Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 253

Chapter 253 Scarlett's POV:

He was such a fool!

I was so touched, I let go of my suitcase and dashed back to Charles, jumping into his arms. I wrapped my legs around Charles's waist and put my hands around his neck, like a joyful and clingy koala.

Charles was taken aback by my unexpected reaction, but he hugged me tightly all the same.

"Scarlett... I thought you wouldn't look back at me."

Even if I didn't look back, I could sense that Charles had yet to leave.

For some odd reason, I felt like he was holding his sincere heart in his hands for me to look at, for fear that I couldn't see or touch it.

"I'll be back soon. I promise! Don't think too much, okay?"

I lowered my head, and gave Charles a soft, sweet peck on the lips.

Charles nodded silently, but it was obvious that he wasn't satisfied with the kiss. His lips reached mine again, taking my breath away. It was full of passion and affection, and he was completely ignoring the gazes of the people around us.

"Charles..." I mumbled, patting him lightly on the chest to stop him. My cheeks were burning in shame and embarrassment.

Charles stopped kissing me, though very reluctantly. "Take care of yourself. I'll be fine. Don't you remember? I promised you, didn't I? My life is yours."

I nodded, and then separated myself from Charles.

"I didn't expect Scarlett to have such a side..."

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore are truly a perfect match!"

My colleagues' discussion reached my ears, further fueling my embarrassment. I couldn't imagine how Charles could get used to showing off his love in public.

I could only pretend to be calm and put on a composed front, as if I wasn't their topic of discussion.

Right after I got on the plane, I received a message from Vivian.

She had sent me a photo.

I clicked it open, and was greeted with the image a good-looking young lady. Her smile was sweet, and there was a hint of innocence in her pretty eyes.

"She's the new blind date I arranged for Spencer. What do you think?"

How on earth was Vivian able to continue looking for a girlfriend for Spencer?

The woman she found this time was indeed very beautiful, but I didn't think she would fit Spencer's preferences.

In other words... Even if a goddess was to appear before Spencer, he still wouldn't bat an eye.

All for the simple reason that he already had Vivian firmly in his heart.

I replied and typed, "I thought you already conquered Spencer."

Vivian replied immediately without hesitation, "I was just teasing him."

If I said the same thing to Spencer, he might give the same answer.

I let out a long, painful sigh. The two of them were a perfect match, especially when it came to their stubbornness.

Vivian's POV:

A rhythmic knock on the door grabbed my attention.

"May I come in?"

I knew it was Spencer. But before I could answer, he pushed the door open without waiting for my reply and waltzed in.

"Why did you bother knocking on the door? You didn't get my permission before you came in, did you?" I was displeased.

"Well, you didn't get my permission before you looked for a girlfriend for me," Spencer retorted confidently.

"What kind of girl is it this time?" Despite his question, there was no trace of curiosity on his face. He seemed to have accepted his fate, however much he resented it.

Come on, dating young women was a great thing! Why did he have to look as if he was facing a severe punishment?

"She's a lovely young lady." I took out my phone, wanting to show Spencer the photo of the new blind date.

"Lovely? A young lady?" Spencer whined, face scrunched with discontent. "Eugh! What kind of monster did you find for me? Those aren't words that should be used together at all!"

His loud voice annoyed me. I just wanted to take back my phone so he would shut up.

Just then, a message came in, distracting me.

Spencer's eyes lit up and he stared at the incoming message.

"Hey! What are you looking at? That's my privacy!"

Immediately, I hid my phone behind me, away from his prying eyes.

Spencer chased me closely and went behind me. "You showed it to me yourself! I still haven't seen the kind of monster you found for me!"

"Didn't you say you wouldn't look at her?"

"Well, I want to see her now!"

Despite my protests, Spencer tried to take my phone away, as if he was playing with me. I tried to avoid him, but failed to hold the phone properly. It slipped out of my hand and fell to the floor.

Fortunately, I was nimble enough to squat down before him and swiftly picked it up. Spencer was a tad slower, even as he reached out his hand towards me.

