

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 26

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#) Novel
Chapter 26 Wedding Dress

Charles' POV:

"It's none of your business. Just drink your wine." Since when did Spencer become so nosy? 'He's so annoying.' Feeling irritated, I leaned against the sofa, *pinching* between my eyes.

"Charles, why can't you just admit it? You love Scarlett. But Rita, well, you're just grateful to her for saving your ass in the past. Besides, she is sick now. You're doing all this for her just because of your gratitude and sympathy towards her."

Looking at the red wine in my glass, I was stunned. When I thought of the way I had been behaving lately, I was speechless.

After a long moment, I argued, "No."

"Then why haven't you had sex with Rita

yet?" – She's not in good health, and I am not a monster!"

"Is that so?" Spencer sneered, "If you are holding back your most primal urge in front of the woman you love, then man, you really are a saint! Anyway, I don't want to waste time with you. If that's how you really feel, then let go of Scarlett. She has suffered enough with you and Rita over the years. If you even have the slightest bit of humanity in your heart, then you would let her go."

Spencer's words made me feel extremely dejected, and all of a sudden, I felt like I could not breathe.

I loosened my tie irritably as I glanced him coldly.

"That's all I wanted to say. If you regret this in the future, then don't blame me for not reminding you." Noticing that I was angry, Spencer finished his wine and left.

When I woke up, a ray of sunshine shone on my bed. I cozied up in my *comfortable* blanket as I looked up at the bear alarm clock on the bedside table.

It was nine o'clock. My program today *started* at eleven o'clock. I would not be too late if I just freshened up and rushed to the company at once.

My phone started ringing all of a sudden, next to the alarm clock.

With sleepy eyes, I lifted the blanket off me and got out of bed. I walked to the living room while answering the phone.

"I have a package delivery later. Please sign it for me. And remember to check it before you sign it."

"Sure,"

I said casually before I hung up the phone. Just when I was about to put the phone down, I glanced at the screen and was stunned

'Charles?

Did he really just ask me to sign for his package?'

Realizing that it was Charles' on the

Chapter Wedding Dress phone, my heart began to race. I couldn't help but think of the coldness in his eyes when he had left the previous day.

We had just parted in discord the day before, and now, he was calmly asking me to sign his package.

If he continued to be that way, then when would we even end our relationship?

The delivery guy knocked on my door at exactly half-past nine. There was a well packed box in his hand, which he handed over to me.

"Ma'am, please sign for the package."

"Okay, let me take a look at it first."

I put the package on the shoe cabinet near the door before I opened it with a pair of scissors. It was a white wedding dress that was embroidered and embellished with pearls. There was a beautiful lace collar attached to it, which made it look exquisite.

I froze when I saw it. The whole thing was starting to make me feel breathless.

Unwilling to let me go, Charles was even trying various means to provoke me.

He even asked me to sign for the wedding dress he ordered for another woman. And he specifically asked me to look inside first.

When did he learn to play tricks like Rita?

"Ma'am, it looks like you are going to get married. Congratulations. The delivery man handed me the receipt with a warm smile.

His words startled me. It took me a moment to pull myself together and reply, "It's not for me. It's someone else's."

After he left, I put the box on the tea table and sat on the sofa, staring at the gown in front of me in a daze.

Charles was going to be someone else's soon.

And Rita was going to get what she wanted.

Scarlett, you have to control yourself – *from now on*. You can't be involved with a married man, or people will misunderstand you.

There are many remarkable men in the world, and it is not just Charles Moore. You can't give up the whole forest because of one tree. You should let him go and move on with your life.' di

About ten minutes later, the doorbell rang again.

I walked to the door to open it, and I did not have to look at the person's face to know who it was. I could tell just by their scent.

"I have checked the package. It's on the tea table." Saying that, I turned around and went straight to my room.

Just when I was about to reach the door, Charles explained, "I didn't know it was a wedding dress."

"Alright," I replied, took a deep breath, and faked a smile. "Congratulations, you're finally getting what you want."

"Scarlett, listen to me. I really didn't

Wedding Dr . know that it was a wedding dress." Charles strode towards me, grabbed my arm, and explained in an anxious tone.

When I saw him like that, I felt like he was being ridiculous.

