

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 235

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)

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Bye, My Irresistible Love

Chapter 235

A Jealous Man Charles's POV: I leveled an irritated glare at William and replied coldly, "Goodbye." Right after that, I left with Scarlett in my arms. On the way back, Scarlett drowsily leaned against the seat. When we arrived at Garden Street, I unfastened my seat belt and leaned over towards her. Her beautiful eyelashes trembled slightly, and it was obvious that she wasn't asleep. "We're arrived, Scarlett." I placed my tongue near her ear and deliberately licked her earlobe. Scarlett shivered at that, her eyes snapping open immediately. The moment she opened her eyes, our gazes crossed. She looked out of the window uneasily, and then asked in surprise, "Why aren't we back at Moore mansion?"

1 | "Didn't you always come here before? Why are you unhappy to be here now?" I gave her no opportunity to react, and instantly pulled her out of the car. Scarlett looked at me, her brows furrowed in confusion. Then, she asked tentatively, "Are you unhappy?" "You found out so quickly this time." I narrowed my eyes at her. "Charles..." "So, did you have a good time at the celebration party?" I wrapped my hand around Scarlett's waist possessively with one hand and caressed her hair with the other, staring at her quietly all the while. Scarlett flashed me a helpless look, and replied exasperatedly, "It was a celebration party with my colleagues, and we just had dinner together. Nothing special." "Oh?

Why was William also there?" My eyes narrowed further, showing my discontent. Scarlett glanced at me, blinking a few times in astonishment, before bursting into amused laughter. "Oh, Charles! You're so cute when you're jealous." I frowned at her reaction. "After the book signing session, William came to congratulate me. Abner invited him to the celebration party out of politeness, but unexpectedly, he agreed." Scarlett spread out her hands, still amused, blinking innocently. "I don't care!" I snorted in disbelief, but held her tightly all the same. "When can you spare some time for me?"

Recently, Scarlett was getting busier and busier. She was in charge of making new shows, held a signing session, and was involved in more and more social engagements. "Aren't we together every day, though?" Scarlett asked, puzzled. "When you're home, I'm already asleep. And when I'm about to go to work, you're still

sleeping." My tone grew fierce as I blurted out my discontent, and I bit her earlobe gently. "And you have the audacity to say we're together every day?" Scarlett whimpered when I bit her ear. She hurriedly covered her ear and stared at me innocently, as if she had done nothing wrong. My heart softened

immediately at her expression, but on the outside, my face was still calm. I raised my hand and placed it on her chest, feeling her heartbeat. "Scarlett, I feel that we're gradually drifting apart. Deep in your heart, do you still care about me?" Scarlett was stunned once more, and took to staring at me in a daze.

I took her by the arm, and opened the door. "Forget it. Drink with me." Scarlett's lips instantly made a displeased pout. Why don't you look for Spencer if you want to drink?" I didn't want to say anything more, and pushed her into the room wordlessly. Scarlett's POV: Charles pushed me into the room, and darkness greeted me. As I was about to switch on the lights, he suddenly grabbed me by the waist, turned me around, and pressed me against the door.

He raised my chin with one hand, and crashed his lips on me.

His kiss caught me off guard, so I had no time to react. His soft tongue had already slid into my mouth before I could come to my senses. My heart beat faster as he deepened the kiss eagerly. Suddenly, all my strength was exhausted, and my body grew limp and numb. The overbearing power of a mature man filled his strong, passionate kiss. In an instant, waves of pleasure swept all over me. Unable to stop myself, I began indulging myself in his tender, insistent possessiveness. As our lips locked tightly together, he pressed me against the door.

He breathed a mischievous chuckle and said, "Do you still want me to go to the bar now?" I gasped for breath, feeling suffocated. Before I could answer, my lips were covered again. He nibbled my lips softly, and the tip of his tongue swept past my lips. Then he sucked my tongue, biting and licking it gently in his mouth! My eyes closed involuntarily, and I could only hear his desire-filled pants. A strange heat slowly washed over me, making my heartbeat rise frantically. This strange feeling made me groan with pleasure. Charles's kiss suddenly became more passionate I knew what it meant. My remaining sanity made me turn my face sideways.

lett..." His voice was full of desire. I knew he wanted me. I quickly gave him a soft peck on the cheek to calm him down. "Fine, you don't have to go to the bar. You can drink at home if you want," I said. "Will you drink with me?" His hot breath sprayed my face, and his low and hoarse voice was

full of temptation. "Fine, I'll take a shower and then drink with you." "Okay." Charles released his grip on me and took a step back, satisfied. I switched on the lights, but I didn't dare to look into his eyes. Then, I picked up my clothes in a hurry and rushed to the bathroom.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and my red face greeted me. Embarrassed, I cupped my blushing face. Why oh why couldn't I resist his temptation? After I finished with my shower, I opened the door, and was greeted with the sight a familiar tall figure standing by the door. "Isn't it gorgeous?" Charles stretched out his arms, showing off his pajamas proudly. They were the same style as mine, making us look like a couple wearing matching pajamas now.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 236

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)
Chapter 236 Longing For Each Other

Charles's POV:

Scarlett looked me up and down, raising her eyebrows at my pajamas. However, she said nothing about them.

Her face was pure and innocent, her eyes exceedingly enchanting and charming. Even though I was with her almost every day, her beauty still fascinated me.

I approached her and closed one arm around her soft waist, while the other hand snuck on her full chest. I said meaningfully to her in a low whisper, "I've taken a shower next door, Scarlett."

However, Scarlett shoved my hands away and grabbed my arms instead, as if she was clueless to my hints.

She suggested, "Let's go downstairs to drink.

We can eat something along the way."

Her words made me froze, and I stood rooted to the spot. Scarlett, who had taken a step forward, was forced to stop in her tracks. She turned around and shot a sharp glance at me, annoyed. "What are you doing, Charles? Didn't

you ask me to drink with you at home? I agreed,

but why are you still unhappy?"

I hugged her and mumbled softly, "No, I'm not

unhappy. I'm fine"

I didn't want to just drink at such precious

time...

I stared at her, my eyes filled with affection and eagerness. But the moment Scarlett's gaze fell on me, I immediately put on an innocent look. "Let's go downstairs."

I warned myself again and again to take things slow and be patient. Otherwise, I might scare Scarlett away and render all my previous efforts vain. If I wanted to win her over, I needed a lot of patience.

When we reached downstairs, Scarlett grabbed some red wine and goblets, and placed them on the table.

Seeing her busying herself, I couldn't help smiling. Then, I turned around and brought out the cream cake I had bought previously. "When did you buy that?" Scarlett asked,

surprised.

I put the cake on the table and took a seat beside her. "Before I picked you up, Tracy told me that you liked the cream cake I bought before."

Scarlett glared at me, though she looked quite flirtatious. "You have the nerve to say that!" I knew she was referring to the conflict we had

back then.

