay. But be gentle."

"I will." Charles answered, a hint of excitement in his voice. He scooped me in his arms and carried me to the bed.

He then put me down and stripped me off my clothes.

All of a sudden, a cold breeze came in. I instinctively covered my chest in the cold.

"Are you cold?" Charles pressed me onto the bed and then pulled the quilt over to cover us. "Don't worry. You'll be warm soon."

He chuckled and kissed me on my forehead.

A moment later, the desire in my body was ignited. He was right. I did not feel cold anymore.

"Honey, let's do it sideways so we won't hurt the baby. I know we won't be able to enjoy ourselves to the fullest, but I'm willing to sacrifice my pleasure." Charles helped me lie on my side as he spoke. 1

I could feel my face burning because of his dirty talk.

"Don't be shy. You'll have to get used to this. I'll flirt with you all the time." Charles seductively kissed my earlobe. Meanwhile, with his free hand, he slowly reached out to my lady parts.

My whole body tensed up, and my vagina became wet in anticipation.

"Relax. Let me touch it."

Charles must have noticed my nervousness. He kissed me on the lips to distract me from what he was doing down there. Although his tone was soft and gentle, the movement of his fingers was quite the opposite.

"Ugh... Hurry up," I urged. I had had enough of foreplay. I wanted him now.

"You want it now? What should you say then?" Charles asked with a snicker. He kept drawing circles down there, teasing me to his heart's content.

"Honey, give it to me..." I implored. I could no longer stand being teased. My burning lust was getting the better of me.

"If you say so." Charles quickened his movement, his breathing quick yet heavy.

"Oh... Honey..." | moaned in pleasure.

Charles stopped what he was doing and then looked at me with a burning gaze.

His eyes made me feel a little embarrassed. Just as I was about to pull the quilt to cover my face, he inserted his manhood into me.

He said he would be gentle. Well, he did as he promised. However, we made love for hours.

I was tired and sleepy, but Charles did not stop until midnight.

The next morning, I woke up with a backache. To my astonishment, Charles had left. I looked around and saw that he had left a note on the table. 3

"I have to deal with something urgent in the company. I'll come back as soon as I can." It was a simple note, but I felt a little stuffy in my chest. Something serious must have happened that Charles had to go to the company and deal with it in person.

I went out of the room after washing my face and brushing my teeth. Unexpectedly, (This novel will be daily updated at)I met Nina at the door.

"Oh my! Look at your dark circles. Something fun happened last night, didn't it?" Nina asked with an obscene smile.

"What brings you here?" I asked, shifting the topic.

"Let's go fishing." Nina held my hand and led me to the lake without even waiting for my response. 0

I raised my eyebrows at her. "Why are you in such a good mood? Did something happen between you and Abner yesterday?" 1

"Stop talking nonsense. We have nothing to do with each other. Where is Charles, by the way? Why did he leave so early in the morning?" "He went to the company to deal with something," I answered. Although I looked calm, I was worried about him.

"You two have just gotten married. Why isn't he spending more time with you?" Nina asked again.

I just glanced at her and did not say anything in response. My mood became worse at the mention of it.

Just as Nina was about to say something, someone came out of nowhere and knocked on her head.

She turned around with a scowl. "Abner, what are you doing?" she asked in an annoyed tone.

"Well, you were in a daze, so I helped you come to your senses," Abner retorted.

"I wasn't! You're just finding an excuse to take revenge on me for stealing your meat skewer last night!" Nina stroked the back of her head while staring daggers at him.

The two of them bickered just like they always did. It seemed that they had forgotten about

1. (This novel will be daily updated at)
I walked a few yards away from them and enjoyed the scenery. Suddenly, I felt a little disappointed. The view of the lake would have been so much better with Charles here.

Spencer and David arrived a few moments later.

The latter looked at Abner and Nina, who were arguing, and joked, "I thought Nina was pursuing Spencer." "Don't talk nonsense." Spencer picked up the fishing rod and handed it to David. For a second, I saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes. We sat by the lake as we fished and chatted with one another. It was not every day we got to enjoy our time like this.

Everyone was in high spirits. I, however, was thinking about Charles, so I did not say much.

"Are you sad because Charles isn't here?" Spencer asked, noticing my silence.

I sighed and forced a smile. "No..." (This novel will be daily updated at)

"Don't worry. Charles just had to deal with something important in the company. He'll be back as soon as he can," Spencer reassured.

I nodded in response. But I must say, I had lost interest in fishing.

At noon, Charles still had not come back.