

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 113

/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer
Chapter 113 Separation

Rita's POV: I couldn't control my anger anymore, so I picked up the vase from the table and smashed it next to Richard's feet.

He respectfully stood still and kept silent, as if he was prepared to let me vent my anger.

Noticing his submissiveness, I could not help but get furious, so I ran to him and slapped him.

"You are such a loser. Why are you always groveling before me?" "Calm down. You should take care of our baby," he said slowly, staring into my eyes.

"Shut up!" I was so enraged that I slapped him again. "Are you going to keep reminding me of that dirty fact?" I roared with a sense of humiliation in my heart which felt like it was going to eat me from the inside.

"No. I am only telling you that you are the mother of my child, and I can tolerate everything you do," Richard said in a serious tone. 1

"Shut up! I feel sick whenever you talk to me!" I picked up a cup and threw it at his head.

As the glass broke and cut his forehead, a stream of blood oozed out, running down to his cheek. However, I was not feeling any sympathy towards him because I felt like he was an obsequious coward.

"I asked you to send Charles to my room last night. So why didn't he show up? He must have had sex with Scarlett, and it's all your fault!" I couldn't help but feel

jealous at the thought of Scarlett and Charles sleeping with each other.

It was so unfair, because Charles belonged to me, and I am the only one who could be his woman. But now, everyone knew that Scarlett was his wife. 2

Scarlett had changed her fate by marrying into the Moore family, when she did not even deserve Charles.

"If he could be so easily tricked, then he would not even be the CEO of the Moore Group," Richard reminded me in a patient manner, ignoring his swollen face and bleeding forehead.

"Do I even need you to tell me that? It only proves that you are useless!" I screamed as I kicked his belly. "Charles asked his people to send Scarlett away this morning," Richard said in a low voice with his hands over his belly.

When I heard those words, my joy knew no bounds. I wondered if it was true. I told myself that Charles would not have sent her away if he really liked her.

"Great! I still have a chance to get him back, then." Feeling happy, I fixed my messy hair.

I knew that I would have a chance with Charles as long as Scarlett was out of the picture. Without that annoying bitch, my relationship with Charles would certainly be restored. 3

I could not help but imagine my future with him, feeling excited.

"Stop deceiving yourself, okay? Charles doesn't love you anymore. He loves Scarlett. But I'm willing to take care of you for the rest of my life," Richard said in a firm voice, looking into my eyes. 1

"Who told you that? Does she even deserve him? Charles is mine. I am the only one who deserves him!" I warned him, grabbing him by the collar. "And you don't deserve to take care of me at all. It's like a toad wishing to be kissed by a princess and marry her. You are craving for something that you are not worthy of. Did you really think that your fate would be changed after you slept with me? Perish that thought, because it's not going to help you change the fact that you will only remain an ugly toad forever." 2

A scornful smile appeared on my lips as I glared at him.

Looking at the cowardly Richard, I regretted having been impulsive at that time. I had not been able to resist my desire and ended up having a one night stand with him. Even a gigolo would be better than him.

"Rita, I really love you. Trust me. I can take good care of you and our child," Richard pleaded, holding me.

"Don't kid yourself! You'd better look at yourself in the mirror before you make such ridiculous promises," I said sarcastically, pushing him away without hesitation.

"I..."

"Get out! And don't ruin my good mood!" I sneered and turned away, because I felt like if I took another look at him, I would feel sick.

Charles' POV:

Sitting in my office, I watched the news on the Internet. Many people were cursing me and Rita, because they pitied Scarlett. "Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore has left," Amy said respectfully as soon as she entered my office.

"Did she have any message for me?" I asked, unconsciously clenching my fists. 2
"No," Amy replied with her head down. My heart ached as a hint of inexplicable sadness enveloped me. I suddenly felt like I had done something ridiculous.
"Thank you, Amy. You may leave now." I was trying my best not to sound indifferent. "Do you need help with the news on the Internet?" she asked cautiously. "No, thanks." I was still as cold as usual, pretending like I did not care about what was going on. After Amy left, I looked out of the window at the falling snow and slapped myself in the face.

I was lost in deep thought about what happened last night.

Since I had been aware of Rita's plan, I had not walked into her trap.

