

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 286

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 287

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 287 Falling Into The Sea

Scarlett's POV:

"Crawl! Hurry the fuck up! Other wise, your son will be thrown into the sea!"

The shrill voice of a woman along with the faint crying of my child was coming from upstairs.

'Hurry up! Scarlett, move!' I told myself.

I crawled even faster despite the pain. My whole body was aching so much that I felt like I was being torn apart, and my feet were gradually feeling numb.

At long last, I saw my little angel. "James!"

James' head was covered by a black cloth, and a man was holding him as he struggled feebly in midair.

Rita stared at me, wearing an obscene smile. She then turned to the man holding James.

The man immediately understood her point, and he hanged James out of the window with his hand.

Desperately, I tried to run towards my child. But sadly, the severe pain from my ankle made me fall to the ground heavily.

"No!"

I gasped for air as tears streamed down my face.

Then, I struggled to reach James, but Rita trampled me underfoot. "How does it feel, Scarlett? Are you scared?"

As she stepped on my chin, I saw how twisted and insane she had become.

"Rita, you're a fucking psychopath! If you're angry at me, then deal with me! Let James go. He's innocent!"

Rita slammed my head against the ground. Because of all the blood and the fact that I was in pain, I couldn't see anything. Beads of sweat rolled down my forehead as I bit my lip tightly, trying not to shriek from the pain.

"Innocent? He is riot innocent. He is a fucking bastard! You and Charles gave birth to him, but he shouldn't have survived!"

Rita trampled on my face even more aggressively. I was biting on my pale lips so hard that they started bleeding, and I did my best not to give out.

"Scarlett, you ruined my path to happiness, so I'm going to ruin your life, too!"

I was far too weak to argue with her now. All I wanted at the moment was for my baby to be safe.

"What can I do to convince you to let James go? Please, I'll do anything!" I pleaded.

A sinister smile appeared on Rita's lips. "Are you sure about that?"

Blood, sweat and tears blurred my vision. As I stared at the man holding James out of the window, I knew that I had no other choice.

"As long as you let James go, do as you say." I closed my eyes, accepting that this was my fate.

Rita looked down at me with a devilish grin on her face.

"I want you to announce to the whole world that you've never loved Charles, admit that you're a whore, and tell everyone that this child isn't Charles' son. So, what do you say?" "I'll do it!" I shouted through gritted teeth.

Rita shot me a look as if to tell me that I was the one who "asked for it".

I could see the malice in her eyes, and it gave me a bad feeling.

"You! Come here."

Rita pointed at the man who hit me on the shoulder.

"Lion, I order you to fuck that woman!"

All of a sudden, I raised my head, staring at Rita in disbelief.

"What? Are you scared?" Rita scoffed at me.

She turned to look at the man who was holding James, clearly threatening me. "No, no, no! I'll do it. Please! I'll do that right now. But you have to promise me that you'll let my baby go first."

This was my bottom line.

"Sure, if you have sex with Lion, I'll let you and that little bastard go home," said Rita.

"Your word isn't a guarantee. How can I be sure that you won't go back on your words?" I asked.

"What do you want?" she asked back.

"I want you to call Charles right now and tell him our location. Otherwise, I won't follow your order."

"Fuck you. I won't do that. Scarlett, you're in no position to bargain with me right now!" It seemed that my attitude infuriated Rita.

Rita glanced at Lion, and the man approached me with a perverse smile on his lips. I could see in his eyes that he had some truly disgusting ideas in his head.

With no other choice, I had to crawl forward, one inch at a time. However, Lion grabbed my hair and dragged me back.

Rita burst into a maniacal laughter once more. "Scarlett, I never thought you'd be so disgraceful! Look at yourself. You're no better than a dog right now!"

Lion tore my clothes apart, pressing me onto the floor. Then, he began fondling my body with his rough hands. I could even smell the foul stench of his mouth.

I struggled to break free from his grasp, but my injured shoulder prevented me from doing so. At this moment, I was like a butterfly that had been caught in a spider web. The more I struggled, the worse I got stuck.

The following moment, I heard my pants being torn apart, and it sent me spiraling into despair.

"No! Stop!"

It was then that Rita began to laugh like a God-forsaken lunatic. I loathed her with every fiber of my being.

"Rita! Rita!" Rita's POV:

Oh, how I enjoyed watching Scarlett despair and wail like a banshee. The sight of her blood and tears on the ground brought joy to my heart. At long last, I had paid her back for the humiliation she put me through!

"Lion, strip her naked!"

Just as I was enjoying Scarlett's humiliation, an underling ran up the stairs from the first floor and reported to me, "Miss Lively, bad news! Someone's here to raid the place!"

Upon hearing that, I went to the balcony and saw William. 'Damn it. How did he find this place so soon?'