Since Charles liked Rita, he should be with her. I had never stopped him, so why was he doing such a thing to me?

He was the one who kept putting away the divorce, after all. Why did he have to provoke me with a wedding dress now?

"Let's get a divorce. We are free now, right?" I said in a calm voice as I tried to hold back the anger in my heart.

"Not yet." Charles lowered his head and looked away.

"Then when can we get a divorce? When I've had sex with Spencer or when I'm pregnant with his child? If that's the only way in which I can make you let go of me, then I'll do that."

Charles looked at me in shock. There was a fierce look in his eyes, which made it clear that he was furious with me.

After a long moment of silence, he said, "If that's the only way in which you can understand me, then so be it."

"Okay, I will try my best," I said, looking at him with a smile.

Charles clenched his fists and closed his eyes, as though he was trying to restrain his emotions. A few minutes later, he turned around and left, taking the wedding dress with him.

I stood still and watched him disappear from my sight. My bitter smile felt more painful than shedding tears.

But I had already decided to let go of him.

So why was he continuing to torture me like that?

I had just fallen for the wrong man.

Did I really have to end one mistake with another?

And if I did, then would it be fair to me and Spencer?

Charles did not show up for the next few days. Cherishing the peace, I decided to focus on my work.

Lately, the program I hosted was gaining a lot of popularity. My superiors took advantage of the audience's enthusiasm and planned for me to host a new program.

I had to interview celebrities with huge followers on social media and talk about some hot topics for the new program, in order to increase our TV channel's ratings.

It was not too difficult, but it was not a cake walk to do it well.

"Miss Riley, there is hot news all over the Internet about Miss Rita Lively's wedding dress. What do you think about it?" the guest asked all of a sudden as she sat from across me, elegantly. The program was not over yet.

“Mr. Moore and Miss Lively are a perfect couple. It’s great that they are getting married. In fact, I wish they have a long wonderful happy life together.”

“It looks like you’re quite familiar with the couple.”

“Sure. Mr. Moore and Miss Lively are both famous. How could I not know them?”

I said those words with a kind smile, but deep in my heart, only I knew how much it hurt me to say that.

Why did I have to talk about it?

Why were those two popping up no matter where I went? And why wasn’t I able to avoid them even though I badly wanted to? 1

After the program was over, I went out for some fresh air during my lunchtime, in an attempt to temporarily forget my troubles.

But as soon as I walked out of the TV station, Rita came to me with a thermal pot in her hand

“Scarlett, it’s so great to see you here. I thought that I would need to get inside the TV station to meet you.” Rita ran up to me as she said those kind words.

to me as she said those kind words.

“What’s up?”

“It’s nothing. I was just worried that you might be overworking yourself, so I brought some chicken soup to help nourish your body.” Rita pointed at the *thermal pot* in her hand, hesitated for a second before she continued, “Besides, I *wanted to ask you to be my bridesmaid.*”

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Chapter 27 Blessing

Scarlett’s POV:

“I can’t promise you right now.” ‘Inviting her fiance’s ex-wife to be her bridesmaid? Only Rita could come up with something like that!

After all, she had always considered me as an obstacle in her relationship with Charles. And she obviously wanted to show off that she was victorious right on the most important day of her life.

My colleagues stepping out of the TV station for their lunch break, saw me talking to Rita, and began whispering among themselves.

“Scarlett seems to know Miss Lively pretty well. Is she familiar with members of such wealthy families?”

“The Riley, Moore, and Lively family had been well-known families in the city for more than decades now. I heard that they were on good terms, but I don’t know what happened later. The Riley family declined, and the Moore family

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adopted a child from the Riley family.”

“Scarlett’s surname is Riley. Are you saying that she might be the child that the Moore family adopted?” Several of my colleagues looked at me in shock. They might have guessed what had happened to me over the years, so there was a hint of sympathy in their

eyes.

“Scarlett.” One of them waved to me.

I walked up to them with the chicken soup in my hand. They pulled me aside and asked, “Scarlett, what’s your relationship with that woman?”

“She’s just an acquaintance,” I answered with a smile.

“She is obviously not a good person. You need to be more careful around her.”

“It’s alright. She can’t do anything to me.