"I didn't mean to upset you at that time. I promise I won't do that again." I closed our distance, and licked her tender red lips gently. Scarlett blushed instantly, her appearance so

cute and adorable.

I saw that she was going to be angry again, so I quickly let go of her and stood up. "Let me cut the cake for you."

I grabbed a knife and cut the cake into neat

pieces. Then, I put one piece in front of Scarlett

and handed her a dessert fork.

Scarlett took the fork eagerly and scooped one bite of the cake. Her eyes curved like crescent moons as she relished in the taste. "Yummy!"

"Let me have a taste." I leaned over to grab a small bit of the remaining cake that was still on her fork.

Looking up, I realized that there was still some cream on the corner of Scarlett's mouth. She was staring at me dazedly, stunned by my actions.

Unable to help myself, I let out a small laugh before kissing her lips. As I did so, the cream on

the tip of my tongue melted.

I whispered in a hoarse voice, "So sweet." Scarlett's ears turned red instantly. She pushed me away, embarrassed, and yelled, "Just drink your wine!"

"Okay." I sat back calmly, grabbed some wine, and clinked glasses with her.

Scarlett glanced at me briefly before looking away immediately and gulping down the wine in her glass.

I raised my eyebrows and snickered to myself. I had no intention to stop her at all.

"We won't go back to Moore mansion today. What about James?" Scarlett poured more wine into her glass, but she didn't let go of the wine bottle. Instead, she looked at me questioningly with her head tilted slightly.

"Don't worry. Mom and Grandma are there," I comforted her softly, hoping to reassure her.

However, she replied with a frown. I had no choice but to take out my phone. I opened an app before giving it to her. "This is the real time surveillance video of the nursery. Do you want to see it? See? James is sleeping."

"Wow! I can't believe you can check that on your phone!" Astonished, Scarlett took my phone and glued her eyes on the screen with a

happy smile. "Oh my god! My son is so cute even when he's sleeping!"

"That's because he inherited the best genes from us."

"God, you're so smug." Scarlett flashed me a small smile and held my hand, trying to please me. "Let's go back later. I can't sleep well if I don't hug James before going to bed."

I turned her hand over and slowly separated her fingers, and then interlocked my fingers with hers lovingly. "Okay."

Though I agreed on the outside, deep inside my

heart, I was unwilling to go home.

Every time we returned to the mansion, James would sleep between Scarlett and me. I could never be intimate with Scarlett. Only when Scarlett was fast asleep could I put James back to the crib and sleep with Scarlett in my arms. If Scarlett couldn't fall asleep without James, then I couldn't fall asleep without Scarlett.

But at the sight of her expectant expression, my heart softened and I found myself agreeing automatically.

After several rounds of drinking, the wine in the bottle was almost finished..

I poured the rest of the red wine into my glass and gulped it down in one fell swoop.

“Scarlett, I’m done. We should do something else.” I stared at Scarlett deeply, my eyes brimming with affection.

She blushed automatically, and staggered to her feet, the cream cake in hand.

“Careful!” Worried that she would fall down, I went to her and held her in my arms.

However, Scarlett pushed me away, looking hesitant. She then walked to a cabinet and stored the cream cake in it. She muttered, “We have to hide the treasure.”

I burst out laughing. She was drunk! I approached her gently and held her hand. “It’s time to sleep.”

Scarlett stared at me for a while, her eyes dazed from the wine. Suddenly, she pulled me to the cabinet and tried to stuff me inside it.

She murmured again, “We have to hide the treasure.”

Stunned by this unexpected gesture, I took to staring at Scarlett like a fool.

After a long time, I finally found my tongue. However, my voice was extremely hoarse. “Scarlett, am I your treasure too?”

“What?” Scarlett looked at me in confusion,

her hands still tugging me.

Unable to stand it anymore, I picked her up and

marched eagerly to the bedroom.

Scarlett’s POV:

My mind was in a mess, and I couldn’t think straight. I could only see Charles’s handsome face, inches away from me.

Bang! It sounded as if the door of the bedroom was kicked open hastily. When I looked back, my head hazy with confusion, Charles put me on the bed and started kissing me.

The sudden kiss snapped my eyes wide open, but I was too numbed by alcohol and had no strength to resist. I slowly closed my eyes, and meekly reached out to him before wrapping my arms around his neck.

Charles tightened his arms around my waist,

as if wanting our bodies to be one.

He soon let go of my lips, and exhaled a puff of hot air. "Scarlett... Let's have a good time." I didn't answer, but raised my head and kissed

him instead.

Charles responded fiercely, and the kiss gradually went out of control. The tip of his tongue pressed against my teeth, overbearing and aggressive, invading my mouth inch by inch.

His passionate kiss almost took away all the air in my mouth, pushing me to the verge of

suffocation.

"C-Charles..."

When I reopened my eyes, I realized that Charles had taken off our pajamas and had thrown them away.

We hugged each other tightly with our bare bodies.

His lips went down along my neck, and his tongue licked my skin and breasts. The blood in his body boiled and burned like hot fire. Excited, I couldn't help but touch his hot skin.

He locked me in his embrace, forcing us to stay close to each other. The scorching heat instantly merged with the flames in my body, and I let out a soft moan of pleasure.

My moans ignited the fire in him more fiercely. He suddenly lifted up my waist, and pressed hard against me. In an instant, the weight of his body was shifted on me completely.

Charles gasped for breath, the sound highly stimulating.

He bit and sucked my tender breasts, arousing my desires. I couldn't help but respond, and neared my lips to his.

For a long time, the whole room was filled with

our sensual gasps...

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 237

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)
Chapter 237 Beating

Charles's POV:

After that, I sat up and leaned against the headboard of the bed as I watched Scarlett lying on the bed motionlessly. She seemed tired and sleepy. It was amusing to see her this way. I reached out and stroked her hair fondly.

"Charles, let's take a shower first before going back to Moore mansion to see James," she said weakly, her exhaustion apparent. My hand, which was caressing her hair, froze

for a moment. I grew slightly jealous. Even at

this moment, all she thought about was her son

Didn't I work hard enough just now?

"It's already so late. James has probably fallen asleep. Let's go there tomorrow." I bent over and kissed her forehead gently.

"But it's not even nine o'clock yet. I miss him. And you promised me we'd go there just now," she grumbled, flashing me a disgruntled stare. Her face was still quite red.

"I regret saying that." Her incessant complaints

were souring my mood, so I kissed her lips to

put a stop to her resistance.

Our affectionate kiss lasted for quite a while.

Scarlett's hot breath blew in my face. She opened her eyes and tried to get rid of me, but

I was fascinated by the tenderness in them.. I let go of her and whispered in a hoarse voice,

"Scarlett, how about we make love again?"

"No way."

"I promise it'll be the last time today!"