In order to vent my frustration, I kicked the dying Scarlett's stomach. Then, I said to the underling, "You! Come here and tie this bitch up!"

Afterwards, I told the man to give me the child and then I went to the open-air balcony on the top floor.

The little boy was struggling with all his might, and I almost lost control of him.

"Don't move! If you don't stop moving, I'm going to throw you into the sea, you little bastard!" But the child ignored my warning.

"No, Rita! Don't be impulsive. Please, stop!" Scarlett pleaded in a barely audible voice. "You've finally learned how to beg for my mercy! But it's too late!" I sneered.

I lifted the boy up and stood at the edge of the balcony. From here, I could see the waves surging up.

"The child isn't Charles'. I've never loved Charles. So, please, let James go!"

Scarlett pleaded.

"Even if I let him go, William won't show me any mercy. I've already made up my mind to die along with you. I'm going to drag you all to hell with me!"

"Rita, calm down. Put James down!" It was Charles.

When I turned around, I saw that William and Charles were already here. They were fighting against my men, and it seemed like my men were no match for them. *-

What pissed me off the most was that useless idiot, Lion. He let go of Scarlett and ran away at the first sign of trouble.

Since I no longer held Scarlett hostage, I had to let the boy to my advantage.

"Save James! Save him!"

Scarlett pleaded while she was in Charles' arms.

He then looked me in the eye. His firm gaze made me feel like I was being pulled into the depths of the abyss.

"You're finally here, Charles."

The moment I saw him, my heart melted. While I was entranced by his beauty, I loosened

my grip on the boy.

All of a sudden, the little boy fell down into the dark sea.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 288

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 288 Despair

Scarlett's POV:

"No!"

As James fell into the boundless sea, my entire world collapsed around me.

"James! My beloved James!"

A mouthful of blood came out of my mouth.

As I lay weakly in Charles' arms, I grasped his clothes with every ounce of strength I had left. There was only one thing going through my mind right now; I wanted to save my beloved son so bad.

William suddenly rushed over, kicking Rita to the floor. Afterwards, he bent over the railing of the balcony, staring down for a long time. "I'm so sorry, Scarlett," he said, pitying me.

"Sorry? Why are you apologizing?"

I struggled to stand up, but my body wouldn't listen to me. All I could do was to hold onto Charles' hand as though my life depended on it.

"No! Our James isn't dead yet, right? Right?!" "Scarlett, I'm sorry... I'm really sorry!"

Right now, I felt like a prisoner on death row. And the sound of gunshot announcing my demise had finally resounded through my head.

I couldn't move a muscle. It was as if my body had been riddled by bullets and tattered into pieces.

"I don't want your apology! I want my James back! I want him alive and well!"

Blood came out of my mouth again, staining Charles' white shirt.

His face displayed his uneasiness and his eyes were filled with nothing but pain.

His hands trembled as he stroked my lips, as though he was trying to block out the blood from flowing out.

"Scarlett, don't do this!"

I couldn't hear anything. James was dead, and with him, my soul had been spirited away and buried into the deepest pits of the sea.

Moments later, the sound of the police siren resonated from afar.

Gradually, I came back to my senses. It was then that I realized that the murderer who slaughtered my child was still alive.

My dying heart was reignited with fury and desire for vengeance. "I'm going to kill her! Give me Rita. I'll kill her myself!"

I pushed Charles away, and grabbed the dagger from the floor.

However, he stopped me from moving. "Scarlett, you shouldn't kill her. The police will be here soon, and I promise you, Rita will get the punishment she deserves." a

Upon hearing that, I loosened my grip on the dagger, and it fell to the floor. I stared at Charles, dazed as a bitter smile appeared on my lips. Tears welled up in my eyes and my heart was broken into a million pieces.

"So, until now you still don't have the heart to hurt her, huh?"

This sentiment made me feel like a laughing stock.

"No, it's not like that, Scarlett. Let me explain." a

Charles embraced me.

"Enough, Charles! Since you don't want to do it, I will!"

William picked up the dagger from the floor, walking towards Rita, step by step.

"Stay away from me!"

Rita crawled back in fear. But William grabbed her neck and lifted her up without mercy.

"Didn't I warn you already? I told you never to harm Scarlett. And it looks like you don't take my words seriously at all!"

"I don't care if you all love her! I am going to make her suffer a fate more miserable than death!" Rita's face turned red from being strangled.

Not a second later, the dagger pierced into her lower abdomen, and blood oozed out from it.

Her eyes widened in horror as she fell to the floor.

"Take her away."

William's men took Rita's unconscious body away before the police could arrive.

He then walked up to me and said, "Don't worry, Scarlett. If you want her dead, I will not allow her to live."

Even if that horrible woman were to die, my little angel, James, would never come back again. At this point, I was hopelessly apathetic. "William, take me away," I said.