After making sure that I was not in any kind of trouble, my colleagues were relieved and invited me to have lunch. Rita also seemed to be busy, so she nodded and smiled at my colleagues

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before she left in a hurry,

After work, Spencer appeared at the TV station as usual while I was walking out of the building with Nina, who was my colleague.

Spencer was dressed in a white suit. His handsome face was a sight for sore eyes. He got off the car and walked towards me.

"Spencer, this is Nina. Nina, this is Spencer," I introduced them to each other.

"Hello, Nina." Spencer greeted Nina like a gentleman.

"Hello," Nina also greeted him enthusiastically and then turned to me with a smile. "Scarlett, looks like we have to postpone our plans."

Nina was the host of financial news. Before we got off work, we had planned to have dinner together over a nice chat.

But since Spencer was there, we had to change our plans.

"Alright," I said with a nod.

"Since you two already made plans, why don't we all have dinner together?" Spencer suggested with a smile.

"Would that really be okay?"

"It would be alright." Looking at me, Nina nodded with a smile. We walked towards Spencer's car, talking and giggling. When I was not expecting it, a white Maybach suddenly came into my view.

Stunned, I realized that it was Charles' car. Seeing that, I immediately help Spencer's arm.

To be honest, I didn't want Charles to be there.

He always came with us whenever I was with Spencer. He probably did not feel relieved until he saw that I was with Spencer. However, he would always have a gloomy look in his eyes when he saw us dating

Soon, we arrived at the restaurant. And Charles got out of the car with a poker face.

"You are asking me for help, but you

don't trust me. Don't you know that your frosty face will only spoil the fun?" Spencer said crossly.

Without saying a word, Charles pushed open the revolving door.

"Charles."

As soon as the door was open, someone pushed open the door of a private room from the inside. Rita walked over to us in a sexy red dress.

Seeing his beloved woman, Charles didn't show any joy. In fact, he frowned subconsciously. Rita held his hand.

"We are leaving." I didn't want to stay there with Charles and Rita.

"Why don't we all eat together?"

"What?" "What's come over Charles all of a sudden? Isn't his relationship with another woman hurting enough already? He even wants me to bear witness?"

I wanted to refuse, but before I could say anything, he grabbed my hand as he led me to the private dining room.

I sat between Spencer and Nina while

Charles and Rita sat together. They were sitting very close, like an intimate couple.

"Nina, I often watch financial programs hosted by you. I really like your style. I'm truly honored to meet you today," Rita spoke first.

"Thank you, Miss Lively. I didn't think someone could be more beautiful in person than they were on TV until I saw you." Nina's words were obviously perfunctory as she did not seem like she liked Rita.

"Thank you, I am flattered. And please, just call me Rita."

At that moment, the waiter walked in with a bottle of expensive wine and Rita pushed her glass forward.

Just when the waiter was about to fill her glass, Charles pushed her glass away. "You're not supposed to drink," he reminded her.

"It's fine. The doctor said that I can drink a little. Alright, I will listen to you because I am not well now." Charles had only said one sentence to her but she

was putting on a show. It was obvious that she was trying to provoke me.

"Cheers!" Spencer didn't like the intimacy between Charles and Rita either, so he raised his glass to Nina and me.

Cheers. After taking a sip of the wine, I frowned

Nina seemed to be good at drinking, so she was able to finish her wine in one gulp.

Looking at my wine glass, she pretended to be disappointed. "Scarlett, why don't you finish it? Aren't you good at drinking? This is not good. Adults are always going to have to drink at social engagements, and if you're bad at drinking, then you might be in trouble."

"But I am a lightweight."

"Then you should practice now. We're all friends here, right? Even if you get wasted here, it will be alright."

"Okay."

I was terrible at handling my alcohol, and after drinking just two glasses of wine, I was already feeling dizzy. My

vision was blurry.

While I was studying in France, I seldom drank, which explained my low alcohol tolerance.

However, since Nina and Spencer were both urging to me to drink, I had one more glass, unable to refuse them.

"I would like to propose a toast to me and Charles. We are getting married!" Rita said, raising her glass.

As soon as she finished speaking, the private room suddenly fell quiet.

