

# Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 41

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 41 Making Breakfast

Scarlett's POV: "You're the one who proposed the divorce. You served me the papers the day I flew in home, remember?" I corrected Charles. 1

"Yes. I just don't want you to bring it up every chance you get. What if you regret divorcing me one day?" Once again, he was trying to sound all cool about the issue, but I thought he was just making an excuse.

"That's not going to happen," I answered firmly

"Why are you so sure? Have you gotten a new boyfriend?" Charles asked, his voice taking on a sharp edge.

"As a matter of fact, I have. He's intelligent, wealthy, and powerful, and we love each other very much. So, yes, I'm sure I'll never regret divorcing you,"

I said like a winner.

"Scarlett!" Charles shouted angrily.

Then, his phone on the tea table rang. As expected, the caller was his sweetheart, Rita.

The anger on Charles's face suddenly disappeared. He glanced at his ringing phone and then looked at me. He hesitated for a long time before picking up his phone and putting it on speaker.

"Hi, Charles. I didn't mean to make Christine angry last time. Can you take me to her today? I want to apologize," Rita said in a soft voice.

"I don't think that's a good idea. She hasn't fully recovered yet. I don't want to stress her out. Let's just wait for her to get better, okay?" Charles replied without any expression on his face.

"Very well. Can you come accompany me today? I'm lonely, and I miss you very much."

If I had not known Rita, I would not have recognized her voice over the phone. I found it hard to believe that she could speak in such a sincere tone.

I did not want to eavesdrop on their conversation anymore, so I put on my shoes and walked toward the door. But when I realized that I was still in Charles's pajamas, I halted.

"I'll swing by if I have time, all right? Goodbye."

Rita tried to stop Charles from hanging up on her, but she did not succeed. Before she could say anything more, he already cut the line. Charles tossed his phone to the tea table and looked up at me.

"Grandma wants us to come see her at the hospital."

"Okay, but I have to go home first to change."

Taking a look at his pajamas that I was wearing, Charles picked up his phone again and called his assistant.

"Send me a set of women's clothes."

I took that as a no on my going home to

change and headed to the living room. I sat on the sofa and waited for Charles's assistant to arrive.

About half an hour later, someone rang the doorbell. I stood up and answered the door. Charles's assistant was standing outside with a shopping bag.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. Here are your clothes."

The words "Mrs. Moore" threw me off for a second. In the past, Charles's staff addressed me as Miss Riley. I did not understand the sudden change.

I was so startled that I could only choke my reply. Thankfully, after handing me the bag, Charles's assistant just slightly bowed and left, sparing me the humiliation

I closed the door and took the clothes to the living room. I started rummaging through the contents of the bag, and I found myself blushing.

"Why did you ask your assistant to buy me this kind of clothes?" I was expecting a change of clothes in the bag but not

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underwear

I felt even more embarrassed imagining Charles's male assistant buying some women's underwear at the store.

"Don't you want them? I can go to the store myself and buy you another pair if you like," Charles teased.

I rolled my eyes so hard that they ached.

Would I ever let him buy me a set of underwear? I would rather wear the one his assistant bought.

I went to the bedroom to change my clothes. To my surprise, Charles's assistant was not only considerate but also had good taste in clothes. The pieces he picked for me fit very well and looked amazing.

I loved the blue dress with a defined waist. It hugged my body like it was tailor-made for me.

After changing my clothes, I went out of the bedroom, and Charles flashed me a satisfied smile.

I walked over to him, took out my phone,

and pulled up my banking app. I said casually, "Thank you for the clothes. I'll wire you the money right now to pay for them."

"Don't bother. They're just clothes. Consider them a gift." Charles frowned when I told him I wanted to pay him back.

"Well, the clothes were not cheap." While I was changing earlier, I paid special attention to the price tag on each article of clothing. I estimated the whole set to cost around tens of thousands of dollars.

It was not a small sum of money. And as early as now, even if we were not yet officially divorced, I wanted to exercise my own financial independence, and that started with not spending his money

Charles glared at me. Once again, he was unhappy

"How about you thank me in a different way?"

I flashed him a confused look.

He did not say anything for a while, but just when I thought he was going to make some excessive request, he stood up and walked toward the fridge.