In a flash, I got my phone back.

And then, a strange feeling throbbed at my chest. I looked down, and saw that Spencer's hand was groping my chest.

It was so embarrassing, time suddenly froze for both of us. The two of us were stunned silly, too shocked to react.

I tried to diffuse the awkwardness and said jokingly, "Hey, haven't you had enough?"

Spencer loosened his grip immediately, looking as if he had just woken up from a dream.

"Do you also act this way to your blind dates?" I teased again.

"Stop blabbering rubbish, Vivian." Unexpectedly, Spencer didn't smile at all. "You're different from them."

What did he mean I was different? Was I actually special to him? My heart started racing.

But what followed were actually his cold words. "You are my doctor."

My heart quickly sank at this.

"Well then, dear boss. May I ask for half a day's leave?" I sat on the sofa and rubbed my chest, pretending to be uncomfortable. "Doctors can't diagnose themselves. I think I need to see a doctor, myself."

"Huh? Where do you feel uncomfortable?" Spencer asked, worry lacing his tone. He hurried to me and was by my side in seconds.

"Here." I pointed at my heart. "It hurts because you've hit me."

Spencer's cheeks flushed red.

"What's wrong with your face?" I pretended to act surprised and said, "You see, Spencer, I know someone who's fallen in love. The thing is, he's too shy and is unwilling to admit it."

"It's just because my leg hurts!" Spencer quickly turned his head away and refused to look at me.

His leg...?

"Does it hurt a lot? Let me have a look." I knelt, intending to roll up Spencer's trousers to inspect his leg.

However, Spencer stopped me.

I saw the mischievous smile on his face, and immediately realized that I was tricked.

But his smile soon vanished. He held my chin and asked in a low voice, "Why are you so worried about me? Why did you kneel down to check on my leg as soon as I told you it hurts? Have you forgiven me, Vivian...?"

At this, my face darkened.

I knew that Spencer was referring to that morning. However, I also understood that I had no right to blame him. It was true that I didn't deserve him the slightest.

I walked up to Spencer with a sweet smile, and placed my arms around his neck.

"Spencer... A poor woman doesn't deserve to be your wife, but I think it's okay for her to sleep with you, isn't it?"

Spencer frowned immediately. "Why are you talking like this again?!"

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Chapter 254 - Spencer's POV:

Vivian was staring at me with fiery eyes. Her enthusiasm and frankness were like flames, trying to engulf me and it was intimidated.

Suddenly, she sat on my lap and pressed me down.

A gust of fragrant wind wafted into my nose as she kissed me on the lips out of the blue.

I wasn't sure why, but my brain suddenly went overload. It had almost been paralyzed when Vivian sat on me, and now, my brain was completely malfunctioning.

I stared at her face, which was inches away from mine. I felt as though a fire had been ignited in my heart, and my whole body was burning.

For some reason, I was eager to touch her.

However, a sudden knock on the door sobered me up.

"Sir, Miss Nicole is here to see you," said a voice from outside.

Vivian stopped kissing me. She was gasping for air. Her eyes were misty, and her fair face had turned red. There was something strange about her that made my heart beat faster.

Vivian stood up and flashed me a smile. "You should go meet your date, Spencer."

I was so annoyed that I broke into laughter. Vivian was truly a bewitching woman. A few moments ago, she was kissing me as though it would cure cancer, and now she was passing me over to another woman.

We stared at each other for a few more seconds before Vivian finally opened the door and left.

My mind was in shambles at this point. I didn't go downstairs until the waiter reminded me again that Nicole was waiting for me.

I sat down in front of the stranger named, Nicole. She was smiling while she was talking to me, but I couldn't bring myself to listen to her at all. Until now, Vivian's seductive moans were still resonating in my ears.

Distracted by thoughts of Vivian, I looked around in search of her. A few seconds later, she appeared in my sight.

She was leaning against the bar counter nearby, wearing a crop top and sexy shorts. Her exposed long legs and slender waist made me want to hide her. I wanted to hide her even more when I saw how every man within her vicinity were leering at her.

