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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 245

Chapter 245 Put On An Act Charles's POV:

I held Scarlett tightly in my arms, pulling her close to me. Suddenly, Scarlett's stomach rumbled and a loud sound filled the air around us. I lowered my head to stare at her. Scarlett immediately buried her head in my arms, just like an ostrich, blushing hard. "A-ahem! I came here in a hurry, so I haven't had lunch yet," Scarlett muttered, her head hanging low, cheeks red from embarrassment. "Let's go."

I reached out and caressed her belly affectionately. "Come to the staff canteen downstairs with me." "I don't want to go to the staff canteen. Can we go somewhere else?" The happy smile on Scarlett's face froze stiff at the mention the staff canteen. Her good mood quickly dropped and her spirits soured.

My heart instantly ached at the sudden change. It then occurred to me that in the past, Rita had made things difficult for Scarlett there several times. Thus, the staff canteen was probably a place full of bad memories for Scarlett. "What about Elegant Time?

The western restaurant near the company?" I took Scarlett's hand, caressing it, and asked tentatively, "What do you think?" Relief flashed across Scarlett's face and her mood soared. She nodded joyfully. "Let's go now!" But then, Scarlett stopped me. "Charles, wait. What I just told you..." "Don't worry, honey." Right in front of her, I took out my phone and dialed Richard. The line soon connected. "Richard, I have a task for you. Investigate a girl named Jasmine. I'll sent you the details. I want all the information about her."

After hanging up, I looked at Scarlett with a smile. "Alright." Scarlett nodded contentedly, satisfied, and held my arm sweetly. "Let's go." Before we entered the elevator, I told Amy to cancel all my appointments in the afternoon. "What are you going to do this afternoon?" "I'll

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keep you company." Scarlett stared at me in disbelief and said, "But I have work to do this afternoon." "Then I'll be with you in your office."

"Charles. If you keep doing this, I'm not going to have lunch with you!" In a fit of anger, Scarlett spun on her heel defiantly and ran into the elevator. It was rare for her to act like a spoiled little girl, but in all honesty, she was more charming whenever she did that. I casually followed her into the elevator.

"Scarlett, you have to eat something. Look at your empty stomach! I'll feel sorry for you." "Well then, let's have another child together. Then my belly will bulge!" Scarlett retorted, shooting me a defiant glare. Her words silenced me immediately. • When the elevator arrived at the first floor, the doors slid open and a large group of people rushed in.

I grabbed Scarlett's hand instinctively to protect her. I thought she would get rid of me, but she held my hand instead. That surprised me somewhat, but I didn't mind it. "Oh my! Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore love each other so much." "I'm so envious!" Listening to the praises of the people around us, Scarlett turned red in delight and embarrassment.

Despite the crowd in the elevator, she had no intention of letting go of my hand. I was both happy and surprised by her show of intimacy, my heart filled with warmth. As soon as we walked out of the building, however, Scarlett tried to shake off my hand. "Ugh, Charles. You are so childish!" Scarlett complained, though her voice was coquettish and she was blushing pink. There was no anger in her tone.

Smiling, I pulled her into a hug. "Seems someone's really cooperative and submissive today." "Bah! What on earth are you talking about?" Scarlett pretended to be clueless, and tried to struggle out of my arms. "If you keep struggling, I'll kiss you in public. I mean it," I threatened jokingly, and pretended that I was about to kiss her. At that, Scarlett froze in my arms and stayed still. 1 Scarlett's POV: Charles and I soon arrived at the western restaurant Elegant Time.

To my surprise, Lily, who I hadn't seen for a long time, was also there. When she noticed our presence, she approached us and greeted politely, "Good afternoon, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore. What a coincidence! I didn't expect you two to have lunch here." I replied to her greeting with a smile, nodding. Charles put on a confused appearance and asked with a surprised tone, "Honey, who's this? Do you know her?" "This is Lily. Don't you remember her? You've met each other before," I answered, trying to

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Put On An Act -- hold back my laughter. "Oh? Do I...?" Charles raised his eyebrows, still feigning surprise and uncertainty. His Oscar-worthy acting skills amused me greatly. He was truly number one when it came to mocking people. "It doesn't matter, Mr. Moore.

