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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 281 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 281 Janet Is My Treasure

Rita's POV: Today, an unexpected guest came to my house. I was so happy to see him that tears welled up in my eyes. "Richard!" I exclaimed, looking at him with affection. Richard stood at the door, wearing a gentle expression that I hadn't seen for a long time. "May I come in?" he asked. "Of course!" I immediately ushered him into the living room. Richard walked past me after I said that. He was dressed in a black suit, making him look competent and charming.

As I recalled all the good times we spent together, my heart felt warm. I knew that Richard still hadn't forgotten me. After closing the door, I approached him, step by step and hugged him from behind. I pressed my cheek against his muscular back. "Are you coming back to me?" Richard tensed up at once. Not a second later, he removed my hands from his waist and turned to look at me. "Rita, we've broken up a long time ago. Please, behave yourself." Confused, I looked him in the eye and asked, "Then why are you at my house? Aren't you worried about me at all?"

"Did you not miss me even once?" As Richard walked aside uneasily, he asked, "Did your mother get married again?" I was secretly pleased to hear him ask that. 'He still cares about me. What a stubborn man!' Putting on a smile, I approached him. "Nope. That man is just her new boyfriend," I said. The moment I walked closer to him, he took a step back. All of a sudden, the atmosphere became tense. "She told me that you've moved out."

Richard glanced around the living room, and then his eyes fell on the door of my room. The pendant he once gave me was hanging on the door. "She was lying," I said. Gently, I held his hand and led him to my room. "She thinks that we've broken up a long time ago. So, even if you came to see me, she probably thought that you were here to hurt me. That's probably why she didn't tell you the truth," I remarked.

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Richard nodded knowingly.

Then, I opened the door and showed him my room. Upon seeing my underwear on the bed, Richard appeared to be embarrassed He cleared his throat, turned around, and was about to leave. "Richard, since when did you become so shy? You've touched every inch of my body before. But now, you're already so embarrassed to see my underwear? Oh, come on!" I grabbed his hand and threw myself into his arms. Then, I stood on tiptoe, nibbling on his earlobe. "Shall

Janet Is My Treasure ---- "She was lying," I said. Gently, I held his hand and led him to my room. "She thinks that we've broken up a long time ago. So, even if you came to see me, she probably thought that you were here to hurt me. That's probably why she didn't tell you the truth," I remarked. Richard nodded knowingly. Then, I opened the door and showed him my room. Upon seeing my underwear on the bed, Richard appeared to be embarrassed He cleared his throat, turned around, and was about to leave.

"Richard, since when did you become so shy? You've touched every inch of my body before. But now, you're already so embarrassed to see my underwear? Oh, come on!" I grabbed his hand and threw myself into his arms. Then, I stood on tiptoe, nibbling on his earlobe. "Shall I help you recall the past?" All of a sudden, Richard grabbed my shoulders and pushed me away. "You need to stop that, Rita."

"Stop what?" I pulled his hand and placed it on my big breasts. Afterwards, I rubbed my breasts against his palm, letting out a pleased moan. "Rita!" At this point, Richard was infuriated to the point that he shoved me away. He then took out a piece of tissue and used it to wipe his hands as though he had touched something dirty. My face turned grim when I saw his reaction. "Why are you reacting like that?" "Have I not told you from the beginning that we are over?"

Can't you behave yourself for once? Why are you always trying to seduce every guy you see?" At last, Richard looked into my eyes. I thought that I'd see affection in them, but I was wrong. There was only disgust in his eyes. I clenched my fists, staring back at him in disbelief. "You're nothing but a plaything of those perverted men, while Janet is my treasure!" Richard's words were cold as he stared daggers at me. After throwing away the tissue, he strode away without hesitation. Not long after, the door slammed shut, and I was all alone in the house again. "Haha!" I laughed, mocking myself and trembling uncontrollably.

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'Richard, you bastard! How dare you come to my house just to scorn me?' I stared at the tissue Richard threw on the ground and realized that something was wrong. He would never do anything without good reason. This meant that he had a purpose in mind! 'If he didn't come here to rekindle our relationship, then he's probably here because Scarlett asked him to,' I thought to myself. I remembered that he walked around the house after he came in earlier. Thus, I immediately examined every corner of the house, especially to spot where Richard had been close to. Just as I had expected, I found that he had planted bugs in my place!