"You haven't had breakfast yet. I'm making a sandwich. Do you want one?"

I followed him to the kitchen.

"How about I make breakfast for you to thank you?"

"Can you cook?" Charles stopped and looked at me doubtfully.

"I'd like to try." I did not know how to cook, but maybe I could try making some sandwiches. They might not be as good as the ones Charles made, but I was sure they would not be that bad.

Charles tilted his head and motioned for me to come forward.

I walked over, opened the fridge, and took out some ingredients. Charles stood aside and watched me intently.

After making sure that I got the right stuff, he let me begin.

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I took a pan and put it on the stove on medium heat.

Charles liked his eggs over easy, bread without too much butter, and he always cut his chicken breasts into thin slices. I moved around the kitchen as if I were on autopilot and kept in mind Charles's food preferences.

He just stood there and watched me with a smile on his face.

"Wow, I didn't expect that you knew how I liked my food."

"Is this how you like your sandwich? I just did it without really thinking about it." I did not want to admit that he was right about me knowing how he liked his food.

Charles simply beamed.

Soon, I served him the best sandwich I could make. He looked long and hard at it and thought for a long time before finally saying something.

"Stay."

"What?" I looked at Charles in surprise.

"I'm asking you to stay." Charles looked deeply into my eyes. I was a bit taken aback by the abrupt sincerity in his voice.

I put my sandwich down and stared back at him.

"I don't understand."

"Which part?"

"All of it. I mean, we're going to divorce."

"That's not what I meant, Scarlett. I just don't want Grandma and Grandpa to worry about you, so please consider staying. You don't have to do it for me. Do it for them. After all, you're family, and they'll always want the best for you. They'll be more at peace if they know you're living a good life." 2

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 42

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 42 The Truth

Charles' POV:

I was becoming more and more impressed with my own eloquence. I could always find some reason or excuse that Scarlett couldn't refute.

I was so happy to see that she was rendered speechless.

"Okay, I will just think of it as your concern for me because of the elders. Now that I'm fine, shouldn't you go and see Rita? Even if it's just a headache or a cold, the doctor would forbid the patient from drinking. She has advanced liver cancer, and she secretly went to drink yesterday. Did she do it because you did not give her much care lately? Was she drinking to relieve her sorrows, perhaps?" Scarlett said after a moment of silence.

My expression darkened all of a sudden, and I could not believe what I had just heard.

"Are you sure?"

"Abner saw it with his own eyes yesterday. How could it not be true?"

"Do you have any evidence?" I couldn't believe her because Rita's condition did not allow her to consume alcohol. Moreover, I believed that she would not risk her own life for a drink.

"Do you want me to show you photos as evidence? I'm not that jobless, and I am not like Rita to spy on people. Abner just happened to see her there and he called me out of concern. But if you really want the truth, then you can ask your sweetheart or run an investigation yourself. I believe that it will be a cakewalk for you to find out the truth."

I did not talk about it anymore, but I had already made up my mind to look into it.

Rita's POV:

At around three in the afternoon at the hospital, I woke up and saw Charles walking into the room as he pushed the door open.

I had been looking forward to seeing him so much that when he came, my joy knew no bounds.

'Charles still loves me!'

"Charles!"

I realized that something was wrong the moment I called out his name. He was approaching me with a deep look in his eyes, which indicated that he had only come there to question me.

Subconsciously, I tightly grasped the blanket, began to panic, and felt like something bad was about to happen.

'Did he find out something?'

No! No, that can't be possible. I was very discreet, and he could not have found out about it so soon!'

"Did you secretly go out to drink?" Charles got straight to the point as he stood next to my bed.

"What?" Startled, I understood that he must have found out that I had been drinking

Just when I was about to explain to him, my mom walked in with a bowl of fruit and stood before me.

"Charles, did you hear something from others? Rita is in poor health. Why would she drink secretly in her condition?" "I want to listen to her explanation!" Charles suddenly yelled as he looked at me coldly.

Startled by his reaction, I had no choice but to use the oldest trick in the book, which was to cry.

"Charles, I did it all because of you. Don't you know that?"

"You did it because of me?"

