

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 36

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 36 Christine Fainted

Scarlett's POV:

"Then sign it." The lawyer sighed and pushed the divorce agreement to me.

I picked up the fountain pen, turned to the last page, and signed my name. Then, I pushed the divorce agreement to Charles, looked into his bloodshot eyes, and said, "It's your turn."

"You seem pretty eager to get rid of me, don't you?" Charles asked through gritted teeth

"I don't see why we should delay it any longer," I put the pen in his hand.

Charles clicked his teeth and slammed the pen on the table.

"But I don't like to be dominated by others!"

I stared at him with wide eyes. What did he mean?

Was he insane? He was the one who proposed the divorce. How was he the dominated one in this scenario? Was I wrong to go along with his delaying tactics all this time?

"Charles, we don't have all day, and we're not the only ones with business here. Other people are waiting outside. Just sign the damn papers." Next thing I knew, Rita was walking over to us and handing Charles the pen.

Judging from the anxious expression on her face, I could tell that among the three of us, she was the one suffering the most at the moment.

Charles clenched his fists and refused to take the pen. He did not even raise his head to look at Rita. He just fixed his cold eyes on me.

The lawyer swept his gaze on the three of us and then smiled meaningfully as if he understood what was happening.

"Charles, please..." Rita begged in a broken voice. I bet she would give anything right now to be able to sign the

papers for Charles.

Then, my phone rang and broke the silence. It was Alice calling. At the same time, Charles's phone rang. Michael was calling him.

What was going on? Why were Alice and Michael calling us?

As a million bad things raced through my head, my heart burst into a full gallop. I picked up.

"Hello, mom? What's up? What? Grandma was rushed to the hospital?"

"I'll be right there."

Charles and I hung up almost at the same time. Then, he grabbed my hand and towed me out of the law office.

"Charles!"

Rita ran after us. Charles stopped, turned around, and walked to Rita with a long face. He pulled her out of the office without saying a word. If she had not screamed his name, I doubt that he would have remembered her presence.

Before leaving the law office, he turned to me and said, "Meet me outside. We'll go to the hospital together."

Outside the law office, I saw Charles push Rita into his car and slam the door.

"Go!"

Charles's snappiness scared Rita to tears.

The engine hummed to life, and as the driver pulled into traffic, Rita rolled down her window and watched Charles rush toward me.

Once again, rage and grief twisted her weary face. The flickering muscle in her jaw told me that she was not happy about what happened in the law office.

For a patient with cancer in the advanced stages, Rita seemed way too energetic to me.

She must really have godly endurance to be able to go around pushing Charles's divorce.

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"Let's go." Charles took me to roadside to hail a taxi.

He grabbed my hand. I tried to shake off his grip, but I found that the harder I struggled, the tighter he held on. Eventually, I just gave up and let him nervously hold my hand.

To be honest, I needed the comfort, too. After all, the life of a woman that mattered to us both might be in danger. It was not the time to be squabbling.

Soon, we arrived at the hospital. We raced to Christine's ward.

As soon as we arrived at the door, we heard Christine's lively voice. Through the door's glass window, I saw Michael feeding her some watermelon. There was a big smile on her face. She did not look like someone who had just lost consciousness spontaneously.

"The watermelon tastes good."

She chewed and beamed like it was the first time that she ever tasted a fruit.

Slowly but surely, all the pieces started falling into place.

Were Alice, Michael, and Christine in on 09:36

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this? Did they stage this little show to prevent us from going through with the divorce formalities?

If that were the case, then I supposed I was out of luck.

I flashed Charles an annoyed look.

Charles smiled faintly as if saying, "Hey, I don't have anything to do with this." Then, he pushed the door open and walked in. "Grandma?" I greeted Christine with a smile. "Oh! My dear Scarlett is here!" When she saw me, she got so excited that she opened her arms and beckoned me to give her a hug. I could not decide whether to laugh or cry.

Christine did not seem to be sick at all. In fact, she was her usual happy self.

Seeing my reaction, Michael quickly tugged the hem of Christine's hospital gown and gave her a look. It took a few moments before Christine registered what Michael was trying to tell her.

