

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 51

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 51 Out Of Control Scarlett's POV:

Charles pulled me into the elevator, ignoring my rejection of his advances. He did not press a floor number immediately. He reached out and felt my forehead. He was standing close enough for me to smell that cool fragrance he was fond of wearing.

"What happened? Why do you have a fever again?" Charles asked in a slightly annoyed tone.

He eyed me carefully, and I turned away. I really did not want to explain myself to him. So what if I was sick? Rita was also sick, but she was not getting this kind of badgering from him.

"Answer me." Charles grabbed my arms and forced me to face him.

"I drank and had a little too much fun in a different city." I looked straight into his mesmerizing eyes and continued,

"Seattle had amazing views, and I was with a very nice man."

A muscle flickered in Charles's jaw after I made a reference to Abner. He narrowed his eyes at me and pinched my chin a bit harder than usual. "You are still married to me. You should've asked for my permission first before you went out partying."

The moment he played the husband card, I felt even more exhausted. I just wanted to get inside my house and pass out on my bed. I shook off his hand and jabbed the elevator button to my floor. "I didn't need your permission. My work life is none of your business."

After saying that, I kept silent. I just watched Charles from the corner of my eye. He had put on that frosty expression that he wore whenever he was provoked, and I felt inexplicably happy about it.

I walked out and dragged my suitcase behind me the moment the elevator reached my floor and its doors opened.

I ignored Charles completely and strode away as if he was not there to begin with.

He was on my heels as I made my way to my place. While I dug for my keys in my purse, he said, "I don't like the way Abner looks at you. Why did you go out and have a drink with him? Aren't you afraid that he'll take advantage of you?"

The jealousy in his voice rang so loudly in my ears. He spoke as if he was the only man who was right for me, and it made me stop.

I turned my head and looked up at him. He was wearing an all-black suit with the top two buttons of his shirt undone, revealing a bit of his chest. He looked handsome and elegant as usual.

There were still times when I found myself catching my breath whenever I looked at him.

"First of all, Abner is a decent, respectful man. He'll never take advantage of anyone. Second, he and I went out with the whole team to unwind. It wasn't just the two of us. Third and most importantly, are you jealous?"

I asked pointedly.

Charles looked at me for a few seconds. I could tell that he was caught off guard by my question because a little color

rushed to his cheeks.

"You think too much. I'm just worried about our family's honor and reputation. You're still bound to me and the Moore family. You're still expected to behave well while you're still my wife," Charles answered coldly. 2

"Of course I am." I lowered my head and went back to digging for my keys. I could not help feeling a little disappointed. Why did I expect my soon-to-be ex husband to tell me that he was indeed jealous? Of course he was not. What was I thinking letting my wishful thinking set me up for yet another self-humiliation?

I did not face Charles the entire time I was looking for my keys and even after I opened my door and got in. I was afraid that I would break down in front of him.

After dragging my suitcase into my house, I stopped Charles at the door and said, "You should go now. Thanks for helping me with my luggage."

"I'm not here to help you with your luggage," Charles said and stopped me from closing the door on him.

"Then why are you here?" I backfired. Was it appropriate for him to keep pestering the woman who was going to be his ex-wife?

"Did you go on a business trip or an out-of-town date with Abner?" Charles asked with a frown.

Even when his face was twisted by negative emotions and his words cut me like a knife, I still found him unbelievably charming, which was ridiculous.

ulous. I was getting more and more unwilling to talk to him, especially on the subject of Abner.

"It's a simple question."

Seeing that I had no intention of replying, Charles squeezed through my door and then shut it behind him.

I took two steps backward and snapped at him, "Why do you always insist on wasting your time on me? Rita's the one who needs you."

I was getting a little tired of his pattern. He always showed up for me at the right place and time and then strung me along. And just when I thought that he truly cared about me, he would turn around and run back to Rita. 1

Charles did not say anything and just stared at me. After a few moments, he started walking toward me and then snaked his arm around my waist. He pulled me close and then whispered in my ear, "Can we talk like normal adults now?"

Suddenly, he was speaking in a gentle, almost pleading tone.

"But answer my question first." He looked down at me and leaned closer. The tips of our noses were almost touching. "Hmm? Was it a business trip or an out-of-town date?"

I could feel his warm breath on my lips, and I smelled a hint of spearmint.

Chapter 51 Out Of Control

And right then, my pride and will to resist were extinguished like a candle in the wind.

I backed away, shook off his grip, and avoided his gaze. "It was a business trip. Can you please leave now?"

Before I could push Charles far enough away, my back was already against the wall. He braced one hand on the wall beside my head and leaned in until our breaths mingled.

He said in a hoarse voice, "Why did you go out drinking with Abner? You know you can't handle your liquor." His tone was now tinged with anger. "How could you go out with someone you were not familiar with?"

He put a resentful emphasis on the words "not familiar".