However, I managed to sleep with Scarlett while she was drunk. I could not help but feel quite upset and regretful about what I had done. I was afraid that Scarlett would blame me for taking advantage of her drunken state at that time. 1

My mind was in a mess that whole morning. I didn't dare to face Scarlett, and that was the reason I had left early in the morning. 1

I couldn't imagine what she would think of me once she found out what I had done to her.

I was afraid that she might end up resenting me for it, and not want to see me anymore.

I still could not think of a way to handle things even until now, and my mind was in a mess.

I wanted to calm down and sort things out as soon as possible, but whenever Scarlett appeared in my mind, it was impossible for me to calm down.

The news about us had been spreading for almost a week now, and the situation was only getting worse.

I hadn't been home in a week, so Grandma called me back one day.

As soon as I walked into the house, I heard Grandma talking on the phone. With her smile, it was not hard to guess whom she was talking to.

She cast a stern glance at me before she continued over the phone, "Scarlett, my dear, don't force yourself to stay there if you are not used to it. You could always come back. The Moore family will support you."

Once she hung up, things got awkward. She gave me a cold glare and said nothing while I hung my head, feeling guilty, and did not dare to cause trouble.

"What an irresponsible man you are!" Grandma said in an unhappy tone, looking at me coldly. I was shocked when I heard that. 'Does she know what happened last night? Did Scarlett tell on me?' 1

"What? You think Scarlett told on you?" Grandma asked coldly, noticing that I was silent.

But instead of answering her, I continued to be silent.

"I might be old, but I'm not stupid. I was also young at one time, so I know what happened between you two," she said sarcastically.

Upon hearing that, I felt a little sad. It was my fault, after all. But I still didn't have the courage to face Scarlett. And I hated myself for being so cowardly.

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Chapter 114 Miss

Charles' POV:

"You'd better not handle this matter indifferently, or Scarlett will only distance herself from you," Grandma warned me coldly. "In fact, I can tell that she does care for you, but you just keep disappointing her and you have no sense of propriety. You always make her mad." With that, she looked at me with disappointment and helplessness in her eyes.

I continued to remain silent.

The only reason I sent Scarlett abroad on my private plane was because I wanted to make her journey a comfortable one. After all, it would be very exhausting to catch a plane early in the morning. Moreover, the ticket that she had bought was for the economy class. More importantly, I didn't want to stop Scarlett from realizing her dream.

"Scarlett seems to be sick, so take the initiative to go and see her," my mother ordered coldly.

I remained silent as I wondered what reason could I use to make it seem like I did not go there to specifically see her. 3

"Did you even hear what I just said?" Annoyed by my long silence, Grandma glared at me.

"I know. You guys should rest. I will go to see her."

After saying goodbye to my family, I left the house.

As soon as I was outside, I called Amy. "Delay all my schedules. I am going abroad tomorrow."

After that, I asked Spencer and David to meet me.

"Do you know where Scarlett is staying abroad?" I asked.

"I haven't contacted her in a long time. She is your wife. Why are you asking me for her address?" Spencer seemed to be astonished by my words. "What about you? Did you contact her?" I asked David, ignoring the sarcasm in Spencer's tone.

David also gave me the same response, which made me sigh helplessly.

"If you haven't contacted Scarlett, then you must have contacted Nina, at least, right?" Massaging my temples, I looked at Spencer.

"No," Spencer replied.

I thought he must be lying. Staring at him, I said slowly, "You were intimate with Nina before, and now you're saying that you don't even talk to her? Are you really going to shirk your responsibility after sleeping with her?"

"I can sue you for slandering me like that, you know? Believe it or not, nothing happened between us! Forget it. Since we are friends, I have some news for you. They're both unaccustomed to the climate there, and are sick now," Spencer said, scrolling through his phone. "Here, take a look."

Saying that, he handed his phone to me.'

It was Nina's Facebook page. There was a picture of her and Scarlett, posted recently. They were both clearly unwell in the picture.

I could not help but feel upset when I noticed how pale Scarlett was in the photo.

"If you're that concerned about Scarlett, then why don't you go see her?" Spencer suggested, noticing my horrified expression. I glanced at him, and did not say a word, but I had already made up my mind.

"I'm telling you, a woman like Scarlett can get many men abroad. If you don't take the initiative now, then she might end up with another man, and when that happens, don't come crying to us." Spencer was clearly annoying.

