

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 131

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Chapter 131 Isn't This What Couples Do

Scarlett's POV:

After leaving Charles' house, I went back to my house on Garden Street.

As soon as I got home, I took out my phone, and saw the messages he sent me, feeling a little sad. S

Since I did not know how to face him, I could only hide from him.

I changed the lock code of my door and muted my phone. After taking a shower, I lay on the bed, thinking that he might knock on my door at any moment, but there was no sound.

As tiredness swept over my body, I could not resist falling asleep.

The next day, I was worried that I might stumble upon Charles if I went out, so I decided to order take-out.

Not long after, the doorbell rang. And I was stunned to see Charles outside my apartment with a delivery bag in his hand. He was still wearing the same clothes that he had worn the night before. Had he been waiting here all night long?

With a guilty conscience, I lowered my head, grabbing the hem of my pajamas nervously.

From of the corner of my eye, I saw him staring at me with a sharp gaze, and I clenched my fists.

Without saying a word, he walked straight into the living room.

I followed him in.

Tiredness was written all over his face, and there were bags under his eyes. He unbuttoned his shirt with a long face while looking at me coldly. "Were you outside my door all night long?" I asked hesitantly after a long time.

However, instead of answering me, he headed straight to the bathroom.

I felt like I was doomed now. He was angry, and he was not going to let it slide easily.

I contemplated running away while he was in the shower. But then, I thought about it and gave up the idea. After all, he could always find me easily. 'Where else could I hide?'

My stomach was growling, so I decided to have breakfast first before I thought about it. I ate uneasily, listening to the sound of the running water that came from the bathroom

While I was eating, Charles stepped out of the bathroom and ordered, "Call Amy and ask her to bring me some clothes."

He then turned around and walked to the bedroom.

Seeing his bloodshot eyes, I pitied him and didn't have the heart to go up against him.

I picked up his phone and was about to call Amy, but when I saw numerous missed calls from Rita flashing on the screen, my hands trembled.

Enduring the pain in my heart, I called Amy's number and then headed to the bedroom. Charles was lying down on the bed.

Looking at his tired and handsome face, I suddenly felt like throwing my caution to the wind and just living with him for the rest of my life. "Charles, are you hungry?" I asked, trying to hold back my sadness. However, he did not respond. He just lay there on the bed and did not move. Thinking that he must be tired, I walked out of the room to have my breakfast and did not say more to disturb him.

In the meantime, Rita called him again. Hearing the phone ringing, my heart trembled. I held his phone in my hand as I went to find him. "It's from Rita," I said as I handed the phone to him.

With a frown, Charles pulled me to the bed and hugged me. "Don't you want to answer the phone?" I asked when I saw that the phone was still ringing. . "Sleep!" Charles grabbed the phone, tossed it aside, and hugged me tightly. "I don't want to sleep!" I began to struggle, but he tightened his grip around me, making it difficult for me to breathe.

"You're suffocating me."

As soon as I said that, he loosed his grip a little, but he did not let go of me. I leaned against his chest, listening to his strong heartbeat. Wishing that we could always be that way, I could not help but feel satisfied. •

However, whenever I thought of Rita, my eyes would turn red.

"What did I do to make you feel so aggrieved?" Charles asked angrily when he noticed that I was on the verge of tears.

"Rita kept calling you, and for some reason, that makes me uncomfortable." I rubbed my eyes, unable to hide the truth from him.

I did not want to cry over such a thing, but every time I thought of it, I would feel tears falling from my eyes,

Charles stared at me for a long time before he leaned in and kissed me while holding my arm and placing it around his waist.

But the next second, his phone rang again.

Charles stopped and turned off his phone irritably. "I haven't slept all night, so I am very tired now. Please just hold me and sleep with me for a while, okay? Be a good girl," Charles said in a tired voice. Since I could not refuse him, I moved slightly and adjusted myself to a comfortable sleeping position. "Rest your head on my arm." Charles held his arm out for me. "No. It'll be heavy." I struggled uncomfortably. "Lie down. You seem to overestimate your weight," he teased, looking at me. At first, I planned to get up after he fell asleep, but feeling his warm embrace, I also fell asleep with him.

