

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 81

Chapter 81 The Omnipresent Rita

Scarlett's POV:

It was because of Charles' strong request that I decided to compromise for the time being. I did not know what he would do if I had not compromised.

That whole morning, I was watching a movie with him.

At first, I was worried that he might use the movie as an excuse to make a move on me, but later I found that he didn't break his promise at all. He just watched the movie with me while holding me in his arms.

We were watching the Titanic. When Leonardo DiCaprio's handsome face appeared on the screen, I couldn't help but look at Charles. Under the soft light, he was also extremely handsome, just like a movie star. Fortunately, I looked away right before he noticed the flush on my cheeks.

The peaceful time lasted till noon.

Standing in front of the wardrobe, I thought for a while before I chose my new black backless dress for that lunch appointment.

Looking at my reflection in the mirror, I was very satisfied, so I took my handbag and was about to go out to meet William.

To my surprise, just when I put on my shoes, Charles, who was sitting on the sofa scrolling through his phone, suddenly stood up, frowned at me, and said, "No, Scarlett. Your dress is too revealing. Change it."

'Too revealing? This dress only reveals half of my back. Most evening gowns reveal way more than this one, right?' "Don't be silly, Charles. The dress is fine." I quickly put on my high heels and was about to open the door.

"No!" Charles strode over to me, grabbed my wrist, and took me to the bedroom. Before I could even react, he dragged me to the bedroom, and I did not know what he was planning to do, so I kept struggling.

Charles took me to the closet. He browsed through the clothes, chose a blue dress, took it off the hanger, and handed it to me.

"Wear this." Saying that, he continued to look at me.

"Why? I just bought this black dress and it's nice." I was still quite unwilling to make a compromise. The blue dress that he chose was a bit too formal, and I only wore it to work. Since I was just meeting a friend, I naturally wanted to dress up a little.

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"If you don't change it on your own, then I will do it for you." Charles was unwilling to change his mind either as he whispered those words to me.

I glared at him, but his eyes swept over my body. Subconsciously, I covered my chest with my hands, fearing that he might actually try to take off my clothes. Feeling helpless, I did not want to waste time at all, so I took the blue dress from his hands and got changed. Only after seeing me wearing the blue dress did he finally let me go.

As soon as I walked out of the building, I hailed a taxi, and rushed to the restaurant where William and I had planned to meet. And indeed, it was a high-end restaurant.

Once I arrived, the doorman escorted me to the private dining room.

I saw William as soon as I walked in. But then, before I could even greet him, I noticed someone unexpected sitting next to him, which made my eyes twitch.

It was Rita, dressed in an elegant white dress with minimal makeup, which made her look dignified.

I ignored her and greeted William as I sat down from across them.

I asked with a smile, "Long time no see, William. How have you been?"

"Thank you for your concern, Scarlett. I'm doing fine." William gave me a nod and a natural smile.

Just when I was about to say something more to him, a familiar voice came from behind, interrupting me.

"What a coincidence! Scarlett, you are here too!"

My smile froze. It was Charles!

I immediately turned around and saw him leisurely leaning against the door with a smile as he raised his eyebrows at me. He had changed his clothes in the short time that we were apart. The customized suit was a perfect fit for him, which made him look more handsome.

I was staring at him blankly, and before I could even say anything, he sat down next to me.

"Hello, William. I'm Charles Moore. It's nice to meet you..."

Before Charles could even finish speaking, Rita interrupted him, "William, Charles is the man I'm going to marry. He's very handsome, isn't he?" Although her smile seemed to be a sweet one, her words were not.

I thought that it was funny, but I did not say anything to her as I did not want to meddle in their affairs.

Without saying anything, Charles also put his arm around my shoulder and acted intimately. And immediately, I was embarrassed. What was he trying to do in front of Rita?

William also looked at us closely.

"Mr. Moore, are you really going to marry Rita?" he asked in a doubtful tone. "That's just a rumor which has no credibility to it," Charles denied without even looking at Rita.

I glanced at her from the corner of my eye. It was obvious that his words were a big blow to her as I saw her biting her lips grimly.