Since I could not get rid of him, I just decided to explain, "I already told you, it was a team celebration, and I didn't drink to get wasted. I drank with my colleagues to celebrate the success of our work. And Nina was there to take care of me when I had a little too much to drink. She helped me get back to my hotel room."

"And where was Abner that entire time?" Charles asked and then added, "Did he swing by your hotel room after Nina was gone?"

"No, but he didn't want to let me fly home without getting checked by a doctor first. He was kind enough to bring me to the hospital to make sure I was okay. And then we flew home together and he gave me a ride here." After that whole lot of explanation, I started coughing. I was getting dizzy. I really needed to get some rest, but Charles just would not leave me alone.

After listening to my explanation, Charles's face softened a lot. Tenderness slowly replaced the coldness in his eyes. He leaned in closer and touched the tip of his nose with mine. My heart leapt to my throat, and I swallowed to shove it back down. My scalp tingled as I breathed the air he exhaled.

"Back away, Charles," I blurted out, desperately trying to keep my voice steady.

But he just drank up my refusal like a bee slurping up nectar.

"Scarlett..."

After uttering my name, Charles crashed his lips against mine.

My mind instantly imploded. I tried pushing him away, but the more I resisted, the tighter he held on. I found the warmth of his mouth against mine a bit surprising

"Are you crazy?" I managed to murmur during a brief moment of separation. I was caught so completely in the perfect harmony of his gentleness and strength that my brain could not process anything else anymore.

"Scarlett..." Charles let go and called out my name again. Then, he pecked at the corner of my lips and whispered, "I'm not crazy."

I made the fatal mistake of looking into his dark eyes that were framed with thick, luscious eyelashes. Next thing I knew, he was kissing me again and more passionately this time.

After a while, Charles grabbed my thighs and picked me up without his lips leaving mine. He started taking me to my bedroom.

I tried everything I could to break free from his kiss, but his tongue empowered the small part of me that did not want to let him go.

When we stopped to catch our breaths, Charles patted me on the buttocks. "Be a good girl."

Then, he started kissing me again.

Slowly but surely, my defenses melted down like butter on a hot pan.

Charles's deep, urgent kisses turned me into an animal that had fallen into a trap.

Next thing I knew, I was on my back on my bed with my shirt unbuttoned and bra unfastened. My bra straps were hanging off my shoulders, and my skirt was pushed up to my hips, revealing my – underwear. Charles was on top of me, and the moment he kissed me again and pressed his body against mine, blood rushed to my cheeks, and I started throbbing in sensitive places. I was completely turned on.

But then, I thought of Rita. Was Charles this aggressive with her? Or did he handle her more mindfully and carefully?

As Charles worshiped me with his mouth, I realized that even if I had him now, he would never truly belong to me. He belonged to Rita, and I was just a chapter waiting to be finished.

I braced my hands on Charles's chest and pushed him away with all my might. Beads of sweat rolled down the side of his face to his Adam's apple. The wildness in his eyes was unmistakable. He wanted something to happen between us.

Once again, he ignored my objection and sealed my lips with another hungry kiss. He gently spread my legs and started rubbing against me. "No, Charles. Stop it." Tears started streaming down my face. I choked out, "I beg you. Please stop. We can't do this."

Hearing my stifled sobs, Charles paused and then wiped my tears with his thumb. He narrowed his eyes and whispered, "Don't you love me anymore?"

His eyes were brimming with affection, and once more, I found myself crumbling beneath him. No woman could resist that kind of look.

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Chapter 52 Dream Or Reality Scarlett's POV:

I pulled up the quilt and covered my upper body. Sniffing, I lowered my head and calmly reminded Charles, "What's the point of asking this? Charles, don't forget you're Rita's fiancé."

Charles seemed to be annoyed by what I had said. Suddenly, he pulled the quilt like a child throwing tantrums and angrily said, "Don't mention that woman. It's just you and me now."

"Even if I don't mention her, we'll be divorced soon," I snapped back. I pretended that I did not care, but I felt stuffy in my chest

Annoyed, Charles looked at me with narrowed eyes. Unfortunately for him, there was nothing he could do to me. I realized that even without Rita, we would still have problems between us. At that moment, my phone rang in the living room. I avoided his hand and propped myself up to get out of bed. "Excuse me."

However, he pinned me to the bed and kissed my neck lustfully. "Say you love me," he commanded in a stern yet gentle voice.

His gentle demeanor changed in an instant, and he kept kissing me on the lips.

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Meanwhile, my phone rang relentlessly in the living room. "Let me answer the call," I protested weakly.

Charles pretended not to hear my plea and just continued what he was doing.

As he saw that my eyes glistened with tears, he raised his hand and touched my lips affectionately. "Admit it, Scarlett. You love me from the very beginning."

Without missing a beat, I looked into his eyes and said, "I've never loved you, and I will never do."