When I opened my eyes again, he was playing with my hair.] "Are you awake? How was your sleep?" Charles asked with a smile.

"Yes. It was good."

I never expected to fall asleep so comfortably. I tried to get up, but he pulled me back to the bed.

He then continued to play with my hair leisurely.

I pulled my hair back and rubbed it against his face.

"Stop it! It tickles," he complained and grabbed my hand.

I looked at him, grinning from ear to ear. I did not expect him to be so afraid of itchiness.

"Grandma asked us to come home for dinner," he said to me in a gentle voice while stroking my cheek lovingly.

I checked the time and found that it was already twelve o'clock. I realized that he had not eaten breakfast in the morning, so I reminded him that he should eat something first. "Alright, then. Let's have lunch first."

Charles and I went out for lunch. And after we ate our fill, he proposed to take me hiking. 1

Strolling in the mountains, we enjoyed the pleasant afternoon.

All of a sudden, he held my hand.

“What are you doing?” I asked, lowering my head to look at our intertwined hands.

“Isn’t this what couples do?” With a smile, he held my hand more tightly.

I was a little stunned to hear him refer to us as a couple. I struggled, but he did not let go of my hand at all. Instead, he put my hand in his pocket. 2

When I realized that we were never a couple, I felt a little disheartened, and wanted to withdraw my hand. 1

However, he stubbornly held my hand, unwilling to let go.

There were many people climbing the mountain, and most of them were couples. Looking at his profile, I was lost in thought. Deep down, I felt like it would be wonderful if we could live so peacefully every day

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Chapter 132 Discussion On Marriage

Scarlett’s POV:

By the time we started to go down the mountain, it was already quite dark, and feeling tired, I could not help but yawn as I walked down./ Charles stood in front of me and bent over. I was confused.

“Aren’t you tired? Come, let me carry you.” His voice laced with the cool breeze echoed in my ears.

I looked at his broad back, feeling a little hesitant, when he continued, “Do you want me to carry you on my back or would you like me to hold you in my arms? Take your pick.”

After hesitating for a while, I glanced at the passers-by subconsciously, and climbed on his back.

Feeling the warmth of his broad back, I felt an unprecedented sense of security, and unconsciously wrapped my arms around his neck.

As soon as I got home, I slumped to the sofa, stretching my legs to the armrests. My calf muscles felt sore from the hiking, and I felt like I had overexerted myself.

"What's wrong? Why are you so tired?" Christine asked with concern when she saw that my legs were shaking.

"I am fine, Grandma. I probably feel weak because I haven't walked this far in a long time," I tried to comfort her, seeing that she was worried.

"How long did you make her walk? I am going to teach you a lesson today, you brat!" Christine said to Charles. 1

"I only took her hiking to help her relax." Lowering his head, Charles could not even bring himself to look at her.

"That's bullshit! Are you out of your mind? Why can't you just take her out for shopping? Why did you have to climb the mountain?" Alice also yelled at Charles angrily. "I'm sorry. It is my fault." Charles rarely ever admitted his mistakes.

However, I couldn't bear to see him being scolded. "Grandma, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired."

"Don't speak up for him. He is an adult, but still he doesn't know how to take care of you at all," Christine said angrily, glaring at Charles

"Let me massage your legs." Saying that, Charles began to massage my legs before I could even say anything. "I'm alright..." Although I felt a little awkward, it was undeniable that his massage felt amazing. He used moderate pressure on my legs to make me feel comfortable. But all of a sudden, he stopped. With a frown, I looked at him, confused. "Sorry, I forgot that you're on your period," Charles said in a remorseful tone. "Scarlett is on her period?" Alice asked.

My heart skipped a beat, but I soon regained my composure. "Yes, I'm on my period."

Alice seemed to be too disappointed to even say anything and just sighed.

And I couldn't bear to see her so depressed. However, I could not understand one thing. I was clearly putting on an act, and even Charles could not see through it. How could she know?

All of a sudden, I remembered that I had vomited on our flight back home, and perhaps, that was the reason she seemed so suspicious. "I thought that you were..." Alice murmured with regret in her eyes. I pretended like I did not hear her at all and stayed silent. After the elders left, Charles asked, "What does Mom mean by that? What's going on with you?" In a fit of panic, I could not help but shake my head. Without asking more questions, Charles bowed down and continued to massage my legs until dinner was ready.