For a moment, Spencer and Nina looked at Rita before they turned to me with an obvious look of pity in their eyes.

Spencer had always known about the complicated relationship between us, and now, Nina had also figured it out over just one dinner. I had to admit that women's intuition was rather terrible.

But pity was the last thing I needed at that time.

I could live happy even without Charles.

"We have to drink to it." I filled the glass

with wine and stood up. "Let's bless the new couple. There may be eternal love in their lives!"

I was so drunk that I was a little unsteady, so Spencer offered me his hand to help me stand up.

"Scarlett, you are drunk. Let me take you home," he said.

"Are you okay?" Nina asked me with concern.

I shook my head as I looked at Charles gloomy eyes, raised my glass, and said, "I wish that you get what you want."

"Scarlett, thank you for give us your blessing. You know, I've always thought of you as a sister, and I'll treat you the same in the future. I want to take this opportunity to formally acknowledge you as my sister." Rita stood up and raised her glass, which was filled with water.

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Chapter 28 Drunk

Scarlett's POV:

"Thank you for your appreciation," I said to Rita with an insincere smile. I must say, she was so into acting. Did she plan on treating her husband's ex-wife as a sister just so she could show other people how good-natured she was? Perhaps she wanted to earn the reputation of being kind?

"Scarlett, I am a public figure. You won't suffer a loss if you take me as your elder sister. Besides, if anyone wants to give you a hard time in the future, they'll have to think twice. They have to make sure first if they can offend the people behind your back," Rita said with a smug look on her face.

"Are you saying that I can take advantage of you?" I forced a smile at her. What she had just suggested was actually the contrary of what I wanted. After the divorce, I planned to stay away from them and disappear from their lives.

"I wouldn't put it that way. It's just that Charles and I have watched you grow up into a fine lady. We can't help that you're still our little sister in our eyes." Rita turned to Charles and added, "Am I right, Charles?"

"Yes," Charles's answered in a barely audible tone. His hands were clenched into fists under the table. Although he seemed to be in a foul mood, he still answered Rita's question.

"If that's the case, thank you, my dear sister and brother-in-law." I drank up the wine in my glass. It was bitter, but it became tasteless when it reached my mouth

As soon as I said the word "brother-in law," Charles raised his head and looked into my eyes with an icy cold gaze.

For some reason, he never touched the glass of wine in front of him.

All of a sudden, Rita pointed at Nina and Spencer and half-jokingly said, "You, two, listen carefully. From now on, Scarlett is my sister. If you dare to coax her into drinking just like what you've just done, I'll be the one who'll settle accounts with

you."

Neither Nina nor Spencer said anything. They just watched Rita's acting disinterestedly.

Under the influence of alcohol, I decided to act as well. "Well, it seems that I shouldn't have made my elder sister worry about me. Don't worry. I'll be a good girl in the future so that you won't have to come to the TV station to check on me again and again.

The smile on Rita's face froze, and her face turned pale in an instant. Maybe she was worried that Charles might understand what I meant. But then again, she was an actress. She quickly regained her composure and put on a considerate look on her face. "It's just that you've only started working for a couple of days. As your elder sister, it's natural for me to be concerned about you. You shouldn't take it to heart. Am I right, Charles?"

As soon as Rita finished speaking, she looked at Charles expectantly.

However, he merely looked back at her, his face as cold as ice.

I was certain that Charles understood what I meant. It did not take a genius to figure out that Rita had been stalking and harassing me while he was away.

His piercing gaze flustered Rita. To our astonishment, she suddenly held her head with one hand and collapsed.

She fell directly into Charles's arms. How convenient.

"Charles, I'm not feeling well," Rita weakly said. She sounded as though she was dying

To be perfectly honest, her acting was awful. I found it amusing and hilarious, but Charles seemed to believe it. He got fooled by her yet again. His stone-cold expression softened. Without a word, he stood up and helped Rita up.

I could not help sigh as I watched them leave. Rita must know Charles very well to know how she could make him feel sorry for her. Not only that, but she could also handle his anger effectively.

Nina watched as Charles and Rita left. "What's wrong with her? She just collapse like that?" she asked once the

two were out of our sight.

"She has advanced stage liver cancer," Spencer explained.

"Can patients that sick hop around like that?"