"Yeah, I did it because you made me lose hope. You're the one that makes me feel like I will never have a wedding before I am dead. Charles, I'm tired. I'm really tired of seeing you shuttling between two women. I am so exhausted that I don't even want to go on like this... I just don't..." Looking at him, I cried like a

"You'd better pray that I don't find out that you lied."

Though Charles seemed to be slightly moved now, it was clear that he still did not believe me.

"Do you really think that I am lying to you? At the cost of my own life? Since when do you not believe my words? You won't trust me till I die, right?" I cried out, pretending to be aggrieved.

Charles was making me feel very desperate. Back then, he was different. He used to be so gentle and caring, but now, he would not even believe my words.

Though he was standing right in front of me, I felt like his heart had drifted farther away from mine. It almost felt like he was going to leave me at any time now

Charles stood still and glanced at me like an emotionless cold blooded animal. He then turned around and left without saying anything

"Charles, are you going to marry me or not?" When I saw that, I moved the blanket away and ran up to him, hugging him from behind.

However, he did not answer me at all.

"Charles, what's happening to us? Didn't you promise that you will marry me? Why is everything changed all of a sudden? I'm really scared, because I may not be able to wait for too long. Charles, tell me, what can I do to make you change your mind? Please... Just tell me. ..." With teary eyes, I looked up at him

and asked. I prayed that he would look at me too, even if it was just a glance. It was the only way in which I would not end up feeling like a fool.

"Rita... Don't be that way! The doctor says that you can't have any more stress now. If anything happens to you, then what am I to do?" Noticing Charles' indifference, my mom walked up to me to help me.

She knelt on the ground, held onto his legs and pleaded, "Charles, show mercy to Rita, okay? The doctor said that she

should not be sad, so please just promise her. I am begging you! She can't keep holding on like this... Please have mercy on a poor mother and fulfill her daughter's last wish..." My mother burst into tears.

I held Charles' arm tighter and tighter as though I was afraid that I was going to lose him for good.

That was when I realized that my pitiful act was not helping at all.

Charles' heart had been drifting towards Scarlett for a while now, and I could not even feel his love anymore.

Everything was going out of control, which was too bad for me.

"We'll talk after you decide whether you're really going to marry me or now." As expected, Charles shook off my hand and left the ward without looking back.

I was in a daze.

Looking at his receding back, my mother shouted at me angrily, "Rita, why did you go to the bar? If anyone finds out

that..."

Her fear did not let her finish what she wanted to say. If Charles knew that I had recovered, he would not feel guilty and would feel more determined to leave me.

And if that happened, I would lose completely

"Are you crazy? How can you go out to drink now? What if he finds out the truth?" Mom made sure that no one was around before she hissed at me and slapped me.

"If he never marries me, then do I have to keep eating this shitty health food for the rest of my life? Mom, I can't stand it. I can't do this anymore. I'm going crazy. ..." Unwilling to give up, I burst into tears, but there was nothing that I could do now.

The helplessness was so maddening.

I didn't understand. Scarlett had just come back for a few months, and she had managed to shake Charles' love for me. He had been promising to marry me, but ever since she came, he had changed

his mind.

How could I even call it love if that was all it took to destroy it?

Seeing that I was crying bitterly, my mom wailed louder. She held me in her arms, gently patted my back, and comforted me, "Don't worry. Things won't go that way. We have done so much. We will get what we want. Just promise me that what happened today won't happen again."

"I won't be reckless anymore. I promise," I said to her firmly.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 43

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 43 Be Spanked

Charles's POV:

At half past five, I drove to the TV station to pick up Scarlett so that we could go to the hospital together to visit Grandma. I had been waiting for twenty minutes, but she still had not come out.

Thankfully, I saw one of her colleagues, Nina. I asked her where Scarlett was, and she told me that Scarlett left a long time ago

I took out my phone and tried to call Scarlett, but she did not answer.

Then, Grandma called.

“Where are you? Scarlett hasn’t had dinner yet. Come to the hospital and take her out to eat.”

After hanging up the phone, I pinched the bridge of my nose and heaved a sigh.

Scarlett avoided me on purpose. This morning, I had told her that I would pick

her up after work and then we would come to see Grandma together. Obviously, she turned a deaf ear to me and went to visit Grandma on her own.

