

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 243

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Spencer’s POV:

I sat on the edge of the bed and held Vivian’s hand. I could not help but admire her quiet sleeping face. She looked so beautiful.

But when I touched her, she frowned slightly and tightened her grip on my hand. It appeared that her sleep was not as deep as it seemed.

“Vivian,” I called her name worriedly.

Her eyes fluttered open when she heard my voice. She looked at me with sleepy eyes. But then, she turned over and continued to sleep.

I could not help but sigh. When it came to her, I always end up feeling so helpless. “What a careless girl you are!”

Vivian suddenly sat up. My words seemed to have startled her. Her gaze then fell on our intertwined hands, and panic flashed across her eyes. Slowly, her eyes trailed from our hands to my face.

For a moment, the air seemed to be frozen.

It was me who first regained composure. I let go of her hand and said comfortingly, “Vivian, you’re safe now. You’re in my bar.”

Vivian withdrew her hand and hugged herself. I must admit, her action brought a pang in my heart.

All of a sudden, her phone rang, breaking the awkward silence between us.

I handed her phone to her and asked, "Do you want to answer the call?"

Vivian just looked at me. Then, without a word, she slowly reached out and took her phone.

She answered the call in a hoarse voice.

While she was on the phone, I draped a coat over her shoulders. Then, I sat next to her and waited for her.

The call ended shortly after. She put her phone down and wrapped herself tightly with the coat.

"Vivian, what happened today?" In the end, I could not stop myself from asking the question that had been bothering me for the longest time.

But instead of answering my question, Vivian lowered her head and asked back, "Why did you do that to Ethan?"

"Because he was hurting you!" I bellowed without thinking. I could not control my emotions when I recalled what Ethan had done to her. "Do you seriously think I wouldn't do anything after seeing him hurt you? What I did to him wasn't enough. How I wish I could beat him to death!"

Vivian seemed to be frightened by my reaction that she looked at me with wide eyes full of panic.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. “Vivian, why did you get in Justin’s car? You knew he’d take you to the Johnsons. Why did you still go with him?”

Vivian averted her gaze and replied perfunctorily, “Thank you for saving me.”

I looked at her in confusion as she deliberately avoided my question.

Did she not know that Emily was up to no good?

“Vivian, don’t you have anything else to say to me?”

Vivian hugged her knees and answered, “None.”

I stared at her in bewilderment. Truth be told, I had a lot of things to say to her. However, they all turned into a helpless sigh. “Get some rest.”

It was apparent that Vivian had no plans of telling me the truth. That could only mean one thing: She did not trust me.

Without waiting for her response, I turned around and left without looking back.

Scarlett’s POV:

James only fell asleep at about midnight. And when I returned to my room, Charles was still doing work.

A few moments later, he stood up, pulled me into his arms, and kissed me. “I just finished my work. Let’s sleep together.”

Alarmed, I immediately reminded him, “Wait! I have—”

“I didn’t forget that. I just want to sleep on the same bed as you. That’s all,” Charles grumbled.

I was happy deep inside. Just as I lay down on the bed, my phone beeped.

I fumbled for my phone and saw that Vivian had messaged me. “Scarlett, can you come to the bar tomorrow night? I have a gift for you,” the message read.

“Who is it?” Charles asked in a low and hoarse voice. His warm breath tickled my ear and sent a shiver down my spine.

I thrust the phone in his hand and pushed him away. “See for yourself.”

After reading the message, Charles threw my phone aside and wrapped his arms around my waist. “What kind of gift will she give you? Why did you have to go to the bar?”

I spread out my hands. “I have no idea. Vivian is an andrologist, so maybe—”

Charles moved closer to me and whispered in my ear, “Maybe you’re conspiring with her to murder your husband.” As soon as he said these words,

he licked and bit my earlobe.

I could not stand it anymore. I turned my head and covered his mouth. "Behave yourself, and I won't do anything to you."

With my hand on his mouth, Charles looked at me sharply.

I could not help but chuckle. The look on his face was priceless. With a smirk, I slowly stroked his eyes and eyebrows and raised his chin coquettishly. I was seducing him, more like provoking him, for the fun of it. "Be good, Charles."

In a blink of an eye, he grabbed my hand and wrapped his arm around my waist. "I can't help but notice that you like to provoke me when you have your period," he said through gritting teeth.

I chuckled and said with a hint of sarcasm. "How did you know that? You're so smart!"

Charles always made me exhausted in bed and only let me rest when I was on my period. So during those days, I would vent my anger on him and torture him. How could I not seize such an opportunity to make fun of him?