"Shut up." I gave him a cold glare, but deep down, I was upset. "I only said it because I am concerned about your marriage, you ungrateful man!" Spencer looked at me with a pout as though he had been wronged. "Please get him out of my sight." I looked at David, pleading for help. "Alright, fine! I'll go by myself. Just think about it, though." After patting me on the shoulder, Spencer and David left.

The noisy world around me instantly fell silent. I looked out of the window at the neon lights, unable to process how Scarlett might react if she saw me.

Perhaps, she would be mad and refuse to see me.

I felt so nervous that entire night.

The next morning, I took an early flight abroad to see Scarlett. As soon as I landed, Spencer texted me Nina's address.

And I couldn't wait to go to there.

Once I got there, I took a deep breath before I knocked on the door. The thought of seeing Scarlett again made me feel nervous. I was thinking about how I should greet her when I saw her.

Before I was even ready, the door was pushed open.

However, Nina didn't seem surprised to see me at all.

"I'm on a business trip," I blurted out. "What? Mr. Moore, don't try so hard covering it up, because the more you try, the more you end up exposing yourself." Nina snickered.

I cleared my throat and coughed, in an attempt to hide my embarrassment.

"Come in, please." Nina turned around and led me into the house.

When I saw that Scarlett was not inside, a hint of disappointment crashed into my heart. 'Where did she go off to so early in the morning?'

"Scarlett has returned home. A celebrity has specifically asked for her to host the interview program," Nina explained.

"I am sorry to bother you."

"You got here right after she left. You guys just..." Nina said with an apologetic glance.

"I have something to do now. I'll see you later." With that, I turned around and left.

I walked alone on the lonely streets. Thinking of what I had done, I felt sad and ironic.

I came there to see her, but she was gone. She didn't tell me when she would come back. It felt like she did not want to see me at all.

Although I hated her in my heart for constantly running around even when she was ill, I could not help but feel sorry for her.

She must still be mad at me about what happened that night. After all, it was all my fault. I felt like I needed to explain it to her in person.

So I took out my phone, wanting to call her. I glanced at her number for a long time, but in the end, I couldn't find the courage to call her.

Scarlett's POV:

After getting off the plane, I turned on my phone, and saw Nina's message.

I clicked on it and saw a picture of Charles' back.

Why was he there? Did he go there on a business trip and stopped by for a visit? Or did he go there just to see me? "Did he say anything to you?"

I asked Nina over text.

A while later, she called me.

"He said that he was on a business trip."

As soon as I heard her answer, I sighed with relief, but I also felt a little uncomfortable.

Nina continued, "But I don't think that he came here on a business trip at all. He looked worn out. His hair was in a mess and his clothes were wrinkled. Charles is the kind of man who pays a lot of attention to his image, and I don't think that he would really show up looking like a mess if he was really here on a business trip. I think that he is just using the business trip as an excuse to see you."

"That's impossible!" I said firmly.

"Why so?" Nina asked helplessly. "I don't think he'll come to me. I got to go to the company now, so bye!" I was not in the mood to talk about him anymore, so I hung up. However, Nina's call left me feeling restless all day long.

After work, I went straight home, but I was surprised to see Rita and Richard outside *my* door.

I decided to ignore them after glancing at them for just a second. Passing by them, I opened the door.

Rita followed me closely with a hypocritical smile.

"Scarlett, how are you doing abroad? I haven't seen you in a long time. Are you used to living here? Have you adapted yourself to the new place yet? If you have any difficulties, then please, let me know and I will do my best to help you. And..." After greeting me intimately, she tried to hold my hand.

I dodged and interrupted her. "Don't beat around the bush, and get to the point, will you?" I said to her coldly with an indifferent look in my eyes. "I drugged Charles' wine at Michael's birthday party," Rita said casually as she sat down on the couch.

I was shocked at first, but soon I pulled myself together. My relationship with Charles had been made public that day, and Rita was certainly not the type to give up so easily.

"I was trying to get Charles to go to my room, but he went to your room by accident." Rita was fuming with rage as she uttered those words.

"So, are you here to apologize to me now?"

"I want you to know that Charles only slept with you that night because he was drugged, and not because he loves you," Rita said to me earnestly, taking a deep breath.

"Oh..." I gave her an uninterested glance, because I did not care about it at all.

"I don't care about what happened. I still want to be with Charles. I love him more than anything in the world," she confessed with a smile.