In reality, the one who fell in love first was doomed to lose this game of love. Well, I had long been defeated.

Nonetheless, I could not admit that in front of Charles. I wouldn't give him the pleasure of knowing that he had me wrapped around his finger.

When he saw that I was being stubborn, he chuckled and pinched my cheek. "You're right. It wasn't you who sent me lunch every day in high school. And every time a girl approached me, you weren't the one who got angry. Also—"

"Shut up! The old Scarlett is dead." I covered his mouth with my hand, my face beet red in embarrassment. Now that he was rubbing in my face the silly things I had done in the past, I realized how stupid I was.

"If you say so." Charles smiled and nodded in agreement.

I was annoyed at him, but I had no idea what to say. As Charles saw that I was at a loss for words, he shamelessly licked my palm. I withdrew my hand instinctively.

“You—” Before I could finish my words, he kissed my lips again.

I clenched my jaws shut. But he was like a patient hunter, wandering outside and waiting for his prey to open the door.

I was pissed off at him. He already had Rita, and yet he was flirting with me. As revenge, I bit his lip hard.

Charles groaned in pain but did not flinch, much less backed down. Instead, he slipped his tongue into my mouth when he had the chance.

The desire inside me was like a blooming poppy flower. It was beautiful yet deadly. And just like that, I completely fell into Charles’s trap.

For some reason, my consciousness was slowly blacking out, and my eyesight was spinning. Before I knew it, everything turned black. In my dream, I felt as though I was stepping on clouds. On the other side was Charles, smiling at me.

He was as warm as the winter sun next to the Seine River.

Only in my dream, he completely belonged to me.

I called his name in a trance, and my heart was filled with joy. I was as happy and carefree, like a child. I wanted to give him all the candies in my pocket and tell him how much I loved him.

But when I called his name, his face darkened. He warned me not to say his name, or else he would pin me down to the bed and do everything a husband would do to his wife.

Even in my dream, he was still hateful. Without a word, I punched him in the face, breaking his phantom.

Then everything faded into darkness again.

The next day, I woke up with pain all over my body. Although my symptoms had mostly subsided, I still felt quite weak.

The curtains in the bedroom were drawn shut, and not a ray of sunshine made its way to the room.

The memory of last night came flooding into my mind. Unsure if it was a dream or reality, I lifted the quilt and looked at myself. Sure enough, I was wearing a clean pair of pajamas. I could vaguely remember that Charles had helped me in the shower and even dressed me. I was disappointed in myself. I had promised myself that

t I would make a clean break from him. But now, we were getting more and more entangled with each other.

“What are you thinking?” Charles asked while leaning against the door frame. He was wearing casual clothes, and he let his hair, which was usually brushed up, fall on his forehead. In a word, he looked harmless, yet still helplessly handsome.

I stared daggers at him and asked, “Why did you help me take a shower?” Now that I was in the right mind, I could not figure out why he cared so much.

Charles raised his eyebrows at me. He seemed to be in an unusually good mood. Without a word, he walked to the bedside and touched my forehead. “Poor you. You sweated a lot yesterday. I thought you might feel uncomfortable, so I helped you take a shower and change clothes. You should thank me.”

I raised my head indignantly, wanting to question him again. However, I suddenly noticed a tiny bruise at the corner of his mouth.

Charles must have noticed what I was looking at. He grinned and teasingly asked, “What? Don’t you remember what you did last night? Well, someone here kept calling my name. She couldn’t stop crying while she described how much she loved me. I asked her not to call my name, but she suddenly flew into a rage and punched me.”

Oh my God! So my dream last night was actually true. I was ashamed of myself. Charles must be so proud of himself now. Judging from the look on his face, I must have said something humiliating.

But even though I was aware I was in the wrong, I looked at him in the eyes and said in a straight face, “We’re going to divorce soon. I hope both of us can keep a distance from each other. You helped me take a shower and change my clothes without my consent, and I punched you by accident. We’re even.”

Charles snorted. “Keep a proper distance? Do you mean kissing and hugging? We’ve done everything a married couple should do. And now, you’re asking me to keep a distance from you? How bold of you to say that. If I remembered it right, you enjoyed it very much last night.”

“What do you mean by we’ve done everything a married couple should do?! Stop talking nonsense!”

“Well, not everything, to be precise. We didn’t really have sex if that’s what you’re worried about. But we were so intimate that it didn’t make much difference. Look at yourself. You have my marks all over your body. Mrs. Moore, perhaps you’re just saying that out of embarrassment?” Charles calmly asked with his hands in his pockets.

I could not refute his words, so I decided to just get out of bed. But just as I stood up, I felt so dizzy that I thought I was going to collapse.

Charles rushed to my aid, but I pushed him away. "Go away. Don't you dare shed crocodile tears. It disgusts me," I said in a low voice,

"Are you also like this whenever Abner hugs you?" Charles scoffed. Regardless of my protest, he held me in his arms.