Infuriated by this, I clenched my fists.

Vivian seemed to have noticed my gaze. She picked up a glass of cocktail, and raised it towards me from afar. She then winked at me and smiled provocatively.

I snorted.

"Um... Spencer? Did I say something wrong?" said Nicole nervously as she sat in front of me.

I turned my gaze towards her and saw that she was looking at me, seemingly bewildered. If Vivian was a cunning, seductive vixen, Nicole was like a meek rabbit.

After casting Vivian a glance as she watched my blind date, I smirked and reached for Nicole's hand. "Can you give me your hand?"

After a moment of hesitation, Nicole put her hand in my palm. "Sure, but what's wrong with my hand?" she asked.

I deliberately made sure that my voice was loud enough for other people to hear. "Your hands are so soft. You know, I like it when girls' hands are soft."

"That's very nice of you to say that, Spencer! You're also my type." Nicole smiled at me, gazing into my eyes affectionately.

I let go of her hand with a wry smile, and changed the topic. "How about we go upstairs to have a drink? It's too noisy down here," I suggested.

"Sounds like a plan!" Nicole readily agreed and stood up, carrying her purse.

Then, I took her upstairs into a private room.

Not a minute later, I walked out of the private room and looked downstairs. There, I saw that Vivian was happily chatting with some of the other customers.

Annoyed, I glowered and went downstairs, immediately pulling her out of the crowd.

Vivian was shocked that I appeared. "Spencer? Is your date with Nicole over?" she asked.

"No." My face was grim, and the way I spoke was even worse. "The date has just begun. Miss Nicole and I are going out for lunch, and we might have dinner outside, too."

I observed Vivian's reaction, but she looked away and didn't respond.

"Let's go, Spencer," said Nicole.

Vivian looked at her with a complicated expression. I couldn't seem to read Vivian's mind.

However, I didn't hesitate to walk up to Nicole and whisper to her, "Do you mind going out first? I just have to deal with something troublesome."

"No problem." Nicole flashed me a gentle smile before she went on her way.

The moment I turned around, I happened to meet Vivian's gaze. I walked back to her, and raised her chin to confront her. "You seem upset about the fact that I'm going out with Nicole," I said to her.

"Oh, I'm actually happy. Very happy, in fact." Vivian took a step back, avoiding my hand. The smile on her face seemed stiff. "I hope you have a good time with her."

Having said that, she turned around and left without hesitation. I didn't even get a chance to respond.

I just watched as she walked away, and made sure that she went upstairs. Afterwards, I walked out of the bar.

There, I saw Nicole standing quietly by the door with her purse in hand. She was indeed beautiful, but she wasn't my muse.

"Nicole." I approached her, and apologized for the delay. "Sorry, but I don't think we can go out for lunch. The problem I encountered isn't as easy as I thought it was. Can we reschedule this date for another day?" I asked.

"Um, okay! Do what you have to. I'm sure it's important." Nicole took a step forward, gazing into my eyes intently. "I really hope that we can go out on another date. I really like you, Spencer."

Subconsciously, I backed away and chuckled awkwardly. "Sorry about rescheduling on you."

"Then make it up to me," said Nicole. She took out her phone, looking at me ex

pectantly. "It's not too much for us to exchange contact details, right?"

I didn't refuse her request, but I didn't tell Nicole my phone number. Instead, we just added each other on Facebook.

After she left, I looked at the door of the bar, but I was hesitant to go in. I knew that Vivian would mock me for failing the blind date again, and she'd probably introduce me to another girl.

Honestly, this whole thing was starting to give me a migraine.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Charles. "David and I are at a new bar. Do you want to come over and investigate the competitor?" he said.

I asked for the address at once. If I could avoid seeing Vivian for the time being, I would happily go anywhere.

Soon, I arrived at Chronic Bar.

Upon entering the private room, I saw several empty bottles in front of Charles and David.

I raised my eyebrows and sat beside them. "What the hell are you two doing? Why are you goons drinking at noon?"

