

# Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 108

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 108 The Air Ticket

Scarlett's POV:

Pushing Charles away, I said, "I'll be there as a guest tomorrow night."

I then took off the necklace and added, "And there is no reason for me to accept such a precious gift."

"What do you mean by that? You are my wife, and you deserve the best." Charles' face paled as he held my wrist.

"Soon, I won't be your wife. We're going to divorce, remember?" I said in a firm voice. I was forcing myself to be cold to him because I did not want him to sway my heart away. I knew that it would be more painful if I let him into my heart once again. 11

"Scarlett!" Charles called out my name, gritting his teeth

Although I knew that he was angry, I continued to provoke him. "Would you like to go on? Bring it on! I am ready."

Charles snorted and shook off my hand. "You are so disgusting." 1

I shrugged, pretending not to care. "Whatever. You don't seem to want to continue, so why don't you just leave?"

Charles sat down on the sofa and said coldly, "This is my home too and I am willing to stay right here."

I ignored his words. After what just happened, I became sober. I was finally able to sense the awful smell of alcohol on my body, and wanted to take a shower to get rid of it. I finished the hot cup of honey water before I turned around and walked to the bathroom.

"Wait! Take your gift with you. Or you won't be able to sleep tonight," Charles warned.

I did not want to be tangled with him again, so I glared at him as I picked up the gift box and the bouquet of white roses and threw them in the study room. I felt like if it was out of my sight, then I wouldn't think about it.

Only after I was done taking a shower did I completely sober up. After wiping my wet hair with a towel, I went to the living room to drink some water. To my surprise, Charles was alone there, drinking.

I curled my lips, resisted the impulse to talk to him, and passed by him without looking at him. He did not say anything to me, either. He continued to stare at the glass in his hand, looking a little lonely.

I drank a full glass of water before I returned to my room. I slammed the door behind me with a bang, feeling depressed. Why was he pretending to be so despondent? He was acting as though I was the bad guy in the relationship who lied to him about love and hurt him deeply. 6

As I slowly dried my hair, I sat down on the bed gloomily. However, I could not stop worrying about him. Was he still drinking? Thinking of that, I could not resist myself anymore. I got out of bed, and opened the door slightly, looking at him through the crack. The lights in the living room were off, and there was no sound.

I took off my slippers, walked to the living room stealthily, and noticed Charles fast asleep on the sofa. Next to him, there were several empty alcohol bottles.

"You should be more careful or you will die from alcohol poisoning!" I couldn't help but grumble. s

Seeing that he was not taking good care of himself, I could not help but get angry. Feeling helpless, I covered him with a thin blanket.

The next morning, I woke up with a splitting headache.

Alcohol was really a bad thing, at least for me. Yawning lazily, I walked out of my room and saw that Charles had already left. However, there was breakfast on the table, and the roses that he had gotten for me the night before were neatly placed in a vase that was filled with water.

As I gently touched the flowers, I thought of what he had said to me the night before, and my heart softened.

While I was eating breakfast, Alice called me.

"Scarlett, I miss you so much. When will you get off work today? I'll ask the driver to pick you up." There was a lot of enthusiasm, and humor in her voice, just like always. 1

"Mom, I miss you too. But I'm not sure when I'll get off work today. Once I am done with work, I will go to the hotel on my own. Don't trouble the driver on my behalf," I said to her with a smile, influenced by her cheerful mood.

I chatted with her for a while longer before I hung up, gulped down the rest of my breakfast, and rushed to the TV station.

"Hey, Scarlett, why are you in such a hurry?"

I saw Nina walking towards me with a mug in her hand as soon as I arrived at work.

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"I was caught up in a traffic jam." Sitting on the chair, I tried to catch my breath. "Charles did not drop you off at work today?" Nina seemed to be a little surprised as she asked me that question.

I shook my head and replied, "Well, we had a fight."

Moreover, it did not seem like we would patch things up anytime soon. Although it was something that I had always wanted, for some reason, I could not help but feel depressed about getting it.

"Damn it! Things were going so well last night. How could you two fight?" Nina looked at me in disbelief. Disappointed, she put down the coffee mug and turned to me. "Nothing happened between you two?"

Thinking of what happened last night, I smiled awkwardly. "We shouted at each other. Does that count?"