Nina asked again without thinking. Spencer frowned at her words as though he was unsure if she was joking or not.

Me? Well, I did not read too much into it. I was too drunk to think and care about them.

We left the restaurant not long after. Nina hailed a taxi and left by herself. Spencer, on the other hand, drove me home. Along the way, I looked outside of the window and admired the lights in a daze.

We arrived at my apartment a few moments later. Gentleman as he was,

Spencer helped me get off the car.

"Are you okay? How about I buy you some hangover pills?" he asked while looking at me with concern.

"You don't have to. I'm fine." I left him behind and staggered towards the

elevator

Spencer seemed to respect my decision. He did not insist and just let me be. "Okay. But call me if you feel sick or something."

My head hurt so much. I leaned against the wall of the elevator and massaged my temples to somehow relieve my headache. "I feel terrible. I won't drink anymore," I muttered to myself. 2

All of a sudden, the elevator door opened, and a vague yet familiar figure stepped out of it. "Charles?" I asked with uncertainty

Charles POV:

"Do you now know how it feels to get drunk?" I asked sternly the moment I saw Scarlett

When Rita said that she was not feeling well, I rushed her to the hospital at once. But then, I left as soon as I handed her to the doctor. It was not that I did not care about her. It was just that it wouldn't be any different if I waited up. Upon arriving at the apartment, I saw Scarlett leaning against the elevator and

pressing her temples. I felt a pang in my heart when I saw her in pain. 1

Damn it! Was Spencer out of his mind? How could he make Scarlett drink so much?!

"Wow! You have three heads! You look funny."

The drunk Scarlett was bolder than when she was sober. I pulled her into my arms. But as soon as I did so, she cupped my face and sighed heavily.

"You're not allowed to drink anymore." I shook off her hands and walked forward with my arms around her waist.

At that moment, the doors of the elevator opened again. This time, it was Spencer

Just after walking a few steps, he stopped in his tracks when he saw Scarlett in my arms. "Didn't you leave with your sickly beauty? What are you doing here?"

"I came here to take care of Scarlett. You

can go now." It was apparent in my tone that I did not want to talk to him.

However, Spencer seemed reluctant to leave. He looked at Scarlett and asked me, "Are you sure you won't be called away again?"

I stared daggers at him. "If I see you make her drink again, I won't spare you,

"I warned.

"Did you really have to bring that up this time? Fine. I'll leave if that's what you want." Spencer still wanted to protest but decided against it when he saw I was in a bad mood. He must know that I would not budge, so he finally left. "You double-faced man. Everyone can see how much you care about her. Why can't you admit it frankly?" he mumbled.

With my arm around Scarlett's waist, I pressed the password to her apartment.

She was restless, probably because of the alcohol. She kept stroking my chest amorously, which subsequently aroused my lust

Even though I did not want it, it stimulated me.

Argh! Did she not know how difficult it was to restrain myself from these past few days?

"You smell familiar. It's strange. Why do you smell like Charles? You can't have the same smell as him..."

I must admit, Scarlett was amusing, especially now when she was inebriated. With a sly smile, I grabbed her hand that was pounding on my chest and teased, "How does he smell?"

"Hmm. He smells good. I love his scent. Gah! He smells so good." Scarlett seemed to be intoxicated by my scent rather than the alcohol. She then rubbed her head on my chest, indulging herself in her favorite smell.

I rested my chin on her head. The fragrance of her hair was so alluring. If only I could, I would beguile her so that she would only belong to me from now on.

The door opened a few seconds later, and I walked in with her. I kicked the door shut and suddenly felt an urge to press her body against the door. Slowly, I moved my head to hers until we were

only inches apart.

However, she suddenly covered her mouth and protested, "No! This is Charles's. You can't kiss me on the lips."

What a silly girl. She was so drunk that she could not even tell who the person in front of her was. "Look at me closely. Do you recognize me?" I asked amusedly

To my surprise, Scarlett shook his head, and melancholy could be seen all over her face. "You're not him. He doesn't love me. He loves Rita. He's in the hospital right now with his woman. He doesn't love me. He can't possibly be here. Charles..."

She cried bitterly as she spoke. As soon as she mentioned my name, she leaned against my shoulder and broke down.