Finally, she groaned and held her head with both hands. It took all my might not to cross my arms over my chest.

"Ouch! My head is aching again. I have to lie down for a while."

"Are you okay?" Christine acted so hard that it made me want to pretend that I was really clueless.

Michael helped Christine lie down, and I tucked her in.

“Scarlett, your grandma has been so worried about you and Charles lately that it made her sick.” Michael looked at Christine with concern and glanced at me and Charles. If he wanted to make me feel guilty, he succeeded.

“What can we do?” Charles asked with a smile, leaning against the door.

“Of course the one causing the problems has the nerve to ask. I’ve had it with the both of you. Enough with the foolishness. Scarlett, hand over your marriage certificate. It’s the only way to stop your grandma from worrying,” Michael declared.

“Good gracious! How miserable my life is! I’m getting old. I just want to have a great grandchild before I die, but with my grandson and granddaughter-in-law getting a divorce, I have no hope.” Christine pushed her performance.

Compared to Rita’s acting, Christine’s was even more exaggerated, but somehow, I did not hate it.

I was even afraid to show any holes in my pretend gullibility. I wanted her to feel a sense of achievement even if it was at the expense of my long-overdue divorce.

However, I did not want to hand over our marriage certificate.

“Grandma, I... What are you doing? Hey!”

When I was about to refuse, Charles suddenly strode over and grabbed my purse. He took out our marriage certificate and handed it to Christine.

The moment Christine saw the marriage certificate, she practically sprung out of bed. She sat up and snapped the certified,

holding it to her chest. She heaved a deep, steady sigh, and her eyes glinted with the kind of glee that spelled triumph.

“I thought you’re having a splitting headache, Grandma.”

Christine was so happy that she ignored my comment and just held on to our marriage certificate like it was some sort of a long-lost, legendary treasure map.

“Well, I’m cured, thanks to this.”

I could only shake my head.

I had been working so hard to get Charles to sign the divorce papers. I came so close today, but Christine swooped in and took the opportunity away. With our

marriage certificate in her hands, I was back to square one. I had no idea what move to make next.

At this point, I was wondering whether or not Charles and I could ever get divorced.

I did not want to be in this situation, but mentioning the divorce in front of

Christine and Michael would not do anything for me at the moment. So I decided to give it up for the time being. Christine might not really be sick right now, but if I started going on and on again about how much I wanted my marriage to Charles to be over, she might take it very badly.

Next thing I knew, someone was walking into the ward.

At first I thought it was a nurse, but then I looked up and saw Rita.

"I heard that you were rushed here, Christine, so I came to see you." Rita approached Christine with a fruit basket in her hand.

"What are you doing here? I don't want to see you! Get out!" Christine snapped the moment she saw Rita.

"Please don't be angry. I know you don't want me to be with Charles because of my illness. If it were up to me, I wouldn't want to be sick. I want to live a long, happy, and healthy life with Charles." Tears streamed down Rita's face as she spoke. The pitiful look on her

face was so convincing at the moment that it almost made me feel sorry for

her.

Sadly, nobody in the room bought it.

Rita set the fruit basket on the cabinet beside the bed. Christine angrily tossed it to the ground and pointed to the door.

"Take your basket and leave, woman! Do you really think that I'm attending this little pity party of yours? I know what you're doing. You're just using your poor health to manipulate my grandson into marrying you and staying by your side. Well, I don't buy it! You can fool everybody else with your act but not me! Get out of my sight, you scheming witch!

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 37

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 37 I Won't Sign It

Scarlett's POV: "Christine, why do you think of me like that? Charles and I really love each other. Is it wrong for us to want to be together?" Rita burst into tears. People who didn't know the truth might misunderstand that Christine was trying to break up two love birds unreasonably.

"Christine, calm down. You need to take care of yourself." Michael looked at her with concern in his eyes.

Christine took the watermelon slice from his hand and threw it at Rita's face.