"Did he ever behave ambiguously like you?" I retorted

"He'd better not. I'm warning you. Stay away from him." Charles seemed as though he was taking this opportunity to hold me in his arms.

Sadly, there was nothing I could do whenever he was like this. That was why I decided to draw a line between us once and for all. "From now on, we have three rules."

"What are they? Tell me about it."

"Don't touch me without my permission, nor should you lose your temper before you find out what's really going on," I said sternly.

"What about the third one?"

"I haven't decided yet. I'll tell you as soon as I've come up with something." As I spoke, I pushed his hand, indicating him to let go of me. "You've been hugging me for quite a while. Let me go now."

"I should've had sex with you last night. That would stop you from talking nonsense with me now," he grumbled.

I could tell that he was not taking my words seriously. He was horrible as ever.

"You're awful!"

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

But then, Charles lowered his head and whispered in my ear, "If you dare to open the door, I'll kiss you."

"Are you crazy?"

I pushed his head away. He was getting more and more childishly absurd as time went by.

The moment I escaped from his embrace, I hurriedly went to the door to open it.

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Chapter 53 Vow

Charles's POV Standing outside the door was the annoying Abner. He had been pestering Scarlett all day long. I tried to bite down my annoyance, but it surged out from the bottom of my heart. The moment Scarlett opened the door and I saw Abner, I took Scarlett's hand and turned her to me. I kissed her deeply in front of Abner.

Her lips tasted so sweet. They were like some sort of drug that I was totally addicted to. I still could not believe how infatuated I was with her.

All of a sudden, Scarlett bit my lower lip.

Startled, I instantly let go. She stared at me with sharp, furious eyes, like a wild animal ready to fight. Even though I knew that she was trying to threaten me, I could not help smiling. The more she tried to push me away, the more I

Chat WOW wanted her. I wanted her so much that I wanted to hide her from the rest of the world so that no other man could see her.

"Why are you in such a hurry, honey? You've just recovered. Abner can wait. Right, Abner?" I held Scarlett in my arms and smirked at Abner.

Scarlett shook off my grip and snapped, "Stop it, Charles!"

I ran my thumb through her cheek and cooed, "You're so cute." Then, I added deliberately, "You bit me so hard last night, too. Be gentle next time, or your dear husband will die young."

Scarlett bit my lip last night as well. It was not a big deal, but I was sure that it would piss off Abner, so I brought it up.

"Shut up!" Scarlett rolled her eyes at me.

"What? I don't need to be so serious in front of my wife, do I?" I flashed her a grave look.

Ignoring me, Scarlett turned to Abner and said, "I'm sorry. Will you give me a

few minutes. I just need to change

Then, she turned around and stepped on my foot, but it did not hurt at all. I shrugged at Abner as Scarlett walked away. Abner looked like he was trying really hard to keep his opinions to himself, which almost made me laugh out loud.

He was wearing a white shirt, and his hair was combed up neatly. After Scarlett was gone, he finally flashed me a polite smile and said good morning by way of greeting

But I was not in the mood to exchange pleasantries with him. I folded my arms across my chest and looked at him tip and down. He was obviously trying to woo Scarlett by coming so early in the morning and bringing some little brown paper bag of breakfast. I sneered, "Scarlett only eats breakfast that I make Don't bother buying her breakfast next time."

"Why? Because you'll be here cooking breakfast for her? That's odd, considering she's divorcing you soon.

But don't worry Once you're gone, I'll be there for Scarlett when she feeds # friend. And you? Well, you'll be her ex husband, and once you're her ex, she won't want anything to do with you for the rest of her life." Abner's polite smile slowly faded away.

I stepped forward and looked down at him. It was then that I realized that he was half a head shorter than I was. I flicked his collar and said casually, "But we're not yet divorced, aren't we? She still belongs to me. I'm still her husband. So you have no business coming here and picking up the pieces of her heart before it's even broken. She's still mine, and you should back off,"

Abner's jaw instantly tightened, and the civil look on his face melted away. Fury twisted his face, but he still kept his cool, which I found admirable. He said through clenched teeth, Scarlett is a good woman, Charles. She deserves to spend the rest of her life with a man who's loyal to her."

"And you think you're that man? Please. You're not good enough for her," I

leered.

After that, Abner did not say anything more. He just turned around and left.

Who did he think he was? Did he think that he could just waltz in here and take my woman away?

A few moments after Abner walked away, Scarlett returned. She had changed into a simple white dress, which made her look gentle and lovely.

Abner was in white, and now so was she. Did she dress like that on purpose? Did she want herself and Abner to look like they were a couple wearing matching clothes? I stopped her and dragged her back. "Change into something else. I don't like white."

"Let go of me, Charles! Where is Abner? Did you drive him away? Why are you being such a jerk?" Scarlett punched me in the arm twice, her cheeks bulging with anger.

