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Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 21

Chapter 21 Fainting

Scarlett's POV:

Charles finally loosened his grip. "Grandma and Grandpa's health is declining because of what's happening between us. It's not my intention to postpone our divorce," he explained in a low voice.

My knees buckled, and I felt my body collapse as he finally let go of me. I slid down the door and unconsciously touched my painful neck while coughing relentlessly.

"You can pretend to be with Spencer. If Grandpa and Grandma see that you're happy, they won't be worried about our divorce."

My brain was still muddy because of the lack of oxygen. I did not answer him as I was appalled about what he had just done.

However, something suddenly occurred to me. Every time I went to the Moore family's mansion, Michael and Christine would treat me warmly. I felt a pang in my heart at the thought of this. The two old couple had been treating me as their own granddaughter ever since I lost my parents. If something happened to them because of me, I would not be able to expiate my guilt, even if I died a hundred times.

"Spencer grew up with me. I know him very well. He's better than those men you've met outside," Charles stated, his voice gentle and pleasant for some reason.

"Are you saying that I can divorce you as long as I listen to you?" I asked inquisitively while looking into his eyes. My neck felt less painful now than it was a while ago.

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“Be with Spencer for a while. We’ll finalize our divorce once Grandpa and Grandma are no longer worried.” Charles saw the eagerness in his eyes. He glanced at me with an inexplicable look on his face and then looked away. “Fine. I’ll do as you say,” I answered.

“Spencer will pick you up after work from tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

We had finally reached a consensus. With that, I stood up to leave, but my legs were too weak. Charles reached out his hand to help me. I took it, but the next second, we fell to the floor together.

His body pressed against mine. I could feel his warm body through my thin clothes. Even his breath was hot.

He was still burning with fever.

With all my remaining strength, I pushed him as hard as I could. “Charles, what what are you doing?”

“Hmm...” Charles looked at me with dazed eyes. To my surprise, he angled my head and kissed me. He pressed his soft lips onto mine, and his hot tongue made its way into my mouth. He was very gentle yet overwhelming.

One second ago, he tried to kill me. But now, he was kissing me fervently. However, the only thing I could feel was anger.

Charles’s lips kept moving, gently sucking mine. I, however, did not resist, nor did I kiss him back.

I knew that when a man kissed a woman, getting no reaction was humiliating.

It was only after a moment that Charles realized what I had been doing. He heaved a heavy sigh and got up.

“Let me drive you home,” he offered.

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I leaned against the door and tried my best to stand up. I could still feel his warmth on my lips, but I did not feel anything towards him, even lust.

I had made up my mind that we should no longer be entangled with one another.

Charles and I would never have a future, after all

Without a word, I opened the door and left. Charles followed me shortly.

I walked to the elevator and waited for the doors to open. While doing so, he suddenly draped his coat on my shoulders.

“Don’t wear revealing clothes again,” he advised.

Charles was right next to me. After putting on his coat, his smell became *stronger* and overpowering. In all honesty, I found it upsetting more than comforting. I could not help but clutch the hem of my clothes in dismay and forced myself not to turn around to look at him.

We did not say a word on our way back, let alone mention the kiss. Ironically, Charles was in a better mood. He even drove slowly on purpose to appreciate the scenery outside the window. 2

The skyscrapers glinted in the light. It was breathtaking. It seemed that the world had never changed because of mishaps. Only people did.

We arrived at the destination not long after.

Charles parked the car at the gate of the community. I immediately unfastened the seatbelt to get away from him as soon as I could. Unfortunately, it was stuck

“What’s wrong? Don’t you want to get *off*?” Charles asked teasingly.

“It’s stuck,” I curtly answered.

“Really? Let me have a look at it.” Charles leaned over to check the seatbelt. His face was inches away from mine that I felt his warm breath on my face. It made my heart flutter in my chest.

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It was a little disconcerting, so I stopped him at once. "I can do it myself."

I impatiently tried to unfasten my seatbelt, only to end up touching his hand. I fell stunned.

His fever had gotten worse.

Crack

The seatbelt was finally unfastened while I was in a daze. Charles raised his head to look at me. We were so close that I could even see my reflection in his eyes.

Charles smiled at me. "It's alright now."