"Love? Do you really believe that? It's just an excuse you found to separate them! Do you even deserve to talk about love? You shameless woman! Do you even know what kind of a feeling that

is?"

"Why don't I deserve love? Is it because I'm sick?" Rita burst into tears, her

whole body trembling. The watermelon juice mixed with her tears as it trickled down her face. "I respect you, because you are Charles' grandma, and an elder. But you can't humiliate me like this!" 1

"You ruined their marriage. I have been polite enough until now. If it were someone else, they would have stripped you naked, and thrown you on the streets. And when that happens, people would see how shameless you truly are!" Christine was so furious to see Rita looking at her innocently that she was almost out of breath.

She patted her chest to calm down before she pointed at Rita and continued, "How can you speak with such confidence after you ruined their marriage? Charles has really spoiled you. Just get this shameless bitch away from my face!"

"Ma'am, please." The nurse walked up to Rita and asked her to leave.

"Don't be angry. You should take care of yourself. If you lose your temper, then you will only suffer later," Michael

Wont Sign It comforted Christine, patting her on the back to help her breathe.

Rita looked at Charles as though she was asking for help, but he completely ignored her. He was only concerned about his grandmother.

"Charles, tell Christine that we really love each other," Rita pleaded with him.

"You should leave, Rita. Grandma is still sick. Don't make her suffer."

"Charles..."

"Ma'am?" The nurse asked Rita to leave again. Seeing that Charles had no intention of helping her, she had no choice but to leave.

After she left, Christine finally calmed down, held our marriage certificate, and smiled warmly.

Looking at her in such a state, I couldn't help murmuring

"You pretended to faint on purpose to stop us from getting divorced."

My voice was not loud, but both the

elders had very sharp hearing. Christine began to groan as soon as I uttered those words.

"Michael, I feel dizzy. What's wrong with me?"

"Don't worry. The doctor said that you will be fine once you've rested. Maybe it was the noise that made you feel uncomfortable. Just rest for some time," Michael said at once.

He then looked at me and Charles, obviously asking us to step outside.

"Alright, Grandpa. Please take good care of Grandma. I have something important to do, so I'm leaving."

In fact, Charles was the one who had something to do, but he asked me to go with him.

"The marriage certificate is still in Grandma's hand," I said right before we walked into the elevator, unwilling to give up.

"I have an important matter to deal with and it can't be delayed."

"Then why didn't you sign it when we were in the lawyer's office?" Divorce was just one step away, but my hope was shattered once again.

Now that I had lost the marriage certificate, it would be impossible for me to divorce him.

"Scarlett, is this the way you treat your family? Didn't you see Grandma fainting just because we mentioned about the divorce?" Charles looked sideways as he cast a cold glance at me as though I was a selfish bitch who did not care about my own family

"But she is just pretending..." I explained guiltily. Charles was even more furious now. He walked up to me and forced me to the corner of the elevator. "Scarlett, how could you say that Grandma, who has always loved you, is pretending to faint and lying to you? How sad would she be if she heard what you just said?" he roared, glaring at me.

I stared back at him. I didn't believe that

he did not notice Christine acting. How could he lie through his teeth SO confidently?

However, I couldn't argue with him about it now.

"This is all your fault. Why didn't you sign it earlier?"

"I could not have. It was not possible for me to do it then." Charles dialed down his aggressiveness as he leaned against the wall with his hands in his pockets. He seemed to be in a good mood. He did not seem like someone who lost his temper just a moment ago. 1

"What?"

"I said I won't sign it because if I did, then Grandpa would kill me!" 1

"Why didn't I know that you were such a coward?"

"It's called being smart." 1

I gave Charles a disdainful look. As soon as the elevator door opened, I walked out first.

"Tell me, what side of me do you like?" Charles asked as he caught up with me and grabbed my hand. I pouted and kept quiet. Glaring at him, I thought to myself that no matter what, I would never get back with him.

Unexpectedly, Charles caressed my lips softly and teased, "You seem to be asking for a kiss from me. Unfortunately, we are in a hospital and there are so many people around us, so I can't fulfill your wish right now."