But Charles held me tighter in his arms.

"You can't take her away!"

"Charles, you just watched Rita kill Scarlett's child, and you did nothing to avenge him! What makes you think you still have the right to be by her side?"

Soon, I fell into William's arms and passed out.

I saw a faint dazzling light the moment I opened my eyes, and heard mechanical sounds around me.

At this moment, scenes of the past flashed through my mind. I had once promised Charles that no matter what might happen in my life, I would be strong and live on.

But without my son, I no longer had the fervor to continue living.

This was all my fault. I should not have been with Charles. If I had left him earlier, James might not have been killed by Rita.

Charles' POV:

I waited at the door of the operating room. The police were still searching for my son's dead body, and my beloved wife was still in mortal danger.

'God, please save Scarlett!

I've already lost James. I can't lose her, too!

It seemed that God had heard my sincere prayer.

The light of the operating room went out, and a doctor covered in blood came out.

"The patient is out of fatal danger, but she's still far too weak and needs to be hospitalized for careful observation for a period of time."

Upon hearing the doctor's words, all the tension in my body eased up, and I slumped onto the bench weakly.

"And there's one more thing. When the patient woke up, she asked us to tell you that she doesn't want to see you ever again, Mr. Moore."

'She doesn't want to see me again?' I thought to myself.

'That's right... I don't have any right to see her again.' • .)

"Is she all right?" I asked.

"The patient's ankle was badly injured. Even though she's been treated, she may have to live with a disability from now on," replied the doctor.

"How could this be?"

"The worst isn't her physical injuries. Both the patient's mind and body are badly damaged, and she's lost the desire to live. Even if she could survive, her body will have many complications in the future. You must prepare yourself for that, sir."

The doctor's words devastated me. This was all my fault.

'Why did I have to be late?

And the bastard who did this to us is Rita!

"William, give me Rita."

All I could do now was to do as Scarlett wished and kill that horrible woman.

William shot me a glance and said, "I'm sorry, but Rita has my sister's heart right now. I can't give her to you."

Suddenly, the atmosphere became tense.

At this time, Scarlett was pushed out of the operating room.

When I tried to get close to her, William pushed me away. "Didn't you hear what the doctor told you? She doesn't want to see you again, Mr. Moore!"

I clenched my fists and looked at Tracy behind me.

"Tracy, stay with Scarlett and protect her."

Tracy looked back at me, visibly concerned. "Mr. Moore, are you going back to Rita?"

I shook my head, and buried my face in my hands, feeling helpless and desperate.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 289

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 289 1 Heard That She Lived Together With William

Today was David and Lucy's wedding.

I watched as they exchanged vows and put their wedding hands on each other's finger. Then, David tilted the white veil and kissed her gently.

The guests applauded and cheered and gave the newlyweds their sincerest

wi'r'es M the mald ot honor and the best man, Vivian and I fulfilled our wedding tasks and were happy to see oft David and key officially as husband and wife. Chatle% was standing tight next to me. As usual, he looked attractive and diiified in a s.,;* , but his eyes were coldet than usual, like they were attached to a lifeless machine.

I sighed and patted him on the shoulder.

Among the three of us, Charles used to be the happiest one. But when James passed away and Scarlett left a year ago, he was suddenly plunged into a bottomless pit of despair. James's death was difficult on everyone, especially the elders of the Moore family.

I heard that Alice had tried to contact Scarlett but hadn't been able to.

As the days passed, Charles just isolated himself more and more. He refused to spend nri-le with me and David, and he only worked day and night.

Suddenly, Charles stood up and left.

I frowned and followed him.

He headed to the garden, approached the swing set, and stood there like a statue.

I walked to him and fiddled with the swing's chains.

Then, I pushed the swing even if there was no one on it.

Charles grabbed the chain and held the swing still. "I brought their wedding gift. Will you tell David later?"

I didn't say anything right away.

Charles raised his head and flashed me an icy look that made me shiver. "I want to be alone for a while, Spencer "

I sighed, nodded, and left the garden. •

On my way back to the church, I ran into Vivian who seemed to be headed to the garden. "No. Don't go out there. Let's take a walk someplace else."

Vivian was confused. "Why?"

I took her hand and towed her away without answering her question. "Have you broken up with your boyfriend yet?"

In the past year, Vivian and I had ended our sexual, no-strings-attached relationship. She was in a relationship now, just not with me. 111 `..ino I ogethel Mtn

Vivian withdrew her hand and squinted at me. "Why do you care)" "Maybe we can try being together."

"Nice try, Spencer. I haven't broken up with my boyfriend. In fact, things are going great between us." Vivian chuckled and walked past me.

i wanted to run after her, but somebody stopped me. I turned around and saw the dashing groom, David.

He asked, "Where's Charles?"