"I'm speechless! Are you two stupid?" Nina held her head between her hands. I guessed that she was trying to push Charles and me to have sex. 3

"We are not in love," I retorted, clearing my throat awkwardly, but my response sounded feeble and weak.

"You really did not sleep with him, then?" she asked again.

Shaking my head, I wondered why she was so concerned about the progress of my relationship with Charles.

"Forget it." Nina really seemed to be disappointed with me. She took out a ticket from the folder and handed it to me as she said, "Here is the flight ticket. The plane leaves at seven tomorrow morning."

I took the ticket from her and looked at the date, without saying anything. I did not think that time would fly by so quickly. It all felt like a dream now.

"Don't think too much. Everything would have been sorted by the time you come back next year," Nina comforted me softly.

I smiled at her but did not say anything. Sometimes, time was not enough to change or prove anything. I had left for three years in the past, but my relationship with Charles only became more complicated after I returned.

"Spencer mentioned to me that Charles has been living alone for three years now." Nina carefully observed my expression before she continued, "Is it possible that Rita has deceived everyone with her pitiful look?"

I shook my head. "Is she even that smart to fool everyone? Besides, Charles' attitude towards Rita..." I paused, finding it difficult to continue. "It's obvious that he is willing to go up against his own family for her sake." 4

Charles' POV:

It was the day of Grandpa's birthday. I went to the company early in the morning, so that I could finish my work as soon as I could and go to the hotel earlier to get ready

for the party

Spencer came to my office in the noon to have lunch with me.

"Bro, there is a problem with your love life, and it's pretty obvious." Saying that, Spencer ate a piece of the beef, chewing it fiercely. "Really?" I looked up at him, picked up the pepper and salt, and sprinkled it on my plate.

"Come on! Even now, you're wearing a long face." Spencer put on an exaggerated expression as he grabbed the salt and pepper from me. "Stop it, or the food will be too salty."

I put down the knife and fork irritably, pushed the plate aside, and signaled the waiter to take it away. That moment, my phone rang.

"What's up?" I asked impatiently, answering it.

"Mr. Moore, it's me."

It was the director of the TV station. He informed me that Scarlett was going to leave Los Angeles by air at seven on the following morning.

I hung up and put the phone on the table with a long face. "How dare she lie to me?"

Hearing that, Spencer looked at me in confusion. "What happened?"

"Scarlett is going abroad for a one-year training program, and she is leaving tomorrow morning," I muttered. I felt like I should not believe her words because she was trying to keep me in the dark about it the whole time.

"Do you want her to stay?" Spencer asked, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"Of course! I'll make her mine tonight," I answered firmly. Not only did I want to make her stay, I wanted to make her stay whole-heartedly. If she wanted to fly away

from me, then I would break her wings apart. 1

After having lunch, Spencer walked to me with a cigarette in his hand and said with a smile, "Do you really not want to have a smoke?"

"No, I quit smoking." I pushed the door open and walked out.

"You really are something. You have been a smoker for years, but you've quit for Scarlett's sake. I genuinely admire the effect she has on you." Spencer blew out some smoke rings as he quickened his pace to catch up with me.

Just when I was about to say something, a little girl bumped into me. I held her up at once and asked, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, sir." Saying that, the little girl ran back to her mother.

Looking at the back of that lovely little girl, I could not help but think of my future. "Who do you think is going to be a dad first between the two of us, Spencer?"

"Do you really want to be a father?" Spencer looked at me as though he had seen a

ghost.

I nodded and looked away. "Yes, and I want my kid to look like Scarlett."

With a chuckle, Spencer patted me on the shoulder. "Bro, you are still a virgin, but I admire your ambition!"

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 109

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 109 The Birthday Party

Scarlett's POV:

As I walked out of the gate of the company, I saw Charles's car parked on the side of the road. I debated whether or not to go to him. But in the end, I decided to go to him. We were not on speaking terms these past few days. But since he was here, I might as well talk to him. That reminded me I could mock at him now that he was the one who conceded first and came to me.

A man got out of the car while I was making my way to it. To my surprise, it was not Charles, but Spencer. I could not hide my disappointment. I thought Charles had come for me.

"Spencer, why are you here?" I asked while walking towards him.