Janet Is My Treasure Once I'd gathered all of them, I crushed them within my palm. I gritted my teeth and roared, "Scarlett, you bitch! How dare you send Richard to spy on me?"

Scarlett's POV:

When the night fell, I finally got off work.

My knees were still hurting, so I had to slow down my pace. Before I walked out of the TV station's entrance, I saw Charles coming towards me.

He still looked as calm and composed as ever, but for some reason, he looked a little worried. Once he was right in front of me, he got down on one knee and held my hand. I was stunned by what he did, and I felt my heart beating like a snare drum. Soon, I realized that I was mistaken. Charles just bent over to check the wound on my knees. He then stood up, frowning. "Do your knees still hurt?" I grinned, held his arm, and leaned against his broad shoulder. "What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner party?" "Well, yeah.

But, I was really worried about you. That's why I decided to pick you up first." Charles' gentle voice warmed my heart. Before I could compose myself, he suddenly carried me. Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around his neck. It was then that he strode out while carrying me in his arms. I caught a glimpse of my colleagues staring at me. Embarrassed, I buried my face in Charles' neck. "Charles! There are so many people watching us!" "Yeah, so?" Charles didn't seem to care that people were staring at us. I had no choice but to let him carry me into the car even though everyone was watching us. Given the fact that I was with Charles now, I had to overcome my timidity. Otherwise, I might not be able to survive a day, because he had no shred of shame in his body.

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Moments later, the driver started the car. I held his arm and asked, "Will the dinner party end really late?" "I'm afraid so." Charles nodded, rubbing my nose affectionately. "I might come home late, so you don't need to wait up. Just go to bed early. If I remember correctly, your show starts at ten tomorrow morning, right?" "That's right." I let out a sigh, leaned against Charles, squeezing his arm and holding onto his waist. He embraced me back. When I felt the warmth of his body, I finally felt relieved. The thought of having to go to bed alone after coming home made me feel sad. Frowning, I asked him, "Can you take me to where your dinner party will happen instead? I can wait for you at someplace nearby and I won't disturb you." Charles seemed to be surprised by my request. He smiled at me and replied, "It's rare for you to be so clingy. How could I refuse my lovely wife's request?"

He told the driver to turn the car around, and the party would be held. Upon our arrival at the hotel, Charles got off the car and placed his arm around my waist. I leaned against his chest, staring at his angular face in silence. Meanwhile, Richard followed us closely and said, "I've booked a room on the top floor. You can go there already." Charles nodded at Richard, and then he smiled at me. "Do you mind waiting for me in the room?" "Sure. That's fine with me."

Not a minute later, we took the elevator to the top floor. Charles took me in and carefully sat me down on the sofa. Then, he knelt down in front of me and rubbed the same ointment on my knees. "Try to be more careful in the future. I feel bad for you whenever you get hurt, my love." Charles sighed, glancing at me with disappointment.

I was amused by his childish reaction, and then I promised him that I'd be more careful in the future. All of a sudden, Charles' phone rang. He glanced at it, but he didn't answer right away. "Is the dinner party starting?" I asked. It was then that Charles stood up and kissed me. He licked my lips with the tip of his tongue, making me blush. "Be a good girl, okay? Call me if anything happens," he said. I nodded at his reminder. Afterwards, he reluctantly left the room. Meanwhile, I curled up on the sofa, checking my Facebook.

Soon, I began to feel bored, so I went outside the room for a stroll. As I strolled around the hotel, Richard followed me behind. Along the way, I happened to pass by a dessert bar. I walked in, greatly interested in the pastries displayed. After deciding what to buy, I ordered some macaroons for Charles. After wandering around for a while, Richard said, "Mrs. Moore, your knees are still injured. Mr. Moore said that I should remind you not to walk for too long, just in case your knees start to hurt again." I was kind of disappointed that Richard was acting as Charles' mouthpiece, but I had to concede. Thus, we took the elevator and

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went back to the top floor. Once there, I checked the time on my phone. It was already ten in the evening. 'Is Charles still busy?' I wondered.

Richard opened the door for me. And as I read through the message on my phone, I walked inside. After I walked in, the door closed and the room fell into darkness.

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Just when I was about to turn on the lights, someone grabbed my waist and I smelled a familiar refreshing scent.

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