She was silent, but didn't disagree. Once we drowned into the vortex of lust, we would never be able to escape.

Since the delightful night, I was on cloud nine. My good mood lasted for several days. Even when I was dealing with mind-numbing documents, Scarlett's lovely face from that night would pop in my mind and cheer me up. I handed the signed document to Amy. Looking at her, I saw that she was staring at me

strangely. "Ask whatever you want to ask."

"Mr. Moore... is Mrs. Moore pregnant again?" "Why do you say so?" Her question wiped the smile out of my face.

"You seem to be in a very good mood these days, so I wondered if there are any good news in your family."

...You may leave."

"Yes, sir." Amy scurried out of my office with the document in hand.

After she was gone, I was lost in my thoughts.

To be honest, I didn't want Scarlett to have a

second child so soon. For that reason, I had

been using contraceptives.

James's existence alone was enough to make me jealous. I didn't dare to imagine what would happen if we had one more child. The consequences would be unimaginable!

My thoughts were interrupted when my phone rang. I shook my silly thoughts away and answered it quickly.

Spencer was calling me.

"What's the matter?"

"Are you busy, Charles? Do you want to have lunch together?"

"Okay." After all, I had refused Spencer's invitations far too many times. If I refused again now, I feared he would be so infuriated to the point he broke off our friendship.

At noon, I made my way to our appointed meeting place, Mint Bar.

Entering the exclusive private room Spencer booked, I was greeted with the sight of a smoke

-filled room. Spencer and David were sitting on

the sofa leisurely, smoking. The ashtray was already filled with cigarette butts by the time I arrived.

Walking in, I saw that both of them looked distressed, reminiscent of two abandoned and resentful wives.

"Put out the cigarette." I frowned, annoyed.

"You're getting along well with your wife. How can you understand our pain?" Spencer put out the cigarette as told, and cast me a resentful glare.

It was quite funny how these two resembled dogs soaked wet in the rain, pitiful and miserable.

I raised my eyebrows, curious. "If you have something to say, just say it. If you have nothing to say, I'll go away right now."

"Are you seriously our friend? We finally got you to come so that you can listen to our complaints, How could you leave before we say anything?" David put out the cigarette as well, and then swiped a kick at me rudely. His brows were furrowed in distaste.

"What happened? Come on, tell me." I sat down, loosening my tie,

"It's Vivian. She bullies me every day!" Spencer complained, the first to speak.

"She bullies you? You seem to enjoy it very

much, though. What about you, David?"

"Iceland's going way too far!" She moved to my apartment with the excuse that she's my fiancée, and she's always wandering about in sexy nightgowns right before my eyes. She's doing it on purpose!" David followed his complaint with a grieving sigh, as if he was blowing out his own soul. "So... you were raped by her?"

"What?"

No!"

David

hurriedly denied,

flabbergasted.

"I heard Icey could get any man she wants," 11 teased him with a snicker, grinning wickedly. "So, I should feel lucky?" David smiled awkwardly.

"Well, you won't lose anything!" Spencer

chimed in leisurely.

"Let's have some food, and then play tennis. My treat," I said to them, swiftly ending the topic. Then, I rose from my seat and urged them to leave the room with me.

As soon as we exited the bar, we were suddenly

stopped by a group of middle-aged women.

The disgusting stink of inferior perfume wafted to my nose, and my brows furrowed. Upon closer inspection, these women were

surrounding a lone woman. One of them even pressed the woman to the ground, pulled her hair, punched, and kicked her without remorse. All the while, the woman kept screaming in

pain.

Before I could see who it was, Spencer, who was beside me, blurted out in surprise, "Rita?" Rita let out a faint cry, "Help me!"

However, the women around her didn't stop

beating her. She covered her face and shook

her head as she tried to dodge. Tears kept

falling down her face. "Stop it! Stop! It hurts..."

But I simply watched as Rita took the beatings, not bothered to stand up for her. Spencer, however, took two steps forward, wanting to help her. I quickly stopped him. I cast a brief glance at him, indicating him not to act rashly. "You shameless bitch! How dare you seduce

my man? I'll beat you to death!" "I should've taught you a good lesson long ago.

You're just a shameless tramp! You seduce

men everywhere you go, you slut!"

"She sleeps with any man for money! Let's just beat her till she drops dead!"

The infuriated women cursed loudly as they beat Rita together, pulling absolutely no punches.

After being cursed and beaten thoroughly, a heavily injured Rita lay on the ground like a dead fish. There were tears all over her face, and she was trembling all over. She stammered pitifully, "Don't... Don't hit me..."

Rita stretched out her hand at me and begged

desperately, "Charles, please help me..."

When the women saw this, they stopped and

turned around.

Their gazes met my face, and their ferocious

expressions faded slightly.

"C-Charles!" Rita called my name again, desperate to get my attention. Then, unable to hold in her pain any longer, she fainted dead on the spot.

"Mr. Moore, this woman must be pretending!"

"Yes, she was very strong just now! She even scratched my hand!"

The women hurried to explain to me, one after another.

Scarlett's POV:

When I walked out of the private room with Diana, my interviewee, I saw a group of people at the door. Unexpectedly, I saw Charles standing amid the crowd.

He was gifted with a natural charisma, as his presence alone eclipsed everything around him.

I was happy to see him, but then I noticed the severe expression on his grim face. Following his line of sight, I saw Rita lying unconscious on the ground. To my shock, her face was covered with blood and tears. "Spencer, call an ambulance."

So saying, Charles turned around and looked at me. He had noticed I was there too.

I grabbed Diana's arm and whispered, "There are too many people here. Let's go back to the private room and wait for a while longer." But as soon as I sat down there, the door of the

private room was pushed open.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 238

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)
Chapter 238 Not My Type At All

Charles's POV:

I pushed the door to the private room open and walked inside. "Scarlett, why are you here?"

Unexpectedly, Scarlett cast a cold glare at me and snapped, "Why do you ask? Did I interrupt you and Rita while you two were talking about the good old days?" @

Why was she acting like this?

"If you don't have anything else to say, please leave. I have to talk with Diana about work."

I didn't question her any further and left the private room as told.

Scarlett ended up not contacting me at all the entire day.

Except for some messages about work, my phone remained deathly quiet, as if it was broken. I couldn't hold myself back anymore and was about to call Scarlett, when a news notification popped on my phone and caught my attention.

It was gossip news, the tabloid.

The author of the article described how I stood

by and did nothing when my first love, Miss Rita Lively, had been beaten, weaving the whole narrative in a dramatic and exaggerated tone. Despite her being so near to me at the time of the incident, I didn't raise a hand to help her at all.

All of this, the article emphasized, was because

I feared my wife.

The author also spent a lot of effort making up how evil and horrific Scarlett was. The article made it seem like Scarlett controlled every aspect of my life, from what I eat to what I wear, and how I should carry myself. She was also said to be the one who forbade me from helping Rita.