Suddenly, he let out a snort, and my hair stood on end. Uh oh. For some reason, I could feel that I was wrong on something.

"Scarlett, do you honestly think that I can't do anything to you?" Charles asked with malice. I struggled to get out of his arms but to no avail. His arms were like steel. He did not even budge even when I was using all my strength to get away from him.

At this moment, Charles placed his hands on my waist and tickled me.

“AH! NO! LET ME GO! STOP!” I exclaimed at the top of my lungs.

I wriggled like a worm as he tickled me. Ironically, the more I tried to get away from him, the deeper I sank into his arms. There was no escape.

I stopped trying to break free and instead shouted for mercy. “Charles, stop! Please stop!”

But Charles remained unmoved and just continued tickling me.

I laughed and cried, flailing and twisting like crazy. “Fine! I was just kidding! Hubby! HUBBY!”

When I said those words, Charles stopped, and the room quieted down in an instant.

He looked at me incredulously. With his eyebrows furrowed, he gently held my chin up with his thumb and index fingers and stroked my lips. “What did you just call me?”

Only then did I realize that my body was hot, almost as if I was burning with fever.

Oh my God! How I wish I could hide in a hole right now. How could I say that word out loud? I kept my mouth shut and did not respond.

Charles moved closer to me and put his forehead against mine. “Scarlett, call me that again.”

I could see clearly the elation and longing in his eyes.

His eyes were bewitching. When we looked into each other's eyes, I felt like an electric current was flowing throughout my body. I felt so weak in my knees. And yet, my heart was beating wildly in my chest.

But then, I closed my eyes and stubbornly refused him. "No!"

Charles did not say anything more and kissed me.

I opened my eyes in surprise. Charles's eyes were closed, and his curled eyelashes fluttered slightly. I let myself get immersed in his tenderness. As we kissed, I could feel his tongue force its way into my mouth. His lust and longing were obvious in his every move, forcing me to succumb to his needs.

The temperature in the room seemed to rise by a notch as our bodies rubbed against each other.

A few moments later, he finally let go of my lips, though his lips were still touching mine. "Do you want it?"

I glared at him to show my refusal. But, it did not prove much as my legs were intertwined with his.

"No way." Charles laughed maniacally. With a mischievous grin, he bit my lips and added, "Call me hubby again, or else I'll make you crave for more and leave you hanging."

I was flabbergasted, but I had no choice but to do as he said. I rolled my eyes at him and mumbled, "Hubby."

"I'm here." Charles was smiling from ear to ear. Obviously, he enjoyed being called that.

I drew a deep breath in annoyance. "I'm tired," I complained.

"Go to sleep, honey. Good night." He lay down with me in his arms and kissed me on the cheek. But instead of closing his eyes to sleep, he looked at me expectantly.

I knew very well what he was waiting for me to do. However, I was afraid of his cruel tactics. So, although reluctant, I said what he wanted to hear. "Good night, hubby."

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Chapter 244 Unprecedented Trouble

Scarlett's POV: In the morning, I opened my drowsy eyes and reached out my arms to embrace Charles. But then, I realized that he wasn't beside me. The cold touch of the bed sheet jolted me awake. I still remembered how sweet we were last night. I wondered if it was just a dream. Still dazed, I went downstairs. There, I saw Christine and Alice sitting at the dining table and eating breakfast. When they heard me go downstairs, they both turned to look at me. "Good morning, Scarlett. Did you sleep well last night?" Christine asked, smiling at me. "Sure did, Grandma," I answered listlessly. "Come and have breakfast with us, dear! I specially made your favorite apple pie today, Charles had to go out early because something urgent needed to be dealt with in the company. But before he left, he made this heart-shaped fried egg, and told us that nobody is allowed to touch it, because it's for his beloved wife." Alice grinned as she said that. I felt ashamed and annoyed by how foolish I had been. It caught me off-guard that I didn't know since when I had been so easily swayed by Charles' every move. This dawning realization made me panic. It worried me that this current happiness was but a fleeting dream. But, there was a voice in my heart that said I wanted to be with Charles and that I wanted to have the happiness I once dreamed of. There was a variety of breakfast food on the table; fresh milk, fruits, pastries, and an

apple pie that Christine carefully prepared. They all smelled so good, and mouth-watering. Compared to these delicious foods, the heart-shaped fried egg that Charles made wasn't even worth a glance. But even so, I still savored every bite of it. While we were having breakfast, none of us mentioned the dispute yesterday about having a second child. But I knew that the issue wasn't over. And sure enough, after breakfast, Christine brought me to her room. She then held my hand and said earnestly, "My dear Scarlett, I'm getting old. The future of the Moore family depends on your shoulders and Charles' now. I don't really care about his opinion that much, but I want you to give us an answer. Can I expect a great-granddaughter anytime soon?" The sight of her expectant eyes made me reluctant to say no. "Of course, Grandma." "Great! I knew that you'd share the same opinion as I do, my dear!" Christine nodded with relief, still holding my hand. At this time, Alice also came in. Apparently she had heard what I said just now. "Scarlett, are you really willing to do that?" It sounded like she couldn't believe it yet. "Of course."