"Okay." It was only then that I came to my senses. I quickly opened the door and got out of the car. I wanted to get out of his sight as fast as I could. After taking a few steps, I realized that I was still wearing his coat. Although I did not want to see him anymore, I had no choice but to come back.

I handed his coat through the window and said, "Here's your coat. Remember to take medicine once you get home. You're burning with fever."

Charles took the coat from me and answered in an unusually tender tone, "I will. Good night."

I stood there in a daze until he drove away.

After Charles got angry at me and kissed me at the bar, he became kind and considerate

He introduced Spencer to me, but at the same time, entangled himself with me. He was confusing. It was impossible to

Chapter 21 Fainting see through him.

trying to

But here I was, foolishly comprehend him.

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Scarlett, could you stop being weak? Don't fall into his trap! You two are going to divorce soon. He doesn't belong to you. He belongs to someone else!

I shook my head and walked home. I tried my best to calm down and not get carried away by Charles's advances. I did not go into the community until I was no longer affected by him.

The next day.

I checked my phone the moment I got up. I found that there was no news about me. Even the previous ones were gone.

Could it be that Charles had taken care of it?

He deleted the news in fear that his grandparents would be anxious when they saw it?

While I was in deep thought, a knock sounded at the door.

I opened the door and saw Rita holding two food bags in her hand.

"Hey, Scarlett! Well, I was worried that you hadn't had breakfast yet, so I bought you some on the way here." Rita waved the food bags and smiled brightly as if she really came here out of concern.

"Come in." I took a step back and let her in. I could not help but take a look at the logo on the bags in her hand. They did not come from the breakfast shop I was familiar with. They looked expensive.

"Wait for me. I'm going to set the table. You go wash up first and get ready for breakfast." Rita put the takeaways on the table and went to the kitchen. The moment she came in, she acted as though this was her home.

I was not a neat freak. Still, I was unhappy because the person I hated the most touched my things without even bothering to ask.

I stood by the table and watched as Rita put the food on the plate. She made it into a heart-shaped pattern. It was pretty, but it made me lose my appetite.

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"Scarlett, I'm so sorry for what happened last night. The doctor said that my illness was getting worse. Charles must've been hurt by the news, so he did that to you. Please forgive him." Rita put a fork on the plate in front of me and looked at me expectantly.

I stared back at her coldly and asked, "What did he do to me?" Her words made me uncomfortable.

"I should be the one who's asking that question. What happened to you two last night? Did he hurt you?" Rita asked, her eyes wide open in curiosity.

Her affectation disgusted me.

"You'd better ask Charles that." I checked the time on my watch and expressed my impatience.

"Forget it. Let's just eat, shall we?" Rita pointed to a chair and beckoned me to sit down

"I'm afraid I have to go to work now. If you don't have anything else to say, you can go back to the hospital." I did not want to sit down and eat the breakfast she had bought, so I just drove her away.

I could no longer stand her pretension.

"I won't hold you up then. Your work is more important." Rita looked at the breakfast on the table and sighed heavily. With a pitiful look on her face, she walked towards the door.

All of a sudden, she stopped in her tracks as though she remembered something. Sure enough, she turned around and said, "Mr. Walker is an excellent man. I can see that he likes you very much. If you want to have someone who'll take care of you here, he's your best choice."

I did not say anything in response and just looked at her, wondering what else she would say next.

Knowing her, she must have a reason why she had come all the way here.

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“The only problem with him is that a lot of women have been involved with him. I heard that many stars used to be his lovers. Don’t worry. He’s generous and treats women well,” Rita advised as if she knew Mr. Walker very well.

I crossed my arms and asked crossly, “Rita, what are you doing? Are you worried about my love life?”

“I’m not...” Rita immediately opened her mouth to explain herself. But before she could finish her words, she fainted.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 22

Chapter 22 Pretend To Be In A Relationship

Charles’s POV:

Scarlett phoned me and told me that Rita fainted and was now in the hospital. I cancelled all my meetings at work and rushed over there.

As soon as I walked into the room, Rita began explaining what happened, and she spoke as if she was afraid that I was going to blame Scarlett.

“Charles, please don’t be angry with Scarlett. She didn’t mean it.”