"Charles is busy right now. He couldn't come here, so he asked me to pick you up." As soon as Spencer finished speaking, a makeup artist got out of the car with an exquisite dress in her hand.

I had no choice but to dress up. If I resisted, Spencer would mention Michael and guilt-trip me. There was nothing I could do but sit there and let them doll me up. For some reason, I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. It was as if something bad would happen, but I had no idea what it was.

We left for the hotel after they got me ready. There I saw Alice and the others greeting the guests by the entrance. The whole hotel had been cleared since yesterday. Those who were not invited to the party were allowed to check in. Everyone here was rich and powerful. The parking lot outside seemed more like a showroom because of the luxury cars that were parked there. "Scarlett, my dear, come!" Alice greeted enthusiastically. She seemed elated to see me.

"Go ahead." Spencer lifted the train of my gown as I walked up to Alice.

"Darling, you look stunning!" Alice remarked with a smile. She then held my hand and led me to Charles. "You stay with Charles first."

I nodded obediently stood beside him without a word. Although I felt a little helpless about Alice's arrangement, it was Michael's birthday. I did not want anyone to be disappointed because of me.

"Why didn't you protest?" Charles asked in a low voice.

I just smiled in response. It was hard to figure out what he really wanted. Whenever I was being obedient and submissive, he was skeptical. But when I disagreed, he would pull a long face. It was very difficult, if not impossible, to please him.

"Hold my arm," Charles whispered in my ear.

His warm breath and hoarse voice tickled my ears. I covered them with my hands and stared daggers at him.

Charles looked at me from head to toe and snapped, "Hurry up. They're watching us."

It was only then that I noticed that everyone was looking at the two of us with interest. Charles and I were so close that the guests who were just passing by could not help but cast a glance at us. I cleared my throat, embarrassed as the guests were looking at me. Albeit unwillingly, I held his arm and forced myself to

relax. "Behave yourself. Don't touch me without my permission," I reminded him through gritted teeth.

"How can you still be shy when we've been married for years?" Charles muttered in a barely audible tone but loud enough for me to hear. "Watch your words." I pinched his arm with the same sardonic smile.

At that moment, an elegantly dressed lady came over and greeted Alice. "Alice, long time no see! I missed you so much!"

Alice's face lit up upon seeing her old acquaintance. She held the lady's hand and chatted with her for a while.

The woman nudged Alice's arm and looked at me up and down as if she was guessing who I was. "Oh, wow. Who's that beautiful lady holding Charles's arm?"

"Well, that's—"

Before Alice could answer, Rita suddenly appeared. She was wearing a long black spangly gown with a huge emerald necklace around her neck. Her make-up was exquisite, but her smokey eyes somewhat aged her.

Susan and Nate came to the party as well. What was more, a dozen bodyguards were following them. Did they come here to ruin the party?

"People who don't know the situation might think that it's her birthday party and not your grandfather's," Spencer joked.

I could not help but chuckle at his words. He was right, after all. But then, I noticed that Charles was looking at me, so I quickly straightened up. Both Spencer and Nina were good-looking and funny. They were a perfect match.

However, my good mood only lasted for a couple of seconds as I saw Rita rushing towards us. She grabbed Charles's other arm without a hint of shame.

I withdrew my hand from Charles's arm awkwardly, but he stopped me.

He held my hand tighter on one hand and shook off Rita's with the other. "Spencer, take her in," he ordered in an icy cold voice.

"No, I don't want to. I want to be by your side!" Rita pouted and acted like a spoiled brat.

Her voice might sound cute and sweet in other people's ears. But to me, it was like nails on a chalkboard. It sent shivers down my spine, and I shuddered at the sound of it. All I wanted right now was to get out of this suffocating place and away from that presumptuous woman. I tried to withdraw my hand from Charles's arm yet again. However, I immediately stopped as he cast a warning gaze at me out of the corner of his eye. 1

Helpless, I tugged on Charles's sleeve and suggested, "How about I go upstairs now with Spencer?"

"No." Alice walked up to us and looked at Rita with disdain. "You're the one who should go upstairs. Just to remind you, you're not invited here. But since today is my father-in-law's birthday, I'll let you stay. You should thank me. At least I have the decency not to humiliate you in front of so many people. But if you continue to misbehave, don't blame me for being rude."