"I didn't drive him away. He left by himself. I was kind enough not to ask him to fuck off," I backfired. Why should

I be civil to someone who was trying to steal my wife?

Scarlett stopped struggling all of a sudden and stared at me with wide eyes. "You're making trouble out of thin air. Here's a new rule for you. Respect my friends, or..."

"Or what? You're angry with me now because of some other guy? And since when is Abner your friend? When did you lower yourself to make friends with someone like him? I forbid you to go out with him anymore." My eyelids twitched. I really did not believe that friendship was all Abner wanted with Scarlett. I was still Scarlett's husband. I was still obligated to protect her from men like Abner. 3

Scarlett snapped, "Keep your nose out of my business, Charles! Just go to your Rita and take care of her! Leave me alone!

After that, she grabbed her handbag from the sofa and marched toward the door.

I frowned and reached out to stop her. "I

made breakfast for you. Eat first."

"You just pissed me off and now you want me to eat your food? Forget it!" After saying that, Scarlett stormed out. But after a few steps, she turned around and said, "I promised Grandma that I would pick her up from the hospital. Don't follow me."

She left after that, and I just stood there by the door. Once again, she abandoned me, and no matter how many times she did that, I would never get used to it. After hesitating for a while, I decided to follow her, and on the way, all I could think about was how to punish her for leaving me

When I arrived downstairs, Abner was opening the car door for Scarlett. She got into his car with a big smile on her face.

Dissatisfaction coursed and burned through my veins like venom. It seemed that the punishment I doled last night was too light.

Scarlett's POV

Sitting in

Abner's car, I felt a little embarrassed. I did not know what exactly Charles told him earlier while I was changing, but I was sure that it could not be good. I took a bite of the toast Abner gave me, which was smeared with mango and hazelnut spread. Then, I took a sip of the hot latte:

Abner focused on driving at first but finally broke the silence. "Are you feeling better today?"

"Yes, much better, thanks." I cleared my throat and added, "About Charles... I didn't know he would be like that today. I'm so sorry."

Abner's mouth twitched, but he kept his eyes on the road. "I understand."

"And I apologize if he was rude to you while I was gone."

Abner half-smiled and turned to look at me. "Charles cares about you a lot. Would you like to know what he said to me earlier?"

"What did he say?" I asked, a little bit nervous to find out the answer. Charles was such a proud man. How could he care about me?

Abner touched his nose and said. "He said that you belonged to him, that no one could take you away from him."

I was stunned for a moment. When I came back to my senses, I felt humiliated and a little enraged. "I'm an independent individual. I don't belong to anyone."

Even as the words left my lips, I did not believe them. Whatever I said only got crushed under the weight of Charles's domineering behavior.

Abner just nodded with a smile and did not say anything more.

When we arrived at the gate of the hospital and were about to get out of the car, Abner looked at me and asked, "Didn't you like the mango spread? Do you prefer blueberry?"

I looked at him with wide eyes and then darted my eyes on the small paper bag that contained the breakfast that he brought me

With one hand on the steering wheel, Abner said, "You only had one bite of the toast."

I pursed my lips and swallowed. "If I eat too much mangoes, I will get an allergic Teaction."

"Oh. I didn't know that. Thanks for letting me know. Consider it noted." Hearing that, Abner flashed me a regretful expression and immediately handed me a box of cooling patches. "I wish you a fast and consistent recovery."

"Thank you, Abner. I really appreciate it.

After saying goodbye to Abner, I walked into the hospital and made my way to the elevator. On the way, I thought of ways to deal with Charles and our divorce, but I was all out of ideas.

"Miss Riley."

As soon as I walked out of the elevator, a burly figure stopped me. I instantly recognized him. His name was Richard, and he was one of Rita's bodyguards.

hal vow I eyed him carefully and thought to myself, Rita is truly unlike any other critically ill patient. For someone who's terminal, she has a lot of energy to waste on looking for me this early in the day.

"Yes?"

"Miss Lively wants to see you."

As expected, Rita wanted to stir things up with me again.

"And if I don't want to come see her?" I questioned.

"Please just come. Don't make this difficult for either of us." Richard looked tough and strong. In fact, he looked like he would heave me up over his shoulder and take me to Rita's ward if I refused to come with him peacefully. So I was surprised to hear him talk to me in a civil tone.

I pressed my lips together and nodded. "Fine. Lead the way."

Soon, we were outside Rita's ward. Before opening the door, Richard turned to me and started, "Miss Riley..."

What's wrong?"

He hesitated and avoided eye contact with me. "Would you like to cover the hickey on your neck first?"

I touched my neck and felt my cheeks burn. I suddenly remembered what Charles did yesterday. "I have nothing to cover it with."