"In the garden, moping around," I sighed. "I don't know what to do with him anymore. I fe's so depressed, and I'm not sure if I can be of any help."

David pursed his lips, inhaled, and then exhaled loudly. "I saw his gift. It's the sports car I've always wanted. But..."

I knitted my eyebrows in confusion. David hatided me a card.

It was a gift card. The wedding wishes were brief and to the point. At the bottom were Charles's and Scarlett's names.

My heart ached. I couldn't help cursing, "Charles is such an idiot!"

David ran his fingers through his hair. "They used to love each other so much.

How could he forget? But I heard that Scarlett and William were living together now. Spencer, what should Charles do?"

Charles's POV:

After David's wedding, I went back to Garden Street.

I pushed the door open, half-expecting to find my family inside, but it was still

empty. It had been a year, and even though I hadn't seen Scarlett for that long now, I still felt like she was still around.

I went into the living room and approached our wedding photo on the wall. In the photo, Scarlett was wearing a beautiful white dress and leaning against my chest. On her flawless face was the happiest smile I'd ever seen.

I raised my hand and brushed my fingers on the photo from the hemline of her wedding dress to her lovely smiling face.

"Scarlett... My Scarlett..." Her name was like razor blades through my throat.

The coldness of her photo against my fingers was a reminder that she had abandoned me. I sat on the sofa and stared past the photo that once promised us a bright future.

"Charles..." My mother called from behind, choking with sobs. "Why are you here again? Come home to the Moore mansion with me. Everyone is waiting for you."

I stood up straight but didn't move my eyes. "Are Grandma and Grandpa doing okay?" "Yes. They miss you very much. You haven't come to see them for a while."

I lied, "I've just been working overtime a lot lately. There's so much to be done. I can't come to the mansion today."

Grandma and Grandpa had spent more time with James than I did. They loved my little boy dearly and always said that he was a carbon copy of me.

If I came to see them, I would only remind them of the precious great-grandson that they

James, the bundle of joy that lit up their lives, had lost. I was still alive, but James was gone was never coming back.

"Your work's always your excuse. I know what you're worried about, son, but you can't refuse to see your grandparents because of James forever. They've already lost their great-grandson. Do you want them to lose their grandson, too?" My mother desperately tried to stifle her sobs.

I walked up to her and gave her a hug. "I didn't mean that, Mom. I just don't want them to be sadder than they already are."

"It was all my fault. I didn't take good care of James."

"No, Mom. It wasn't your fault. It was mine. I should've done a better job protecting my wife and my son." My heart cracked and splintered like concrete shaken by an earthquake, but I kept my face neutral.

I put my arm on my mother's shoulder, walked her out of the house, and asked the driver to take her back to the Moore mansion:

As I turned around and walked back into the house, I heard my mother burst into tears. Back in the living room, I stared at our wedding photo once again.

I tried to match Scarlett's smile on the photo, but as I did, tears started streaming down my face.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 290

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 290 She Takes Me As Her Husband

Charles' POV:

when I awoke at the company it was still pretty early in the morning.

While I was sitting alone in my office, my mother's call broke the silence.

"Charles, I still want to talk to Scarlett. You two are a couple. There is no need for you to end up like this, and it was not because of you that James..."

"Don't go." I interrupted her coldly.

"Don't you want to patch up with her? Well, why don't you try to talk to her?"

"Mom, stop talking about it, will you? Listen to me, and don't call Scarlett."

Although my head felt like it was about to explode from the pain, I had to suppress my emotions and persuade my mother.

In the end, she finally gave in and hung up with a heavy sigh.

I tried to ease my pain by massaging my temples, but it did not help. All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door, and Amy walked in.

Before she could say anything, I frowned, and ordered, "Postpone the meeting for twenty minutes."

She seemed to want to say something, but eventually she left quietly.

Later that evening, I went to the Mint Bar. I hadn't been there in a long time.

Spencer poured me a glass of wine in the private room before he shook his head and sighed. "Since you have stopped coming to my bar, I am going to have to think that you've given up drinking."

"I'm too busy with my work." I lowered my head and continued to drink coldly.

"I am going to open a new branch of the bar in Kitsap next week. Would you like to come?" "I'm busy next week. I'm afraid I won't be available."

Spencer nudged me with his elbow, raised his eyebrows at me, and said tentatively, "I also invited William and I asked him to bring a date along. Maybe, you can see Scarlett..."

All of a sudden, a sharp noise filled the room.

I crushed the wine glass until the liquid spilled all over the floor.

"Ah! Charles!" Spencer screamed and prized my fingers from the broken glass.

My brain seemed to be numb. I looked at the glass fragments and scratches in my palm, but I didn't feel any pain. "Fortunately, it's just a few scratches."

Spencer carefully removed the debris. I noticed that my palm wasn't badly injured. He rolled his eyes at me, disinfected the wound, and put a Band-Aid on it. "Can you stop scaring me?"

