

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 88

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Chapter 88 Probing

Scarlett's POV:

When I woke up, Charles was already gone, but he made breakfast for me and left it on the table. He seemed to be distracted by something last night, which worried me a little. Before I could get sucked into the Charles rabbit hole again, I knocked myself over the head. I had more important things to think about than him. Los Angeles was always buzzing with life, especially in the mornings. Traffic was extra terrible today, and it actually took half an hour longer for me to reach the office.

"Scarlett, sweetie, how are you? Are you feeling better?" As soon as I entered the office, Nina walked over and gave me a big hug. She was wearing a red business suit today, and her hair was neatly rolled up behind her head. She looked bright and stunning.

"Yes, thank you. I just needed a ton of sleep," I replied and put down my bag in the lounge. I went to get myself a cup of coffee. Nina followed suit.

"My dad's home by the way. Would you like to have dinner this weekend at my house? We can talk about your divorce plans," Nina cut to the chase.

Her father was a famous lawyer in Los Angeles. Last time, I asked her to ask her father to help me sue for divorce. I did not expect that things would go so fast.

But I supposed I was thankful for the timing. Charles intended to keep me hanging, and I certainly did not want to still be married to him when Rita's baby was born. So I accepted Nina's invitation readily. Charles did not want to go about things the peaceful way. He left me no choice.

"Wow. That was quick." Nina was a little surprised.

"It's already long overdue. I want it to be over before I leave Los Angeles."

"Leave Los Angeles? Scarlett, are you sure you don't want to stay? I mean, you have a stable job here now, and things are going great for you," Nina asked. I shook my head and handed her the cup of coffee I made for her. "I have too many bad memories here. I don't think I can start over here. I need a change of scenery and soon."

Hearing my response, Nina did not say anything more. We shook on our dinner date this weekend and then went our separate ways to work.

At noon, I went out to meet William for lunch. I was a little startled when I saw him. He looked a little haggard. It seemed that he was not used to living in Los Angeles

"Are you all right, William? You look exhausted," I asked. After all, he was my friend, and I was worried about him.

"I'm fine. I've just been having a little difficulty sleeping, that's all." He looked distressed. His hair was a bit disheveled, and the dark circles under his eyes could almost pass for bruises.

"When I can't sleep, I drink a special kind of tea. It's very effective. I can send you some if you want," I said with concern.

"I'd love that. I hope it helps me sleep, too. Thank you so much, Scarlett. You're an angel." And just like that, the gloom on his face was chased away.

"You're welcome," I smiled and refocused on my food.

"Didn't you study in France before? Why did you return to Los Angeles?" William asked.

"Why do you ask?" I was confused by the abruptness of his question.

"I'm just curious why you didn't stay abroad. I mean, you're pretty excellent at what you do, and if you had stayed in France, you would've found better career prospects," William replied and set down his fork.

"I suppose I just have different ambitions." I did not want to tell him that I came home because my husband asked for a divorce.

"What do you think of Rita and Charles?" William suddenly changed the subject.

"I'm not that familiar with Rita, so I can't make an evaluation of her. As for Charles... "I paused and took a breath, "He's a good man."

William raised his eyebrows and said, "But Rita told me once that you were her good friend. In fact, she mentions you a lot to me."

I almost dropped my cutlery on my plate. Since when was I her good friend? Every time our paths crossed, she always looked like she wanted to choke the life out of me.

"Well, was she telling the truth?" Since I did not say anything for a long time, William asked again.

I had no choice but to respond, "I suppose she's a good person as well. As someone who has been suffering from cancer for so many years, she's quite the fighter. I actually admire her more than I feel sorry for her."

William was shocked to hear what I just said. "Yes, Rita had cancer, but she's been in full remission for some time now. She does have some kind of heart disease, though, but it's not severe enough to interfere with her daily life."

I could not believe what I just heard. Everyone knew that Rita had cancer, and I had the medical records to prove that it was not in remission.

"No, Rita still has cancer," I protested.

"How is that possible?" William was stunned. He wiped his face and said, "You know what, forget it. I'll get back to you after I figure it out."