On my way to the hospital, all I could think about was venting my anger on her.

But when I arrived at the ward, I could not believe what I saw.

Scarlett was gone.

“I don’t understand why you won’t just listen to me, Charles. Now you have to suffer the consequences,” Grandma said sarcastically, looking at my disappointed face.

I stood beside her bed, struggling to school my features into neutrality. I was so angry at Scarlett that I thought about all the ways I could punish her.

But I was afraid to show Grandma how I really felt because she would definitely laugh at me.

“Why didn’t you make her stay, Grandma?” I whined, and I instantly

regretted it.

“She insisted on leaving when she heard that you were coming. Did you expect me to tackle her and pin her down?” Grandma backfired. I could tell that she wanted to tell me off about Scarlett again, but this time, she bit down her tongue.

“Someone threatened her yesterday by trashing her place with paint. I think she could be in real danger.”

"Then get out of here and find her. No. Call her first. Find out where she is." After I told her that Scarlett could be in danger, Grandma immediately urged me to call her and locate her.

I hesitated. I had already called her many times when I was waiting for her at the TV station and on my way to the hospital earlier. She had not answered any of my calls. I dialed again now, and the result was the same.

I wanted to be furious, but dejectedness got to me first.

Seeing that I was not getting through, Grandma picked up her phone and tried

calling Scarlett herself. Scarlett answered on the first ring, which pissed me off and saddened me at the same time.

Obviously, Scarlett did not want to talk to me.

Glancing at me with disdainful eyes, Grandma put her phone on speaker and spoke gently. "Scarlett, dear, where are you? Are you okay? I'm worried."

"I'm all right, Grandma. I'm home. I want to clean the mess up while I have time."

As soon as I heard that she was at home, I turned around and left. I did not bother to look back and check if Grandma was glaring at me.

Twenty minutes later, I arrived at the place where Scarlett lived. The smell of paint in the air was not completely gone, which made me wrinkle my nose.

I covered my mouth and nose with my forearm and pushed the doorbell. I had to ring several times because no one was coming to answer the door. Scarlett must still be pretty shaken from the attack.

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Scarlett! It's me! Open the door!"

I yelled to assure her that I was not a

threat.

After a few moments, the door swung open, and the strong smell of paint hit me in the face like a brick

The place was a mess, almost like a colorful garbage dump. Scarlett stood at the door and stared me down. She was wearing an apron and rubber gloves, and she was all sweaty and panting. She must have been cleaning for a long time. "Let's go," I ordered with a frown.

"What? Where?" She looked at me in confusion

"You're not going to live here anymore. You're moving into my house."

"No. I want to live here. This is my home." She stepped back and looked at me warily as if she was afraid that I would drag her out and away.

Seeing this, I decided to play my cards a different way. Maybe being gentle and patient would convince her to leave.

"Scarlett, look at this place. It's ruined, and it smells toxic. It's not safe for you to live here."

Scarlett's POV:

I was in the middle of cleaning my house when Charles showed up.

Seeing him standing at the door, I immediately thought that he had come to forcibly remove me from my home like I was a wanted fugitive or something

"Well, I think your home isn't safe for me either," I snapped.

In the blink of an eye, Charles put on that frosty expression with which he liked to scare people.

"Do you think I will do something to you?"

I was too annoyed to dignify that with a response, so I turned on my heel and went back to cleaning.

Charles followed me in and shut the

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door behind him. His eyes were starting to water from the fumes and smell.

"It's awful in here. Just come home with me.

"I didn't ask you to come here, Charles. Just leave. This is none of your business anyway."

"Don't you dare say that again!" Charles threatened

I ignored him and continued cleaning up the house.

Next thing I knew, my vision was turning upside down

Charles had grabbed me by the legs and heaved me up on his shoulder like a sack of rice.

As my feet dangled in the air, I struggled to hold on to something to keep my balance. But before I could grab on to Charles's shirt, he slapped me on the buttocks.

My mind instantly went blank. It took me a long time to process what just happened, and when I finally realized it,

I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

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It was the first time that I had been spanked by a man and in such a posture! How embarrassed!

I could not believe Charles just did that. How could he carry me on his shoulder and then spank me like I was a misbehaved child?