I felt sorry to see her like this. But I must admit, I was happy as well.

It turned out that the girl who said she no longer loved me still did. I thought she had already removed me from her heart, but I was wrong. I was still in her heart all along

"Charles doesn't love me. He sent me a

divorce agreement as if I never mattered to him. But for some reason, he keeps refusing to proceed with the divorce. He's so confusing. Charles, I hate you. I hate you with all my heart! You're the worst man in the world. I hate you!" Scarlett could not stop crying in my tight embrace

Guilt washed over me as I listened to her sobs. It was driving me crazy.

I wanted her to stop crying at once. She did not deserve this. She should be happy all the time.

"I hate... hmm..."

Her sobs broke my heart. I held her tightly and lowered my head. She struggled to get out of my grasp, but I held her even tighter. Finally, I leaned over and kissed her.

The moment our lips touched, she stopped struggling and then looked at me with tearful eyes. I closed my eyes and expressed my affection to her through a deep kiss.

It was only when we ran out of breath that I let go of her. But, of course, that

did not mean that it was all over. If anything, the kiss made me want more. I wanted to have a taste of her and not lose out on her

Arm in arm, we walked from the living room to the bedroom. We hugged and stroked each other along the way.

It was a long night tonight. We had all the time in the world to explore each other's bodies. However, I still had dilemmas to overcome before I could go to the last step. 1

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Chapter 29 What Happened Last Night

Scarlett's POV:

As the first ray of sunshine shone in the room, I felt its warmth on my skin, and I stretched, rubbed my eyes before I sat up slowly. My mouth felt completely dry, and I had a splitting headache.

The blanket slipped off my body when I sat up, exposing the bruises on my body.

I immediately recalled a novel plot where the heroine woke up after having sex with the hero.

I tried my best to recall what had happened the night before, but I couldn't remember anything. Besides, I was almost going crazy because of the headache caused by the hangover.

I massaged my head as I frowned in pain. I did not want to think about it until my hangover was cured and my headache was gone, but suddenly, I heard a familiar voice from beside me. "Now you know the pain of a hangover.

Why did you drink so much last night?"

It was Charles!

Why was he here? I was shocked to find him standing by the bed, dressed in a white shirt and black pants.

"How long are you planning to stay in bed? I've made porridge." When he saw that I was not getting up, he looked at me with a frown.

"Why are you here?" I couldn't remember anything until now, but I did seem very certain that something had happened between us. Otherwise, how could those suspicious-looking bruises appear all over my body?

"I didn't want to stay the night, but you kept holding me," Charles explained flatly.

"That shouldn't be..."

"Shouldn't be what? You think that I did something to you? What do you think about all day long?" Charles interrupted.

"But..."

"No buts. I'm not interested in your

shriveled body, and if I remember correctly, this is not the first time I am mentioning it to you." He then walked out of the room as though nothing had happened between us. 1

However, there was evidence all over my body to prove otherwise.

I hurriedly took out a coat from the wardrobe and put it on. I tried to catch up to him and confront him, but I was surprised to find that I wasn't wearing any underwear. Two small dark red spots could be seen through the white silk pajamas that I was wearing.

Realizing that I had been in the same room with Charles, dressed in such sexy pajamas, I was so depressed and embarrassed that I wanted to bury my head in the ground till he left.

Not long after, there was a knock on the door. "It's time for breakfast."

"Right," I answered as I stood behind the door, feeling nervous. Then I heard him walk away.

I braced myself as I walked out of the room. As I entered the dining room, I

noticed Charles arranging the tableware. A ray of sunshine shone from the window of the living room, painting the room in a golden hue. It was like looking at a scene from a movie, which made me feel at peace all of a sudden.

Wasn't it exactly what I had been longing for all this time? Wasn't it the thing that I had never dared to dream of?

"Why are you still standing there? Hurry, go wash up and come have breakfast."

"Okay."

Charles noticed that I was staring at him blankly, so he reminded me. As soon as I came to my senses, I rushed to the bathroom to wash my face with a guilty conscience.

Once I felt refreshed, Charles and I sat opposite to each other at the dining table. While I fiddled with the fried eggs on my plate, I asked tentatively, "Were you the one that took off my underwear last night?"