"When did I ask you for a kiss?" I became so furious that I had an urge to beat him up right there.

He had always been so cold to everyone except for Rita, so why was he suddenly smooth-talking to me?

The image I had of him in my mind changed all of a sudden.

"Alright, I won't tease you anymore. Does your face still hurt?" Charles looked at my cheek where Susan had slapped me. I was not feeling any pain. I just felt

like it was not appropriate for us to be so close to each other at the moment.

"Don't try to dodge." I tilted my head to the side, but he forced me to face him.

He tucked a strand of my hair behind my ears and observed carefully. "It's healing. It won't be visible if you wear makeup."

"Can you let go of me now?"

"Sure." He let go of my face and then held my hand. "Don't get me wrong, but I am taking part in a program at your TV station, so I wanted to drop you off."

"You don't have to, right? People will easily misunderstand it." After all, the media had just reported that Charles and Rita were going to get married. Moreover, Rita's wedding dress photo was also leaked to the public.

And Susan had caused a scene about it at the TV station. If he showed up with me to the TV station, then it would just be the evidence that people needed to accuse me of being the third-wheel in their relationship

"Let them misunderstand us." Charles would not listen to me, no matter what I said. He pulled me out of the hospital and pushed me into his car.

After getting in the car, he leaned over to fasten the seat belt for me. When I didn't cooperate, he gave me a death glare.

The driver was right in front of us, so I did not want to fight with him. I just hoped to get to the TV station quickly, so that I could be rid of him.

Soon, we arrived. Charles and I got off the car. I quickened my pace, trying to keep distance from him to avoid gossip.

"Scarlett!" But the next second, I heard him calling my name loudly.

When I turned around and saw Charles standing by his car dressed in his signature suit, I could only think of one word... Noble. However, when I recalled the way he had behaved in the hospital, I felt like I was an idiot to associate him with such a quality.

"What's wrong?" I asked him.

"You forgot something," he said with a smile.

I looked at him suspiciously as I approached him and asked, "What is it?"

"It's right here. Come closer."

As soon as I walked up to him, he suddenly kissed me.

By the time I realized what had happened, he had already turned around and left. I could tell from his brisk steps that he was very happy.

But I was so angry. At the same time, Nina and Abner walked towards me. Nina pointed at me in shock then pointed at Charles

“Scarlett, did you just...”

Abner’s expression darkened.

Looking at them, my heart started racing.

‘Damn it! What a jerk he is! Why did he have to kiss me here in public?’

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 38

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 38 Buying Flowers

Christine’s POV:

Alice, Michael, and Lawrence were all in the hospital with me. While having lunch, we watched the TV program that Scarlett was hosting

“Our Scarlett is much better than the other hosts in their TV station. She speaks clearly and graciously!” Michael exclaimed while watching TV.

and

Alice

nodded

in

Lawrence agreement.

That moment, I noticed that Scarlett’s right cheek had not healed yet, which made me angry.

“That mother and daughter duo has hurt our sweetheart. We can’t just let them go easily, or they’re going to think that the Moore family is so easy to bully!”

“Shall we fight back, then?” Alice blurted

out.

"We should. After all, that Susan is a bitch. She hit Scarlett first, and then, she caused a scene at the hospital and forced my grandson to marry her daughter. They are both so annoying. If we don't teach them a lesson, then they'll get too cocky," I said, agreeing with Alice.

"I don't think that would be a good idea. If things go out of control, then not only will their reputation get damaged, Scarlett might lose her job. I just don't think that it'll end well,"

Michael said as he put down his fork and sighed.

I thought for a while and said in agreement, "Then we'd better think if there is a better way to handle this."

Alice's eyes lit up when she saw Scarlett on TV.

"How about we tip the media about Scarlett and Charles' marriage?"

"Do you want to expose their marriage?" Alice and I had the same idea. "That way,

Chat 3 Buying Flowers Rita, will not be Charles' fiancée, but an outsider who is trying to destroy the others' marriage."

"That's a good idea. With the public's opinion, everyone will take Scarlett's side, even the Internet crowd, and they will help us punish Rita and her mom." Michael also could not help but agree with us.