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and stars the most wieder more about the ourse string och presente sulla samo A s soon as I said that, Alice rushed towards me and hugged me with excitement on her face. "Oh, Scarlett! You truly are the best. Once my granddaughter is born, I'm going to give you big gift!" The promise I made to these two women made them very happy, and it might've dispelled an oncoming storm in the family. However, I had no idea what might happen in the future. Now

that I had comforted them, I could finally go to work. Not long after I sat down, Nina rushed into my office. "Scarlett, do you have a moment? I've pondered about this for a long time, and I figured that it's necessary for me to tell you about this matter."

Her eyes lit up. "Is something the matter, Nina?" I was really confused. "It's not really that big of a deal. Do you remember that poor girl we met at the bar last time? The

one goes by the name Jasmine." Upon hearing the name, I remembered the girl's tearful pretty face. "You mean that girl who wanted to make money to pay for her mother's medical fees, but was forced by Rita to please those rich guys?" I asked. "Yes, exactly. Actually, she came to see you just now. She said that her mother was dying, and she's pleading to you for help. However, Janet and Tracy drove her away," said Nina. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "Scarlett, do you think you could help her out?" In all honesty, I was surprised. I had only

met Jasmine once, so how come she knew that she should go to the TV station in order to ask me for help? It all sounded so suspicious. After all, she had once been in contact with Rita. It worried me that this girl was just a way for Rita to lure me into one of her traps again. But at the same time, I thought of how helpless and desperate Jasmine looked. It was hard not to sympathize with her. I knew that only those who had fallen into the deepest pits of desperation would have such desolate

eyes. 'Was my father like her in his moment of desperation? If someone had helped him back then, would his end be less tragic?' It was this thought that made m

e reconsider. I decided to help Jasmine out. I felt that this could make up for my regrets. "Nina, you know that I don't want to get involved with anything even remotely related to Rita. But this time, it's a matter of life and death, so I'm willing to make an exception. But know this, I won't do it again," I sighed. "Sorry to have imposed this on you, Scarlett. I should've stayed out of it. I'm really sorry for bringing you this big trouble." Nina apologized to me and then she promised that she wouldn't do it again. "It's not your fault, Nina."

Though I had made up my mind to help Jasmine, I still felt uneasy about the whole thing. | Thus, I decided to tell Charles about it.

"Honey, why are you calling me at this time of the day? Do you miss me?" Charles' mellow voice came from the other end of the line. "I need your help on something, Charles, Are you free later?" "Well, you'd never come to me unless you need a favor. Nevertheless, since you've asked me for help, I'm willing to free up my schedule. See you at my company later, my love." It was fortunate that Charles agreed so readily. "Okay, see you then." With that, I hung up the phone.

Upon my arrival at the Moore Group, Amy was waiting for me downstairs. It was then that she let me to Charles' office. When he saw me enter his office, Charles immediately approached me and held my hand. "Honey, you're here." The sound of his voice was so gentle and comforting. But as soon as he turned his head to Amy, his expression changed. "You may leave now," he said calmly. "Yes, Mr. Moore." Without hesitation, Amy left the office. Charles led me to his desk, sat me on the chair, and kissed me. Blushing, I stood up and turned my face away from him. "Stop it, Charles. I'm here for something serious. Don't be such a flirt!" I noticed the disappointment on his face. Charles leaned back against his desk, and held me in his arms. "Alright, Scarlett. Let's talk business." It was then that I told him what happened today. Charles raised an eyebrow at me, seemingly surprised. "Scarlett, why do you want to help a complete stranger?" "Just think of it as my better nature; a good deed, perhaps," I answered. "Scarlett, do you believe that it's entirely a coincidence? What if Rita is just using Jasmine to hurt you?" he asked. "That's why I'm here to speak with you. With your resources, it'll be easy for you to run a complete background check on this girl, right?" I asked. Charles planted a kiss on my lips and smiled. "As long as you want my help, it's a piece of cake."