As I went through every word, fury surged in me. I was so angry that I laughed. There was not a single speck of truth in this so-called. news article.

More importantly, what would Scarlett think when she saw this? She was already furious with me. Would she be even angrier?

The thought depressed me to no end. I had

nowhere to vent my misery, but then, David

rang and invited me for a game of tennis.

At the tennis court, I directed of all my wrath on the innocent tennis racket, swinging and hitting the ball with all of my might.

For the first few rounds, David was able to deal with me. Very soon, he was unable to defend against my hits. He stopped, and began protesting angrily.

"Charles, did I offend you in some way or other?" I weighed the tennis racket, not caring about his outburst. "You're just awful at tennis."

"I should've asked the guy who pissed you off to play with you instead." David shook his head helplessly, exasperated.

He fought against me for another half an hour before finally succumbing and losing the battle. By now, he was out of breath.

"I can't take it anymore. Charles, I want a break!"

"No. You're getting weaker recently." I was sweating all over, but I still felt that I hadn't had enough.

David immediately surrendered, not in the mood to play. He called several professional tennis coaches to play with me before leaving the court, exhausted and dejected.

"Come on!" I wiped my sweat, and confronted

my new opponents. Spencer's POV:

Charles's frenzied outburst scared David away.

Fortunately, I didn't play with Charles today, so I wasn't delegated as the cannon fodder.

Otherwise, I would've ended up much worse than David. Just as I was mourning for David's miserable

fate, Vivian called me.

"Remember, you have a blind date at seven o'clock tonight. This time, I found a girl that suits your tastes perfectly."

Again?! This was insane!

"Vivian... How many more are there? Why don't you just let them come together?" I snapped crossly, my temples aching in

annoyance.

"Well, there are lots more. Spencer, the amount of women your mother found you could form an army. If they come together, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it," Vivian drawled in a gloating tone. She was taking delight in my misery.

At this moment, I genuinely wondered if she had any feelings for me at all. She was acting like a complete outsider.

"Fine, I got it. I'll be there on time," I answered simply. There was no point in extending our conversation.

"What kind of girl is it this time?" David asked. It seemed he had been eavesdropping on me for a while.

I sighed dejectedly, "I don't know. Vivian said

the girl suits my tastes."

"I thought you like girls like Vivian?" David's words were like a knife that stabbed deep inside me.

Yes, I liked her. I liked her, yet she found me blind dates instead!

Damn it! How much did this woman love money? So much so that she would actually betray me for money?

Later that evening...

I arrived at Mint Bar for my blind date, as promised.

The lighting tonight in the bar was especially soft. The colors from the lights shone on the various wine glasses arranged on the tables.

The singer performing that night chose a classic song. Its slow, soothing melody filled the air. The atmosphere was perfect.

"I arranged for all this. Are you satisfied?"

Vivian's voice suddenly came from behind me.

I turned around to look at her. She was dressed in a short, lovely apricot yellow dress, her long hair cascading down her shoulders. Her skin look tender and fair, more than usual. She looked completely different from how she

usually wear when she was working. So much, that I thought she was here to date me in person.

But my hopes were crushed when she said,

“Rose is already here. Enjoy your date.” Just like that, I was thrown from heaven to hell in an instant.

I ignored her and turned away, and walked to the reserved table. Miss Rose, my date for the night, was already sitting there. I greeted her politely.

“Hello, Spencer,” Rose said softly, her voice gentle. To be honest, she was a beautiful woman. She

had a faint bookish but elegant aura. Some way

or other, she didn’t seem to fit the mood in the

bar.

But... she wasn’t my type at all.

Why was Vivian so sure that I’m into girls like Rose?

Or was Vivian simply doing as my mother had instructed her?

A hint of joy suddenly spread within my heart. Vivian’s unprofessional behavior tonight was unusual. I tried to search some clues from her arrangements, to see if she actually liked me.

The wine that night didn’t taste good at all. I

even suspected that there was something amiss with the bartender. During the entire date, I didn’t listen to a word Rose had said. My eyes wandered aimlessly around the bar, searching for Vivian.

Finally, the date came to an end. Not long after Rose left, I received a call from my mother.

My mother’s voice was full of joy. She said that Rose was satisfied with me, and wanted to see me more often.

I was speechless. I couldn’t fathom why Rose was interested in an absentminded man that didn’t entertain her the slightest during the date.

Before I could figure out the reason, Vivian finally appeared in my line of sight. I approached her, but soon discovered a tall and

handsome man sitting next to her. "Who's that man sitting next to Vivian?" I

asked a waiter, trying to sound casual.

"Harris. He's come here with Miss Vivian several times," the waiter replied calmly, having recognized the man at a glance.

I fixed my gaze on Harris, my brows furrowed. Harris then took out a black card from his pocket and handed it to Vivian.

At this moment, Vivian turned around and

locked eyes with me. She flashed me a fake smile, and then took the black card from Harris.

I wasn't that stupid.

I had been deceived once, but I wouldn't be

deceived a second time.

Perhaps Vivian was being too enthusiastic all of a sudden, Harris also turned around and noticed me.

The moment our gazes crossed, thunder and fire collided with horrific intensity. It was an aggressive glare, unique to men when they fought over a woman.

The horn for a war was sounded, and my heart was filled with alarm.

Even if Vivian was just acting, she was so smart and wonderful that it was inevitable the actor would genuinely want to be with her. The two of them continued acting in front of

me for a long time, as if on purpose. My eyes

stung as I looked on.

I let out a long sigh before walking forward, only to realize that the black card, an important prop for their act tonight, was left on the table.

Great! They screwed up!

I'd like to see how Vivian would wriggle her way out of this. I picked up the black card, feeling contented, and marched straight to the room Vivian was in.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 239

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)

Bye, My Irresistible Love

Chapter 239 Cold-blooded Or Not

Spencer's POV: I walked swiftly into Vivian's private room, eager. Inside, I proudly raised the black card in front of Vivian, as if I had found something of incredible importance. "How could you forget such an important thing?" Vivian stared at the black card, her face turning red steadily. She immediately reached out to grab the card from me, but I deliberately raised it high up, away from her reach. Vivian jumped several times, swiping her hands for the card, but the difference in our height rendered her efforts vain. "What's going on? Do you want to destroy the evidence?"

I lowered my head and shot a challenging stare at Vivian, my face incomparably smug. At this moment, Vivian jumped up once more and grabbed my hand. The distance between us was immediately shortened, and the tip of my nose almost touched hers. Vivian's long, curly eyelashes fluttered gently in front of me, like a butterfly flapping its wings. The sight made my heart itch with longing. "Do you want it that much? Then I'll give it to you." Vivian let go of my hand and took two steps back, suddenly looking embarrassed. "Spencer, can you please leave now?"