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Chapter 54 His Concealment

Rita's POV:

In the ward, I greeted Scarlett with the sweetest smile I could muster. She, however, just looked at me warily as if wondering what tricks I had up my sleeve.

I then poured her a glass of water, held her hand, and looked at her up and down. "How have you been these past few days?" I asked with concern.

"What do you want?" Scarlett coldly replied. I could not help but notice that her tone was similar to Charles's.

Just as I was about to pull her to a chair, I saw that there were hickeys on her neck. My eyes glinted in anger, but I quickly adjusted my mood. Instead, I gave her the glass and timidly said, "We haven't seen each other for a long time. I just want us to have a little chat."

Chapter 51 His Domalment Scarlett's eyes narrowed, probably in disdain, but no emotion could be seen on her face.

I smoothed my long hair and decided to go straight to the point. "I was the one who had ordered someone to throw paint on you."

It was only then that she reacted. However, her reaction was far from what I had anticipated. She looked at me and calmly replied, "Yeah, I figured."

"You figured? Didn't Charles tell you that? Oh no, I'm so stupid!" I exclaimed with feigned guilt. "Scarlett, please don't be mad at Charles. He only did that to protect me. Please forgive me. It's just that jealousy got the best of me. Don't worry. Everything will be fine once Charles and I get married. We'll have your blessing, right?" I asked with doe eyes.

"Are you done?" Scarlett put the glass on the table and left without waiting for my reply.

With a triumphant smile, I picked up the glass of water and slowly watered the flowers. "How do you think you'll win against me? By your beauty? Or perhaps your place in Charles's heart? Oh, please. You will never win.

Once Scarlett was gone, Richard walked up to me and draped a thin coat over my shoulders. "Honey, why did you let Scarlett go so easily?" he asked with a frown.

"Don't worry. Sometimes, just one word is enough to win a battle." I rolled my eyes at him. This is why I detested Richard. He would easily lose his composure. How pathetic.

At that moment, I turned around and touched his face with the tip of my fingers. But in my mind, it was Charles, who was in front of me. "Now, Scarlett knows that Charles hid the truth from her. I'm sure that that would be her last straw. Her beloved man always defends another woman. She must be very sad."

Meanwhile, Richard swallowed hard. Unable to resist my flirtation, he lowered his head and kissed me on the neck.

All of a

sudden, Scarlett's hickeys

Chantieria Concert crossed my mind. Disgusted, I pushed Richard away from me, cleriched the glass in my hand, and bellowed, "Bitch! Charles has never kissed me Humph! That bitch must've enjoyed it!"

"Why is it that Scarlett gets whatever she wants without breaking a sweat while I can't? Even though I've done so much for Charles, he still doesn't love me

Jealousy fogged my mind. The next thing I knew, I had smashed the glass on the floor, where it broke into a million pieces. I clenched my hands into fists, and my carefully manicured nails dug into my palm, "Why is Scarlett still alive? I wish she were dead!"

Scarlett's POV:

I ran out of the hospital as fast as I could as if a beast was chasing after me. I did not stop until I had run out of breath.

"Rita had insulted me, and yet Charles still defended her. How much does she mean to him? I knew it. I should've just given up. What was I expecting?"

Rita's words were like a bucket of cold

Chanter 54 His consoliment water pouring all over me. It woke me up in an instant. My body could not stop trembling. And somehow, it was difficult for me to breathe. I had never been humiliated like this before. My mind was in a mess. I wanted to flee, but I had no idea where to go.

After pondering for a moment, my gaze fell on the convenience store not far away. Without thinking, I bought two bottles of wine for myself.

Today was a sunny day, but my world was overcast. Even the cold and strong breeze could not blow away my dejection

I sat on the curb and drank by myself. Meanwhile, a homeless man a few yards away strummed his guitar and sang Yesterday Once More.

"When they got to the part where he's breaking her heart, it can really make me cry..."

As the man hummed quietly, I broke into tears.

I was immersed in my thoughts.

The lyrics in that song just summed up my life. Before I knew it, tears were welling up in my eyes.

"Miss, are you okay?" the homeless man asked. I was so sad that I did not notice he had stopped singing.

I shook my head and handed him the other bottle of wine. "Sir, you sang well," I praised with a forced smile.

"Thank you! God bless you!" The homeless man seemed happy with the little gift I had given to him. He took the bottle of wine and sang another classic song.

The sun shone on him. And for a fleeting moment, I felt his joy.

It was getting late now. Grandma must be waiting for me in the hospital. With that, I threw the empty bottle into the trash bin and returned to the hospital.

The moment I reached the entrance, I happened to see Charles helping Christine out.

Grandma's face lit up in delight when

she saw me. She waved at me and asked Charles to pick me up across the road.

He obediently did as told. He jogged towards me and held my hand when he got close. I wanted to push him away. Unfortunately, I could not do that in front of Grandma.