Rita feared Alice, so she did not dare to make a scene after hearing the latter's warning. But before she left, she did not forget to ruffle my feathers. "I'm ill, and I can't stand up for a long time. I'm afraid you'll have to help me entertain the guests."

I did not say anything in response and just watched Spencer take her away. Rita reminded me that no matter what happened, everyone would sympathize with the weak, and in the end, I would get the short end of the stick. After all, everyone knew she was dying. People like her always got sympathy and compassion. My heart ached at this realization.

one is your daughter-in-law?" one of Alice's

"Alice, I'm confused. Which acquaintances asked.

"Me too. But I like the lady over there who's standing next to your son now," another chimed in.

"I agree. The one who just went upstairs seems hard to deal with. I heard she's Mr. Lively's daughter."

The ladies kept asking Alice about us in confusion. Embarrassed, I lowered my head and twiddled with my fingers. This was what I had been dreading since the party preparations. And now, what I had feared the most had become true.

Alice cleared her throat and explained loudly, "Of course, my daughter-in-law is the lady next to Charles. Anyway, there will be a spectacular show later. Please wait patiently." With a smile, she beckoned her friends to go upstairs to the banquet hall.

When the ladies were gone, Charles looked at me and noticed that I was in a bad mood. He stretched out his hands to hold me, but I took a step back away from him. How dare he touch me after getting me into trouble? Charles, you wish! I was so mad at him that I did not talk to him for the rest of the party and kept a safe distance from him.

Once the reception was over, Charles and I went upstairs with the elders. I must say, they were beaming with happiness. They finally saw their old friends after a long time.

Alice sighed and said, "It looks like I'll have to entertain guests again soon. But this time, it'll be Charles and Scarlett's wedding. I can't wait."



"Yes. It'll happen soon. I'm sure the ceremony will be grand and more people will come," Lawrence echoed.

"We should familiarize the guests with Scarlett then." Alice turned around and winked at me meaningfully. Not wanting to disappoint them on such an occasion, I just smiled and said nothing.

The smile on my face faltered the moment I entered the banquet hall. A loud and distinct female voice inside echoed in our ears. It was Susan's.

"Charles is concerned about Rita. He doesn't want her to get tired. The lady he's with downstairs is just his sister. Do you still remember the Riley family? The girl is the daughter of the man who had committed suicide. The Moore family adopted her out of pity."

"Fucking hell. I'll tear that bitch's mouth apart!" Alice was infuriated with what she had heard.

Just as she was about to shut Susan up, I grabbed her hand and smiled reassuringly at her. With a sardonic smile, I walked up to Susan and loudly asked, "If I remember it right, the Livelys weren't given an invitation, were you? I never expected I'd see you three here."

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 110

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

### Chapter 110 The Announcement

Scarlett's POV: "How are you doing lately, Scarlett?" Nate came over and greeted me. "I'm good. And you? How's business?" I replied, eyeing him carefully.

As soon as I finished my question, Nate's face darkened. The change was so obvious that it almost made me chuckle.

Hearing this, Alice burst into laughter. Nate maintained the fake smile on his face despite the palpable awkwardness that suddenly descended.

"It's not bad, thank you for asking," Nate finally answered. I was about to say something else when somebody linked arms with me. "Thank you for helping me entertain the guests, Scarlett." Rita flashed me her best toothy smile and gently patted my arm.

I knew that she was only acting chummy with me because she wanted to show everyone what a good person she was, which she was not. She might not be bright in aspects that matter, but she was cunning, and I respected that as much as I hated to admit it.

"It's my pleasure," I smiled back at her and slowly withdrew my arm.

"Everyone, let's have a seat and chat." Rita kept on her decent smile and greeted everyone as if she was running for local office.

I just stood there and watched her bend over backwards trying to keep everyone entertained.

Then, Charles walked up to me, snaked his arm around my waist, and ushered me toward his parents. The gesture looked so intimate that some heads turned to our direction.

"Where are your grandparents? Why aren't they here yet? I'm a little worried about them. Maybe they're having trouble finding the venue. Will you two step out and fetch them?" Alice said worriedly, glancing at the door. She looked restless and agitated.