"I'm still working." I responded by throwing the card into the trash can right in front of her eyes. Then, ignoring everything, I sat down and remain unmoved. "You seem to have forgotten something, Vivian. I'm your boss. I have the right to supervise my employee's work." My words were too powerful for her to retort. Vivian was rendered speechless, too angry to speak. "Wow, you're such a responsible boss." She bit her lips and rolled her eyes, and tried her best to pretend I wasn't there.

Never had I imagined that it would be this entertaining to make fun of her. It was so fun, I almost burst into laughter. The entire time, I just sat there and watched Vivian work quietly. She deliberately turned to the computer on the desk, which covered her frame and shielded her from my eyes, as if she didn't want me to see her at all. Unfortunately, as her concentration grew, she gradually relaxed her vigilance. I watched silently, appreciating the concentration she put in for her work. When Vivian didn't smile, she looked elegant, like a lone white swan that stood out proudly from her peers.

Yet, for some reason, she had a melancholy look to her.

I wished I could turn into the files in her computer, so that she would concentrate on me the same way she concentrated on her work. About half an hour later, Vivian finally rose from her seat, about to get some water. Standing up, she noticed that I was still sitting on the sofa. "Dear boss, don't you feel this is enough?"

"Have you realized that I work hard and your money isn't wasted on me?"

Though she spoke casually, there was a trace of anger in her voice. "I'll pay you more money if I can keep watching." But then I raised my hands in surrender, and

hurried out of the private room as fast as my legs could carry me. If I continued to stay here, I'd really piss her off! I didn't want that. The air in Mint Bar was very hot during the middle of the night, as usual. Wanting to get a glass of wine to quench my thirst, I went to the bar counter.

When I arrived there, a particularly eye-catching woman on the dance floor caught my attention. She had a perfect figure and danced with incredible grace, becoming one with the music. Her steps were akin to dancing keys, giving the dynamic rhythm a soft bounce, but without any sense of frivolity. = = She was no doubt the most beautiful woman in the bar tonight. The men around her knew how to appreciate beauty, just like me, and stared fawningly at her. They stayed for a long time, refusing to leave, their eyes never straying away from the beautiful dancing woman. From time to time, they would approach her and flirt with her. As the light fell on the woman, her face was revealed to me.

Immediately, I grew livid. The woman was none other than Vivian! What was wrong with this woman? Why was she so cold only to me? Why was she dancing with so many men passionately? Even though she might be acting, I couldn't stand it anymore. "Is she insane...?" I slammed my wine glass on the table, seething. The bartender at the bar counter was taken aback by my sudden outburst of anger. He agreed with my sentiment and said, "Vivian's a little crazy in the first place. No one can read her mind."

I didn't even drink my wine and returned swiftly to my private room. I wanted to check my phone and find something to relieve my boredom. To my surprise, the topic of the news was a gossip claiming that Charles Moore was afraid of his wife, so much that he didn't help his first love, Rita. The comments below all condemned Charles's coldness, and started making stories on how tough Scarlett could be to tame Charles in such a way. Reading the comments, a myriad of thoughts raced through my mind. True, Charles was indeed cold-hearted.

He only showed tender affection to Scarlett. Once he confirmed his feelings, he would show no mercy to those he didn't love and gave them the cold shoulder Rita's biggest regret was probably the fact she lied to Charles about having cancer, so that he would be with her. All of a sudden, my curiosity reared its head. I wondered if Charles would feel regret if Rita really died because no one helped her. Charles's POV: Night fell, plunging Moore mansion into pin-drop silence.

When I walked out of the bathroom after my shower, Scarlett had already coaxed James to sleep. "Let him sleep by himself. Men should learn to grow up." picked James up from the bed. "James is just a child." Scarlett pouted and protested defiantly, "I haven't seen enough of him as a baby." This was, of course, a very lame excuse. Still, I couldn't stand seeing Scarlett's energy getting sapped by her heavy work and our child.

At least, for tonight, I wouldn't allow anyone to compete with me for her. Despite her protests, I brought James back to the nursery. When I returned to our bedroom, Scarlett was already lying in bed, deliberately showing her back to me. The wide quilt was covering her petite body. Nonetheless, I lay beside her and hugged her from behind. Although Scarlett's eyes were closed, she was obviously holding her breath when I closed in on her. She was pretending to be

asleep again, so that she could avoid talking to me. "Why didn't you tell me that you were going to Mint Bar today?"

My fingertips gently traced her collarbone, and my breath brushed past her earlobe. Scarlett took a deep breath, seemingly giving up struggling. "I went there for work. There was no need to report my schedule to you, was there?" Though her body was soft and warm to the touch, her voice was cold. There was even a hint of anger in it. Was she still furious at me? Just then, my phone on the bedside table suddenly buzzed. I picked it up, and realized that it was a message from Spencer. He was actually asking me if I would feel any regret should Rita die today.

My reply was simple. "No." Scarlett's curious face was lit up by the light from my phone screen. Unable to reel in her curiosity, she turned to me. Without hesitation, I showed her the phone. "It's Spencer. He asked me a boring question." Scarlett glanced at the message, and frowned. "Scarlett, do you think I'm cold-blooded?" I reached out my hand to smooth the frown on her lips. "No, I don't. I never will. Kindness should only be used on someone worthy," she replied simply. "Do you know the way they're describing you on the Internet now?"

I searched for the comments under the gossip news and displayed them for Scarlett to see. "They're all saying that you're a terrible woman, a wicked witch who manipulated my mind." I read a few comments and giggled. She was so amused, she almost burst into tears of laughter. "Is it that funny?" I took my phone back. I didn't expect showing her the news to be so effective. Scarlett wiped the corner of her eyes. Unexpectedly, she actually took the initiative to press herself against me. A few strands of her dark hair fell on my face.

Her full cleavage reminded me of her soft breasts, hidden under the thin nightgown. They were close to popping out of her dress... "Watch out! The wicked witch is coming for you!" Scarlett made several threatening gestures at me, and pretended to be fierce. She opened her mouth and flashed her pearly-white teeth at me mischievously, intending to bite my neck. The moment she reached me, her feigned viciousness turned into an affectionate kiss. She even used the tip of her tongue to lick my chin. "Are you scared?"

She looked up at me, so cute and charming. "Are you hungry? Do you want to eat me up?" I pinched her chin gently, and rubbed her wet lips with my finger. "Why, I've never seen such an anxious witch." Her soft tongue tip swept over my finger, and she licked it slyly. "You know, Charles, I think you have gotten worse in bed. If it were in the past, you would've..." But before Scarlett could finish her words, I drowned her with my deep kiss. It would be a long night. I had plenty of time to correct her cute misunderstanding of me.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 240

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)
Chapter 240 Vivian's Distress Signal

Scarlett's POV:

Charles pressed me under him, and took off his top in a hurry. He stared at me, his eyes bright and clear. I looked away in panic, but I couldn't avoid his perfect jaw line and well-built figure. Oh my god! My chest was burning, and my entire body felt hot.