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Scarlett was standing by Rita's bed with her arms crossed over her chest. She narrowed her eyes at Rita.

"She doesn't know how serious my condition is. Otherwise, she wouldn't have done what she did. Please don't blame her. She already regrets what happened." "What are you talking about, Rita? I didn't do anything. You lost consciousness. Why are you talking like I made you faint or something? Get your story straight," Scarlett snapped.

"Why are you yelling at me? I'm defending you from Charles..." Rita started sobbing.

Scarlett rolled her eyes and turned to me.

"Can you believe this woman?"

I did not say anything because I had no idea which of them was telling the truth.

Rita cried even more bitterly. Scarlett *looked* at me with disappointment.

"Look, it doesn't matter whether you believe me or not, but you have to make it clear to her right now that you're the one delaying the divorce."

"Do you think I don't want a divorce? I'm just worried about what it will do to Grandma and Grandpa." My patience finally ran out. I just did not like it when Scarlett was being aggressive like this.

"Okay, I know what I should do now. I'll go out with Spencer so that Grandma and Grandpa can relax. And please keep your woman away from me. I can't have her messing with me while I'm trying to live in peace." Scarlett's eyes were full of disappointment and contempt, and she spoke with the kind of finality that I had never heard in her voice before.

I watched her leave as I swallowed the words I meant to say.

She walked away without looking back. I stayed with Rita in the hospital for a while and then went home.

To be honest, I did not believe that Scarlett would harm Rita. She was not that kind of person. More importantly, she had no motivation. She wanted to move things along with our

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divorce. She wanted me out of her life as soon as possible. Why would she bother making things difficult for Rita if she did not want me?

But if Scarlett did not do anything, then it meant that Rita was lying. After thinking it over, I decided to ask my assistant, Danny, to investigate it.

“Go check what Rita has been up to lately. Remember not to miss anything.”

Because of what happened to Rita this morning, I was a little distracted all day long at work. My colleagues kept asking me if I was okay. I could only nod sheepishly and force a smile to assure them that I was all right. I struggled to keep a light air and concentrate at work, but I managed

Finally, the day ended, and I decided to go out after work with my colleagues to unwind.

As soon as we walked out of the building, a white BMW pulled up in front of us.

“Hey, Scarlett!” The driver-side window rolled down, revealing Spencer’s handsome, smiling face.

Upon seeing Spencer, my colleagues immediately whispered and giggled among themselves. “Is he your friend, Scarlett? He’s cute!”

“Oh, Scarlett! Why are you constantly surrounded by hot, rich men?”

I just smiled and did not say anything Charles proposed yesterday that I should date Spencer. Now Spencer was here. Obviously, he had come to fulfill one of the most basic obligations of a boyfriend – to pick up his girlfriend from work.

What was next?

Were we going to start behaving like a real couple? To do something that lovers would do?

“Come on. Get in the car.” Spencer got off the car, walked around the hood, and opened the passenger-side door for me like a true gentleman. He even covered my head with his hand to prevent me from bumping into the roof of the car.

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"I have to go, guys. I'll join you for drinks next time. See you tomorrow," I said to my colleagues.

"See you tomorrow." They waved at me as Spencer drove away. I settled in my seat and fastened my seat belt.

Although I had known Spencer since I was a child, I still felt a bit uncomfortable being alone with him, and it did not help that we were supposed to be dating now. I just sat there quietly and kept my face neutral.

"Let's go shopping first, okay?" Spencer turned to look at me and beamed.

"Okay. Whatever you want." I decided to go along with what he wanted to do.

"We'll buy some clothes and then meet Christine later for dinner."

"Sure."

"Good girl." Spencer flicked my chin with his finger and spoke in a doting tone as if he was coaxing a child.

I was not used to being intimate with him, so without really thinking about it, I dodged his touch and had a mini heart attack when I saw Charles sitting quietly in the back seat and watching us with cold eyes.

I gasped and put a hand over my chest.

"Oh, yeah. Charles wanted to come along to monitor us like a glorified chaperone. Just pretend he isn't there," Spencer chuckled and reached for my hair.

I was going to avoid his touch again, but knowing that Charles was watching, I decided otherwise. I let Spencer hold my head as he drove.