I'm sorry. I don't think I can attend the Opening of your new bar. If you see Scarlett, then

please don't mention me." I subconsciously clenched my fists as I looked at him seriously. My heart ached at the thought of Scarlett being another man's date. It felt like someone was suffocating me with a plastic bag.

I knew that I had no right to take her back now.

With a complex expression, Spencer turned to me "Okay, I understand."

"Thank you."

He poured me another glass of wine and put it in front of me "What if Scarlett asks for you?" "There's just no way that's gonna happen. I am certain that she won't even mention me." With a bitter smile on my lips, I finished the wine in my glass.

Spencer drank with me in silence, and after a long time, I felt like I was in a trance. I was so drunk that I poured the wine directly on the table.

Spencer took the bottle away from me, put it down aside, and walked me out.

"You've had enough. I don't want to wake up to the news channels talking about how Mr. Moore was suffering from alcoholism in his friend's bar."

I was carried into the car and driven to the Moore mansion.

"Charles, why did you drink so much?" A sweet voice came, tugging at my heart strings. I forced myself to open my eyes and I saw Scarlett.

She was wearing pajamas and her long hair hung loosely over her shoulders. She seemed to be glowing that I found it hard to see her face clearly.

I staggered towards her and held her in my arms. "Scarlett, I miss you so much."

That moment, the phone rang sharply.

I tightened my grip, but when I opened my eyes, I saw that it was not Scarlett in my arms, it was just a blanket.

It was just a dream.

Spencer's POV:

A week later, I invited Vivian to come with me to Kitsap.

The driver started the car and I slowly leaned against the backseat of the car as I closed my eyes to rest.

Vivian turned to me and asked, "Spencer, do you think Scarlett is going to come? I haven't seen her in a long time and I really miss her."

"I have no idea, but Charles seems to believe that she won't be coming." I could not help but sigh.

"What a pity!"

I saw her lowering her head in disappointment when I turned around.

I immediately blurted out, "Actually, William has accepted my invitation. When I reminded him to bring Scarlett with him, he did not say 'no.'"

Vivian looked at me in surprise, but there was a hint of bitterness in her eyes.

"That's f.0

idftulous! Now we can't see Scarlett unless we invite William."

"Yeah, I didn't expect that to be the case, either."

Back then Scarlett and Charles would always be together. They were really sweet and happy. That evening, I invited William to dinner.

He showed up on time, but Scarlett was not with him.

I proposed a toast to him and asked in a curious tone, "Didn't I ask you to bring a date? Why didn't Scarlett come?"

William smiled like a real gentleman. "Scarlett has not been feeling well lately, and that's why she did not want to come."

"Didn't you tell her that I was the one that invited you two?" I frowned, looking at him seriously.

William was calm and let out a faint sigh. "There's something that you don't know. Scarlett has lost her memory."

I was so shocked that I let my wine glass slip from my hand and fall to the floor, shattering it into pieces. I did not come to my senses until someone pulled me back a little to prevent me from stepping on the broken glass.

"Are you 'okay?" Vivian looked at me, and before I could even reply, she turned to William and bombarded him with questions. "How could Scarlett lose her memory? Did she get into an accident? How is she now?"

"She is recovering gradually, but..." William stopped all of a sudden. There seemed to be a hint of embarrassment in his eyes.

"But what? Tell me!" I urged him anxiously.

With a helpless smile, William caressed the ring on his finger. "After Scarlett lost her memory, she mistook me for her... husband." 2

"What the fuck?" I was so shocked that my brain almost could not process what was going on.

Vivian couldn't believe her ears either. She gave a wry smile and asked, "How could that be

possible? Scarlett and Charles haven't divorced yet! I think that you should explain it to her."

"I tried to, but whenever I mentioned Charles' name, she began to scream hysterically. So I did not dare to mention his name again, and nor did I dare to clarify our relationship. I had no choice but to play along as her husband."

Upon hearing that, Vivian asked tentatively, "So, do you two sleep together?" However William just smiled as though she had just asked him a really stupid

question.

His smile infuriated me. I quickly grabbed his collar and said through gritted teeth, "Say something! Do you dare not to answer me?"

William looked down at my hand before he pushed me away with a calm smile.

"Yes, we do

sleep together."

"Oh inv God! How can you do that?" Vivian gasped in horror and covered her mouth in shock.

"But Scarlett has completely forgotten about Charles. In her eyes, I am her husband. She will get suspicious if we don't sleep together." Taking things for granted, William carefully observed our expressions before he continued in a polite tone, "I thought that Charles would be here today, and I was planning to talk to him about it." I

The moment I heard those words, I felt as if my head was going to explode. I felt that it was a good thing that Charles had turned down my invitation. If he was here, he would have certainly killed William by now.