"Okay, we'll go get them. Don't worry," I said, patting the back of her hand. Then, Charles and I headed out to find Michael and Christine.

"Charles? Where are you going?" Rita asked, hurrying over to stand in our way.

"You stay here," Charles muttered, casting a cold glance at her.

"I'm coming with you," Rita mumbled and tried to hold Charles's hand, but he dodged.

"If you don't want to get thrown out of here, don't make me repeat myself," Charles snapped and then looked at me and took my hand.

"Let's go find Grandma and Grandpa." After saying that, he towed me out of the banquet hall without looking back.

I chanced a glance at Rita. She was standing right where we left her. Her eyes screamed bloody murder at me, but through the resentment, I could see pure, undiluted pain. Despite all the trouble she had caused me, I could not help feeling sorry for her.

As soon as we walked out of the banquet hall, we ran into one of Charles's business partners.

Charles stopped and introduced us. "Hello, Mr. Thompson. I hope you're having a great evening. This is my wife, Scarlett. Scarlett, this is Mr. Thompson."

After greeting Mr. Thompson, I stood quietly beside Charles, held his arm, and listened to their conversation.

"Wow. I didn't know you were married. Why didn't you tell me about your beautiful wife before?" Mr. Thompson asked, playfully punching Charles in the chest.

"Well, I prefer to keep her to myself. By the way, she's a huge fan of the nuts your company makes," Charles responded politely.

"Is that so? Well, she has great taste. Are you sure she is your wife?"

With that, Charles and Mr. Thompson shared a good laugh. I could not help giggling at the joke, too. Then, Charles finally replied, "Yes, she is." He turned to look at me and flashed me a sincere smile. I almost choked.

"I suppose I can't blame you for not wanting to parade her around. She's ravishing, and you're one lucky young man." Then, Mr. Thompson seemed to think of something suddenly. He turned to me and said, "Mrs. Moore, I'm sure your husband has informed you that he wants to purchase my shares for you."

"And has he succeeded?" I asked Mr. Thompson with a smile.

"You know, Charles here can do anything he puts his mind to. He's such a brilliant young businessman, and it's a pleasure to work with him," Mr. Thompson answered and patted Charles on the shoulder.

I whipped my head toward Charles.

He turned to look at me affectionately. There was something about his stare that pierced through my soul and made me feel so many things at once that I had to

I was so moved. I did not expect that he had done so much for me without me even knowing Charles and Mr. Thompson chatted for a while and then finally said goodbye. "Grandma, Grandpa." As soon as we turned the corridor, I saw Michael and Christine walking toward us.

I walked up to them and gave each of them a kiss. I gently held Christine's arm and swept my eyes over her. "Oh, my gosh, Grandma, you look amazing tonight."

"Thank you, my dear," Christine flashed me a big, happy smile and squeezed my hand.

"I'm sure you'll be the belle of the ball tonight. All eyes will be on you," I said proudly and raised my chin.

"Oh, aren't you sweet? But I'm old and don't want to be the center of attention anymore. I just want to see you in the limelight," Christine replied.

"You're not that old. You're the most beautiful woman in the world," I insisted with a smile.

"Well, thank you, Scarlett. I appreciate it. Let's go inside. Your grandfather has something important to announce." Christine patted the back of my hand and stared at me dotingly.

“What is it?” I could not help asking when I saw that her expression had turned a little serious.

“You’ll find out soon enough, dear,” Christine smiled and proceeded to the banquet hall.

I did not ask any more questions after that and just ushered her to the party. I walked by Christine’s side while Charles walked by Michael’s side.

None of us stopped or talked until we made it to the banquet hall and all the guests looked in our direction.

“All right. Enjoy the party, Grandma and Grandpa.” As I spoke, I stepped back and let them walk in.

Michael and Christine made their entrance arm-in-arm.

Charles took a look at me and then attempted to put his hand on the small of my back. I dodged his touch, walked away, and entered the banquet from the side door by myself.

Next thing I knew, Michael was onstage and giving a speech. The guests listened carefully. I found a corner with only a few people and walked over there.