"If you are going to confess your love, then don't do it to me. Don't say such disgusting words in front of me. And perhaps, you're the only one who knows if you're speaking the truth or not." My tone was indifferent as I looked at her clenched fists.

I recalled that night. Charles had not seemed to be drugged at all. In fact, he had been more sober than me.

"By the way, Charles was sober that night." Out of the kindness in my heart, I told Rita the truth. 2

"That's impossible! How could Charles have been sober? He just lost his senses under the effect of the drug. There's no way he'll touch you otherwise. He hates you!" Rita shouted at me in panic.

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Chapter 115 Anger

Scarlett's POV: "It has already happened. No matter how angry you feel right now, it can't be undone," I said casually with a shrug of my shoulders. In fact, I didn't care about her reaction at all.

"No! Charles only came to you because he was mad at me for sleeping with Richard. Otherwise, he wouldn't even look at you!" Rita shouted. I was stunned upon hearing that.

"Is that baby actually Richard's, then?" I couldn't help but ask.

"No." Rita denied it at once as though she was trying to cover up her guilt. She looked at me fiercely and added, "Leave Charles alone. He is mine."

"You have already lost Charles, though." I was completely indifferent and unfazed as I told her the truth.

"Don't think that you have a chance with Charles just because he slept with you. He doesn't love you! He loves me, and he's only doing things to get back at me. Once I apologize to him, he is going to come back to me, and you will get kicked out, just like what happened three years ago. You will always be just a substitute, a tool he uses to keep his family calm!" Rita shouted, seeming to be out of control. She then slammed the door and left with Richard.

The noisy room instantly fell quiet. Sitting on the sofa, I could not help but laugh, thinking of Rita's entanglement with Charles over the past few years.

I never thought that she would sleep with Richard, though. Even Charles had once told me that the child she was carrying was not his. 'Was he telling the truth at that time?'

I thought of what had happened that night, and I realized that Charles had indeed been a little clumsy when he had sex with me.

Feeling that I was making an excuse for Charles, I patted my head to stop thinking of him.

The day after the program, Abner sent me to the airport.

"Be careful, and send me a text once you arrive." Abner seemed to be worried as he reminded me.

"Okay, you should go back now." After saying goodbye to him, I turned around and left. From the corner of my eye, I saw a familiar figure. I stopped and looked at the man, who was standing not too far away from me, and noticed that he was also looking at me. It was Charles.

We didn't walk towards each other, though. We just stood there, looking at each other through the crowd.

All of a sudden, I noticed that he was about to lift his foot and walk towards me, when the boarding announcement was heard.

I withdrew my sight and prepared to board. When I looked back again, Charles wasn't there anymore. I despised myself, but at the same time, I also felt a little pathetic.

I seemed to be expecting too much of him. Actually, there was no need for me to feel lost at all.

After getting on the plane, I could not help but recall the three years I had spent abroad, studying. Thinking of that time, I felt that I had been too humble back then. I was tired, and I did not want to be the weak one in our unfair relationship. I didn't want to continue loving him so humbly.

As soon as I arrived at the residence, Nina asked me excitedly, "Did you meet Charles?"

There was a look of curiosity in her eyes.

"I met him at the airport," I answered honestly. However, whenever I mentioned him, my heart ached. "If you met him at the airport, why did you come back so soon? I thought you would stay there for a few days." Nina frowned in confusion.

"He didn't speak to me, so I also kept silent. We just glanced at each other, and then I boarded the plane." I sighed, feeling exhausted, physically and mentally. "He didn't ask you to stay? He didn't even talk to you?" Nina's eyes went wide with surprise.

"No, he said nothing." With a bitter smile on my lips, I glanced out of the window with tears in my eyes.

"He came all the way to see you, so I thought he would have a lot to say. I've never seen Charles being such a mess before." Nina sighed with regret.

"After we divorce, I want to have a real romantic relationship!" The bitter smile did not leave my lips as I tried to wipe away my tears.

"Really? Looks like you've finally figured it out. I'll find you a handsome man, don't worry." Feeling happy again, Nina began to browse her contacts for her male friends.

I could not help but feel helpless when I saw her like that, but deep down, I knew that it was probably the right choice to make. I had to divorce Charles, and I could not let him become the center of my universe again.

I was going to start a new life, so it would be helpful for me to have some new friends.