"You must have made a mistake, William." I smiled and dismissed the conversation about whatever was ailing Rita. Whether she had cancer or heart disease, she was still pregnant with Charles's child, and that was a fact. 1

"Let's talk about something else. I've been in Los Angeles for a couple of days, but I haven't gotten the chance to visit some tourist spots. Do you have time to wander around with me this afternoon?" William asked.

"Okay. I happen to have no work this afternoon."

"Do I need to pay a guide's fee or something? I don't want to cheap out on you, Miss Riley," he teased with a smile.

I could not help feeling amused. For the first time, I found that William had a humorous side.

"No need for fees. It'll be my honor to be your guide."

"You really look amazing when you smile, Scarlett. You should smile often." William suddenly looked at me seriously, "When you smile, you remind me of one of my dearest friends."

Feeling a little embarrassed under his probing gaze, I cleared my throat and said, "Really? And who might that be?"

"I'll tell you some other time," William beamed.

I could not help rolling my eyes. It was laughably typical of William to withhold such a trivial piece of information so that he could look mysterious.

After lunch, I took William sightseeing around Los Angeles. William was a perfect gentleman and an outstanding conversationalist. No matter what turn our talks took, he always steered them into something informative and interesting. He was a great friend to have, but we could not be close.

When we ran out of things to talk about, he brought up Rita and Charles once again. I sensed that he wanted to know something, but I could not figure out what. I had always felt that William and Rita had a somewhat close relationship. When I broached the subject, William digressed and started a whole new conversation. At nightfall, I accompanied William back to his hotel.

"Thank you so much for a wonderful day, Scarlett. I had a lot of fun. Let's have dinner next time, okay?"

The lines that made him look weary were now gone, but I still could not decide whether or not it was just because of the absence of natural light.

"You're welcome," I said casually, not acknowledging his dinner invitation. Reason told me to keep my distance from him. More drama was the last thing I wanted.

When I was about to leave, I saw Charles walk into the hotel lobby. Behind him were several men in suits. It seemed that they had just finished a meeting. It suddenly occurred to me that this five-star hotel that William was staying in was also owned by Charles.

"Scarlett!" Charles shouted after me with an unhappy look on his face. He obviously was not thrilled to see me and William in the same room.

I ignored him and headed for the exit without looking back. Once again, he was in a bad mood, and I did not want to stick around so that he could take out his frustrations on me.

Before I could make it out, his hand was already around my wrist.

I curled my lips and said, "Let go of me, Charles. I want to go home."

"Let me drive you home." Ignoring my struggle, Charles towed me toward William who just watched as we approached him. "Are you interested in my wife?" Charles asked directly.

William looked at him with wide eyes. "Scarlett's your wife?"

"Yes, so stay away from her," Charles snapped, glared at William, and then dragged me away.

Before William could react, Charles already put me in his car.

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Chapter 89 Setup

After sending me home, Charles returned to the company for a meeting. His schedule was hectic. I could not understand why he insisted on watching me go upstairs when he had other things to do and someplace to be.

Before I could put down my bag, the director of the TV station called and invited Nina and me to dinner. It seemed we two got the chance to study abroad, and this was probably a send-off sort of thing. I must say, I was a little surprised. The director seldom made time for these things. If there was anything he wanted to say, he would always just tell us through his assistant.

Nevertheless, I did not think too much about it. I figured he was only trying to be nice for once. With that, I changed my clothes and went to the restaurant. I was the first one to arrive at the private room. I had been waiting for a few minutes when I got a call from Nina. "Scarlett, I'm sorry. I won't be able to make it to the dinner. There's something wrong with the program, and I'm trying to fix it," she anxiously said.

Without waiting for my reply, she hung up the call. I felt a little uneasy when I realized that I would be alone with the director later.

Just as I was thinking about what I would say later, the door of the private room opened, and two men, who I did not expect to see, came in. It was Nate and Mr. Valdez.

I was stunned. Did the director also invite them? These people were evil. To think, they showed up at the same time. They must have ulterior motives.

While I was contemplating if I should leave or not, the director of the TV station called me, saying that something had come up. Since Nate and my father were old friends, he decided to ask Nate to accompany me to dinner on his behalf.