“Thank you for coming to the party tonight. I hate to ruin the festivities, but I have to make something clear. First of all, my grandson, Charles Moore, is not romantically involved with Rita Lively. They’re neither engaged nor in a relationship. All the rumors circulating about them were untrue and baseless, and I hope that from now on, none of you will be misled by those false claims. Second, my grandson has been married for three years. We have kept his marriage under wraps for the sake of my

granddaughter-in-law. We didn’t want her to be hurt. But we eventually realized that keeping her identity a secret would only cause her and our family more unnecessary pain. So tonight, we would like to introduce her to all of you formally. For that, I give you Scarlett Riley, the real and legal wife of my grandson Charles Moore. I sincerely hope that this formal announcement will put an end to all the gossip surrounding my grandson’s love life. Scarlett is his legal wife, and she’s the only Mrs. Moore that our family recognizes. Thank you.” Michael’s authoritative voice rang all throughout the hall. s

As soon as he finished speaking, Christine showed the crowd Charles and I’s marriage certificate, permanently dispelling everyone’s doubt.

The guests were so shocked that they fell silent enough for a pin drop to be heard. So was I.

“What’s going on?” I looked at Charles, who was standing behind me all of a sudden, and questioned him.

Was that the announcement that Christine mentioned earlier? Charles must have known about it, but why did he not tell me?

"I'll explain later." After saying that, Charles reached out to hold my hand, but I shook him off.

"Charles, will you and Scarlett please join us here onstage? You have kept your relationship a secret for so long. It's time for both of you to step into the light and let the world know of your love and care for each other." Christine's calm voice jolted me back to reality.

Charles beamed and nodded with enthusiasm. Ignoring my struggles, he wrapped his arm around my waist and brought me onstage.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 111

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 111 Jealousy

Rita's POV:

Their move caught me by surprise. I never would have thought that the Moore family would announce Charles and Scarlett's relationship to the public straightforwardly.

The faces of my family turned sour upon hearing what Charles's grandfather had said.

Infuriated, my mother argued, "But the baby in my daughter's womb -"

"Mom, stop it! That's enough?" I interrupted her in a fit of panic.

"You're being stupid! Don't you have any idea what they're doing? Now that Scarlett and Charles's relationship has been made public, you no longer have the chance to win Charles over!" my mother fired back while looking at me in bewilderment. 1

"I have a plan," I reassured. I looked at Scarlett, who was standing proudly next to Charles and his grandparents and silently challenging me. Although I was fuming in anger, I tried my best to hold back my anger and maintain my composure.

"You have a plan? What is it?" my mother asked, flabbergasted.

I did not answer.

I was aware I had brought shame to my family. What had happened today turned us into a laughingstock. But, I was not at all worried. I swore to myself I would give Scarlett the taste of her medicine.

Once everyone had gotten off the stage, my father walked up to Charles and questioned him, "What did you mean by that?"

"What are you talking about? You were there at our wedding," Charles answered with a straight face. Not a hint of emotion could be seen on his face.

"I won't let you go for what you've done to my daughter. Mark my words," my father warned, his hands clenched into fists.

However, Charles did not even bat an eye. Without a word, he turned to Scarlett and led her away like a good boyfriend.

Enraged, my father went as white as a sheet.

Meanwhile, a sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. I knew this feeling very well. Every time I see Scarlett and Charles display affection, I would feel a sharp pain in my heart as if it was pricked by a needle. I was burning with anger, and yet I could not vent it out. There was nothing I could do but watch them walk away from me and swallow my humiliation.

All of this was supposed to be mine, but Scarlett stole everything from me.

At that moment, I took a deep breath and tried my best to remain calm and composed. Even though anger was surging in my veins, I could not lose my temper. I knew that bitch Scarlett would only be amused to see me out of control.

Like a majestic queen, I turned around to leave. But before I left, I cast a meaningful glance at the person beside me, who then nodded in understanding.

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth. 'Charles will be mine tonight!' I thought to myself with a sinister smile. 1

Scarlett's POV:

I spent the entire night with Charles. His grandparents' announcement made Charles and me the focus of attention. Many guests even walked up to us to propose a toast.

"Charles, you two are a perfect match!" one of the guests remarked. I blushed when I first heard this. But after hearing it many times, I was starting to get used to it.

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"Thank you," Charles replied with a faint smile. He and I raised our glasses and clinked glasses with the guests. While I was taking a sip of the wine, a guest suddenly asked something, which almost made me spit out my drink. "You've been married for three years. When are you going to have a child?" "I'll try my best. Maybe she'll give birth to our firstborn in two years," Charles replied while gently patting my back.