"Don't frown. I will take you to a bar to help you relax a little, okay?" Nina proposed excitedly.

After thinking for a while, I nodded. Charles' POV:

"Celebrity hostess is having fun abroad!" "Mrs. Moore can't seem to stand loneliness. She is partying with a gigolo in the bar!" Reading click-bait headlines and looking at the pictures of Scarlett and Nina having fun in a bar, I couldn't help but feel angry.

I slammed my phone on the table, forcing myself not to pay attention to any news about Scarlett. However, I could not help myself.

Recalling Scarlett's cold gaze when I met her at the airport the other day, I felt like someone had stabbed my heart with a knife, and I was also furious. 3

Was I really that unendurable in her eyes that she even didn't have the desire to talk to me?

She had turned around and left as soon as she had seen me that day.

Did she really hate me that much?

The exhaustion of travel, and the anger from being ignored by her was tormenting me, slowly eating my brains away. 2 I massaged my temples, trying to calm myself down. However, I realized that whenever it was about Scarlett, I was not able to calm down at all.

Leaning against the chair, I tried to rest my eyes for a bit. Not long after, Amy called the intercom line and told me that Spencer had come to see me.

As soon as I straightened myself up, Spencer pushed the door open and entered my office.

"I'm going abroad. Would you like me to bring you something when I come back or would you like me to give Scarlett a message?"

"No!" I said in a cold voice, looking at him. "You look so depressed. Do you break up with your girlfriend?" I glared at him.

"Sorry, it was a slip of the tongue. I know that you two are not in love. Oh, no! Did Scarlett abandon you? What a poor guy!"

He was really annoying. "Fuck off!" I snapped, glaring at him before I ignored him.

"I think you're angry because deep down you're embarrassed, because I'm telling the truth." Spencer was becoming more unscrupulous instead of restraining himself.

"Mr. Moore, your signature is required." Amy walked in with a document in her hand. I took it from her and studied it. However, I could not stop thinking about Scarlett at all, which upset me.

I looked down and noticed that I signed Scarlett's name on the document instead of mine own.

"I must tell Scarlett that someone was absent-minded when working and signed her name on the document," Spencer said with a smile when he noticed her name on the document.

"If you dare to say anything more, then I would not mind letting you rot abroad for a much longer time," I threatened him coldly.

"Fine, I won't tell her. I don't want to leave you. I'm going now. You keep missing Scarlett. I don't want to disturb you." Spencer waved to me with a smile and left my office.

"Print another copy of this for me," I ordered Amy indifferently. "Okay." She left after giving me a respectful nod.

Looking at Scarlett's name on the document, I traced my fingers over it.

"Scarlett... Scarlett..." I mumbled to myself. Every time I thought of her, my heart ached.

At that moment, my phone rang. It was a call from Richard. I hesitated for a while before I answered it.

"Rita wants to see you." Richard's voice came from the other end of the line. 1 "I am not going to see her." I was in a bad mood, and I did not want to deal with them. But just a moment later, I heard Rita crying over the phone.

"Could you please come and see her?" Richard pleaded.

"I already told you that I won't see her. If she still doesn't give up, then I will publicly announce who the real father of her child is," I said bluntly, leaving no room for negotiation

"I'm going to have an abortion!" Rita roared over the phone as soon as I said those words.

"Rita, don't be impulsive. You are too emotional now, and it is not good for the baby." Richard stopped her, coaxing her in a gentle voice.

However, Rita continued to shout, unlike the person I remembered her to be.

"Keep Rita under control. I will repay her kindness since I owe her, but if she continues to pester me, I won't show mercy to her!" I said coldly and hung up the phone.

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Chapter 116 Dazed And Confused

Rita's POV:

"How dare you stop me?!" I bellowed while glaring at Richard. My blood was boiling in anger, but I tried my best to suppress it.

"That's my child too. If you're going to have an abortion, I have the right to stop you!" Richard argued while looking at me firmly. "Shut up! Now that Charles knows that the baby is yours, there's no need for me to keep it!" I turned around to leave, but Richard grabbed my arm tightly.

"Let me go!" I struggled to get out of his grasp but to no avail.

"That's my child. You can't abort it without my consent!" Richard insisted while looking at me coldly. It was as if he was giving an order that I could not disobey.

But I remained unfazed. I took a deep breath and, all of a sudden, kicked his crotch while he was distracted. Richard let go of me and stumbled back in pain. But by the time he let go of me, his grip had already left a bruise on my arm.