It's expected that you don't remember me, since you're such a busy man. I won't disturb you anymore. I'm looking forward to our next meeting. Goodbye for now." Charles's sarcasm had no effect on Lily, who didn't seem to mind it. She left calmly, as composed as the still surface of a lake.

I watched her receding figure, and I couldn't help but admire her in my heart. She wasn't very popular in the entertainment circle, but I had to say, she could definitely be called an amazing actress in some aspects. She was good at putting an act in my presence. Despite Charles's ruthless teasing, she was able to leave without the slightest change in her expression. No wonder she was able to compete with Rita for Lively Group!

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Lily's POV:

I made my way back to my seat upstairs, but my eyes still lingered on Charles and Scarlett.

"Charles and his wife are really good at pretending to be innocent." I couldn't help but sneer derisively.

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Emma, who was beside me, shook her head.

“Honestly, I think Charles is like a wolf in sheep’s clothing. He’s intimidating even when he smiles. He may seem calm and collected, but the second the opportunity rises, he’d strike the enemy without hesitation and tear them into pieces, still with that smile.”

As Emma spoke, her voice was full of admiration and yearning.

Indeed, Charles was an attractive man, charming and powerful. Unfortunately, there was only one woman who could be with him, and that was Scarlett. This was the conclusion that countless idiotic women was forced to swallow after going through great pains to win over Charles, only to fail.

“Say, Lily. I heard you’ve slept with Charles?” Emma asked tentatively, eager for gossip.

“I don’t know where you heard that from, but it’s not true.” I cast a cold glance at her and said, “Charles doesn’t even like Rita, much less an unknown actress like me! How could I possibly have an affair with him?”

Emma was quite surprised at my reply. “What happened to you? Why are you suddenly talking like that?”

The expectation brimming in Emma’s face faded away, replaced with disappointment and surprise.

“What, haven’t I suffered enough?” I sneered again, my eyes burning with hate. “It’s all because of Rita. All I want to do right now is take over Lively Group and make her completely broke!”

“You say that, but there’s nothing left in Lively Group now...” Emma grumbled in a low voice, annoyed. “Why do you have to fight with a loser?”

“A starving camel is better than a horse. Besides, I deserve this.” I clenched my hands into angry fists, and my long nails almost dug into my palms.

Lively Group was the reason I lost my son!

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He used to be the flesh and blood resting in my womb, waiting to come out to the world for me to see. I was full of expectations. I wanted to meet him so badly.

After I lost him, I couldn't fall asleep. I stood awake for many nights, wallowing in misery. Whenever I closed my eyes, I dreamed of his miserable and bloody appearance as he called for me, saying 'Mother'...

At that time, I swore. I would make Rita pay for everything, even if it was the last thing I do!

"Karma's a bitch. Have you read the gossip news about Rita recently? She got beaten up so badly in the streets, but Charles just stood by and did nothing! Ha, ha, ha!"

Emma gloated, deeply amused. When she mentioned Charles's name, however, her face was filled with yearning once more.

"Rumor has it that Charles refused to save Rita because he was afraid of his wife. That's so ridiculous! Charles doesn't take Rita seriously at all," I explained calmly. I couldn't help but remind her and added carefully, "Emma, let me give you some advice. Whatever you're thinking about Charles, stop it."

After that, I said nothing more.

"Of course I'll listen to your advice!" Emma then hooked my arm with hers in a flattering manner. "Obviously, everyone in the city can see that! If anyone dares to destroy the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Moore, he or she will end up just like Rita! It's practically suicide."

With that, she removed her arm from mine and proceeded to browsing the menu card. It seemed that she had given up the idea of seducing Charles, at least for now.

Recalling Rita's tragic fall in the news, delight spread everywhere in me. I was ecstatic!

But, this was far from enough.

That wretched woman needed to suffer much, much more.