After hanging up the phone, I realized that this was a setup.

Nina was meticulous and thorough. How could something go wrong in the program? The director must have made trouble for her, so I would come here alone. My blood was boiling in anger. All I wanted at the moment was to stand up and leave. All of a sudden, Nate put his hand on my shoulder and smiled slyly at me. "Scarlett, aren't you gonna say 'hello' to us? You used to be a polite girl. Have you forgotten all the manners your father taught you?"

I raised my head and stared daggers at him. He was a man who was not worthy of respect. What qualifications did he have to lecture me about manners?

"I'm not in the mood for bullshit," I fired back. I wanted to leave, but Nate was pressing on my shoulder, stopping me from standing up.

"Scarlett, long time no see. You haven't changed. You're still as beautiful as the last time I saw you. Since you're already here, stay for dinner, will you?" Mr. Valdez invited, acting chummy with me.

"Aren't you afraid Charles will know about this?" I asked through gritted teeth. In the past, Nate would, at least, disguise himself and keep his filthy intention hidden. But now, it seemed that he did not care anymore.

"So what if Charles finds out about this? There's nothing he can do about it anyway. Besides, your father and I are old friends. Am I not allowed to invite you to dinner and have a chat with you?" As soon as Nate said these words, he ordered the waiter to serve the wine. He did not seem to take my words seriously.

He even turned to Mr. Valdez and jokingly said, "Valdez my friend, don't covet Scarlett in the future, okay? She's my good friend's daughter."

Mr. Valdez nodded and bowed his head in agreement. "Yes, yes. I promise I won't."

The performance of these two made me sick to my stomach. I clenched my fists, and my mind went blank in anger. 1

"Now that Valdez has promised he would behave himself, Scarlett, I'd like to propose a toast to him. Let bygones be bygones." Nate picked up the glass and gave it to me, asking me to drink it.

"I won't drink it," I firmly said. How I wished those two would disappear from my sight this instant.

"Fine. I'll make you drink it myself." Nate held the back of my head and forcefully made me drink the wine regardless of my protests.

"Mr. Lively, behave yourself!" I shouted at the top of my lungs and shook off the wine glass in his hand at the same time. Nate was taken aback, and I took the opportunity to bolt to the door.

Nate's face was dark and gloomy as he stared at the shattered wine glass on the floor.

"Scarlett, you'd better learn to be polite when I show respect to you." Nate sounded like the devil from hell—vicious and terrifying.

However, I just ignored his threat and marched out of the door. But just as I was about to touch the doorknob, Nate pulled me back into the room. He even locked the door, so I would not escape.

I was starting to panic, but I tried my best to calm myself down. "If you hurt me, Charles won't let you go," I warned. 1

"Ha-ha! You silly girl, are you threatening me?" Nate slowly approached me with a smirk, which highlighted his wrinkles and made him look more repulsive than ever.

I was forced to retreat to the table. Unfortunately, I tripped over a chair, and it sent me stumbling to the floor. I happened to land on a piece of broken glass, which dug into my palm and made it bleed.

Before I could react, Nate pulled me up again, threw me aside, and stared into my eyes. "I didn't lay a finger on you for the sake of the Moore family. You'd better not do anything stupid."

My waist hit the corner of the table, and it sent a sharp pain to my side. I rubbed it to

ease the pain and just turned a deaf ear to his empty threat.

"Nate, calm down. Let's have dinner first. I believe Scarlett won't do anything stupid now," Mr. Valdez urged.

"Stop pretending that you're a good man. Both of you are filthy," I said with a sneer.

"Since you keep misbehaving, I should let you know how cruel the world really is." Nate reached out his hands to me. I could see malice in his eyes, and I shuddered at the sight of it.

Unexpectedly, a knock sounded on the door. The waiter had come to serve the dishes. I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw an opportunity to escape again.

Nate must have seen through me that he pressed me down the seat and warned, "Don't you dare play any tricks, or else..."