"I asked you all to come here to discuss about the wedding." While we were having dinner, Michael, who was sitting in the host seat, spoke up in a serious voice. 1

"I think that it would be best if we made it the first of next month. That way, we will have enough time to prepare for it, and it won't delay Scarlett's training program abroad," Alice said excitedly.

"I agree. By then, the weather will be much warmer, and Scarlett won't feel cold in her wedding dress," Christine echoed.

"I also think that it's a great idea. Let's ask the event planners to handle it. They will do it quickly and efficiently," Lawrence also said. When I heard that, I looked at Charles in confusion. "Scarlett, don't go abroad now. You can continue your training after the wedding," Alice said, holding my hand.

"I don't want to get married. To be honest, I don't want a wedding ceremony with Charles," I blurted out, looking at them while I stood up from my seat. As soon as they heard that, they looked at me with disappointment in their eyes. Charles was also stunned as he did not expect me to refuse him so brazenly.

"Scarlett, you..." Christine paused and sighed helplessly. Everyone then fell silent. Charles withdrew his gaze, and said indifferently, "Let's eat first."

The originally enthusiastic crowd now ate with a grim look in their eyes.

Christine suddenly banged her fists on the table, which shocked us.

"I said that the wedding must be held!" she said in a cold voice and with a tough attitude.

"Grandma..." I called out to her subconsciously, but she looked away with a snort.

"Scarlett, it's just a wedding, which should have been held three years ago. Do you really not want it?" Alice tried her best to persuade me.

"Mom, Charles and I... We..." I looked at her awkwardly, wanting to tell her that I was going to divorce Charles sooner or later, but when I saw how eager she was, I could not bring myself to say it.

"Scarlett, is something about Charles making you feel uncomfortable? Just tell me, and I will educate him." Lawrence persuaded me next.

I turned to Charles, hoping that he would say something, but he lowered his head and continued to drink.

"There is nothing wrong with him. I just don't want to..." I said in a low voice, hanging my head. "Let's eat first." Michael also sighed with disappointment. After dinner, Alice asked me and Charles to stay the night. I looked at Charles pleadingly while I was in the room with him. "Please help me tell Grandma that the wedding..." "What do you want me to tell her?" Charles glanced at me and pretended like he was confused.

Just when I was about to say something, he added, "I also want this wedding..."

"What did you say?" I looked at him in disbelief.

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Chapter 133 I Wanted This Wedding

Scarlett's POV: "I said I want this wedding more than anyone else," Charles repeated himself, looking at me.

As I smiled bitterly, a hint of disappointment flashed in my eyes.

"Don't you want to be with me?" Charles stood up and slowly walked towards me. "I just want to keep a low profile," I answered, shaking my head. "We are already married. The wedding is just a ceremony." He seemed to be so emotional that his eyes were almost red. "But it's not something that I want," I said in a firm voice. "But I want the whole world to see you wearing a wedding dress for me," Charles said softly.

I hung my head and sat on the edge of the bed without saying anything to him. "I'll get some water to wash your feet." Saying that with a sigh, Charles left. "Charles, you are going to get tired of me sooner or later." Looking at his back, I could not help but shout.

He paused and said in a casual tone, "Even if it means that I would get tired of you in the future, we should still try to build our love first, right?" 3

I was speechless, and did not know what to say. Charles walked out of the bathroom with a bucket in his hand. Helping me soak my feet in the soothing warm water, he was so gentle and focused.

"Charles, I don't want a wedding with you," I repeated firmly.

"I know."

His attitude rendered me speechless.

"You are going to regret marrying someone you don't love." Saying that, I dropped my hands feebly.

"I love you, and I'm certain of it. But as for whether you feel the same about me or not, I think you should ask that to yourself." Charles looked at me with determination in his eyes.

I did not know what to say, and I was clearly dumbfounded. Without saying more, I wanted this wedding Charles wiped my feet dry and walked to the bathroom to empty the bucket. 3

I was lost in thought as I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"You haven't changed your sanitary pad the entire day." Standing by the bed, Charles looked at me. "So you weren't on your period at all, were you?"