As Charles saw that I was rather obedient, he gently squeezed my hand with a smile. He seemed to be in a good mood. Little did he know that I was glaring at him from the corner of my eye.

In order to stay away from him, I walked into the car first and sat beside Grandma

"Grandma, I miss you so much." I leaned on Grandma's shoulder and acted like a spoiled child. Only when I was with her did I feel at ease.

Grandma patted my hand and said, "Good girl, I miss you too."

"Sit on the passenger seat," Charles ordered while standing by the door of the car.

I want to sit beside Grandma," I groaned. I looked around and noticed that the driver did not come today. It seemed that Charles was the one who drove.

"Grandma needs to rest. You'll just disturb her," he reasoned out.

I could not refute that, Albeit reluctant, I had no choice but to sit on the passenger seat.

While I was fastening my seatbelt, Charles leaned over and took a whiff of me. "Did you drink?" he asked with a frown.

Damn Charles!

I wish I could beat him up right then and there. I turned my head away and admitted, "Just a little."

“Why did drink so early in the day? Drinking is bad for your health. Don’t drink again, please?” Grandma persuaded.

“Okay, Grandma. If you say so. I won’t drink anymore.” I reassured. Grandma

would only rest assured if I guaranteed to do what she asked.

Charles raised his eyebrows and eyed me with suspicion. But I did not want to talk to him anymore, so I lowered my head and mumbled, “Dogs indeed have a keen sense of smell.”

We arrived at the villa not long after. Grandma got out of the car first with the help of the housekeeper. While I was unbuckling my seatbelt, I suddenly heard a sharp click. It turned out that Charles had locked the door.

I looked at him with a frown.

“What the hell are you doing? We don’t need to talk about the details of the divorce procedure again.” I put my bag on my knees, ready to argue.

I could not figure out what Charles was thinking. He was more unpredictable than ever.

Without a word, he unbuckled his seatbelt and, to my surprise, loosened the top button of his shirt, revealing his well-sculpted collarbone.

How could he inake such a simple action appear so attractive?

“What... what do you want to do? Just say it. There’s no need to unbutton your clothes,” I stammered.

Charles ignored my words. All of a sudden, he grabbed my wrist and stared at me with his deep eyes. His intense gaze stupefied me. Nervous, I clenched my fists and stared back at him.

Our argument had not yet begun, but my defense had already started to crumble.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 55

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Chapter 55 Feed Me

Scarlett’s POV:

“Let me go,” I said and bit my lip.

"You've been telling me that a lot lately." Charles backfired and flicked me on the forehead with his finger.

"Ouch! That hurt!" I whined. It really did hurt. He had used a lot of strength.

"As it should. If it didn't, you wouldn't learn your lesson at all. I take my eye off you for half a day, and you take up day drinking. You haven't even fully recovered from your last bad hangover, and you're already messing around. What's wrong with you?" Charles flicked me again, venting his annoyance. This time, he only exerted a little strength. His fingers touched my forehead gently like a feather.

"What do you care?" I murmured as the back of my eyes stung. Rita's words kept echoing in my mind, and they sank my

heart deeper and deeper.

"You're not a child anymore, but you're acting like some rebellious brat who always makes me worry." Charles pinched my cheek and squinted at me.

This is your last warning, Scarlett. No more drinking, you hear me?"

Once again, I was stunned by the look of genuine concern in Charles's face despite the pointedness of his words. "Then promise me one thing first," I started and raised my head to meet his gaze.

"No. You don't get to bargain here,"

Charles replied without hesitation. The soft, gentle expression he just wore moments ago was suddenly replaced by that annoying smirk that made me want to beat the hell out of him.

I shot him a furious glance. What was wrong with him? Why was he so supercilious? What was worse, I did not hate him at all.

Damn it! There was nobody in the world

that I despised more than myself for that.

Seeing that I fell silent, Charles loosened his grip on my hand and said, "Fine. What do you want? Maybe I'll agree to it if I feel like it."

After thinking for a while, I lowered my head and straightened my dress. "Let's be brother and sister from now on. I'll be a good sister to you, and you'll be a good brother to me."

"I beg your pardon?" Charles asked, gloom suddenly twisting his handsome face.

I stole a glance at him and pressed, "I think it will be good for both of us to have that kind of relationship. That way, we'll still be in each other's lives without the complications."

"That's the worst idea I've ever heard," Charles laughed mirthlessly. Then, he added, "You better not mention that in front of Grandma, or we will have a whole new thing to fight about."

After that, Charles got out of the car. He

slammed the door shut on me.

"Hey! Wait for me!" I screamed after him and jumped out of the car. I ran after him, hoping to catch him before he entered the mansion. He was going to marry another woman. The only way I could stay in his life without messing everything up was to be a sister to him.