"I have to show you how great I actually am in bed today." Charles's hoarse voice rang in my ears, making me tremble all over.

"Charles, I'm sorry. Please, put on your clothes..." I tried my best to shrink away, regretting my words. In the first place, I shouldn't have provoked this man, whom I knew had a strong

desire to win.

"No." Charles lowered his head and kissed me on the lips. At the same time, he hugged me tightly in his arms.

He quickly got the initiative in kiss, hooking my tongue and sucking it into his mouth, as if he was trying to take control of my everything. His hands didn't stop, either. He slid one into my nightgown and began to caress my breasts,

with the other hand carefully protecting my head. I couldn't help but indulge myself in his foreplay. His movements were so wonderful, my eyes blurred and my body went limp and numb. I had no strength left in me, unable to resist anymore.

His overwhelming male hormones surged over me, lingering everywhere on my body. After a moment of indulgence, Charles quickly took off my nightgown and unhooked bra, and then my panties. He was enthusiastic and passionate. My body softened, and I could not resist his advances. His warm tongue made me limp and numb, and finally, I gave up all forms of resistance. I followed my heart and let my instincts guide me. Soon, I groaned with pleasure and panted breathlessly.

"I have to satisfy my wife today." Charles pressed me against his chest, rubbed his erection against my wet privates, looking at me affectionately all the while. He then went straight in, opened the private place that I had closed for a long time, and thrust into me enthusiastically.

"Hmm..." I let out a happy moan. His hotness. slid in me, and all the nerves and cells in my body felt like they were burning. I was in pleasure, but my body was numb and I couldn't move. I stretched out my hands and

wrapped them around Charles' neck, moaning

happily under him..

After the sweet love-making, I closed my eyes and snuggled up in his arms. For some reason,

I wanted to cry. I never wanted to shed tears, but he could always “bully” me into crying. *

It seemed I had become addicted to Charles

again.

The next morning, after breakfast, I took James out to bask in the sun. Janet and Tracy walked beside me, as per usual.

As soon as we exited the mansion, James began to swing his little fists excitedly, wriggling hard in my arms. He was so cute!

“Let’s take a walk at the park.” Seeing that James was in high spirits, I proposed to go to the park across the road. That park had many more entertainment facilities and plants,

“Yes, Mrs. Moore.”

Just as I just crossed the road... I heard someone a familiar voice calling me from

behind. “Scarlett!”

I turned around, and saw that it was Vivian.

“Hi, Vivian. What a coincidence!” She was in a car while she waved at me. Then, she got out and walked towards me.

“So, is this your son? He looks just like Charles.

Vivian looked at James in surprise, and stroked

his round and adorable head.

“So cute!”

“Yes, his name is James.”

I looked to the car she had been in. The driver

inside turned his head away at once, which

was odd.

What on earth was he hiding from?

"Where's Spencer? Didn't he come with you?"

"Nah."

I turned my attention back to Vivian, who was playing happily with James. I wanted to see if there was anything strange in her expression, but I found nothing.

Then, she suddenly looked up at me, a bright

smile on her face. "I'll treat you and Charles to

dinner at Mint Bar tonight. See you there." Before I could say anything in reply, she lowered her head and looked at James in my arms. Then she said hurriedly in a low voice, as if she didn't want to be heard, "If you don't see me at Mint Bar by then, tell Spencer to look for me at the Johnson residence."

Wait, the Johnson residence...?

I wasn't sure why Vivian said so, but I still replied loudly, "Okay, see you tonight."

"Right. See you tonight, Scarlett." Vivian pinched James's face again before returning to the car.

When the car left, I turned to Tracy and Janet, and asked, "Did you see the driver in that car?" "Yes. He looks like a hitman. I've memorized the license plate number. I'll investigate it later," Tracy said firmly.

"If he's really a hitman, then Richard may know something about him." Janet's eyes brightened. "Go ask him immediately."

"Yes, Mrs. Moore."

I walked to a few pots of flowers, with James in my arms. I picked up a leaf and put it on his small palm. James seemed liked it very much. He immediately cooed joyfully, and bubbles. began to form in his mouth.

"Richard said that the driver might be Justin. He's been working for the Johnsons," Tracy replied after she finished looking up the information.

"But I can't find any information about this person on the Internet. It's as if everything's deleted on purpose."

Janet's words aroused my suspicion. "Let's send James back first. After that, you'll follow me to Mint Bar to look for Spencer."

Mint Bar.

When I found Spencer, he looked a little listless.

"Scarlett? Why are you here so early?"

I didn't intend to beat around the bush, and

told Janet to inform him of my encounter with

Vivian earlier this morning.

"Are you sure Vivian's referring to the notorious Johnson family?" Spencer furrowed his brows as he listened the story. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Vivian said that if she didn't show up at Mint Bar at eight o'clock tonight, you need to go to the Johnson residence and save her right away. I think it's a distress signal from her," I said to

Spencer, my tone grim.

At this, Spencer took out his phone in a hurry. "Charles, I need to borrow Richard from you. Vivian might be in trouble. By the way, come to Mint Bar when you finish your work. Your wife's also here."

After Spencer hung up, I rolled my eyes at him. "If I had known it earlier, I would've gone straight to Charles,"

"Of course. In terms of tactics, no one could

beat your husband!"

"Are you still joking around?" Spencer was as

nervous as an ant on a hot brick, but still pretended to be calm. It was quite amusing,

"I-I'm not worried about her!" The stubborn expression on his face was ridiculous. Anyone with a discerning eye could see that he cared about Vivian very much. Perhaps he was the only one who didn't know that.

We waited at Mint Bar for about an hour, Just

then, Charles and Richard rushed over.

Richard said quickly, "I've sent someone to investigate that man Tracy enquired." "So, what happened? Tell me!" Spencer rushed towards Richard, his agitation obvious.

"Justin did take Vivian to the Johnson residence."

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 241

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)

Chapter 241 The Hero Saved The Beauty

Spencer's POV: "Are you certain?" I asked, looking at Richard with confusion. He nodded in response. "It's all true." Upon hearing his answer, I creased my eyebrows and felt a splitting headache. "I don't get it, man. Why did Justin take Vivian to the Johnson residence?" Charles turned his attention towards me.

"Spencer, I think Vivian looks like someone we know."

I was perplexed as to why he brought that up all of a sudden. "And who could that be?" I asked.

"The hostess of the Johnson family, Emily Johnson," he answered. "Wait a second. You mean Ethan's stepmother, Emily Johnson?" Charles patted me on the shoulder. "I seem to recall that Emily had a daughter with her ex husband before she married into the Johnson family." I understood what he meant, and I looked at him with a wide-eyed gaze. "Are you saying that Vivian might be Emily's daughter?" Vivian had never told me about her true identity before. And I never once thought that she'd have anything to do with the Johnson family.