I kept silent, feeling a little upset that I completely forgot about it. "Do you find it amusing to lie to me?"

I shook my head instinctively.

"You are my woman, and you can't avoid such things. Besides, I am a man with a strong sexual desire," Charles said lightly as he leaned down to kiss my neck. I groaned and tried to resist him. Charles made me lie straight as he looked into my eyes.

"Why can't you try to accept me?" There was a hint of confusion in his tone.

I gave a helpless sigh as I said, "I don't have confidence in you." ³ "But haven't you loved me ever since you were a kid?" Charles reminded me in a confident tone. ¹

"I only did it because I was young and thoughtless." I looked away in embarrassment. "Then you are more thoughtless now!" he sneered. "Do you still want me?" I asked him in an angry tone. "Of course, I do!" Charles continued to explain with a smile, "Men always value the things more when they have to suffer to get it. If you are obedient and submissive, then I might get tired of you before the wedding, and we'll probably not have to hold a wedding ceremony at all." ²

My heart felt heavy again when I heard those words. "If you would get tired of me so soon... Then how are we supposed to spend the rest of our lives together?"

"You want to be with me for the rest of our lives, don't you?" Charles said with a smile, rubbing my nose playfully. I turned away and ignored him. I knew that he was doing it on purpose.

"I was just kidding. Anyway, I won't let you get away from me again." Saying that, he kissed me on the forehead.

"Can you really do that?" I asked, looking at him with suspicion in my eyes.

"I promise, I will," he said, leaning down to kiss me.

But without any second thoughts, I immediately pushed him away. He had already wanted this wedding hurt me once, and I did not want to let him hurt me again.

"Why not?" Charles asked with a frown.

"I'm just tired." I massaged my forehead in exhaustion.

He looked at me calmly and said, "That's not good enough, honey."

Even after thinking for a while, I still could not come up with a convincing excuse. All of a sudden, I felt a chill on my chest and looked down to see that he had unbuttoned my shirt.

"Wait!" I grabbed his hands and suddenly thought of an idea. "I have a stomachache.

"Really?" he asked, looking at me suspiciously. "Yes!" I pretended to seem very sincere. "Where exactly does it hurt?" His eyes were filled with worry and panic as he placed his hand over my belly.

Flustered, I grabbed his hand and placed it on the side of my stomach. "Here."

Since I used too much strength, I grimaced from the pain. "Let's go. I'll take you to the hospital," he said nervously. When I saw how panicked he was, I could not help but be stunned. Seeing him rummaging through the closet in a hurry, I quickly said, "I'm fine now."

He immediately put down the clothes, walked back to the bed, and looked down at me. There was still a hint of worry in his eyes. "What happened really?"

"I just don't want to..." I said in a guilty tone, lowering my head.

Charles was clearly angry as he turned around, closed the wardrobe, and looked at me with his hands on his hips. I could not bring myself to look at him, so I turned around and lay with my back facing him.

I suddenly felt the mattress sink a little and his arms wrap around me. "Come and face me." His tone was imperative, like he was feeling a little awkward. It was so cute.

I lay obediently, and he hugged me warmly. Charles kissed me on the forehead before he turned off the bedside lamp.

Seeing that, I suddenly felt nervous.

"Sleep," he said in a gentle voice.

With a sigh of relief, I slowly drifted to sleep.

The next day, I woke up with a sore throat. When I opened my eyes, I felt a burning pain in my throat and I felt a little dizzy. 1

After I freshened up, I walked to the living room in low spirits. "Did you get sick?" Alice touched my forehead with a worried look.

"I seem to have caught a cold," I replied in a hoarse voice, and immediately felt a sting in my throat again. Alice looked at me lovingly before she turned to Charles and glared at him. "It's all your fault. You insisted on climbing the mountain despite the cold weather, and that's why Scarlett now has a cold."

Charles silently brought me a thermometer and some fever medicines. "Go away. I'll take care of her. Even looking at you pisses me off!" After driving him away, she walked back to my room with me. 2

Charles' POV:

What was wrong with me? Why did I take Scarlett hiking? I blamed Spencer for

telling me that hiking was a good way for me and Scarlett to build our relationship. After my mom drove me away, I walked to the study.