I panted as I struggled to fall into step beside Charles. Those long, slender legs of his made him move like a gazelle. Looking at him now, I thought that my idea of us being siblings to each other was a stroke of brilliance.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. Welcome back." The mansion's middle-aged gardener put down his gardening shears and greeted me when we passed by him.

"Good afternoon," I replied with a smile.

At the moment, I felt extremely happy. I felt like I finally won against Charles this time, and I did not care if our little fight was pointless and silly. The rose bushes in the mansion's garden were in full bloom, and I thought that they were the most beautiful flowers I had ever seen

planted in someone's residence.

In the living room, Christine was cutting and arranging some flowers on a small table. They were champagne roses, which were just air freighted from Germany, and they exuded a fresh and clean fragrance. Charles sat on the sofa on the other side and drank the coffee that one of the servants brought him. Seeing me come in, he shot me a cold stare.

I narrowed my eyes at him. It did not matter whether or not he was in a good mood. I walked into the room leisurely.

"Hello, dear. Come sit with me," Christine said, smiling at me, and patted the chair beside her.

I walked over and took the seat. Then, I said, "Grandma, Charles and I have just made a decision."

"You have just made a decision. I didn't agree to it," Charles interjected.

I ignored him and held Christine's hand. "I will take Charles as my brother. That way, I'll still be your granddaughter."

"Okay." Christine nodded. Then, she put down the roses and poured a cup of tea for me from the ceramic teapot. There was a meaningful look on her benign face. She winked at me and seemed to understand what I meant.

Charles snorted derisively. There went his superior aura again. No wonder his employees were terrified of him.

But I was not because Christine was here to back me up. Charles would never show his dissatisfaction in front of his grandmother

"Right, Charles? My dear brother?" I raised my voice on purpose and smirked at Charles. It felt so good to provoke an arrogant man like him.

"Scarlett! What happened to your neck? Is that a mosquito bite?" Grandma suddenly exclaimed and looked closely at my neck

I almost rose from my seat in a fit of panic. I was so focused on wanting to piss off Charles that I had been careless. Before entering the mansion's front door,

I coiled up my hair and forgot all about the hickey on my neck.

"But this looks like a little reddish bruise. Are you all right? Does it hurt?" Christine asked and then gestured to one of the servants to bring a healing ointment.

"I'm okay, Grandma. It's nothing. It's just a little scratch. No need for ointments or anything like that. It'll clear up in a few days," I explained as blood rushed to my face. I looked at Charles and saw him enjoying my little mishap that I had to wriggle out of with an unimpressive lie. I glared at him. The hickey was his doing, and I was the one paying for it.

At this time, a servant brought a plate of cherries from the kitchen. To take away the attention from my neck, I took the plate and brought it to Christine.

"Would you like some cherries, Grandma?" I offered, desperate to change the subject

"No, thank you, dear. I'm still full. Why don't you give some to Charles?" Grandma patted me on the arm and

went back to her flower arranging

After hesitating for a bit, I rose from my seat and sat beside Charles on the sofa

Cherries?

"Really? Is that how you offer your dear brother some cherries?" Charles said without looking up from his phone.

"My dear brother, would you like some cherries?" I let my voice drip with sarcasm as I put the plate of cherries in front of him. "Take it or leave it! thought to myself.

"Feed me." He put down his phone and turned to look at me.

"Have you no shame?" I tried my best to keep my voice down so that Christine would not hear me.

However, Charles did not seem to hear what I just said. He folded his arms over his chest and flashed me a challenging stare.

"Feed me," he repeated, raising his eyebrows defiantly. He knew that with Christine here, I

would not dare to make a scene. Before I knew it, I was backed into a corner.

I sighed in exasperation, picked up a partly rotten cherry, and put it into his mouth. The warmth of his lips felt so nice against my fingertips. I quickly withdrew my hand before he got the wrong idea.

"Do you want more, my dear brother?" I asked through gritted teeth, trying my best to stay calm.

"Yes, please." As soon as he finished speaking, Charles grabbed my wrist and sat me on his lap. He planted a soft kiss on my lips, which made my entire world spin.

Then, he pushed the cherry that I just fed him into my mouth, and its sweetness and fragrance instantly washed over my tongue.

He kissed me passionately for a few moments after that and then nibbled on my lower lip. Finally, he let go and looked straight into my eyes. "So, so sweet."

Chat 55 Ford Me

"You..." Stunned, I covered my mouth. There I was again, helpless under his spell that almost always caught me off guard. Others would definitely not think that we were brother and sister.

"Eat the cherry, my dear sister, Charles said and pressed me on the sofa. He added, "What's the matter? Don't you like it when I call you dear sister? Isn't that what you want?"

I glared at him and kept the cherry in my mouth

“Stop looking at me like that, Scarlett. You’re only making me want to kiss you again and never let go,” Charles whispered and blew gently on my face.

“You little...” I was so angry that I almost bit my tongue. Enraged and alarmed, I raised my hands and shoved him away.