He carried me like that to his car, and I wished that the ground had split and swallowed us both.

"You left me no choice. You were being so difficult, so I had to treat you like a hardheaded little girl." After he shoved me into his car, he flashed me that annoying smug smile of his. I could only gnash my teeth together in anger

Before long, I was assaulting him with my words.

"Can you explain something to me, Charles? Why are you always getting out of your way to be with me? Wherever I am, you're always there. It's like you're so in love with me that you can't be

apart from me."

"I'm so in love with you?" Charles scoffed and then continued solemnly, "Scarlett, it's a good thing to be confident, but your confidence can sometimes be a little too much."

"Then why are you constantly interfering with my life?" I screamed in frustration.

"Do you think I want to interfere? I only came here because Grandma was worried about you. She's ill. I don't want her stressing herself out because of you." The smugness had gone from Charles's face before he could finish his last remark.

He stared at me with furious eyes, and I stared right back.

Next thing I knew, the locks on the doors were clicking, and I realized that I had missed my chance to break out of the car and go back to cleaning my messed up house.

Soon, we pulled up at Charles's place.

I fought and fought Charles, but he still

succeeded in heaving me over his shoulder once again and carrying me to the bathroom like an oversized, squirmy pet. He threw me into the half-full bathtub fully clothed and then went in after me.

The bathtub was big enough to accommodate two people, and there was plenty of room for me to swat off Charles's hands as he attempted to undress me.

With one swift movement, he was able to pin me down on the sloped edge of the tub. He started unbuttoning my shirt.

Fear began to cloud my judgment, and I flailed around like I was drowning just to keep his hands off of me.

But Charles was too strong. I was no match for him. I stifled my sobs as I kept fighting him off.

"Charles!" I screamed helplessly as tears rolled down the side of my face and into my ears

Hearing my broken voice, he suddenly stopped. He looked like he just snapped

out of a trance. He let me go and slowly backed away. I read chagrin in his eyes before he stood up and stepped out of the bathtub. He looked down at me as he wrung some of the water out of his shirt.

"Do you dare to challenge me next time?"

I laid still in the bathtub and tried to catch my breath. I just shook my head as a response to his question, scared to death that he would jump on me again and rip off my clothes.

"Clean yourself up now. Can you do it yourself or do you want me to help you?" Charles swept his eyes over me, and I pretended not to notice.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 44

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 44 The Warm Scene

Charles's POV:

It was crazy. I wanted to strip Scarlett naked and take her right in the bathtub. I had been finding myself in this kind of situation lately, and I had been finding it harder and harder to control myself.

I definitely frightened Scarlett with my sudden moves, and I hated myself for it.

"I can take a shower by myself. I don't need your help." With both her hands clutching her shirt shut at the collar, she glared at me.

The heating in the bathroom painted her cheeks a pretty shade of red. Her chest heaved up and down. She was still trying to catch her breath. Her cleavage was slightly exposed, and I could not bring myself to avert my eyes.

Indeed, Scarlett was no longer the little girl who used to chase me around and

beg me for candy. During the three years she spent abroad, she had grown into a full-fledged young woman. I could not help wondering about the lucky man who would get to be with her.

Could it be Spencer or Abner? I dismissed the thought, for it only pissed me off.

Scarlett started rubbing the paint off her hands and arms. I watched her and then frowned

"The paint is not easy to remove. Are you sure you don't need my help?" I bent over and whispered in her ear.

"No, thanks." I smiled as I saw her ears turn red. But then she stood up and started shoving me toward the bathroom door.

Before I reached the door, I turned and saw her red ears again. I could not help teasing her.

"Maybe we should take a shower together. I also got some paint on me. And it'd be a great way to conserve water," I suggested smugly and leaned

against the door. I expected to see panic and nervousness in Scarlett's eyes, but she just flashed me an uninterested expression.

After rolling her eyes and heaving a bored sigh, she finally spoke "Like you care about conserving anything at all. Again, no, thanks, Charles. And save your sexual jokes for Rita. I'm sure she'll be thrilled to hear them." The sheer coldness on Scarlett's face almost made me choke.

Why was she bringing up Rita again? Every time I tried to flirt with her, she always ruined the fun.