Lawrence didn't comment, but since the majority was on my side, the matter was settled

Scarlett's POV:

After work, when Nina and I walked out of the TV station, we noticed Charles' car coming towards us.

"This is so annoying! Our dinner is going to be delayed now, but your lover is more important, so let's have dinner some other time," Nina protested in disappointment before she waved goodbye to me.

"Alright, then." I watched her leave, smiling

Charles got off his car and walked up to me.

"Hurry! Grandma is still waiting."

"The hospital is not too far from the TV station. I can walk there by myself." With that, I walked forward, wanting to avoid my colleagues seeing me talking to him.

"It will take a long time to get there on foot." With an impatient look in his eyes, Charles stepped forward, grabbed my hand, and pulled me to his car.

I tried to get rid of him, but then I noticed that some of my colleagues seemed to have noticed the commotion between us, so I stopped and glared at him.

"Let me go!" I hissed as I stopped struggling

"No! Unless you agree to go to the hospital with me, your colleagues will witness the pushing and pulling between us. And when that happens, you won't be able to explain things to them no matter what you say."

I was so furious that I felt my blood was boil under my skin. Seeing that more and more people were watching us, I had no choice but to get in his car.

As soon as I sat in his car, I got a call from Nina.

"Oh my God! Charles is secretly married!"

"What?"

"It's the trending topic! The trending topic, Scarlett! As a media person, don't you pay attention to what's going on around you?"

I hung up the phone and typed Charles' name on Google. The search results were all news about his secret marriage.

"Who did this?" Charles grabbed the phone from my hand in surprise, However, there were no traces of anger in his eyes.

"So it was not you?"

"How could that be possible? If I wanted to leak the news, then do you really

Chanter. Buving towers think that I would wait until now to do it? It was not me," he explained seriously

I didn't expect such news to come out now. Feeling nervous, I racked my brains and came up with an idea.

"How about we divorce right away, and then, you can get a marriage certificate with Rita? That way, you will be able to announce your marriage to the media."

If that happened, then no one would be able to find out that Charles and I were married.

"But the marriage certificate is not with me, so we simply can't get divorced."
Charles gave me my phone, looked deep into my eyes before he turned to look outside the window.

When I recalled that Christine had pretended to be sick to take away our marriage certificate, my head ached. I was almost certain now that I would not be able to get the certificate back from

her

Feeling desperate, I came up with another idea.

"Aren't you very powerful? Can't you use your influence to get divorced without a marriage certificate?"

Charles sneered as he turned to look at me.

"Thank you for your appreciation, but why would I take the risk and do an illegal thing like that?"

His words left me speechless.

We were about to arrive at the hospital. There was a flower shop next to the hospital. Thinking that I should prepare something to show them that I cared, I asked the driver to pull over.

I walked to the flower shop and Charles followed me.

"Can I get a bouquet of lilies?" Christine had always liked lilies, and I have known that since I was a kid.

The owner of the shop was a friendly looking middle-aged woman. She put down the scissors in her hand and walked up to us.

"Hold on for just a moment."

"Okay."

Since the shop was close to the hospital, they had good business. In order to prevent the shop from getting too crowded, they had a lot of pre-made bouquets too.

The owner then took a bunch of lilies with one hand, and a red rose from the flower rack with her other hand. "You two look like a perfect couple. If a couple comes to buy flowers, we are giving them a rose as a promotional gift," the lady said kindly.

"But we are not a couple." Looking at the rose that she was holding out to me, I refused to take it.

Stunned by my reaction, she looked at us in confusion

"But you two look like a perfect couple..."

"This gentleman has a sweetheart," I explained with a smile.

Hearing that, she apologized with an

awkward smile.

"I'm sorry. It doesn't matter if you are not a couple... It's just a flower..."

"We'll take it." Charles took the rose *from* her as he glanced at me coldly, like he was warning me.

The woman looked at us for a moment and smiled, trying to figure us out. She was obviously thinking that we were a couple that was having a fight.