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Chapter 245 Put On An Act Charles's POV:

I held Scarlett tightly in my arms, pulling her close to me. Suddenly, Scarlett's stomach rumbled and a loud sound filled the air around us. I lowered my head to stare at her. Scarlett immediately buried her head in my arms, just like an ostrich, blushing hard. "A-ahem! I came here in a hurry, so I haven't had lunch yet," Scarlett muttered, her head hanging low, cheeks red from

embarrassment. "Let's go." I reached out and caressed her belly affectionately. "Come to the staff canteen downstairs with me." "I don't want to go to the staff canteen. Can we go somewhere else?" The happy smile on Scarlett's face froze stiff at the mention the staff canteen. Her good mood quickly dropped and her spirits soured. My heart instantly ached at the sudden change. It then occurred to me that in the past, Rita had made things difficult for Scarlett there several times. Thus, the staff canteen was probably a place full of bad memories for Scarlett. "What about Elegant Time? The western restaurant near the company?" I took Scarlett's hand, caressing it, and asked tentatively, "What do you think?" Relief flashed across Scarlett's face and her mood soared. She nodded joyfully. "Let's go now!" But then, Scarlett stopped me. "Charles, wait. What I just told you..." "Don't worry, honey." Right in front of her, I took out my phone and dialed Richard. The line soon connected. "Richard, I have a task for you. Investigate a girl named Jasmine. I'll sent you the details. I want all the information about her." After hanging up, I looked at Scarlett with a smile. "Alright." Scarlett nodded contentedly, satisfied, and held my arm sweetly. "Let's go." Before we entered the elevator, I told Amy to cancel all my appointments in the afternoon. "What are you going to do this afternoon?" "I'll keep you company." Scarlett stared at me in disbelief and said, "But I have work to do this afternoon." "Then I'll be with you in your office."

"Charles. If you keep doing this, I'm not going to have lunch with you!" In a fit of anger, Scarlett spun on her heel defiantly and ran into the elevator. It was rare for her to act like a spoiled little girl, but in all honesty, she was more charming whenever she did that. I casually followed her into the elevator. "Scarlett, you have to eat something. Look at your empty stomach! I'll feel sorry for you." "Well then, let's have another child together. Then my belly will bulge!" Scarlett retorted, shooting me a defiant glare. Her words silenced me immediately. • When the elevator arrived at the first floor, the doors slid open and a large group of people rushed in.

I grabbed Scarlett's hand instinctively to protect her. I thought she would get rid of me, but she held my hand instead. That surprised me somewhat, but I didn't mind it. "Oh my! Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore love each other so much." "I'm so envious!" Listening to the praises of the people around us, Scarlett turned red in delight and embarrassment. Despite the crowd in the elevator, she had no intention of letting go of my hand. I was both happy and surprised by her show of intimacy, my heart filled with warmth. As soon as we walked out of the building, however, Scarlett tried to shake off my hand. "Ugh, Charles. You are so childish!" Scarlett complained, though her voice was coquettish and she was blushing pink. There was no anger in her tone.

Smiling, I pulled her into a hug. "Seems someone's really cooperative and submissive today." "Bah! What on earth are you talking about?" Scarlett pretended to be clueless, and tried to struggle out of my arms. "If you keep struggling, I'll kiss you in public. I mean it," I threatened jokingly, and pretended that I was about to kiss her. At that, Scarlett froze in my arms and stayed still. 1 Scarlett's POV: Charles and I soon arrived at the western

restaurant Elegant Time. To my surprise, Lily, who I hadn't seen for a long time, was also there. When she noticed our presence, she approached us and greeted politely, "Good afternoon, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore.

What a coincidence! I didn't expect you two to have lunch here." I replied to her greeting with a smile, nodding. Charles put on a confused appearance and asked with a surprised tone, "Honey, who's this? Do you know her?" "This is Lily. Don't you remember her? You've met each other before," I answered, trying to

Put On An Act — hold back my laughter. "Oh? Do I...?" Charles raised his eyebrows, still feigning surprise and uncertainty. His Oscar-worthy acting skills amused me greatly. He was truly number one when it came to mocking people. "It doesn't matter, Mr. Moore. It's expected that you don't remember me, since you're such a busy man. I won't disturb you anymore. I'm looking forward to our next meeting. Goodbye for now." Charles's sarcasm had no effect on Lily, who didn't seem to mind it. She left calmly, as composed as the still surface of a lake.

I watched her receding figure, and I couldn't help but admire her in my heart. She wasn't very popular in the entertainment circle, but I had to say, she could definitely be called an amazing actress in some aspects. She was good at putting an act in my presence. Despite Charles's ruthless teasing, she was able to leave without the slightest change in her expression. No wonder she was able to compete with Rita for Lively Group!