"Okay," I smiled and nodded.

Soon, we arrived at the boutique.

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As soon as we entered the shop, the saleswoman shut the door and hung a closed sign on it. Judging from her skilled movements and professional demeanor, I could say that this was not the first time that she catered to a couple of filthy rich VIP shoppers.

“Surprised? Get used to it. You’re my girlfriend now, and from now on, you’ll only be treated like a queen,” Spencer said as he twined his fingers with mine.

Spencer was not as wealthy as Charles, but both of them ran in the same circles. Surely, every upscale shop in the city was willing to treat either of them and their companions like royalty.

With a livid face, Charles followed us into the store.

“Sirs, miss, this way, please.” The saleswoman flashed us a welcoming smile and ushered us in.

“I want to see all the pieces from your latest collection, please,” Spencer requested gracefully.

The saleswoman bowed slightly, left, and then returned with all the clothes Spencer asked for.

“Here you go, sir. These are new. In fact, we haven’t gotten around to putting them on display yet.”

Spencer nodded and began to look at the clothes one by one. I caught a glimpse of some of the price tags. The lowest I saw by far was around forty thousand dollars.

“Try this one on, Scarlett.”

Spencer picked a white dress off the rack the saleswoman brought and asked me to try it on. I hesitated at first, but seeing the bitter look on Charles’s face, I took the dress, smiled at Spencer, and headed to the fitting rooms.

I could not let Charles see through my uneasiness. I had to pretend to be happy and comfortable. Otherwise, he would just have more reasons to delay our divorce.

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In fairness, I liked the style of the dress, and the fabric felt good against my skin. It fit me perfectly from my shoulders down to my knees, and it accentuated my body shape. I thought I looked sexy.

I had to admit that Spencer had very good eye and taste in fashion.

I stood in front of the mirror and stared at my reflection

Just then, I overheard Spencer and Charles talking outside.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 23

Chapter 23 In A Mess Scarlett's POV:

"Charles, are you sure about that? Are you really going to let me date Scarlett?" Spencer asked excitedly.

"Yes," Charles answered firmly.

"Then you'd better remember that I'm a man with needs. Scarlett is beautiful. If something happens between us, I hope you won't regret your decision."

"I have told you that you two will just pretend to be in a relationship! You're not allowed to touch her!"

"If I date a girl but never touch her, then what's the point of dating her? For killing time?"

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“Cut the crap. I’m telling you, don’t you dare lay a finger on her!” Charles warned.

He was stubborn and did not want to reason with Spencer, and the latter sounded displeased.

At that very moment, I walked out of the fitting room. Spencer turned to look at me.

“Beautiful!” he exclaimed.

He walked over, circled around me, and then looked at me from head to toe. “I won’t dare to take you out wearing like this, or else other men will try to steal you from me.”

His compliment was an exaggeration, but I let him be.

I did not say anything in response. Instead, I just lowered my head and avoided eye contact with Charles.

He showed up uninvited, but his face was frigid as though he did not want to be here. What the hell was his problem?

Spencer bought the dress for me. As he handed his card to the saleswoman for payment, I whispered in his ear, “I’ll pay you back when I get my salary.”

Truth be told, I was grateful that Spencer was willing to put on an act with me. He

– Chuster In A Muss had been so kind to me from the very beginning, so I would rather not spend his money. It was too much. As for his conversation with Charles, I just shrugged it off.

The reason why I had decided to divorce Charles was that I wanted to stay away from him. In this case, how could I really be with his friend?

Once we walked out of the boutique, we headed to the restaurant Christine had suggested

At the dinner table, Spencer put one hand on my shoulder and assured the old lady, “Christine, I like Scarlett very much. You can rest assured that I will make her happy.”

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"You're so reliable," Christine remarked. She then glanced at Charles, and her face suddenly changed. "Unlike someone here who only loves that dying bitch," she scoffed.

Charles did not respond. All his attention was on the steak on his plate, and it seemed that he could not be bothered.

"Thank you, Christine." Spencer took my plate and began cutting my steak like a true gentleman.

He gently pushed it in front of me once he was done. Just as I was about to eat, Charles snatched the knife and fork in my hands and threw them into the trash can.