"You have to work hard then." The guest glanced at me and then burst into laughter.

All of a sudden, I felt my ears get hot, and the feeling spread to my face. Embarrassed, I pinched Charles on the waist.

He grabbed my hand and smirked at me.

When the guest was gone, Charles leaned over and whispered in my ear, "What? Do you think two years is too long?"

I said nothing and just stared daggers at him. Charles seemed rather amused by my expression. He suddenly pinched my cheek with a dotting smile.

He was in a good mood the whole night. This was the first time I had seen him this happy. Was it because today was Michael's birthday? Or perhaps it was because our

relationship had been officially made public?

I wanted to ask him, but I was afraid the the answer would only disappoint me. 2

As the night fell, the guests finally left one after another. The banquet hall, which was crowded with people a few hours ago, had quieted down.

We drank too much tonight. The alcohol must already be kicking in as I was starting to feel dizzy.

Charles held me by the waist and whispered, "Let me take you to the suite upstairs so you can now rest,"

I shook my head and patted my face to get ahold of myself. When my eyesight had become slightly clearer, I looked at him and answered, "I'm good. I can go upstairs on my own. You should stay here and take care of the guests." "But I'm worried about you." Charles held my hand as he spoke and then led me to the elevator.

I struggled to get out of his grasp. But since I was drunk, there was nothing much I could do, so I just let him hold me

heard Nina's voice. "Scarlett, are you

Just as we were about to leave, I sudd okay?" she asked with concern.

"Yes." I turned to Charles and said to him, "Charles, you should do what you have to do. Nina can accompany me upstairs. Besides, many guests have not left yet. It's not appropriate for you to leave just like that."

Charles looked into my eyes and queried, "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm okay, Charles. Don't worry."

"Okay then. You may go upstairs now. I'll go to you once I've sent off the last guest." Charles turned to Nina and handed her the room card. "Thank you, Nina," he solemnly said.

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of her," Nina reassured while helping me to the elevator.

Once we were inside the elevator, she turned to me and smirked. "Congratulations! Your relationship with Charles has been officially made public!"

However, I was not in the mood to celebrate. My head was spinning around so hard that I did not know what to say. I just smiled at her bitterly in response.

We arrived at our room a few moments later. Nina supported me on the shoulder as I

staggered towards the bed. Then, she tucked me in like a mother would to her child.

I was so drunk that my brain was befuddled, and everything seemed to be in a blur.

Although I was disoriented, Nina, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, kept chattering. She complimented Charles for loving me with all his heart and cursed Rita for being in the way of our love story.

Nina's voice was like a lullaby to me. Ever so slowly, I drifted to sleep.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 112

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 112 A Real Couple

Charles' POV:

Worried that Scarlett might feel uncomfortable from the drinking, I wanted to go upstairs to take care of her. I quickly escorted the guests outside the hotel as soon as possible.



"Charles, I think you have the perfect opportunity tonight. Your relationship with Scarlett is public now. Since both of you are drunk, why don't you take this opportunity..." Spencer and David said mysteriously, pulling me aside right before they left. 2

"You'd better leave. You don't need to worry about me." Feeling helpless, I looked at them.

"Alright, let's go. You take care of yourself. But I really think tonight is a good opportunity for you. It is true that she has refused you before, but you should not just take no for an answer. Just seize the opportunity to take the initiative to do something about it. I am telling you, when a woman says no in bed, it actually means yes." Spencer was still trying to persuade me, unwilling to give up. "All right, all right. I know that you know a lot about women. Now go." Exhausted, I massaged my forehead. 6

After seeing all the guests off, I quickly walked to the 35th floor.

"Nina, thank you for taking care of Scarlett."

"It's nothing. I leave the rest to you."

With that, Nina left.

I walked into the room. Scarlett was sound asleep on the king sized bed, her breath as light as a feather.

The soft moonlight fell on her delicate face, and the cool breeze from the balcony window refreshed the room.

As I continued to stare at her beautiful face, I felt a fire in my lower body, which caused me to feel hot all over.

I took a cold shower to calm myself down, but I knew that I could not calm down as long as Scarlett was right beside me.