When he opened the door, he did not once take his eyes off me. The waiter who was serving the dishes did not seem to notice anything unusual. Anxious, I tried to stand up and run away, but Nate pressed my injured hand on the table harder. The broken glass stabbed deeper into my palm. It was excruciating, but there was nothing I could do but grit my teeth and endure the pain. 1

The waiter left the private room once all the dishes were served.

Nate pressed me down on my seat the entire time. As a result, I did not find a chance to escape. 1

At that moment, he put on a concerned look on his face and asked, "Scarlett, let me see your hand," He then reached out to grab my hand, but I moved it to the other side.

"Disgusting," I muttered under my breath.

Nate's smile disappeared. He pointed at my nose and cursed at me. "You bitch, I'm not always this kind. Do you want to be beaten?"

“Sure. I’ll show everyone how horrible the CEO of the Lively Group is.” With a sneer, I took out my phone from my bag to do a live broadcast of the scene.

“How dare you?!” In a fit of anger, Nate yanked my phone from my hand and tossed it away. Then, he slapped me across the face. The sound of his palm hitting my face echoed across the small private room. As if it was not enough, he punched me square in the head. 1

My head tilted sideways, and I felt a ringing in my ears. What was more, I caught a whiff of blood at the corners of my mouth.

At that moment, my phone on the floor rang. It was Charles. I wanted to pick it up, but Nate stepped on it into pieces. A few seconds later, the phone stopped ringing, and the screen went off. Now, my last hope was extinguished, and all that was left of me was despair.

Meanwhile, Nate was fuming with anger. His eyes were bloodshot, and his expression was terrifying. Suddenly, he grabbed my neck and asked with a sneer, “Do you want to die? I can fulfill your wish.”

“Let me go.” I slapped his arm with all my remaining strength, but he only strangled me harder. I could not breathe, and the ringing in my ears grew even louder.

“Nate, forget it. It’s not a big deal,” Valdez persuaded Nate into letting me go.

“No. This bitch deserves to be punished.” Nate did not heed to Mr. Valdez’s persuasion and choked me harder. He looked like a blood-thirsty vampire that was about to devour his first victim for the night.

His grip on my neck was increasing by the second. I was as helpless as an animal that got caught in a hunter’s trap. No matter how hard I struggled, I could not break free. My eyesight was starting to get blurry. Just as I felt that I was on the verge of death, Charles’s figure appeared before my eyes. Of all times, how I wish I could see him right now.

God must have heard my pleas. I suddenly heard his voice, and I could attest it was real.

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Chapter 90 Savior

Charles’ POV:

I kicked the door open. What I saw next made my blood boil. Without thinking, I strode over and threw a chair at Nate. His eyes widened, and he scampered at the sight of me.

However, I grabbed his collar and kicked him many times on his vital parts, which sent him curled up in pain. 2

Nate stumbled to the floor and tried to stand up, but I did not let him get away. I punched him several times more and hit his head on the floor. "I have warned you before," I reminded in a cold and menacing tone. 2

He was in so much pain that he could not fight back, much less move. One of his teeth had fallen, and blood oozed out of the corner of his mouth. "Sp... spare me," he implored. 1

"This is just the beginning." I warned as I kicked him again and again.

"Charles... help me..." Scarlett called weakly.

I snapped back to reality when I heard her voice. I immediately let go of Nate, rushed to Scarlett's aid, and carried her in my arms.

Half of her face had been beaten black and blue, and there was a strangulation mark on her neck. My heart broke as I gazed at her curled up in my arms. Seeing that the woman that I loved so much was treated like this, I kicked Nate hard again on the way out.

The driver who was waiting outside the restaurant was mortified to see Scarlett like this. He immediately opened the door for us, no questions asked.

Once we were in the car, the driver turned to me and asked, "Mr. Moore, shall we go to the hospital?"

"Go to the Empire Hotel and call a female doctor," I ordered in a low voice.

I took Scarlett to the presidential suite of the hotel. She must be in excruciating pain that she kept groaning all the way.

I wanted to undress her to see if she had other injuries aside from what I had seen earlier, but she stopped me.

"Honey, let me check if you're okay," I whispered reassuringly.

Scarlett's eyes fluttered open. The instant she saw me, she shrank back and moved her hand away.