Seeing that we were appalled by what he had just done, he explained, "They're dirty."

"Are you crazy?! How could they be dirty?" Spencer asked with apparent annoyance.

retorted

"You took them," Charles without even lifting his gaze.

Spencer was too angry to say a word, and I, too, was speechless.

Why was Charles making trouble for no reason? Could it be that he was trying to catch our attention?

If Spencer did not take my knife and fork, how could he cut the steak for me? Christine could not stand it anymore. She rolled her eyes at Charles and said to Spencer and me, "Leave him alone. He's out of his mind." She then called the waiter and asked for a new set of cutlery for me.

If it were someone else, Charles would have been furious. However, Christine was his grandmother. He had no choice but to hold back his temper.

I began to eat once I had a new set of cutlery. While I was eating, I saw a dish being placed near my hand. I looked up and found that it was Charles who pushed it to me.

"Your favorite food," Charles said with a straight face.

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"Sorry, I don't like it anymore." I pushed the dish back to him regardless of his sullen face.

We finished dinner not long after. While we were walking out of the restaurant, Christine asked me something about my work. Of course, I did not want her to worry, so I told her something interesting about my new job.

The car sped away at once. There was nothing I could do but wave goodbye to the two who were left behind.

Once they were completely out of our sight, Charles massaged his forehead with his thumb and index finger and cautioned, "Don't get too close to Spencer. He's not a good person."

I could not help but sneer upon hearing his words. "They're right. You really are insane. Weren't you the one who introduced him to me? You said it would set Grandma's mind at rest. But now, you're telling me that he's not a good man? What the fuck is wrong with you?!" I rolled my eyes in disdain. I did not know what to do with him anymore.

"He's a good friend to me of course. But you... you're a woman. He has other intentions to you." Charles sighed heavily as though he now regretted his decision

"Don't we all? Everyone has some things in mind when they're in a relationship. You know what? I think you're reading too much into it. Didn't you say that Grandma and Grandpa will only rest assured when she sees that I'm happy with Spencer? You saw with your own eyes that Grandma likes Spencer for me.

Charles did not say anything, but the air about him turned cold and terrifying.

"By the way, don't try to be the third wheel again. I'll try to get along well with Spencer, and I don't want you to get between us," I added.

Wrong move. As soon as I finished speaking, Charles leaned over and kissed me fervently.

I put my hands on his chest and tried pushing him away with all my strength. However, he grabbed my body, rendering me unable to move.

"Hmm!" I groaned in protest.

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He did not let go of me, and his lips continued pressing against mine for a long while.

Our bodies were so close to each other. I must admit, my heart skipped a beat,

Chapter 23 In A Mess and I felt a little exhilarated.

I had no idea how long the kiss went on. Time seemed to slow down.

It was only when we had run out of breath did he let go of me. We panted and gasped for air. I did not want him to see that my face was red and warm to touch, so I lowered my head and averted my gaze.

Once I got ahold of myself, I shouted, "Stop the car!" My mind was in a mess, but I knew I could not stay with Charles in the car any longer.

It was only then that I found that the partition of the car was raised. The driver must have no idea what had happened in the backseat just now.

The car came to a halt. I jumped out as fast as I could and ran home without looking back.

I touched my lips, and the scene of our kiss replayed in my mind. I had mixed feelings. I did not know how to describe them. Even when I got home, I could still feel Charles's breath on my lips.

I shook my head and tried to forget what had happened in the car. But at that moment, I happened to see Charles's car outside.

Did he follow me?

Why did he come here again? Shouldn't he be with his beloved woman in the hospital?

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Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Stay Overnight Again Scarlett's POV:

When the doorbell rang, my first thought was that the person outside the door was Charles

But when I opened the door, the door *opposite* to mine opened almost at the same time. A handsome man walked out of the room and warmly hugged the woman who had just arrived.

The woman noticed that I was standing there and looking at them, so she gently pushed the man and smiled at me awkwardly. "Sorry. I rang the wrong doorbell."

I forced a smile and replied, "It's okay." With that, I closed the door and leaned my back against it in a daze.

It was a good thing that it was not Charles. That meant I would have a peaceful night.