I then lay down next to her. Turning over in her sleep, Scarlett placed her hand on my chest. 2

She muttered something, but I could not hear it clearly.

"Scarlett, what did you say?" I whispered in her ear lovingly as I tucked in a strand of her messy hair behind her ear.

"Charles, you bastard!" Scarlett cursed in a low voice. "Why am I a bastard?" I was confused. She stopped talking and continued to sleep, nestling her head on my chest. "What's that? Something poked me," she mumbled discontentedly, rubbing her thigh against my lower body before she reached down to grab me. I let out a gasp as I turned over and pressed her under my body. "What... What's

wrong?" My abrupt action awoke her. Her misty eyes were filled with a sense of confusion.

She could not have known how sexy she was at that moment, with her clothes partly undone.

"Who am I?" I asked her seriously, lowering my voice.

"Charles..." After looking at me seriously for a while, she slowly answered.

Her obedience made it impossible for me to resist. Perhaps, it was the drunkenness that was making her seem more innocent and lovely than before. 3

Upon hearing her softly calling my name, I could not help but kiss her.

"Open your mouth," I said to her in a hoarse voice.

Subconsciously, she parted her lips, and I inserted my tongue in her mouth, playing with hers.

The room was getting hotter and the air in the room was getting increasingly romantic. I let go of Scarlett to let her catch her breath.

"You... What are you going to do?" Scarlett looked at me in a daze as she lay beneath

1.

"Don't you think that two years is too long? Let's put the baby on the agenda today," I said with a smile as I took off my clothes.

Scarlett blushed and turned away to avoid eye contact with me. I reached out and gently pinched her chin, forcing her to look at me. Our breaths were now one, and the room was filled with romance and passion.

I sniffed her neck and exhaled deeply.

"You smell so good," I praised with a sincere look in my eyes. She was like a docile kitten in my arms.

I kissed her neck, leaving a hickey.

She let out a low moan, but I could not tell if it was out of pain or pleasure.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked in a low voice, kissing the hickey on her neck devoutly.

"No," she answered softly, seeming to be shy. I could not help but find her to be adorable. Since she did not resist my advances, I leaned closer and kissed her lips.

Wrapping her arms around my neck, Scarlett responded to my kiss passionately

I tore off her clothes, and began to enjoy her beautiful body.

The desire in my body intensified as I moved down, and kissed her soft breasts, making her groan with pleasure.

My hands traveled down to her slender and marble-like waist. I was completely in love with every inch of her body.

Only when I was completely inside of her did I feel that everything that I had felt until now was real.

“Scarlett... Scarlett...” I couldn’t stop calling her name.

Once she adapted herself to my movements, I increased my strength, and thrust harder into her. 2

Scarlett’s POV:

That morning, a cold gust of wind that blew from the windows, brushed past my face.

I woke up in a daze and turned over. I felt as though my body was in shreds. especially my waist.

The romantic night kept flashing through my mind as soon as I woke up. Thinking of what happened the night before, my face turned red.

Struggling to sit up, I looked around, and found that I was the only one in the room.

I glanced at my phone and saw that it was already 10 in the morning. I had missed my flight!

Putting aside my worries, I washed myself, and rushed out of the room. As soon as I opened the door, I found Amy, Charles’s assistant, standing outside. She scared the living crap out of me! “Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore said that I couldn’t disturb your sleep. As for your training program, Mr. Moore has arranged a private plane to send you abroad,” she said to me in a respectful tone. “And all your luggage has already been taken to the plane. These are clothes that Mr. Moore arranged for you, so please change into them.”

Saying that, Amy handed a dress and an overcoat to me. “Where is Charles?” I asked with a frown. “He is on a business trip.” It looked like she did not dare to discuss anything further with me.

I knew that it was not my place to ask more questions about it, but I still felt a little sad. *Why* did Charles leave just like that? Shouldn’t he take responsibility for me after what happened last night?

Thinking of that, I took the clothes from her, and went inside to change. I was in a daze as I followed Amy out of the hotel.

And to my surprise, it was snowing outside.

I reached out and caught a snowflake. In a flash, it melted away in my hand, disappearing without a trace.

Remembering my departure from three years ago, I could not help but feel a little depressed. nner