That family's business was currently in big trouble. And it worried me that it might affect Vivian, too. "Scarlett, when did Vivian get picked up?" Charles' voice jolted me back to reality. After a brief silence, Scarlett answered, "Around nine in the morning, I think." With a straight face, Charles shot me a glance! "Spencer, we need to hurry. The longer we wait, the more likely it is that Vivian will be in danger." I turned to the door, but I couldn't bring myself to move towards it, for I was feeling conflicted. "Vivian was willing to get in the car, right? Maybe she did it for the money.

If I go there, I might end up spoiling her plan," I said. All of a sudden, I felt someone hit me on the back heavily. When I turned to look at who did it, I saw that it was Scarlett. She was glaring at me and her nostrils were practically flaring. "You idiot!" she shouted. "If Vivian went into the car willingly, would she have asked me for help? And if you keep on hesitating like that, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your miserable life!" Before I could respond, I saw that Scarlett was intending to hit me again. Fortunately, Charles came to stop her. In a soft voice, he said, "Hey, Scarlett, be careful not to hurt your hand."

I was staring at them in a daze, but in my mind, images of Vivian's face kept flashing. 'If something happens to her, I can never forgive myself.' I didn't dare to think of what might happen to her, and decided to run out of the place at once. Soon, I arrived at the Johnson family's mansion along with numerous bodyguards. "What are you people doing here? Go away!" The guard was vigilantly looking at us through the iron gate.

With a stern face, I issued the command. My men carried out my order and rushed forward.

They easily scaled the gate and subdued the guard. And while the guard was screaming, my men managed to open the gate. Once we were on the other side

of the gate, I entered the house and rushed into the living room. Meanwhile, my men scattered throughout the premises of the Johnson residence to look for Vivian. The servants of the Johnson household screamed and ran away in fear of us. Moments later, I found Vivian's phone on the stairway.

Quickly, I went up the stairs. Upstairs, I heard a familiar and faint voice coming from behind a half-closed room. "Help me," the voice groaned. My heart skipped a beat as I kicked the door open.

The loud noise startled the person on the bed, causing him to bolt upright, followed by his angry voice. "Do you want to die? How dare you disturb me?" It was Ethan, the eldest son of the Johnson family. I shot the man a cold glance. His upper body was naked, and his trousers were already half open.

The exposed underwear beneath the pants were bulging up, and it made me feel sick to see it.

Most importantly, the woman half-naked on the bed and visibly in pain was Vivian. She was lying weakly on the bed, with tears in her barely opened eyes. "Spencer... help me," she muttered. All the remaining rationality I had disappeared without a trace.

I roared at the top of my lungs, charged forward, and kicked Ethan's chest with all my might. "Argh!" Ethan bellowed as he flung towards the wall and then fell to the floor. Upon impact, he wheezed and whined like a wounded dog. Showing no mercy, I mounted him and began pounding on his ugly face.

"Ethan, you piece of shit! Go to hell!" "Fuck!" Ethan cursed. He had barely gotten the curse out of his mouth when I pummeled him with my fists, and the words turned into muffled screaming. With reckless abandon, I vented all my anger on Ethan by beating the crap out of him. And with every hit, my rage only became more intense. I didn't stop until I realized that Ethan had lost consciousness.

It was then that I went to Vivian's side. "Vivian, I'm so sorry. Forgive me... I should've come earlier..." My body trembled as I stood at the bedside, having no courage to even look her in the eye. "I'm so glad that you're here." The sound of Vivian's voice was choked by her sobbing. My heart felt so painful that I could hardly keep myself standing. I did my best to stifle my emotions, wrapped Vivian in a blanket, and carefully lifted her up. "I'm taking you out of here this instant." Then, I planted a kiss on her cheek, accidentally kissing some of her tears.

They tasted bitter on my tongue. Vivian didn't respond, and her head drooped as she lost consciousness. Startled, I gently placed her down to examine her breathing. Once I was certain that she just fainted, I breathed a sigh of relief. However, my heart was still racing. When I walked out of the room with Vivian in my arms, I saw a beautiful woman heading towards me. Her face looked so much like Vivian's. As her eyes met mine, anger appeared on her face and she began marching towards me, seemingly ready for a confrontation. "Who the hell are you?"

And how dare you break into the Johnson family's household? Put Vivian down!" My face turned grim, and my voice became cold. "Vivian is my woman. Who do you think you are to question me like that?" "I am her mother!" she countered. "Prove it," I sneered. While Emily was stunned, I walked past her. "How could a

mother hurt her own daughter? You're probably lying!" "Stop!" Emily shouted from behind me. I turned a deaf ear to her and just kept on walking downstairs. But as soon as I got to the door, I found that all my men had been subdued by the guards of the Johnson household.

"Let go of Vivian! Otherwise, none of you will be able to leave here alive!" Emily's voice was drawing closer and closer, and it was even more arrogant than before. As soon as I turned around, she was taken aback by my daunting expression. "You there! Come over here and protect me," she commanded. However, the only response she got were screams of horror. Following the harrowing sound, I turned around and saw that Richard had stormed the place with a group of men.

They had incapacitated all of the guards there. After straightening his collar, Richard said, "Mr. Moore was worried that you might not be able to handle things over here yourself, so he asked me to bring some men over to help out." "Thanks," I said, giving him a nod. I ignored Emily despite her incessant screaming and left the Johnson mansion, still carrying Vivian in my arms. Soon, the car arrived at the bar. I took Vivian back to the room, gently placing her on the bed.
CU

The blanket accidentally slipped down, revealing her delicate collarbone. I asked one of the waitresses to help Vivian change her clothes, and then I went out to call Charles. "So, what happened, man?" he asked. "I've brought Vivian back to the bar. Thanks for the help, Charles," I answered. I really meant that. If Richard had brought his people to help me, they would've subdued me already, and kept me and Vivian in the house. "No problem, man. Scarlett is the one you should thank. She was worried you might not be able to handle it on your own. After all, the Johnson family probably has a lot of men on their payroll."

"Scarlett is so considerate. Please thank her for me." Charles scoffed and said, "My wife should be considerate towards me, and me alone." "It's because you're too pathetic that Scarlett has to worry about you." Upon hearing his remark, I furrowed my brows. "Charles, can you stop being so jealous, dude?" Before I could even finish my sentence, the call was already over. When I heard he hang up, I let out an exasperated sigh.

"Ever since he made up with Scarlett, he's become more narrow-minded than ever. He even got jealous that I wanted to thank Scarlett, jeez!" Soon, the door opened and the waitress came out quietly. "Sir, I've finished changing her clothes," she said. "Thanks. I'll give you a bonus this month." After that, the waitress thanked me with glee in her eyes, and left at once.