"What do you think Charles will do if he finds out that you've recovered?" Richard asked, half squatting on the ground. His voice trembled in pain, but the gravity of his words turned me by degrees.

I was just about to smash a vase onto his head, but his words had me frozen in the spot.

It was then that I got ahold of myself. I must admit, what Richard had said scared the shit out of me. Charles's attitude towards me had completely changed. Had he found out about my condition? At the thought of this, I grabbed Richard's arm and begged, "Richard, you have to help me." Instead of getting angry for what I had done, Richard looked at me with a sneer. Judging from the look on his face, he would not help me. With that, I pushed him away and began to think of a plan.

"I saved Charles's life. Yes, I saved Charles' life." I kept repeating this sentence. Not long after, my flustered heart finally calmed down, and a sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth.

Richard must have sensed what I was thinking as he bellowed, "Shame on you! Scarlett is innocent. She is the one who suffers from this mess you create!"

I was taken aback by this. Richard was supposed to be my ally, not Scarlett's. What he had said infuriated me and made me hate her even more. "How dare you speak for that bitch? Do you like her too?"

She had taken Charles away from me. And now, even Richard thought highly of her. If only she had died when she was abroad, things would not have turned out this way. 1

"Don't think everyone is as disgusting as you are." Richard limped away as soon as he finished speaking.

Anger surged in my heart as I watched him walk away. 'Scarlett, since you like stealing what's mine, don't blame me for being rude!' 1 Scarlett's POV:

I was heading to the restaurant for breakfast. While I was waiting for the traffic light at the intersection to go green, my phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Charles.

I was surprised to see his name on the screen. It should be midnight at home. Why was he calling me at this time?

Nevertheless, I decided to answer the call. "What's up?" I asked indifferently.

"Are you okay?" Charles asked back, a hint of panic in his voice.

"I'm fine." My voice softened when I felt his concern. But I must admit, I was confused as to why he called out of the blue.

Charles breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good. I just had a nightmare, so I called to check up on you." For some reason, something felt off. I could sense the lingering fear in his tone. He seldom talked to me like this.

"I'm fine. Don't worry," I said lightly. Charles did not speak anymore. I did not say anything more either. As neither of us spoke for a long time, he finally hung up the call. My phone screen went off as the call ended. But I just stood there, dazed and confused.

Charles sounded flustered and anxious. Was he worried about me?

My mouth twisted into a bitter smile. Charles did not even want to talk to me in the first place. How could he care about me?

But then, why did he call all of a sudden? I racked my brain to figure out the answer, but I could not. While I was in deep thought, a car sped in my direction. My life flashed before my eyes. Fortunately, I jumped out of the way in time. I would have been seriously injured if I was not quick to my feet. At that moment, the car hit the protective railing at the side of the road and stalled. I fell to the ground and grazed my palms and knees. My wounds kinda hurt, but it was better than being dead.

I looked at the car, wide-eyed. The driver did not even get off to check on me, much less apologize. He just started the engine and drove away. Just then, Spencer and Nina rushed to me.

"Oh, my God! Scarlett, are you okay?" Nina rushed to my aid and helped me to my feet.

I gave her a reassuring smile, not wanting her to worry about me. Although my hands and knees hurt, my injuries were not that serious. "I'm fine," I said in a low voice.

Nina breathed a sigh of relief. She held my hand and led me to the restaurant opposite the street. The two of us sat at the round table.

Spencer ran after the car that almost hit me and only joined us after a long while.

"There's something fishy about what happened just now," Spencer said to Nina and me in a serious tone.

The truth was, I had a feeling that the car had targeted me. But for what it was worth, there was no point in making my friends worry about me. 2

"Maybe it's just a coincidence," I reasoned out.

"I remember the plate number and the direction he left. Excuse me. I'll have to make a phone call." Spencer stood up with his phone in his hand.

Nina looked at Spencer, who was about to go out of the restaurant, and then turned to me. "He must be calling Charles."

I sighed. "Let him be."

"Do you really think what happened just now was a coincidence?" Nina queried with a serious look on her face.

"I'm new here. I don't think anyone knows me here in the first place," I joked with a relaxed smile.

"You're right. Maybe I'm just overthinking." It was only then was Nina reassured. I patted her on the shoulder comfortingly. "Yes, I'm alright. Don't worry."