"Why are you here? Why aren't you accompanying your wife?" My father asked, looking at me in surprise.

"Dad, can you do me a favor? Pressure Scarlett and make her agree to the wedding," I asked, ignoring the surprised look in his eyes. My father sighed helplessly. "Even if you have a wedding ceremony, you can't win

Scarlett over, and your marriage might end up being a mess."

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My heart was teeming with emotions, and I could not say anything.

My father stood up and patted me on the shoulder with a smile. "Boy, we should not rush her. Women don't like it when they being pushed too hard."

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"Dad, let's go have breakfast first," I said heavily and walked downstairs with him. After we finished eating, Scarlett insisted that she had to go to the TV station. I could not make her change her mind, so I drove her to work. It was a quiet ride.

"I've booked an air ticket for this afternoon," Scarlett said to me as soon as we arrived at the TV station.

"We're going to be really busy for a while. Just cancel the air ticket," I said lightly, glancing at her.

"Why are we going to be busy?" Scarlett murmured in a low voice.

I stared at her for a long time before I finally said, "We have to take wedding photos, decorate the wedding venue, and send invitations. So we're obviously going to be busy."

"You have taken wedding photos with Rita, so I am not going to take photos with you," Scarlett said in a sobbing tone, looking up at me.

I could not help but feel that it was all my fault. 2

"If you refuse, then I will stay here just to keep a close eye on you."

"Bye!" Scarlett hissed and unbuckled her seat belt. I couldn't help but caress her soft hair. But she shook off my hand, glaring at me. "I won't try on wedding dresses or take wedding photos," she added resolutely before she got off the car. Without saying anything, I watched her walk into the company and then drove away. No matter what Scarlett said... I was determined to hold a wedding ceremony for us!

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Chapter 134 Announced The Marriage

Scarlett's POV:

That afternoon, I left through the backdoor of the TV station after I was done with work, but Charles' driver stopped me.

"I'm going to buy something." I excused myself and was about to leave.

But he continued to stand in my way with a fake smile. "Mr. Moore asked you to come with me."

I frowned, looking at him, but when I saw how embarrassed he was, I didn't have the heart to make things difficult for him, so I got in the car.

As soon as I arrived at Charles' office, I noticed an extraordinary man sitting on the sofa. With the features of his, I guessed he must be French

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"Scarlett, this is Ethan, the wedding dress designer. Ethan, she is my wife," Charles introduced us.

Although I felt my heart in my throat, I still greeted Ethan with a smile. "Hello." With an awkward smile, I glanced at Charles in silence, but he tried to avoid looking at me.

"You are beautiful and you have a good figure," Ethan praised me.

Hearing that, Charles glared at him.

Ethan smiled innocently and said, "Don't overreact. I'm just telling the truth, as a designer."

"Hurry up and start your work. Don't waste time." Charles frowned.

"Okay. Do you have a favorite wedding dress style?" Ethan asked me in a serious tone and stopped laughing at once. "No." I shook my head. My mind was a mess. "Then let's look at some classic wedding dress styles first, and then I can customize one for you according to your temperament and preferences." Saying that, Ethan took out the tablet PC and showed me some of the designs.

I listened to him absent-mindedly, and after talking for a while, he left. I realized that Charles was really serious about the wedding when I saw him seeing Ethan off.

I felt like I needed to find an opportunity to escape.

As soon as Ethan left, Amy knocked on the door and walked in. "Boss, the reporters are ready," she said. "What on earth do you want?" I asked in confusion, looking at Charles.

"Our wedding ceremony must be a grand one!" Charles said to me in a firm voice while looking at me with a serious expression.

My mind went blank after seeing how determined he was, and before I knew it, he walked me to the meeting room.

I didn't come to my senses until the reporters began asking me questions and the dazzling lights from the cameras kept flashing on my face. "Looks like Mr. Moore really loves his wife deeply." The reporters glanced at pictures of me and Charles with admiration in their eyes.