After calming down a little, I looked at William and asked in a cold voice, "You took Rita away, didn't you? How did you deal with her? Is she dead?"

The smile on William's lips finally disappeared, and a strange coldness clouded his eyes. "I'm going to dig Rita's grave soon."

Hearing that, Vivian gasped in shock. "What do you mean? Why do you want to dig her grave?"

"I had asked the doctor to take back my sister's heart from Rita's body."

I could at help but shiver subconsciously as I looked at the man in front of me in disbelief.

"But I recently found that there was something strange about the doctor. I hadn't actually seen him do the surgery at that time, so I am a little worried and I want to confirm it."

Vivian and I fell into silence.

Who would have thought that a gentleman like William could be such a ruthless monster? It was now evident to me that I had underestimated him all along.

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 291

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 291 The Same Ring

Spencer's POV:

i noticed William's little movement. Every time he spoke, he touched the ring on his finger.

I took a closer look, and I was shocked. "William, is that Charles's ring on your finger?" William raised his hand. The ring was exactly the same as Charles's! He smiled and said calmly, "No, it's not. Scarlett keeps asking me why I'm not wearing a wedding ring. I was afraid that she would grow suspicious, so I asked someone to make a wedding band for me."

As my insides froze like a lake in winter, I forced a smile.

Perhaps being gentle and kind was just William's disguise. It was only a way for him to hide how terrible he really was.

Today was supposed to be a day of celebration, but I was no longer in the mood. I could only entertain my guests absentmindedly.

Soon, the guests bid goodbye and left one by one.

After seeing off a group of people, I went back to my seat. Only Vivian, William, and I were left at the table.

William happened to meet my eyes. His smile was sincere; but it made me tremble for some reason. "I've been trying to decide whether or not I should tell you about one thing. After much, much internal debate, I thought that I should let you know. After all, you're Scarlett's friends."

Vivian and I made no response. We just stared at him silently.

William took our silence as an agreement for him to proceed. He stood up and raised his wine glass to us. "I'm honored to be here to help Spencer celebrate the opening of another one of his bars. I also hope that you will bless me. I have recently become a father." 4

I felt like I just plunged headfirst into a pool of ice-cold water.

William drank up his wine while Vivian and I looked at him with wide eyes.

Vivian cleared her throat, but a broken voice still came out. "You... You have a child now?" "Children. They're twins."

"That's why you didn't bring Scarlett..." I murmured.

"Yes. She just gave birth, and she needs some rest." With a dotting look on his face, William suggested, "You can tell Charles about it if you want."

In a fit of rage, I pounded my fist on the table and glared at him. "You bastard! How could you take advantage of Scarlett's perilous state? When she regains her memory, she won't forgive you!"

I picked up my glass and smashed it in front of William.

Broken glasses and wine flew in all directions, but William remained calm and fixed his

gentle gaze on me. He was still smiling like nothing happened.

I was furious, but I couldn't do anything to him. I turned around and started walking away. I just opened a new bar. I didn't want to stain it with some prick's blood.

"Spencer!" Before I could put considerable distance between myself and our table, Vivian grabbed my arm.

I looked back at her and then glared at William once more. "Find some time and arrange a meeting between us and Scarlett."

William nodded with a smile. "Okay. As long as there's a suitable opportunity, I will make it happen."

His composure just made me angrier, but I couldn't vent my rage in my new bar. After William left, I stepped outside and lit a cigarette.

It was drizzling, and only the eaves were there to protect me from the rain. The cool air had helped me calm down, but I was still a bit upset.

Vivian approached me and rubbed my arm. "None of us wanted this to happen. If we only knew, we wouldn't have let Scarlett leave with William a year ago. What are you going to do next? Are you going to tell Charles?"

I shook off Vivian's hand and staggered into the rain. I couldn't help screaming at her, "How am I supposed to tell Charles, Vivian? How? Tell me!"

Vivian frowned and eyed me for a while. Then, she suddenly stepped forward, grabbed my hand, and shoved me into a nearby car.

"Why the hell are you screaming? Do you want the whole world to know?" Vivian scolded me and then softened her tone. "Spencer, this matter is between Charles and William. We'd better stay out of it and don't tell anyone else."

I didn't say anything. I just took a deep drag on my cigarette.

"Will you stop smoking?" Vivian rolled down the window, grabbed my cigarette, and tossed it out.

I was going to snap at her, but before I could, my phone rang. Charles was calling.

Vivian and I exchanged glances.

Well, this was exactly what I needed. After hesitating for a while, I pushed the answer button and held the phone against my ear.

"Hey, Spencer. How was the opening of your new bar?" Charles's voice was as calm and indifferent as usual.

I smiled awkwardly. "It went very well, thanks for asking."

Charles didn't speak after that.