The next day, Spencer called me early in the morning.

"I'm ready to go home. Take good care of yourself here. Tell me when you're going back home. I'll pick you up at the airport," Spencer offered earnestly.

I nodded in agreement. "I will. You too. Be careful on your way home."

Three days later, I came back home for work.

Many recognized me at the airport, and my fans even greeted me warmly. I took a group photo and video with them. They asked for my permission if they could upload the video online, to which I agreed without a second thought.

After work, Abner came to my workstation. "You're Internet's darling now. Your video has gone viral," he said teasingly. But then, he put on a straight face and solemnly asked, "Would you like to have dinner with me tonight? You came and left in a hurry last time. I didn't have the chance to ask you out after that."

"I'm sorry. I promised Grandma I'd have dinner with them tonight. Maybe next time." I refused Abner's invitation politely.

"It's okay. The elders are more important. Go home now. Let's just have dinner next time." Abner waved goodbye at me and then turned around to leave.

As soon as I stepped out of the company, I saw the driver waiting for me at the side of the road.

I got into the car, and the driver sped away at once. With nothing to do, I looked outside the window and gazed at the receding scenery.

"Was everything okay when you were abroad?" the driver asked when he saw that I was bored.

"Everything was fine. By the way, are Grandpa and Grandma all right?" It had been several days since I last called Grandma. I knew them like the back of my hand. They would not call, even if they were not feeling well.

"They're all fine. It's Mr. Moore who doesn't seem to be doing well." The driver looked at me through the rearview mirror. He opened his mouth to say more but stopped on second thought.

"What's wrong with Charles?" I casually asked, but I was a little worried about him.

"Well, Mr. Moore often goes to the bar and gets himself drunk these past few days. He has also lost a lot of weight," the driver answered with a heavy sigh.

"Is he under too much pressure at work?" I asked, bewildered.

I had been with Charles long enough to know that he was not an alcoholic. Why did he suddenly feel an urge to drink?

"It's because you were away from him. He couldn't stand it, so he drowned his sorrows in alcohol," the driver explained with a helpless sigh.

"How could he be like that because of me? It must be because of work," I argued while looking in the distance.

The driver looked as though he wanted to say something more. However, he decided not to when he saw that I did not want to talk about Charles anymore..

We arrived at the destination not long after. Just as I was about to enter the house, a sports car stopped in front of me. I could not help but take a step back at the sight of it.

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 117

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Chapter 117 Great Grandchild

Scarlett's POV: Looking at Charles, who was getting off the sports car, I became nervous subconsciously. Noticing that he was also looking at me, I immediately lowered my head and entered the room without greeting him.

After all, I despised myself for running away. m As soon as I stepped inside, I felt someone grab the bowknot in the back of my coat, and froze.

I knew that it was Charles, which only made me more nervous.

"The knot was loose." Charles' low voice came from behind me.

I raised my hand subconsciously in an attempt to fasten it again, but he stopped me. "Let me help you!" he said. 2

I was tense, hearing the faint sound of his slender fingers touching the fabric. When I realized that he was so attentively tying the knot for me, my heart began to race. I was just standing there like a piece of wood that was frozen.

"All right."

Only when I heard his voice again did I come back to my senses. I was struggling whether I should thank him for a long time. And without saying anything to him in the end, I walked into the room. When I saw Christine sitting on the sofa, I went straight to her and said, "I'm back!"

As soon as I sat down next to her, she held my hand, and complained, "Scarlett, my dear, didn't you miss me? Why didn't you come to see me more often?"

"I'm sorry, Grandma. I've been very busy recently. As a token of my apology, I brought you a small gift. So please forgive me." Holding her hand, I acted like a spoiled child as I handed her the box.

"Smart girl, are you bribing me?" Christine rubbed my nose dotingly with a helpless smile.

"Yes, so will you accept my gift?" I snuggled up to her with a smile. "Of course, I'll accept it." She returned my smile kindly. I took out the brooch that I had bought for her, and helped her wear it. That moment, Alice entered the room.

"This brooch is so beautiful. Scarlett, you have such a good taste," Alice praised me with a smile. "Yeah, I think so, too." With a child-like smile, Christine showed off her brooch to Alice.