"Why is Rita coming up in our conversation again? I would never crack a dirty joke in front of her," I snapped as I fell out of the mood to tease Scarlett.

"Of course you wouldn't. She's your ever dearest Rita. Unlike me, you'll never disrespect her by making such inappropriate suggestions," Scarlett backfired through clenched teeth.

“That’s not what I meant. I’m sorry, okay?”

I’ll leave you to clean yourself up.” With a sigh. I reached out and brushed my thumb against her cheek.

She slightly turned away, but I was still able to touch her face. I felt the heat of her anger in my finger. I usually enjoyed watching Scarlett throw a temper tantrum, but when she got furious like that and used such loaded words, the last thing I wanted was to piss her off even more.

Scarlett’s POV:

Charles finally walked out of the bathroom. I seethed with rage when he made his stupid suggestion about us taking a shower together. Did he think of me as some red-light district prostitute who would cater to his every sick whim?

Damn it! What a terrible day! I should have jumped out of the car on the way here.

I stayed in the bathroom for more than half an hour. Having to stay with Charles only annoyed me more and more. I did not leave the bathroom until the delicious smell of food wafted in.

Swallowing my pride, I put on Charles’s clean clothes that he let me borrow and went to the kitchen.

I was still in the living room when the heavenly smell of roasted beef and baked potato with cheese hit my nostrils. Charles cooked those dishes well, and it had been a long time since I last saw him prepare a meal. When we were going to school, he made time to cook, but when we started working, he barely had the space in his schedule.

I approached slowly and quietly. The scent of the dishes reminded me so much of the time when we were still students. At that time, I was home with Charles, and Rita was not in the picture. Everything was so simple and happy. It was one of the best times of my life.

“What are you waiting for? Wash your hands and come join me for dinner.” Charles was wearing an apron, and the dishes in his hands were steaming. I could not decide whether it was the soft lighting or the smile on his face that made him look gentle and loving. At the moment, he looked like the perfect

husband that I had always dreamed of having

The warm scene in front of me almost moved me, but then I suddenly imagined Rita’s face and wrecked everything. Rita was now Charles’s fiancée, and I was but a closed chapter in his story.

"No, thanks. I'm going home. Thanks for the shower and the clothes. I'll launder them and get them right back to you as soon as I can." I put on a polite smile and headed to the front door.

"Wait! Scarlett, stop!" Charles called after me, but I pretended not to hear him and kept walking

Before I could get my hands on the doorknob, Charles was already grabbing me by the wrist and turning me to face him.

Past his shoulder, I could see the table was already set. There were even candles lit.

"Please just let me go, Charles. I want to go home. We can't keep spending time like this together. Don't you understand?"

You're just making things harder than they have to be. You're engaged to Rita and about to divorce me. We have to keep our distance from each other," I reasoned.

I was sick and tired of being spun around in Charles's web. I tried hard to break away from his grasp, but he was just too strong for me. He held on to me so tightly that my wrist began turning red.

"I'll drive you home after dinner. It's dark out. It's not safe for you to go home by yourself," Charles said flatly and looked out the window.

Indeed, night had descended, and there were not any lights outside except for the faint glow of street lamps.

Charles took advantage of my moments of hesitation, eased his grip on my wrist, and took my hand. He towed me to the dining table.

"Are you going to stare at me the entire meal? I won't run away." I had noticed that Charles had been staring at me like he was scrutinizing me. What was he

Chapter 44 The Warm Scene looking at? And what was that affectionate look in his eyes? It was driving me insane.

"Well, then good. Otherwise, I'll be forced to tie you to my bed." Once again, Charles leaned in and whispered to my ear. As I gnashed my teeth together to rein in my emotions, he let go of my hand and sat opposite me. Deep inside, I cursed myself for blushing in front of him. Until today, Charles had never uttered sexual innuendos to me. He had never been driven with desire in front of me except for that one time that he kissed me in the elevator. Now that we were alone in his home, he might actually try to sleep with me, and I found that a little unsettling.

"Why are you lowering your head? Are you scared? You know me. I do as I say." Charles flashed me a smile that I could only liken to an arrow piercing through my

heart. Seeing that I did not respond, he continued, "Don't worry. I just want you to join me for dinner. That's all."