To my surprise, the doorbell rang again. Could it be him this time? With my fingers clenched, I opened the door.

At that moment, Charles's tall figure came into my sight. He entered my home as if it was his own and went to the living room.

I closed the door and nervously followed him.

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Charles sat on the sofa and looked up at me. "You left your new dress at my car. You can go to my place and get it some other day."

"Got it," I replied while eyeing him warily. Did he come all the way here just to tell me that? I doubted it. Besides, why couldn't he just bring the dress to me with him?

"Why are you still standing there? Shouldn't you make coffee for your guest?" Charles reminded me as he saw that I was just standing there and staring at him.

I did not have a habit of drinking coffee at night. But I must admit, I liked making coffee at home.

"Hang on."

Just as he had requested, I went to the kitchen and made him a cup of coffee.

I had just dried the mug and was about to pour coffee when I noticed that Charles was standing behind me. How long had he been standing there?

Startled, I gasped sharply and took a step back. Unfortunately for me, I tripped on my slippers and lost balance. I would have fallen backward and spilled coffee all over me. Fortunately, Charles reached out and held my waist just in time.

Time seemed to have stopped. Our bodies pressed against each other, and we could feel each other's heartbeat.

We stared into each other's eyes for God knows how long. It took me a while before I came to my senses. I realized that we were so close. Without meeting his gaze, I pushed him away and turned around to leave. "Are you done?" he asked unusually gentle tone. in an "Yes," I replied in a barely audible voice.

With that, Charles left with the mug of coffee.

I left the kitchen with a flustered expression. Charles, on the other hand, was calm and composed as though nothing had just happened. This made my blood boil. Why should I be the only one bothered? It was unfair!

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With a scowl, I walked up to Charles and coldly said, "Drink it quickly and leave. I have to sleep early. I have work tomorrow."

Charles frowned and put down the coffee. To my surprise, he walked up to me with a grim expression.

"Has Rita been following you these past few days?"

I took a step back and kept a distance from him. "Does it matter?" I scoffed.

Charles did not say anything anymore. He must have realized that it was futile to talk to me about that woman, so he turned around and sat down on the sofa leisurely. He then lightly drummed on the armrest with his fingers and looked at me up and down.

"The water is off in my apartment. It's bothersome," he explained when he saw that I was looking at him impatiently.

"You want to stay here for the night?" I looked at him in disbelief. In all honesty, I was unconvinced by his reason. I had lost count of the number of times he had made excuses to stay here.

"I can't take a shower there. It's unbearable," Charles reasoned out.

I had known him enough to know that that was true. However, it was also unbearable for him to share a bathroom with someone, was it not?

Charles's behavior was suspiciously different these past few days. I could not help but even think that he had fallen in love with me. But when I thought of his woman in the hospital, I overturned this conjecture.

I must be imagining things.

It was apparent that Charles did not want to leave, so there was no point in driving him away. He used to live in this place before I returned anyway.

Perhaps he wanted to stay here because this was his former home.

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With a heavy sigh, I decided to let him be. I sat on the sofa, watched TV, and paid him no attention. Because I did not chase him away anymore, he finally went to the bathroom to take a shower.

The bathroom was close to the living room. So as I sat on the sofa, I could hear the sound of running water. I could not help but think of what had happened between us in the bathroom last time.

Charles already had a good figure since he was an adolescent and maintained it over the years. So now, he not only became fitter but stronger as well. His muscles were toned, especially his chest and abdominal muscles. These made him look strong, tall, and powerful. I saw those muscles myself when I ran him a bath last time.

As I stared at his silhouette on the bathroom door, I imagined him raising his head, putting his hands into his hair, and rubbing it gently. His sexy Adam's apple moved along with his movements *from time to time*. It was alluring.

"Do you want to do the same?" Charles asked with a hint of mischievousness in his eyes. His voice snapped me back to reality.

I was so immersed in my imagination that I did not notice he had already come out of the bathroom. I looked at him and saw that he was looking at the TV, a sly smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Perplexed, I looked at the TV as well. The leading man and lady in the romance movie I had been watching were kissing passionately. Charles must have thought that I was fantasizing about that.

Before I could react, he bent over and held me in his arms.