"No."

"Are you saying that I'm the one that did it, then?"

"If it wasn't you, then who did it? Me? Did you forget what I just told you?" Charles frowned, with an obvious hint of displeasure in his eyes.

"But... Forget it."

I wanted to ask more, but I refrained myself and continued to eat my breakfast.

For some reason, I still felt like it was strange, so I went to my room to check.

My bed sheet and blanket were white. If there were any traces of sex left, then I would be able to see them if I just lifted the blanket up.

Standing near the end of the bed, I lifted the blanket, and checked carefully. The bed sheet was indeed wrinkled, but there were no stains on it.

Only after I saw that was I able to heave a sigh of relief.

"What are you looking for?" Charles' sudden question from my door startled

1. me.
"It's nothing."

"Then why are you panicking?"

"I wasn't... By the way, why did you stay here last night?" I changed the subject in haste.

"Didn't I tell you already? Don't you remember anything? You acted like a rogue, forced me to stay last night, kissed me, and touched me," Charles stated seriously.

When I heard that, I was so embarrassed that I could feel my face burning from shame. How could I do that to him?

We were going to divorce. I should know

to put a distance between us.

Needless to say, Charles must think that I was a horny slut and that my usual serious appearance was all pretentious.

I lowered my head in silence. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to dig a hole and bury myself.

That moment, Charles' phone rang.

He took it out from his pocket and glanced at the caller ID. Instead of answering it, he muted it. Just when he was about to put his phone back in his

pocket, he noticed me craning my neck and trying to catch a glimpse at the screen.

Caught peeping, I tried to avoid his gaze, feeling ashamed

Why was he looking at me like that? "There's no prizes for guessing the caller ID, okay?" I thought to myself, despising the fact that I was too curious about the person who had called him just now.

"You don't have to work today. Do you have any other plans?" Fortunately for me, Charles did not care about what I just did and wanted to know about my plans for the day.

"No, I don't. Let's get a divorce." 1

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 30

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Chapter 30 My Price

Scarlett's POV:

"I'm going to accompany Rita for the check-up." As soon as I mentioned divorce, Charles' voice became cold.

He then ran out of the room as though he was afraid that his sweetheart was going to die if he wasted another moment.

Looking at his receding figure, I sighed with a heavy heart. Deep down, I felt like Rita would immediately feel much better if he showed her our divorce papers.

But the door slammed shut, and he was gone.

I walked to the sofa and looked at the clean table. Thinking of that Charles was preparing breakfast in the kitchen, I fell in a daze.

Rita's wedding dress was ready. It was very likely that what just happened a while ago would probably never happen again.

I was in a trance that entire day. And in the evening, I received a call from Nina. I went to the bar to meet her.

"Scarlett, what's the relationship between the three of you? Why did I sense a weird awkwardness in your relationship that day?"

Nina had been curiously eyeing me ever since I walked into the bar, and now, she could not help but ask.

"It's a love triangle, but it's more complicated." Since she seemed to have already noticed that something was wrong, I had to admit it.

"So you guys..." She was truly shocked.

"I can't tell you more for now. Honey. I'm sorry," I interrupted her with a smile.

Nina hesitated for a moment before she smiled back. She then changed the subject and said, "By the way, what's your relationship with Spencer? You two look cute together."

"We are just pretending to be dating. We're not lovers."

"Can I pursue him, then?" Nina asked cautiously, but her eyes were twinkling.

"Of course, you can." Ever since Spencer and I decided to follow Charles' advice and pretend to be in a relationship, we had been feeling very uncomfortable to be around each other. And now, Nina wanted to pursue Spencer. So I could take her with me when I went on a date with him in the future. As long as they were dating, I would just be following them around, and it was not too far off from Charles original plan, anyway.

It was the best of both worlds.

"Tell me more about Spencer. I'm curious." Nina couldn't hide her true feelings at all. As soon as she heard that I had no objection, she seemed to be very excited

But I didn't know much about Spencer, so I could only tell her what I knew.

Nina listened carefully as I provided as much as details I could. We had a good conversation, and we bonded over that.