Then, he started piling some food onto

Chantadt The Wam Soome my plate. Afraid that he would heave me over his shoulder again and do God knew what, I just nodded and let him serve me.

I chewed and swallowed my food fast. Even though dinner was going great, I still wanted to go home as soon as I could. Meanwhile, Charles ate at a glacial pace and kept his eyes fixed on me. If he was trying to give me indigestion by watching me intently like a suspect under surveillance, he was succeeding.

"Can you stop staring at me?" I bit my lip and whined. There must be something wrong with Charles today. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze.

"Fuck! You finish your dinner. I'll go take a cold shower." All of a sudden, Charles's ears turned red. He put down his knife and fork, rose from his seat, and started walking away.

Before he could leave the dining room, he turned around and walked right back to me. He stared at me, and he looked like he was trying to find the right words to say

"Don't bite your lip like that in front of any man ever again, do you understand? Now, stay here, eat your food, and wait for me to get back. If you leave before I get out of the shower, I will drag you right back here, tie you up, and have my way with you," Charles threatened me fiercely.

It was not easy to hail a taxi in the evening, so I was really counting on Charles to drive me home.

"Fine. I won't leave," I promised.

Hearing that, Charles rushed to the bathroom with a satisfied smile on his face.

## Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 45

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 45 Male Problems

Scarlett's POV:

Charles did not come down after a long time. I was starting to get worried. What if he went back on his words and no longer wanted to let me go? I had better run away now.

He said that he would tie me up to the bed and have his way with me if I ran away. How could I take that seriously? I must be out of my mind. There was no way he would actually do that. For all I knew, he loved Rita with all his heart. He would not betray her and sleep with me, would he?

After pondering for a moment, I decided to leave now. A taxi should still be available at this time.

The night was getting darker, so I had to go. But just as I reached for the door, the doorbell unexpectedly rang.

I frowned. Who would come here this

late at night? The first person I thought of was Rita. But just when I was about to scurry for cover, a familiar voice sounded outside the door.

"Charles, open the door! It's me." It was Alice, Charles's mother.

It was already deep into the night. What was Alice doing here? I was perplexed.

With a confused look on my face, I opened the door and beckoned her to the living room to sit down. "Come in, Mom. Charles is taking a shower upstairs. He'll be here shortly." Now, it was even more difficult for me to leave.

Alice sat down and took my hand. "Christine told me that someone went to your apartment to spray paint. I figured that Charles would bring you here, so I came here to see you," she said with a motherly smile.

Alice must have come here to talk to me about the divorce. Well, I could not be rude to her nor say something inappropriate. She had always treated me as if I was her own child, after all.

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"It's all right, Mom. Don't worry. I'm fine. But I have to go now. I have to go back early to recite the draft." As soon as I finished speaking, I stood up and turned to leave. This way, I could talk to her perfunctorily without sounding rude. If Charles came down now, I would not be able to leave easily.

"I know you've suffered a lot for years. I'm telling you, that bitch was fooling my son. He's blinded by her, so he can't tell the good from bad. I've watched you two grow up. I know for myself that you two have the best relationship. You can't divorce. Charles has liked you since you were young. Do you still remember that time when you were in high school? Some hooligans from the other school stopped you and asked you to go with them for a drink? Charles was so furious that he beat those bastards up all by himself. From what I see, he's just being stubborn right now," Alice earnestly said. It was obvious that she was unwilling to let me go

However, what she had just said to me was ridiculous. At that time, Charles just

treated me as his toy. For all I knew, it was not because he had feelings for me but because he was possessive and controlling. He made sure that only he had me. If he really liked me back then, how could he bear not to show his concern to me while I was abroad for three years? He did not even call or text me!

That could only mean one thing. He did not love me. I waited for him for a long time, only to end up disappointed. I had had enough of it.

"Mom, Charles likes someone else. It's Rita. Your son is a grown man. He knows what he wants. Why don't you look at it on the bright side? When Charles and I are finally divorced, he could finally be with his true love and live a happier life in the future. We should be happy for him, shouldn't we?" I felt my chest tighten as I spoke. Yes, I loathed Rita to the core. She was a scheming, hypocritical, and manipulative woman. Even so, Charles was fond of her, and there was nothing I could do about it.