I was not in the mood to explain to her again. After all, she was just a stranger, and I did not care about what she thought of us.

With that, I took out some cash to pay the lilies. However, when the lady was about to take the money, Charles handed me a credit card.

"Use this."

I stopped and looked at him, and our eyes met for a moment.

"The pin is your birthdate."

"Here you go, ma'am." I turned around,

Chanter 38 Buying Flowers ignoring him, as I handed the lady the money and left with the flowers.

Charles sighed and followed me. He then gave me the rose.

"Here you go."

"Thank you." I took it from him and put it in the bouquet that I bought for Christine.

Looking at the red rose among the white lilies, Charles frowned slightly. He wanted to say something, but then, he chose to be silent

The flower shop was not far from the hospital, so we decided to walk the rest of the way. However, as soon as we arrived at the hospital, Charles and I got the feeling that someone was following us.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 39

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 39 I Don't Hate

You

Scarlett's POV:

I wanted to turn around, but Charles put his arm around my shoulders and did not let me look back.

"Forget it."

"I feel that someone has been following me lately."

"Don't worry. As long as you're with me, everything will be fine."

"Does it have anything to do with our marriage? How about you get your assistant on it to find out?" I felt a little uneasy, so I wanted to shed light on things.

"Let's talk about it after visiting Grandma." Charles did not seem to want to take it seriously.

"We can't stall any longer, Charles. Everything will only get more You complicated once Rita sees the news." I knew Rita well enough to believe that she was going to come after me again. I was exhausted of being caught up in the mess. I just wanted it to be over.

Charles suddenly stopped walking and turned me to face him. He stared at me deeply with his dark eyes.

I had no idea what set him off again. He stepped forward, and I retreated until I was backed against a wall.

"Charles..."

I muttered, but he did not say anything. He just looked into my eyes as if he was trying to find something there. As I swallowed and my cheeks burned, he braced one hand against the wall beside my head and brushed my hair off my

face with the other.

“Scarlett, didn’t I tell you not to mention her in front of me?”

My heart started racing. I leaned against the wall to avoid his touch. When he got close enough for us to share breath, I panicked and ran toward the direction of

Christine’s ward. “Do you really want a divorce?” Charles screamed after me.

I stopped, took a deep breath, and squared my shoulders. I turned on my heel and flashed him a determined look.

“Yes! I do! I want it!” The affectionate look on his face quickly melted away like snow in the noonday sun. I stood my ground as he started shooting daggers at me with his eyes.

“It’s you who have been making excuses since the beginning. I don’t want to do this anymore, okay? Both Rita and I want the divorce to happen, so let’s just get it over with.”

As a lump lodged itself in my throat, I turned around. Then, I ran to Christine’s ward.

As I entered the ward, I overheard Christine and Alice’s discussion about announcing Charles and I’s marriage to the public.

“We should just tell the world that Charles and Scarlett are married. I think that’s the only way to shut down the rumor mill.”

“I think that’s a great idea.” My chest tightened, and I protested immediately.

“No!”

“Why?” Alice flashed me a confused look.

Before I could reply, Charles walked in. I looked at him and silently begged him for help, hoping he would explain.

But he just stood there, crossed his arms over his chest, and leaned against the wall.

“Scarlett, dear, why do you still want a divorce? You and Charles have already slept together. What if...” Alice did not finish her sentence, but everyone present understood what she meant to say.

Christine turned her head toward me and looked at me as if Alice had just announced that I really was pregnant.

I sighed helplessly and started explaining again. "Mon, Grandma, we just slept in the same couch, but nothing happened. Besides, Charles has someone he loves, someone that he wants to marry..."

"Ouch! Oh, my head! It hurts!" Before I could finish my explanation, Christine held her head with both hands and whimpered.

Alice rushed over, helped her lie down, and then looked at me with reproachful eyes.

"Scarlett, Grandma is not feeling well. She can't stand hearing about that awful woman. If you want her to live for much longer, stop bringing up Rita."

I stood by Christine's bed, looked at her, and sighed.