"You don't seem like you like Rita, but there are obvious rumors spreading about your marriage. Moreover, you seem to be quite close to Scarlett." With a frown, William was trying to figure out the relationship between us.

His gaze made me feel embarrassed as though I was a third wheel in Charles' relationship with Rita.

"Don't misunderstand us. Charles and I are like brother and sister. We grew up together," I explained when I got a chance.

Although our marriage was a fake one, his family had indeed adopted me and we had grown up together, so I was not entirely lying.

Charles looked at me with a playful smile, but fortunately for me, he didn't deny it.

"Yes, they're like siblings," Rita said in a hurry.

There was a long depressing silent moment at the table. I put my hands on my knees, feeling like I was the one that caused all the awkwardness. It was supposed to be a pleasant meal, and now, it had turned into something awkward because of the complicated relationship between Rita, Charles, and I.

Feeling sorry for William, I tried to lighten the mood by changing the subject.

"William, how do you know Rita?" I asked casually. But to my surprise, Rita's face paled and William frowned upon hearing my question.

"Oh well, we met because William saved me once. I... I was unconscious at that time. It was very dangerous," Rita explained in a hurry.

However, I quickly guessed that there was something fishy going on between them. When they looked at each other, one of them was doubtful while the other seemed to

be quietly pleading.

I didn't say anything, but I felt that their reaction was rather strange.

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Chapter 82 Pregnancy

William's POV:

The four of us sat at the table in awkward silence. Finally, I decided to chase away the tension in the air and picked up my glass.

"Scarlett, I was impressed by your professionalism and performance in the interview last time. I watched the program, and I was very satisfied with it. Here's to you."

Before Scarlett could raise her glass, Charles interjected. "Scarlett hasn't been drinking lately. But I'll drink on her behalf."

I raised my eyebrows and looked at Scarlett. Somehow, I felt that there was something off and unnatural about her today. I shrugged and emptied my wine glass.

I took a glance at Rita again. She seemed restless, and her face was pale. Feeling sorry for her, I could not help saying, "Charles, maybe you and I should exchange seats so that you could keep a closer eye on Rita."

"No."

"Yes."

Charles and Scarlett answered at the same time. It was Charles who did not agree to my suggestion. He narrowed his eyes at me as if telling me to mind my own business.

I cleared my throat, smiled awkwardly, and said nothing.

At this time, Rita raised her hand and put it over her chest. A muscle flickered in her jaw, and she furrowed her brows. The look of pain on her face was terrible to watch. I instantly got nervous. "Rita? What's wrong? Are you okay? Do you need a doctor?"

Rita pushed away my hand and bit her bloodless lip. She flashed Charles a pitiful look. "Charles, can you take me to the hospital? I don't feel well."

Seeing Rita beg like that made my heart ache. She did not have to beg anyone to take care of her. She was a wonderful person. She deserved to be taken care of. 5

I was extremely disappointed by Charles's attitude toward Rita, but I was in no position to tell him off about it.

Ignoring Rita's sincere request, Charles rose from his seat and stepped out to make a phone call. When he returned to the table, he started serving Scarlett food as if nothing happened.

I was confused by everyone's behavior. Less than ten minutes later, a strong-looking, well-built man stormed in. He was panting, and beads of sweat covered his forehead. He looked like he ran all the way here. He looked more like Rita's fiance than Charles did.

Rita's facial expression changed from pained to unhappy when she saw the newcomer. She lowered her head as the man approached our table, and before he could say anything, Rita snapped, "I'm fine. You can leave now." 3

Then, she started to eat without even looking at him. Suddenly, she retched. I was startled. "Rita, are you really okay? Maybe we should take you to the hospital."

Rita shook her head and retched again. Then, she rushed to the bathroom.

The brawny man followed her.

Charles, Scarlett, and I were left at the table. I refilled my glass with wine, took a sip, and carefully calculated the next words that I was going to say. I finally went with, "Rita's pregnant, isn't she?"

Not even a shadow of a reaction passed over Charles's face. I could not decide if that was impressive or wildly insensitive.

"You should go check on Rita, Charles," Scarlett urged, but she looked a little disappointed.

"Even you think the baby in Rita's belly is mine?" Charles muttered.