"Well, Scarlett is on a business trip to France." Charles sighed.

It turned out that his wife wasn't home.

"Charles, we're good friends. Can you please stop bumming us out?" David put down his glass with great strength. The sound of the glass landing on the table was harsh. He pursed his lips, seemingly in pain.

"By the way, David, is Icey still staying at your house?" I asked. I thought that things were getting interesting.

"Stop making fun of me, asshole. Have you gotten Vivian yet?"

I pursed my lips and said, "She's the one taking the move."

"Huh? What does that even mean?" David asked curiously.

I didn't know what to say.

Naturally, I couldn't tell him that Vivian had kissed me first.

I just gave him a vague answer, so that we could move on to a new topic. Fortunately, David didn't probe any further.

After eating lunch, we parted.

I called a chauffeur to take me back to Mint Bar.

Just before I could get off the car, I saw Vivian's car passing by. There was a man sitting on the passenger seat.

"Wait!" I immediately stopped the chauffeur from leaving and asked him to follow Vivian's car.

The chauffeur looked at me in surprise as his eyes lit up. "Sir, was that you wife? Is she cheating on you?" he asked.

I shot him a stern glare.

My daunting gaze was enough to silence him, and then he started the car.

We followed Vivian's car to a mall, and stopped at a respectable distance away from her. She, wearing a very elegant dress, opened the door of her car and got off. Then, she walked into the mall side by side with that man.

The chauffeur looked back at me vigilantly. "Are you planning to follow them, sir?"

"No, I'll wait here."

I wore a long face, staring at the gate of the shopping mall. A few moments later, Vivian and her companion came out and drove away.

I told the chauffeur to follow them again. I gnashed my teeth as I watched Vivian go shopping, play golf, and finally dine at a western restaurant with that man.

'Isn't this the script that I planned to piss her off with today?'

I clutched my chest and took a deep breath. However, my anger was becoming more and more intense.

"Wait for me here," I said to the driver. Then, I got off the car and strode into the western restaurant.

However, I didn't confront them right away. Instead, I sat at a table where I had a clear view of them.

After a while, Vivian stood up and went to the bathroom. I followed her and waited at the door.

Soon, she came out of the bathroom.

I grabbed her hand and led her into the staircase by the side.

The heavy iron door was closed behind us.

"What are you doing here, Spencer?"

"I should ask you the same question." I was practically snarling at her as I approached her step by step. "Who the hell is that man?"

Vivian looked into my eyes and replied, "He's my blind date. Like you, he's also from a rich family. His name is Lee. So, what do you think about him? Is he a good fit for me?"

"Are you kidding me? You're on a blind date?" I was so angry that I gritted my teeth. "Who introduced him to you?"

Vivian paid no mind to my anger and just shrugged at me indifferently. "Excuse me, but does it have anything to do with you?" she asked.

"It has everything to do with me!" I roared.

"Aren't you happy with Nicole? Don't you have any plans of developing a relationship with her? You're here to have dinner with her, right? Well, what a coincidence! We brought our blind dates to the same restaurant." Vivian was smiling frivolously. She was obviously testing my patience.

To suppress my anger, I clenched my fists.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Did I hit the nail on the head?" Vivian chuckled as she suddenly took a step forward. Her red lips were merely inches away from mine. The warmth of her breath was tempting every fiber of my being. "Or did you leave Nicole behind just to follow me in secret?" she asked.

I averted my gaze from her with difficulty. "Don't try to change the subject. You haven't answered my question. Who introduced that blind date to you?"

I tried my best to hold my anger, but at this point, my rationality was on the brink of collapse. I couldn't understand why Vivian had such a huge influence on me. She could easily affect my emotions, and render me unable to extricate myself.

"Answer me first." Vivian was looking into my eyes with such confidence.

I glowered and tried to squeeze out some words through my gritted teeth. "Don't play with fire, Vivian."

Vivian winked at me and didn't respond. She just leaned over and wrapped her arms around my waist.