"Well, you are elegant and graceful, so I knew that the brooch would match your temperament perfectly," I replied with a smile. I then took out another gift box and handed it to Alice. "Mom, this is for you."

Taking the box from me, Alice praised me again. I took out the gifts that I had bought for Michael and Lawrence, and placed them on the tea table.

"I'm still here. Is it really appropriate for you to ignore me?" Charles complained all of a sudden. 1

That was the moment I realized that I was indeed ignoring him. And as for his gift, I did not prepare one at all!

Alice glanced at him coldly while intimately holding my hand.

"Scarlett, take off your coat. It's warm in the room. You might end up sweating if you continue to wear it." Her tone was gentle, unlike the way she talked to Charles.

I quickly took off my coat and handed it to the servant.

"The clothes are wrinkled. Would you like me to send them for dry cleaning?" the servant asked, looking at my wrinkled coat.

"No, thanks!"

"Yes!"

Alice and I blurted out at the same moment, making it awkward. "Your clothes are wrinkled, and if you wear them like that, people might laugh at you," Alice said in a gentle yet firm voice.

"If you wear such clothes, then people might think that we're mistreating you," Charles chimed in all of a sudden.

Glancing at him, I stayed silent. "What do you know? Scarlett is frugal." Upon hearing his words, Christine cast a reproachful glance at him.

Charles raised his hands in surrender, indicating that he wouldn't interrupt us anymore.

"You should dry clean it. It's wrinkled." Holding my hand, Alice continued to convince me. "She's right. Besides, it's not such a big deal," Christine said. I felt like if I continued to resist, then they might think that I am being rude.

Hence, I had no choice but to nod in agreement.

But then, I was worried about what could I wear when I go back if my clothes were sent away for dry cleaning.

"Scarlett, you are so sweet. I just love you so much." Christine's tone was affectionate and loving as she held my hand. "Unlike you, Charles always makes me angry." 1

She then turned to Charles with a fierce look in her eyes.

Charles sighed helplessly, but did not say anything. "Scarlett, my dear, could you do me a favor?" Christine asked in an awkward tone. "Please tell me, and I will do my best to help you, Grandma," I said firmly. The next moment, she escorted me to the couch.

"Scarlett, you have been married to Charles for years now. Since you had your own problems to deal with, we didn't force you before, but I am growing older with each passing day, and I might die before..." she suddenly seemed to be sentimental. For a moment, I didn't understand what she was going to say.

"What are you talking about, Grandma? You are going to live a long and happy life," I tried to comfort her.

"I don't want to live a long life, Scarlett. I only have one wish. Can you help me realize it?" Christine wiped her tears away, looking at me with eagerness in her eyes.

"Sure," I answered with a firm nod.

"Then I want you give birth to a great-grandchild for me. I have already have one foot in the grave. I want to see my great-grandchildren, but I don't think I can live that long..." She was in tears again when she mentioned that.

I was not expecting her to talk about it, so I was feeling a little awkward. "Grandma, I might..." Just when I was about to refuse her politely, she interrupted me.

"I know that you are busy with your work, and that you are pursuing your dream. But don't worry, having a baby will not affect that at all. I might be old now, but I can be of help. Besides, Alice can also help to take care of your child." Saying that, Christine and Alice exchanged glances.

"Yes, you can continue pursuing your dreams even after the baby is born. We will take care of the baby. Scarlett, as you know, Grandpa and Grandma are getting old. Their greatest wish is to see your baby come to this world, and if you can help them make that happen, they will be really happy." Alice was also persuading me earnestly.

Michael was about to say something, but he stopped on second thought. I knew that if I opened my mouth now, they would try to persuade me again, so I shut up and looked at Charles, silently asking for help.

He glanced at me before he lowered his head and played with the lighter in his hand. He didn't seem to want to say anything.

"Scarlett... Your grandma is right. Give birth to a great-grandchild for us while we are still alive." Michael also tried to convince me, just as I expected. 1

Feeling their pressure, I could only give them an awkward smile.

I looked at Charles again, hoping that he would say something to help me.

He also looked up at me, but he only raised his eyebrows at me, and did not help me out at all.

"Scarlett, please listen to us. I really want a great-grandchild."

"Yes, I also want to see who your child is going to look like..."

Michael and Christine were still persuading me, but I didn't have the heart to say no to them. I could only smile at them awkwardly, hoping that they end the topic as soon as possible.