I sneered in my heart. If I hadn't shamelessly begged him to take pictures with me at that time, then he might not have been able to show off so much now.

This press conference lasted for an hour, and once it was over, the reporters immediately went to prepare the news article which said that Charles would be holding his wedding ceremony on the first week of the following month. As soon as the news report was released, it instantly became a trending topic.

Charles took me to a cafe after the press conference.

Lately, the weather had been quite cold, but he naturally held my hand to keep me warm.

Before long, our peaceful moment was shattered.

"Scarlett, how can you shamelessly become the third party in our relationship?" Rita roared, walking toward us. She did not seem like the elegant woman she had once been.

"It was all my idea," Charles said seriously, looking at her with a cold glance. "Are you really going to marry this bitch, who is willing to be the third-wheel?" Rita looked at him in disbelief.

"Scarlett is my wife, and you should respect her." Charles frowned coldly.

"Do you even know what you are doing?" Rita hissed, pointing at my nose. "Why should I respect her? She's the one who took you away from me!"

"She did not take me away from you. I volunteered to be with her." Charles ignored her wrath.

Without saying anything, she looked at him pitifully. However, Charles was not use moved by her at all. He continued to keep my hands warm by holding and rubbing them gently

"Rita, let's go back!" Richard's voice came from not far away.

He hurried over to us, held Rita's hand, and dragged her out.

"Let go of me!" Rita shook off his hand, feeling emotional. "I want to talk to you." Saying that, she walked to me. "No!" Charles resolutely opposed as soon as she said those words.

"Sure," I said with a nod.

Hearing that, he looked at me with worry and suspicion in his eyes. "It's okay. I need to settle this once and for all," I said indifferently as I stood up to go outside with Rita.

As soon as we were outside, Rita suddenly grabbed my hand.

"My story is very simple, and I can easily make it clear to you. But what about you? Can you explain yourself?" I broke free from her grip and stared at her belly.

Rita looked at me with resentment in her eyes, and suddenly whispered in my ear, "I'll let my child die with yours!"

I was stunned by her words. Before I could even react, Rita changed her tone and began to cry pitifully, "Scarlett, can you please leave Charles? I really can't live without him!"

She then grabbed my hand again and fell back. I wanted to get rid of her. But it was too late.

I looked at her in horror and finally understood what she meant by that.

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Chapter 135 Miscarriage

Scarlett's POV:

Just when I thought that I was going to fall down the stairs, Charles grabbed my hand and stopped me by holding me back. However, Rita was not that lucky. She fell down the stairs and cried out in pain. 4

Horrified, I watched her grimace as Charles continued to hold me tightly in his arms. Richard immediately ran downstairs, and took Rita to the hospital.

I was so frightened that Charles took me to the hospital as well. "We tried our best. We are sorry," the doctor said to Rita in a regretful tone as he stood in front of the bed.

"It's all your fault. You're the one that murdered my baby. You are such a cruel woman!" Rita shouted at me hysterically.

"I didn't push you at all. You fell down on your own," I said flatly, frowning at her.

"You pushed me down. How can you lie with a straight face? Aren't you afraid of being punished in life?" Rita screamed in an emotional tone while tears flowed down her cheeks.

Noticing how she was confusing black with white, I suddenly realized that everything that had happened in the past few months was all her plot.

"Charles, Scarlett is a vicious woman. Are you sure you want to marry someone like her?" Rita yelled. 2

It was obvious that she was framing me. I couldn't let Charles believe her lie.

But just when I was about to explain, he said in a calm voice, "There's a CCTV camera placed right where you were standing."

Hearing that, Rita was rendered speechless.

I was also surprised as I was not expecting Charles to believe me.

Without saying a word, he took me away. But before he paid the bill, I walked back to the ward where Rita was.

"How could you stay so calm before the person who killed your child? You really are incompetent!" As soon as I reached the door, I heard Rita scolding Richard.

Those words made me freeze. Charles was right. And her baby was not his. I pushed the door open and glanced coldly at the pale faced Rita. "Charles and I won't invite you to our wedding. You will only bring rotten luck!"