Charles was half-naked. Now, I could clearly see his toned muscles that felt harder than stones. He looked strong and, at the same time, dangerous. We were so close that I could smell the body wash on his body. My body wash.

My eyes widened as I saw that his face was inching towards mine. I thought he was going to kiss me again, so I covered my mouth at once. "What are you doing?" I asked incredulously.

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Charles Smirked and teased, "You're blushing. You were looking forward to it, weren't you?"

My face turned even redder. But it was not because of disappointment but because of his flirtation. I could not help but look away in embarrassment.

"Don't be nervous. Your kiss doesn't even taste good," Charles muttered.

He said he disliked me, but his actions said otherwise. At that moment, he gently peeled my hands off my face and stroked my lips as though he missed our kiss a while ago. Before I knew it, we were kissing passionately. His soft and warm touch emptied my thoughts and self-restraint. I could not think straight, so I just let him kiss me.

The kiss deepened and became more intense. But then, he began wanting more. He put his hand behind my back and started unzipping my dress.

It did not take a genius to notice his intention. He wanted me to have sex with him.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 25

Chapter 25 I Don't Love Him

Scarlett's POV:

As I heard my dress being unzipped, I came to my senses in an instant. "Charles, stop!" I shouted at the top of my lungs

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Charles, whose eyes were burning with lust, was stunned,

In fear that he would force me, I immediately explained to him, "I'm on my period."

"What?" Charles looked at me confusedly as though trying to figure out if I was telling the truth or not.

While he was distracted, I pushed him with all my strength and ran to the bedroom

I also locked the door on ta fal BODA Once I was sure I was in the right mind, I warned myself inwardly.

"Scarlett, you two are going to divorce! Why do you easily fall for him? You *should* be firm so that you won't get hurt because of him again!

I kept forcing myself to get a grip, but it seemed to have little to no effect.

My mind was in a mess. That evening, I tossed and turned in bed and did not fall asleep until the latter half of the night.

The next day, I woke up at the sound of the doorbell.

With sleepy eyes, I got up and opened the door of the bedroom. I surmised that Charles was sleeping in the living room, so I decided to change my lingerie first.

It took me a while to get dressed. Even so, the doorbell had not stopped ringing since. The person outside the door was quite stubborn, which made me think that it was Rita. However, the visitor was not ringing the doorbell as impatiently as she did, so I figured that it must be someone else / finally opened the door a few moments later. I was right. It was not Rita but Spencer. For some reason, he was all dressed up.

"I saw Charles's car downstairs," he said lightly. He stepped inside, and his gaze fell on the sofa, where Charles was sleeping.

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Spencer pointed at Charles, who was looking at him with a gloomy face, and asked in disbelief, "Did he sleep here last night?"

I was sleeping soundly when the doorbell rang relentlessly. It was so annoying.

Who would come to see Scarlett early in the morning anyway?

If it were a man, I would not let her leave with him. Anyway, I pretended not to hear the relentless ringing of the doorbell and continued to sleep. I thought that if nobody answered the door, the person who had come would eventually leave.

To my surprise, Scarlett opened the door.

"I saw Charles's car downstairs," the visitor said. As he spoke, he walked inside, and his eyes widened upon seeing me lying on the sofa. He pointed at me and asked, "Did he sleep here last night?"

It was Spencer. What the hell was he doing here early in the morning?

I immediately sat up and glared at him. "What are you doing here?"

"What else? I came here to pick my girlfriend for work. My dear Scarlett, I'm a good boyfriend, am I not?" Spencer put his arm around Scarlett's shoulders as if declaring sovereignty.

"She's not your girlfriend yet. She hasn't said yes to you," I reminded him with a frown.

But then, Scarlett wrapped her arms around Spencer's waist and leaned against his chest. "Who said that I hadn't agreed yet? Spencer is my type. I'm glad to have him as my boyfriend."

"I feel the same way, honey." Spencer gazed at Scarlett's sweet smile and loudly kissed her on the forehead. "It's all thanks to your ex-husband. If it weren't for him, we wouldn't be together, and we'd still be friends."

Scarlett smiled at me, and what she said next rang in my ears. "Thank you, my ex-husband."