I stared at the door, hesitating to go in. I even had to deceive myself by making up an excuse to go in. Once I had gathered enough courage, I opened the door and entered. "I have to check if the waitress actually put on her clothes probably," I told myself.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 242

/ [Bye, My Irresistible Love](#)

Chapter 242 We Wouldn't Have Another Baby In Thre...

Charles's POV:

After hanging up on Spencer, I put my phone away and went back to the living room. There, Scarlett was in the midst of playing chess with my grandmother.

I sat next to Scarlett, held her waist, and then whispered in her ear, "Spencer and Vivian are fine."

My affirmation made Scarlett relax. She leaned

against my chest and heaved a sigh of relief,

happy for the two. "That's good. I was so

restless just now!"

"Everything's fine now." I kissed her on the cheek. Looking up, I saw my grandmother and mother's mischievous gazes on Scarlett and me. I ignored them and asked calmly, "So, you're playing chess?"

Scarlett immediately shoved

me away, disgruntled. "Grandma said she wants to play chess with me."

"Are you two betting on anything?"

Grandma rolled her eyes exasperatedly at me

and said, "What's with that look? Are you afraid that I'll eat your wife alive just by playing chess?"

Her words confused me, and I automatically touched my face. I didn't think there was anything wrong with my current expression.

"If I lose, I'll promise Scarlett one thing." Grandma slammed down a chess piece with great strength, the sound deafening. "But if Scarlett loses, she has to give me granddaughter!" a

I frowned instantly, and glanced at Scarlett. "Did you agree to that?"

Scarlett clenched the chess piece in her hand

and pursed her lips, but said nothing.

"Oh, Charles. Why are you so angry? Even if Scarlett does agree, your Grandma might not win." My mother's gentle voice coaxed me, trying to smooth down my rising anger. It was enough proof that Scarlett had indeed agreed to my grandmother's bet.

I fixed a stern glare at my grandmother and mother, my lips a thin line. "We don't want another child. At least not in three years."

At this, Grandma pounded the table with great displeasure. Her face was scrunched in horrible discontent, and she glared at me crossly. "What nonsense are you blabbering, Charles?!"

My mother hurriedly went to my grandmother's side and comforted the old woman. Then she shook her head disapprovingly at me and muttered in a low voice, 'Stop it.'

"Charles..." Scarlett took my hand and squeezed it, trying to calm me down.

I held her hands tightly, but my attitude did not soften. I was unwilling to yield, no matter what. "I won't interfere with your bet, Grandma. But even if Scarlett loses, we won't have a child anytime soon. That's final."

Grandma was so angry, her eyebrows rose and disappeared behind her hairline. She pointed at me with trembling fingers for a long time, speechless with fury. Suddenly, the anger on her face morphed into a look of pain. "Oh! I feel so dizzy..." ®

"Is it the hypertension? Where's the medicine?!" My mother got so anxious that she immediately stood up. She held my grandmother's hands steadily as her eyes swept around nervously.

Scarlett quickly rose from her seat and went to find the medicine. The initially peaceful living room had instantly fallen into chaos.

I held Grandma's hand, concerned for her

health, but she shook me off angrily. The pain

on her face intensified, and she looked like she was in agony.

Seeing this, I didn't dare to approach her again. I watched silently as she took her medicine, and then asked a servant to take her to bed so she could rest.

Gradually, Grandma's condition stabilized. My mother sighed in relief. Then she pushed me out of the room, shooing me away. "Hurry up and get out first. Don't upset your Grandma again."

Left with no choice, I walked out and took Scarlett back to our bedroom.

I closed the door. Once inside, Scarlett rained down a barrage of heavy criticisms on me. "Grandma's old and has high blood pressure! Even if you object to whatever she says, you can't just contradict her openly and make her angry!"

I was scolded repeatedly, and I bore her harsh words silently. With a long face, I took Scarlett in my arms and held her. My voice was soft as I said sulkily, "They're all my family, so I don't want to lie to them. Is it wrong to tell them the truth?"

Scarlett's tense body softened in my arms, and her harsh voice grew gentler. "It's okay to be honest, but you should've been more tactful."

"But I've always been straightforward." "Charles!" Scarlett pushed me away and moved back. Her anger returned, and she glared at me. She looked so cute whenever she acted this

way.

I couldn't stop myself from pinching her chin, and I bent over to get close to her. "I'm on my period now," Scarlett declared

confidently, fearless.

My eyes narrowed slightly as I looked at her

with a wicked stare.

Not to be outdone, she stared back at me with bold eyes. "Don't even think about it!" I kissed her hard and held the back of her head

with one hand, cutting off her unfinished words.

My blood boiled and surged all over my body as our lips locked tightly. I picked up the struggling Scarlett, and threw her to the bed. I pressed her body, sucking her wet, hot lips and tongue. I explored deeply and greedily, eager for her breath.

Scarlett's slim body clung to me. I could feel

her tremble slightly. I caressed her slender

waist and breasts through her clothes, eager. Scarlett's low groan soon reached my ears. She gasped and swallowed, her chest heaving

violently.

I ended the kiss reluctantly, and put my forehead against hers. With a deep voice, I threatened, "Get ready. When your period is over, I'll get it all back."

Scarlett grinned back defiantly. "Let's talk about that later. Anyway, you have to endure it now!"

"Bad girl." I bit her neck, and then hugged her tightly.

Scarlett whispered in annoyance, "You're holding me too tightly! Let go." "No." I let out a long sigh, disappointed.

Scarlett chuckled, and said, "Charles, look at me.

"What's wrong?" Confused, I propped up and looked at her.

Her pretty long hair was wrapped around my fingertips, and her eyes looked particularly charming.

She raised her hands, and wrapped them around my neck seductively.

"Scarlett, don't tempt me like that." I warned her seriously, my eyes burning with lust.

Scarlett flashed me a coquettish smile. She pulled my neck closer to her, and then gave me a kiss. She licked and bit my lips gently, and

our tongues intertwined..

Soon, she retreated. However, I didn't give her a chance to end the kiss. I hugged her and pressed on her hard, deepening the kiss. She screamed in protest, but I ignored it.

I didn't let go of Scarlett until she was finally out of breath. I gritted my teeth and pretended to threaten her, "Do you want to tempt me again?"

"No, I don't!" Scarlett turned her face away awkwardly as she pushed me away, and leaned against the bed. "I'm going to take a shower."

I pulled Scarlett into my arms, gave her buttocks a brief squeeze, and then jumped out of bed.

"Charles!" Scarlett blushed, embarrassed, but her legs remained tightly wrapped around my waist.

"I'll take you to the bathroom."

Seeing Scarlett's relieved face, I added slowly, "How about we take a shower together?"

Scarlett snorted and retorted loudly, "No!"

"Fine..." I replied curtly, but I grabbed her nonetheless and took her to the bathroom, closing the door in our wake.