After a moment of silence, I tried my best to speak in a composed manner, but I just tripped all over my words. "Scar... Scarlett didn't sho* up."

Charles gave me a brief reply and then hung up soon after. I put down my phone and heaved a sigh of relief.

Vivian clicked her tongue. "Why are you acting like you're the one who knocked up Scarlett under false pretenses?"

"Because I'm worried about my friend. I can only imagine how the news will affect Charles. If I'm this unnerved about it, then it will definitely destroy him." I was so distressed that I tossed my phone away.

It landed beside Vivian's handbag.

Vivian folded her arms over her chest. "You're going to have to tell him sooner or later. You can't wait for the twins to grow up before telling Charles about them. The longer you keep him in the dark, the more devastated he's going to be when he finds out."

Imagining how Charles would react, I felt like some huge invisible hand was squeezing the air out of my lungs.

Suddenly, my phone rang again. I took away Vivian's bag and fumbled for it. To my surprise, it wasn't mine. Her phone, which was the one that was ringing, fell out of her purse. I caught a glimpse of the caller ID. Steven was calling.

"Oh, it's my boyfriend." Vivian reached for her phone.

Before she could get it, I snatched it away, pressed the answer button, and put the call on speaker. A strange male voice came at once, "Hi, honey."

Vivian glared at me.

I took the phone, held it in front of my face, and leaned back. I opened my mouth as if I was going to say something.

Vivian immediately careened in and covered my mouth with her hand. Then, she smiled and said to Steven, "Hi, babe. I'm so glad you called. Missing me?"

"All the time. I'm done with work. I can come to Kitsap tomorrow to see you."

"Really? Oh, that's great! I can't wait!" Vivian said happily.

I flashed her a resentful look. She turned her face away, said a few more words to Steven, and then ended the call.

I pulled a long face. "Are you going on a date tomorrow?"

Vivian didn't even look at me. She grabbed her phone back and stuffed it into her bag. "Yes, which means I have to buy a new dress. I want to be all dolled up for Steven."

I leaned close to her and grabbed her wrist. "Don't go."

"We're not having sex anymore, Spencer. You can no longer tell me what to do and what not to do." Vivian shook off my hand.

I was stunned. I could only stare at her quietly.

Vivian pushed me away, sat properly, and changed the subject. "I have a hunch. If Scarlett

really lost her memory, then William must've lied to her. She never would've taken William

willingly as her husband. William must've told Scarlett that they've always been a couple, and then he got her pregnant with twins." I

My heart sank. It was possible, and it was more terrible than what William was letting on. I wouldn't have believed something like that in the past, but after sensing William's sinister side today, it was the only thing now that made sense. I frowned and thought for a while. Then, I said, "There is another possibility. Scarlett hasn't lost her memory. William just won't let her get in touch with us." 2 Vivian's eyes gradually widened as the horror of the idea sank in. "Yes, that works, too. And if that's the case, then Charles should know as soon as possible. We need to find a way for him and William to meet."

I hesitated for a second and then picked up my phone. I was about to call Charles when Vivian pushed the door open.

I grabbed her hand.

She pulled away, but I held on tighter. "Spencer, if you ever touch me again, I will tell my boyfriend and have him beat you to a pulp."

I refused to let go.

As I stroked her soft skin, I warned her, "Don't provoke me, Vivian. I know you still like me."

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 292

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 292 You Are Too Young To Play Games With Me

Spencer's POV:

Vivian was stunned for a moment. Then, she shut the door, leaned toward me, and looked into my eyes. "Spencer, do you not take me seriously because you're sure that I have feelings for you?"

Her eyes glinted with affection, which made it difficult for me to maintain a neutral expression. I loosened my grip on her and leaned back.

I cleared my throat, hoping that she wouldn't see through the cool facade I was trying to keep up. "Please help me come up with a plan to get Charles here."

"You and Charles have been friends for so long. If anybody can get him here, it's you," Vivian replied, opened the door, and got out.

It was still raining outside. When I was about to get out of the car and catch up with her, she had already rushed into the bar and made a gesture of contempt at me.

I couldn't help laughing and mumbling, "So childish."

A beeping phone stopped me before I could venture out into the rain, but it wasn't mine.

I looked around and found Vivian's phone wedged between my leg and the seat. She must've dropped it on her way out. There was a new message from Steven.

I picked up the phone and stared at the message notification, jealousy gnawing at my insides like a hungry rat.

Damn it!

I wanted to block Steven from Vivian's phone, but her phone was locked and I didn't know how to unlock it.

"Spencer? What are you doing? Give me back my phone," Vivian called from outside the car. I got out of the car and walked over to her.

She tried to share her umbrella with me, but the rain just pounded us both ruthlessly.