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Scarlett's POV:

After we had our lunch, Charles insisted on sending me to the TV station. We soon arrived at the gate, but he didn't have the slightest intention of leaving.

Charles crossed his arms in front of his chest, staunch and defiant. His casual black suit made him look more slender and elegant, giving him a dashing image.

"Aren't you going to work, honey?" Charles urged me gently, a calm smile on his face.

He had always been the focus of the crowd wherever he went, and that fact remained even until now. He was only standing at the door of the TV station, but had already attracted the attention

of many colleagues passing by. They kept looking back frequently, unable to tear their eyes away from him.

"Of course I have to work! Look, Charles. The rules of the TV station permit admittance to staff only." I poked his arm, frustrated, and begged in a hurried whisper, "So you better leave now."

"I'm not an outsider here," said Charles, taking my hand. "You don't have a good memory, Scarlett. Let me help you recall something. I've spent a lot of money on this TV station. How about I ask the head of the TV station to prove it?"

He gave me a mischievous and cheeky gaze, as if he was certain that I had no reason to drive him away.

I drew back my hand angrily, past the limits of my patience. "Fine! Then just stay here, Mr. Sponsor. I don't have the time to entertain you."

With a huff, I turned around and strode into my office. Charles followed me quietly, and then sat obediently on the sofa in front of me.

I cast him a cross glare, my annoyance rising. Charles took out his phone and shook it at me, as if trying to promise me that he would stay obediently in the office and not disturb anyone.

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However, there was one thing he didn't take account for.

He didn't know it, but to me, staying in the same space as him interfered with my work.

It was difficult for me to ignore what Charles was doing, even as I tried to concentrate on my job. There was a pile of work in front of me, waiting to be finished, but my mind would involuntarily wander and get attracted to Charles.

I wasn't the only one who was attracted to his charm, however.

During tea breaks, I noticed several young women passing by the door of my office frequently. They were eager to drop by and sneak several glances at Charles, wanting to see more of him.

As I looked at their shy, excited faces, I couldn't help but be reminded of my secret love for Charles in the past, and how I used to pursue him.

And now, he had really become my man and the father of my child.

I found it to be surreal. Everything felt like a lovely dream.

Soon, it was time to get off work. One after another, my colleagues left the place.

Charles was still focusing on his phone, showing no signs of impatience. He looked calm and leisurely.

Having finished my work, I grabbed my chair and sat down in front of Charles. I poked my head curiously to look at his phone screen.

As it turned out, he was browsing at the daily photos I posted on my Facebook.

There were pictures of myself and James on my feed.

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"Instead of managing the millions of businesses you have in your company, you wasted a whole day here. You should calculate how much money you've lost today, Charles." I shook my head in mock sadness, feigning regret.

"Nothing's more important than accompanying you." Charles's face carried regret as well. He looked sadder than me, in fact. "You didn't post my photos much on Facebook. I'm so sad..."

Charles seldom uttered such sweet nothings.

So whenever he said things like this, it was still quite incredible to me.

"Am I so important to you? More important than your life?" I took out the pen from the pocket of my shirt and twirled it in my hand casually as I waited for his answer.

The next second, I grabbed Charles's tie and pulled him closer to me. At the same time, I pointed the tip of the pen gently against his neck.

"Your wife wants your life. Will you give it to her?"

Unexpectedly, Charles replied by wrapping his arms around my waist and forcing me to sit on his lap. The pen on my hand shook from this sudden movement, and I almost poked him by accident.

"Be careful!" I exclaimed in a fit of panic, alarmed.

However, Charles held my hand and pressed the tip of the pen directly against his artery.

"If you want my life, Scarlett, your hands can't tremble like that." The look on his face was extremely gentle, as if what he intended to give me was merely an unimportant toy.

"Before, I would have hesitated. But now, I'll give you my life without a second thought should you want it." He leveled a deep gaze at me as he spoke. There was no humor in his voice, and he looked dead serious. "I'll give you whatever you want, Scarlett."

This... This crazy man!

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Immediately, my grip on the pen loosened and it fell to the floor.

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