I touched her neck gently. "Why did you go out to see Nate?"

"Do you think I want to see him?" Scarlett retorted in an aggrieved tone. She then paused for a second and, all of a sudden, broke into tears. "I wanted to leave!" 1

For a second, I felt like boiling water was being poured over my heart, but the pain radiated to my body. It was then that I realized how helpless and terrified Scarlett must have been. I held up her face and kissed her forehead lovingly to somehow ease her distress. "This will never happen again. But Scarlett... why didn't you call me in advance?"

Speaking of which, my grievance became annoyance. Scarlett had always been stubborn and willful. She never relied on me, even if her safety was at stake. 1

"It was too late," Scarlett glumly replied.

"Scarlett, from now on, I want you to tell me every time you go see someone." I laid Scarlett down on the hotel bed and started unbuttoning her pants.

"No, you can't do this." Scarlett pushed my hand away and bit her lips. Her face was also red, probably from shame. "Don't look at me."

I snorted. "But you're hurt."

My eyes fell on her bruises on her waist and neck, and my heart ached yet again. With a sigh, I decided to put back her clothes. I then moved closer to her and gently asked, "Where else did you get hurt?"

Scarlett was hesitant for a moment. But in the end, she decided to show her hand. Her palm was bloody, and tiny pieces of glass were protruding from her skin.

I could not help but curse inwardly. How I wish I could go back to the restaurant and kill Nate right now.

"It seems that I owe you something again," Scarlett mumbled with a heavy sigh. 1

I must admit, what she had said made my hackles rise. The last thing I wanted to see was her being polite and distant to me.

Exasperated, I grasped her wrist and said through gritted teeth, "I don't want to hear that from you again. You don't owe me anything because we're a couple, and it's only right for me to take care of you. You shouldn't feel guilty."

Scarlett struggled to get out of my grasp. "Let go of me. If my wrist gets injured, I won't be able to cook for you anymore."

"I am not lacking a cook," I replied crossly.

At that moment, a knock sounded at the door. I let go of Scarlett's wrist and answered the door. Standing outside was the female doctor whom I had

requested. She also had a bulky medical box in her hand. Without a word, I stood aside and let

her in.

She examined Scarlett's injuries thoroughly. When she saw the wound on Scarlett's hand, she took out tweezers and gently plucked the broken glass one by one.

Cold sweat broke out of Scarlett's forehead because of the pain, but she did not say a word.

When I noticed her apprehensiveness, I could not help but shout at the doctor, "Can you be any gentler?!"

The doctor got startled. "Sorry. Yes, I will," she anxiously answered.

It took her more than ten minutes to remove all the glass fragments from Scarlett's palm.

"You can leave now. I'll do the rest." With a stone-cold expression, I took the bandage from the doctor and drove her away.

She seemed relieved that she could finally get out of here. With that, she hurriedly instructed me how to apply medicine and left the room afterward.

"You scared her," Scarlett helplessly said.

I lowered my head and wrapped her hand with a bandage. "Am I that terrifying?"

"Come on. You stood there with a long face and shouted at her while she was doing her job. I would've been scared of you too." Scarlett pouted her lips. She now looked livelier than she was a while ago.

"I was just worried you'd get hurt because of her." Once I was done bandaging her hand, I stood up and took the ointment for bruises. "Lift up your shirt."

"What... what are you going to do?" Scarlett quickly pulled the hem of her clothes and looked at me warily.

"I'm going to treat your bruises."

Regardless of her objection, I gently moved her hands away and lifted her shirt, revealing her waist. Her skin was as white as milk, and her waist was slim. She looked so fragile as if she would easily bend and break. I looked at her with dissatisfaction. "Haven't you been eating well?"

"I didn't mean to lose weight. It's just that I've been too busy recently that I sometimes forget to eat," Scarlett explained with her lips curled into a pout. Like

a child reasoning out with her parents, she could not look at me in the eye as she spoke. 1

I paused for a second upon hearing her response. I thought that she had lost weight because she could not sleep or eat because of me. I could not help but laugh at myself for being hopelessly romantic. With a sardonic smile, I tightened my grip as if

to punish her. 1