She, Michael, Lawrence, and Alice had agreed to let me and Charles get a divorce, but now they were all working together to keep us from going through the formalities.

Once again, my hands were tied.

I stood there and watched Christine close her eyes. Then, Charles walked over, grabbed my hand, and towed me out of the ward.

Next thing I knew, we were sitting at the backseat of his car parked at the hospital's gates

"We're never getting divorced now, are we?" I turned to Charles and spoke to him in an accusatory tone. I did not bother to rein in my emotions anymore.

"Grandma and Grandpa are not in good health. I can't upset them." Charles frowned and looked out the window.

"But what about us? We had the perfect opportunity to end it when Grandpa folded and gave me our marriage certificate. Why didn't you pull the plug with me then? We talked about this properly, Charles. We agreed on a clean break, but you stalled at every turn, and now here we are going in the opposite direction and growing more hateful of each other with each passing day. We

should be at peace with our own different paths by now, but we're only getting more and more entangled. Aren't you tired of all of it?"

"I don't hate you, Scarlett." Charles turned to me and looked straight into my eyes.

"Well, it's not reason enough to drag this out, Charles Rita doesn't have all the time in the world. The longer you stay married to me, the shorter the time you'll ever have with her. Do you really have it in you to break a dying woman's heart?"

"Wow, I really underestimated your ability to piss me off." Charles gnashed his teeth together in anger.

"What? I was just telling the truth," i backfired.

He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration, and then he screamed in a voice that I had never heard before.

"Get out!"

As the driver and I struggled to calm

down after being so startled by Charles's sudden outburst, the lock on the doors clicked.

I got out of the car, and Charles snapped at the driver to leave immediately. I stood there until the car disappeared from my view.

My heart was still pounding against my ribcage. I really, really infuriated Charles this time.

And it was all for nothing. We were still not getting divorced.

Charles's POV:

As the car lurched forward, I watched Scarlett's figure shrink and shrink through the rearview mirror. I was so angry at what she said that I seriously considered shattering one of my car windows with my fist.

The more I thought about it, the more irked and depressed I became.

Scarlett always put things I did not want to face in front of me and forced me to confront them.

I picked up my phone, called David, and invited him to drink with me.

Half an hour later, David finally arrived at the bar. I had already finished an entire bottle of wine, and the waiter was helping me open a second one.

"What's up? Are you unhappy because your marriage has been exposed?" David casually asked as soon as he sat down.

"No, I am not."

"Then why are you drinking like a fish again?"

I tapped my fingers on the table and shot him a death glare.

"I don't want a divorce."

"What? What about Rita? You promised to marry her and give her the happily ever after of her life." David looked at me in shock

"She will have her own future." I lowered my eyes and looked at my glass as the waiter refilled it.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 40

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 40 Be Splashed With Paint

Scarlett's POV:

That evening, just when I was about to go to bed, I got a call from Abner.

"Scarlett, guess what I just saw? Rita was alone in the bar, drinking. She did not seem like she had terminal cancer at all!

"Maybe the doctor had forbidden her from eating delicious food or drinking wine for a long time now, and that's probably the reason she was at the bar, having a binge." I didn't think too much of it.

"But she doesn't look like someone who has cancer," Abner said after a moment's pause.

"Since she is a star, she always wears makeup, which is probably why she doesn't look all that sick."

Charles was the one who had found Rita's doctor. If there was something fishy going on, then he would be the first one to know.

Besides, he was smart, so how could he get fooled easily?

"Well, maybe I'm just overthinking things." Disappointed, Abner hung up the phone

I quickly put the phone on the bedside table and began to sleep.

The following days were the weekend.

When I was sitting on the couch, watching TV, I heard someone knocking on my door.

I put down the remote and went to open the door. A man wearing a black mask and a black baseball cap was standing in front of me

“Sir, what... Ah!”

Just when I was about to ask him if he needed something, he picked up a bucket and pointed it towards me. Realizing the danger, I screamed and

quickly hid.

With a splashing sound, the red paint fell all over the floor, some of it stained my

feet.

The man was not willing to accept his failure. In a fit of rage, he picked up the bucket again and was about to dump it on my head.