"Wow. Can't you hold an umbrella properly?" I teased and took the umbrella from

her. I put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to my body. Vivian looked up at me but didn't say anything. The moment we were out of the rain and under the bar's eaves, she shook off my arm. She

didn't look angry. She just looked like an annoyed spoiled brat. "You didn't need to hug me

like that, you know? And I'm not single anymore, okay? What, do you want to be the other guy?"

She asked the question loudly enough to embarrass me in front of whoever was within earshot. "Vivian!"

Vivian was not afraid of me at all. She just rolled her eyes at me and walked into the bar.

I folded the umbrella and left it at the door I followed her and asked . don't you want your phone?

Vivian stopped immediately, faced me, and extended her hand.

I took out her phone and handed it to her, but when she was about to yet it, I quickly withdrew my hand.

Vivian knitted her brows. I smiled wickedly. "I won't give it to you "

"Spencer! You are so childish!" Vivian pounced on Me and began trying to get her phone back by force. "Give me back my phone! What if my boyfriend calls? I need to ho' Alp to answer him!"

Heaning this, I gritted my teeth and put Vivian's phone further away from her reach. I strode back to my room with Vivian on my heels.

When I was about to close the door, she stuck her hand through the crack and grabbed my sleeve.

Worried that I might hurt her, I let go of the door and let her squeeze in. I grinned at her, hoping it was enough to hide the crippling jealousy that I was feeling.

"Weren't you afraid of hurting your hand? Is your boyfriend really that important?"

"It's none of your damn business!" Vivian raised her chin, reached out her hand, and aggressively tried to grab her phone from me.

I stepped back quickly, but I slipped and fell on the bed. Before I could regain footing, Vivian hurled herself at me, straddled my hips, and tried to get her phone.

I stretched out my arm far above my head to keep her from reaching it. After a few moments, Vivian started panting. She was starting to wear herself out.

"Spencer!" she growled and stared at me.

The next moment, our gazes met. I saw surprise in Vivian's eyes. Then, I felt the annoyance and anger drain away from her slowly.

I sat up, and Vivian adjusted her position to get on my thighs. We were close enough to share breath, and the sweet smell of her hair tingled my senses and caused my heart to break into a full gallop.

Color blossomed in Vivian's cheeks as I tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

I refused to make another move. I was scared to death to wake up and find that it was only a dream.

Finally, Vivian leaned in and kissed me.

When our lips touched, the fragrance of her body engulfed me.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and went deeper and deeper, stripping me of any sort of control over my body and my thoughts.

Gradually, her kiss moved along my jawline and then to my ear. She gently nibbled on my earlobe, and I almost went insane with ecstasy.

As I immersed myself in the incredible feeling, I heard in that sexy voice that could make me do anything. "Hold me, Spencer"

I wrapped an arm around her waist and held the back of her head with my free hand. I kissed her back with equal hunger and passion, and I enjoyed every moan she made against my mouth. I traced her lower lip with my tongue and then stirred it hard.

And then suddenly, Vivian stopped and made a small sound that resonated to me as a sob. She pushed me away and jumped off the bed.

I followed her with my eyes as I tried to catch my breath.

Her face was red, and her eyes were watery. She looked as if she had just been betrayed, which only made my desire grow stronger.

Vivian smiled slyly and waved at me with her phone in her hand. I honestly couldn't remember when she was able to get her phone back. "You are too young to play games with me"

I stood up and approached her. "What are you talking about?"

Vivian ran to the door before I could reach her, her face full of undisguised mockery. "Talking about your laughable tendency to fall into the honey trap. God, you're so easy. Bye."

Then, she shut the door and left.

Realizing what just happened, I sat back on the bed and buried my face in my hands.

I thought we were finally acknowledging our feelings for each other, but as it turned out, Vivian just wanted her phone back. But I could swear that while we were kissing, I felt something there. But if she still had feelings for me, how could she fall for someone else?

I tossed and turned in bed all night.

The next morning, I knocked on Vivian's door, only to find that she wasn't in the room at all. I took out my phone and called her. After waiting for a long time, the line was finally connected and Vivian's voice came through. "Spencer? What's the matter?"

"Where are you?"

"I'm out shopping with my boyfriend. Talk to you later," Vivian said sweetly and then hung up.

I held my phone tightly until my knuckles turned white and my palm trembled.

"Vivian." Bitterness was starting to fray the last of my sanity.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I was overjoyed, but when I saw Charles's name on the screen, I felt like a balloon that just got popped with a needle.

"Hey, Spencer. When are you coming back?"

I tried to hide my disappointment, but I couldn't help sighing. "Maybe a week from now."

"What's wrong? You sound unhappy," Charles asked with concern, which startled me a little. He rarely showed that he cared about others.

Setting aside my issues with Vivian and thinking about what was best for Charles, I closed

my eyes and said as evenly as I could, "Charles, you need to come to Kitsap. You have to meet William."