What Grandma said to us last time was

true. Charles was not young anymore. In fact, some men his age already had children.

"Please help me persuade Grandma when she finally gets better," I asked.

"I'm telling you, you can't get divorced. I know Charles. He won't sleep with a girl he doesn't like." Alice seemed to realize that I had already made up my mind. Her tone became anxious and apprehensive.

But this was nothing but a huge misunderstanding. When did I ever sleep with Charles? "Sorry to break it to you, Mom. But even though Charles and I are married, we've never had sex," I admitted frankly. Charles would never betray Rita. He loved her so much. In our complicated relationship, I was the bad guy. The third party

"How is that possible? Scarlett, stop lying. I have evidence." Alice took out her phone from her bag and scrolled through her gallery

She then showed me a picture. In the photo, Charles and I were in each other's tight embrace as we slept.

"This photo isn't enough to prove your statement. I just fell asleep at that time, and nothing happened between us. I'm... I'm still a virgin until now." I knew that Alice would not give up until I told the truth. She had suspected us once in the hospital, after all. I was aware that it was humiliating to admit that I was still a virgin after three years of marriage. But, I had no choice to do so.

Alice was flabbergasted. "But you've been married for three years! Could it be that Charles have you know... a disease of some sort?"

I lowered my head and did not answer her question. How could I know if he was ill? She should ask Rita instead.

While we were talking, Charles finally went downstairs. He had a bath towel on his shoulder, and he looked fresh from the bath

Charles took a bottle of water from the

Charter As Mole Problems fridge and asked, "Mom, what brings you here?"

"Charles, are you free tomorrow? Let's go to the hospital," Alice replied.

Charles looked at me confusedly. "I'm fine. Why do I need to go to the hospital?"

I lowered my head to hide the guilt in my eyes. I did not say anything. How could things turn out like this?

"There's a renowned urologist in the city. Don't worry. We'll go there in secret and make sure that we won't be discovered by the media," Alice reassured

"What? A urologist? Scarlett, what did you say to Mom?" Charles asked with a scowl.

I lowered my head in embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Alice seemed to be disappointed at her son for raising a tone at me. "Why are you shouting? Are you trying to scare Scarlett? She has nothing 22:07

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to do with this! You bastard! I just guessed that you have male problems. You've been married for years, and yet you still don't have a child."

Charles stared daggers at me, and an awkward silence filled the air.

He did not take his eyes off me. His piercing gaze made my hair stand on end. This was a bad sign.

"Mom, it's already late. You should go home now. I'll see the doctor on my own when I'm free." Charles led his mother to the door as he spoke.

I followed Alice, intending to slip away without being noticed. Unfortunately, Charles pulled me back into the house before the door closed. To my surprise, he locked the door and held me in his arms.

"What did you say to Mom? What made her say something like that?" Charles asked sharply. It seemed that he had already figured out everything.

"Mom took a picture of us when we slept on the sofa the other day. She assumed

that we had sex, so I explained to her that nothing had happened between us and that I am still a virgin. For some reason, she thought that there's something wrong with you," I briefly explained

"What? You're still a virgin?" Charles seemed to be taken aback by the last sentence. For a split second, a gleam of light flashed through his eyes.

Why did he seem so shocked anyway? Did he think I was a dissolute girl who would sleep with just any men?

The thought of this made me feel sick to the stomach

"It's not ridiculous, okay? I'm a conservative," I said proudly. Unlike me, Rita was probably not a virgin anymore when she was in high school.

To my surprise, Charles stared at me with a sly smile. His blue eyes reflected my image, and I could see myself trembling in fear. Then, he lowered his head and approached me little by little. He whispered my name, which sent chills down my spine.

"Scarlett..."

"You bastard, stay away from me!" I pushed him away with all my might. Perhaps he was doing this to make fun of me again

But then, Charles grabbed my wrists and raised them. His body was so close to mine that my heart pounded in my chest.

The smile on his face grew even wider. As he noticed that my body was trembling, he lowered his head and whispered something in my ear.

"My little virgin, do you need my help popping your cherry?"