Lowering her head, Scarlett replied, "Isn't it yours?"

Charles scoffed and ran his fingers through his hair in frustration.

I eyed the two of them carefully for a few moments and then asked Charles, "SO what's your relationship with Rita?"

"Rita and I have no relationship," Charles answered. There was a trace of anger in his tone.

Intrigued by his reaction, I prodded, "Okay. How about you and Scarlett? What are you to each other? And that man who just walked in and Rita. What's up with them? And aren't you supposed to marry Rita, Charles?"

"No," Charles said through gritted teeth. I stared at him with wide eyes. Did he just say that he was not going to marry Rita? Then why was the news filled with stories about them being engaged?

"Charles! How could you say that? You just got Rita pregnant, and now you're not only denying that you're the father but also saying that you're not going to marry her? Are you really this heartless?" Scarlett stood up and started yelling angrily at Charles.

Charles just sat there in silence, but it was obvious that he was trying to rein in his emotions. After a few moments, he rose and walked out.

After Charles left, Scarlett slumped onto her seat and heaved a frustrated sigh. Her lips were pressed together in a thin line as if she was keeping herself from bursting into tears.

"Scarlett, are you all right?" I asked with concern, vaguely realizing the relationship between her and Charles.

"I'm fine, William, but I have to go. I'm sorry," Scarlett said by way of goodbye, forced a smile, and then left.

After she left, I went to the bathroom to find Rita. I was worried about her.

As I approached the bathroom, I overheard two people arguing. "I will have an abortion."

I heard through the closed door. It was Rita. Her voice sounded a little strained. I was about to come in when I heard a man's voice.

"Rita, this is also my child. You can't make this decision without my agreement. If you don't want our baby, then I will raise it on my own. Just don't abort it." +

Scarlett's POV:

I called Charles twice after leaving the restaurant, but he did not answer.

I did not understand why he just left me like that at the restaurant. Thinking of the way he kissed me and the fact that Rita was pregnant, I felt like my head was going to explode.

When I got home, Charles was not there. I waited and waited until I could not sit still anymore. So I went out and made my way to the tennis courts. Maybe I would find him there.

It was Sunday, and the tennis courts were teeming with people who were looking to work out. But I easily spotted Charles among the crowd. He was playing with

Spencer

"Ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't let you in. Mr. Moore instructed me to not let anyone bother him while he was playing." One of the staff stopped me at the entrance.

"Let me in. I need to talk to him." I tried to force myself in, but the staff member stood like a brick wall in my way and fulfilled his duty.

"Charles! You and I need to talk right now!" I yelled angrily.

Spencer turned his head toward my direction, stopped playing, and walked over to me. He nodded to the staff, and then I was let in.

"Hey, Scarlett. What's wrong? You look upset." "I need to talk to Charles, Spencer. This has to stop. I want a divorce right now," I said firmly.

"Well, not today. Charles is in a really bad mood, and you know there's just no talking to him when he's irate," Spencer replied. 1

"Rita's pregnant," I blurted out. Charles and Rita were having a baby, and I had no business now more than ever coming between them. It was time to wise up and leave. 1

"And you think it's Charles's? Have you asked him if the baby is his? Scarlett, do you even know Charles at all? Do you really think he'll betray you like that?" It was obvious that Spencer did not believe that Rita's child could be Charles's. Before I could retort, he pressed, "Charles is in love with you, and the last thing he wants to do is get Rita pregnant. He'll never hurt you like that."

I turned a deaf ear to Spencer's words because if I allowed them to settle in my mind, I would make another round of mindless decisions. Enough was enough. I needed to get divorced and leave Los Angeles forever.

"Charles's time has been divided between me and Rita. Now that Rita's pregnant, it just proves that Charles has chosen her. It's time for me to go." I paused and took a deep breath. "If Charles doesn't agree to our divorce, I'll tell Michael and Christine that Rita is pregnant with his child."

After I tried and failed to speak to him at the tennis courts, I did not see Charles for the next few days. He was like an eel in my grasp, slipping away whenever I got my hands on him. But since I had made up my mind to divorce him, I would not give up. I would not stop until his signature was on the divorce papers. 2