With that, I turned around and left, ignoring her hysterical screams and curses. "Where did you just go?" Charles asked me curiously as soon as he saw me. "The bathroom." I was clearly cheerful when I lied to him. "Why are you so happy?" Charles found that it was strange. "Thank you for believing in me." Standing on tiptoes, I kissed him on the corner of his lips.

He was surprised, but I could feel that he was happy.

On our way back, he held my hand, and kept smiling.

In the next few days, there was news of our wedding all over the Internet. However, there was not even a single news about Rita's accident.

One day, I was doing the live broadcast. All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and I fell down before I knew it. Hearing my colleagues' worried cries, I blacked out. When I regained consciousness, I saw Abner sitting next to me. "Are you okay? Are you feeling better now?" he asked worriedly. "I'm okay." Shaking my head, I smiled at him. "If you feel uncomfortable, then ask for a leave. You should not be forcing yourself to work when you're not well," Abner said with a smile and handed me a document.

I took it from his hands with a confused look in my eyes. It was Rita's medical report. "Rita doesn't have terminal cancer," he explained calmly. .

I checked the date on the test report, and found that it had been done almost six months ago. Frowning, I asked, "You already knew about this?" Without answering me, Abner quickly changed the topic. "Charles doesn't know about your pregnancy yet?" 9 "I can't hide it from him for too long though," I answered casually with a smile.

"Well, it looks like you can't get divorced after all." Abner smiled back at me.

"I finally understand that Charles is trying to change, and Rita's child is not his. I feel guilty for misunderstanding him." I could not help but blame myself.

Abner smiled bitterly and said nothing.

All of a sudden, I heard hurried footsteps coming from outside the ward. I looked at the door subconsciously.

Charles appeared in front of me, dressed a formal suit as he looked at me anxiously.

"Why are you here?" I was surprised to see him looking so worn out.

"How could I continue to work after I saw you faint during your program?" he said in a concerned voice, holding my hand. Realizing that Abner was still in the room with us, I felt a little embarrassed.

But Abner stood up and smiled at us. "I'd better go back for work. I'll take my leave, then."

With that, he turned around and was about to leave.

"Abner, thank you so much for your help today!" Charles thanked him sincerely.

"You're welcome." Abner shrugged his shoulders casually. After thinking for a while, he continued, "If you really want to thank me, then remember that you owe me a favor."

Charles nodded in agreement. After that, Abner smiled and left.

Charles' eyes were still filled with concern as he glanced at me. "Rita's miscarriage was her own doing, and it has nothing to do with you, so don't blame yourself, okay?"

That was when I understood that Charles misunderstood that I had fainted because I was pressuring myself over Rita's miscarriage.

"I..."

Before I could finish my words, he suddenly pulled me up, and said, "Let's go!"

"Where are we going?" I asked in a daze.

"Let's go and play tennis. It will help you blow off some steam." Hearing this, I hesitated for a moment, wondering if I should take the opportunity to tell him the truth, but then, he continued, "No. You just regained consciousness. You can't exercise now, so how about you punch me till your stress is relieved?"

Seeing how serious he was, I buried my head in his chest and greedily smelled his scent.

He hugged me back in silence.

All of a sudden, a knock on the door was heard. The doctor walked into the room.

"You are fine now. Just get some rest once you're home," he advised.

"She has been really upset lately, and has been facing a loss of appetite. Are you sure that she is okay?" Charles asked the doctor worriedly.

Before the doctor could answer, I interrupted him, "I'll tell him myself."

The doctor nodded and said with a smile, "I didn't expect Mr. Moore to be as clueless as everyone else in this matter." With that, the doctor walked out of the room. 1

Charles looked at me with a suspicious glance.

"Let's go. Let's go home." I stood up and dragged him out, pulling him out of his daze.

Charles took me back to his apartment. After getting off the car, he carried me in his arms as he walked upstairs, steadily and carefully.

Once we were home, he gently put me down on the sofa and said, "Take rest. I will bring you some water."

He then turned around and was about to leave. However, he stopped the next second and warned, "Don't try to run away again."

"What are you going to do if I do try to run away?" I joked, unable to control myself. "I will buy an iron chain and lock you up," he threatened in a serious tone. With a helpless smile, I wondered how long he was going to be affectionate to me this time.