Suddenly, I heard him screaming as though someone had hit him, and the next second, I heard the bucket falling to the ground.

A familiar figure appeared in front of me, but before I could even get a clear look at him, he held me in his arms.

Still in a state of shock, the man glared at Charles before he ran away from my house.

“You’re safe now.” Looking at the paint tracks on the floor that the man had left before he rushed to the elevator, Charles stroked my hair to comfort me.

My body was still shaking from the fear. I couldn’t hear him at all.

Charles wiped away the paint from my body with his hands and forced me to look at him.

“Scarlett, look at me.”

I looked at him, and when I saw my reflection in his clear blue eyes, I was able to see how messed up I was.

“Why are you here?” My voice was

hoarse.

Without answering me, Charles gazed into my eyes before he pulled me into a hug, ignoring the paint on my body. He then closed the apartment door shut and took me to the elevator.

“Now is not a good time to discuss this. You are not safe here, so I am taking you to my place.”

My feet felt so weak that I could barely support myself by holding onto his arms.

When we entered the elevator, I tried my best not to look at my reflection in the mirror. I kept my head down and wondered, 'Who on earth did I offend for them to hate me so much that they sent

someone to my house to pour a bucket of paint on me?

However, I had no clue even after Charles took me to his house.

"Go take a shower."

Saying that, he took out a set of his pajamas and handed it to me.

But I was still in a trance.

"What are you still thinking about? Isn't all that paint making you feel uncomfortable?"

he asked with a disdainful look as he put the clothes in my hand. Thirty minutes later, I walked out of the bathroom. Sitting on the sofa, he motioned to me.

"Come here," he said.

"What?"

I slowly walked up to him. When I got close to him, he pressed me down on the sofa, and made me lie down on his lap.

I was not used to being so intimate with

him, so I tried to get up.

But Charles did not let me move at all.

"Don't move. I'm just going to dry your hair."

Drying a woman's hair was something that her lover could only do. It was not appropriate for Charles to do it for me.

However, he was being too bossy that he did not even allow me to show him resistance.

"Let me do it on my own."

"Don't move. It'll be done soon."

When I tried to get up again, he took the hair dryer and started blowing the warm air on my head. His slender and warm fingers separated my locks and massaged my scalp. He was so gentle, like he was taking care of a priceless treasure.

Although I was indeed feeling very upset, my infatuation with his tenderness was beyond description. I enjoyed it so much that I was about to fall asleep.

Only when the hair dryer stopped whirring and his gentle voice sounded in my ears did I come back to my senses. I quickly got up from his lap and moved

away.

"Your place is not safe, so you can stay here from now on." Saying that, Charles put the hair dryer on the tea table.

"It's not like someone is going to attack me every day."

Though I said that, whenever I thought of what had happened at my apartment, I was still a little scared. But I also did not want to live in the same house with him because I found that to be too embarrassing.

"Besides, I have somewhere else where I can stay. Or I can stay at a hotel and move back to my apartment after a period of time."

"Are you seriously trying to say that you would rather stay at a hotel than to stay here? Scarlett, you're saying it on purpose, right?" Charles furrowed his eyebrows, looking displeased.

"What do you mean?" I asked in confusion. "Do you think the elders will let us divorce after they know about what happened?"

"What are you even talking about?"

"The fact that someone splashed paint on you, or the fact that you want to stay in a hotel..."

"But I can't live here." My anger died down a little when he mentioned the elders.

"This house is under your name. How is it not okay for you to live in your own house?" Charles was taking the situation for granted.

"But we haven't divorced yet, so the house is technically not mine," I retorted.

"Since we are a couple, we both share equal rights over the house." Charles' tone became more and more domineering

I didn't say more because I did not know what to say. Besides, he was making it impossible for me to refute.

"I've changed the password of the door to our wedding date." His tone softened when he saw that I was not arguing with him.

"We are going to divorce. We should keep some distance between us." I tried to remind him.

But his frown deepened and his tone became more sullen as he asked, "Do you really want a divorce?" 15