While we were happily talking, I received a text message from Rita. It was a photo of her and Charles where she was wearing a wedding dress. She asked me if she looked good

I wanted to say something perfunctory to her, but when I thought of the fact that she was so difficult to handle, I gave up on the idea. All of a sudden, an idea occurred to me, and I forwarded the photo to Charles with the following message, "This is a good one. It hasn't been exposed yet, right? How much will the paparazzi give me if I sell this? After all, this is first-hand information, which is very valuable."

Charles replied with just a question mark

I glanced at it and had no interest in continuing the conversation, so I locked my phone screen.

Two hours later, Nina went to the bathroom. While I was looking around the bar in my seat, a middle-aged man walked up to me. He was dressed in a black suit.

"Miss Riley, my boss would like to have a

word with you." Upon hearing his words, I looked at him in a daze. His "boss" was no doubt the next Mr. Walker

"Umm, okay." I stood up. "Miss Riley, this way please." The man led me outside

There was a Bentley waiting at the entrance. As the windows rolled down, I saw a man's ugly face in front of me.

He looked at me, but for some reason, his gaze disgusted me. It almost made me feel like I was some kind of a

commodity, and not a person.

"Miss Riley, I already know about your situation, so I won't beat around the bush. I think you already know what I am about to say. Don't worry, I am not a stingy man."

He was indeed another Mr. Walker. However, I liked that he got to the point quickly without beating around the bush.

"Thank you for your appreciation, but I don't have any plans of that sort yet," I refused politely, standing by the car door

as I looked at him.

"It's just a matter of money. In fact, I am even willing to let you name your price. But I would suggest that you reconsider before you turn me down."

“Thank you for your suggestion.” Though I was cursing him deep in my heart, I did not want to offend him in haste, so I had to maintain a polite attitude towards him.

“This is my business card. Call me if you change your mind.” Perhaps, it was my good attitude that left him feel satisfied with my answer. He nodded and handed me his card.

After I took it, he motioned his driver to start the car.

Charles’ POV

My friends asked me to join them for a drink, but as soon as I arrived at the bar, I saw Scarlett talking to someone, who was in a Bentley

I parked the car not too far away from them and asked someone to find out who owned the Bentley. Soon, I got a text on my phone.

The owner’s background and his disgusting love history was right before

1. me.

After reading the message, I clenched my phone, feeling depressed. Scarlett was like an irresistible sweet treat for men. The company leader first, then that Mr. Walker, and now, there was another man.

I could already guess that countless men would be looking to woo her in the future

Before long, the Bentley drove away

“Do they all think that you are single?” I asked as I walked towards Scarlett.

“Who knows what they think?”

Scarlett answered perfunctorily before she headed towards the bar. She was dressed in a white dress. The hemline flowed with the wind, revealing her slim legs.

Her perfect back glistened under the sea of lights

I followed her, trying to block the breeze,

All of a sudden, she turned to me and asked with a smile, “Charles, these people are bidding to keep me as their mistress. I wonder how much you think I am worth.”

When I heard that, I was stunned.

"Never mind me. I am just being silly. I am sure I must be real cheap to you." Since I did not answer, she looked away, laughing at herself. Seeing her like that, my heart ached, because to me, she was not someone that money could buy.

Otherwise, I would not be delaying the divorce until now.

Suddenly, I felt curious to know what price she thought I would mark her for, so I asked, "Well, what do you have in mind?"

Scarlett turned around. A gust of wind fumbled through her long hair, and a strand of her hair fell on my face. It made me feel soft and numb. My heart skipped a beat when I smelled her unique scent.

"A few dimes, probably." Scarlett tucked her hair behind her ear, revealing her perfect profile

Seeing that, my heart raced even faster. Even the smallest things she did would affect me greatly and distract me.

I opened my mouth, but I did not know what to say to her, and it took a while before I managed to utter, "You shouldn't belittle yourself like that." She simply smiled and asked, "How is Rita?"

"The same as before." I thought of the doctor's words. He had said that Rita didn't have much time left. If she had any wishes, then it was time we helped her fulfil them so that she could pass without any regrets. 1

Wish?

Did she really have to get married so that she could pass without regrets?

Scarlett looked at me in silence. Out of curiosity, I asked, "How much do you think I'm worth?"