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I was reminded of who I was to her, and I felt as though a fishbone had gotten stuck in my throat. I clenched my hands into fists so tightly that I could almost hear the cracking sound of my joints.

However, it suddenly occurred to me that I was the one who pushed her away. I could only hold back my temper at the thought of this

“It’s late in the morning now. Why haven’t you made breakfast yet?” I asked crossly

“Charles, you’re being an asshole right now. You not only spent the night at my girlfriend’s place but are also treating her as a servant. People who don’t know her might think that she’s cheating on me!” Spencer roared.

“We haven’t divorced yet,” I retorted.

“Still, you can’t continue being like this: otherwise, how can Scarlett and I be together? Besides, how can you two divorce amicably when you’re being unreasonable?”

Get a divorce and surrender Scarlett’s soft lips to him? My mouth curled into a sneer at the thought of this.

I was fuming with anger, but there was nothing I could say to refute his words. It was my fault, anyway. I was the one who brought up this stupid plan. But even though I regretted doing this, I had no choice but to bear the consequences of my stupidity.

I could not stay here any longer. Without another word, I stormed out and slammed the door shut.

Scarlett caught up with me in the hallway. “Charles, don’t come here again. I don’t want to be called a slut. I have a boyfriend now. I shouldn’t be entangled with you, my ex-husband, anymore,” she said loudly.

I stopped in my tracks. Slowly. I turned around and stared at her dangerously. “Scarlett, don’t challenge me. I’m warning you, you wouldn’t be able to bear it.”

Scarlett was dumbfounded.

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Without waiting for her response, I walked towards the elevator and waited for it to open. As the elevator was near her apartment, I happened to overhear her and Spencer talking.

“Do you still love him? If you’re still in love with him,”

“No. My love for him vanished the moment he asked me for divorce.”

Scarlett’s answer brought a pang to my heart.

She was so cruel and heartless. She was able to give up her love and affection to me at will.
2

But if she was able to give up so easily, *how* could it be love?

I was disconcerted on the way out. It *irked* me that things were getting out of hand. It was only now that I realized, both Scarlett and Spencer were beyond my control.

I stood in the cold wind by the entrance of Scarlett’s apartment for a while. And instead of going home or the company. I decided to go to the bar to drink alone.

I drowned myself with alcohol. However, I still could not get the scene of Scarlett and Spencer being intimate out of my mind.

I could not understand how things ended up like this. The two of them had known each other for twenty years. They had never shown interest in each other; that was until now. I just proposed to them to act like lovers in front of Grandma. But now, they were acting as though they were a real couple.

Damn it!

The more I thought about it, the more restless I became. I came here to make *myself* feel better, but it was not working. While I was being miserable, Spencer showed up uninvited.

I felt even more frustrated to see him here. As I saw the wide smile on his face, I felt an urge to beat him right then and there. But, of course, I was not stupid. Instead of beating him up. I persuaded him not to take Scarlett seriously.

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“Don’t promise her anything, or she’ll get attached. She’ll give her heart to whoever fulfills her requests. You’re not the right person for her. You’d better think things through, so you won’t get hurt in the end,” I cautioned without making myself sound desperate.

“You know what? I’ll follow your advice. .. but only if we’re just acting. I’ve changed my mind.” Spencer sat down on the sofa opposite me and poured himself a glass of wine.

“What do you mean?” I asked, alarmed.

“I assured you back then that I’d put on an act with her so that Christine will rest assured, didn’t I? But now, it seems that we’ve fallen for each other. Didn’t you I DOM Love Him hear what she said? She said I was her type.” Spencer put down his glass and *shrugged*. “Well, it’s not my fault I’m charming,” he added with a helpless look on his face.

My urge to punch him grew even stronger when I saw the smug look on his face.

“Spencer, are you betraying me? You can’t possibly have the hots for Scarlett!”

“When you decided to ask me to pretend to be her boyfriend, you should’ve known this could happen. You can keep your virginity while juggling two women, but I can’t. I’m not like you. I’m a man with needs.”

“Don’t touch her!” I bellowed. His words made my blood run cold.

“Charles, tell me the truth. Are you in love with Scarlett?” Spencer suddenly asked with a meaningful look on his face.

I did not answer him and just snorted in response.

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