## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 255

#### **Chapter 255 Spencer's POV:**

As I held Vivian's soft body in my arms, I fell into a momentary trance. However, her confidence irritated me and quickly yanked me out of my daze.

I took her hands into mine, and then pushed her away gently. "Don't do that. I'm not suitable for you."

The smile on her face vanished in an instant, replaced with a frown. Discontent, she hissed, "Then why the hell did you come to me?"

"I just don't want you to get hurt, Vivian. If you're happy with that man, I promise I won't interfere. I just want you to think things over." I dared not look into her eyes, too nervous to meet her gaze. Having said what I needed to, I spun on my heel and left immediately.

Passing the hallway, I caught a glimpse of the man's face. 'So this is Vivian's type?' I thought to myself gloomily.

Frustrated, I clenched my fists silently and hurried back to my car. I told the driver to send me back to the bar.

On the way, my phone rang. Scarlett's name popped up on the screen.

"Hey, Scarlett. Aren't you on a business trip?"

"Vivian called me just now. She said she's drinking alone at the seaside. She sounded really weird... Is it convenient for you to check on her now, Spencer? I'm really worried about her."

My heart skipped a beat. Anxious, I quickly asked Scarlett for the specific address and demanded the driver to send me there as soon as humanely possible. Worry chewed on my heart, sending me into panic.

Along the way, I kept calling Vivian. To my dismay, she didn't answer at all.

So anxious I was, a second seemed like a century.

After a long and excruciating wait, the car arrived at the destination.

Through the window, I noticed Vivian's car parked at the roadside.

She was really here!

Before the car could even stop properly, I unlocked the door and jumped off without hesitation. I didn't bother to care about the consequences.

Seeing this, the driver shouted in panic behind me.

I couldn't care less and didn't respond to him. My eyes swept around the place, hunting for Vivian. I paced every nook and cranny, calling her name desperately.

Finally, from a distance, I spotted a familiar figure. Vivian was there! She staggered towards me with a bottle of wine in hand.

I ran to her immediately, worried. "Vivian! Where have you been?"

Vivian squinted and stared at me for a long time, unspeaking. All of a sudden, she shook off my hand and pushed me away. "Don't touch me, Spencer. I'm not suitable for you!"

She was telling me the very same words I had said to her earlier...

My heart ached, and I understood her feelings.

Vivian staggered a few steps ahead before collapsing on the beach, going limp. The wine bottle rolled out of her hand.

Alarmed, I hurried forward and picked her up. It was then that I saw her eyes were closed shut.

I soon found Vivian's car key, so I opened the door and gently put her on the back seat. But the moment I got up to leave, she grabbed my collar and held me in place.

"Stay with me," she whispered in a pleading tone. I didn't know why, but I heeded her request and sat in the car with her.

Vivian leaned on my shoulder, and her erratic breathing gradually became steady.

Very soon, she was fast asleep.

I watched her sleeping face silently, until a strange light caught my eyes.

Raising my head curiously, I realized that it had come from Vivian's phone. A new message had appeared on the locked screen, but I could not see the specific content.

Strangely enough, a strong sense of uneasiness suddenly washed over me. Many questions ran through my head.

It was already so late. Who was texting Vivian at such an hour?

Was it the man she dated tonight? Was he interested in Vivian? More importantly, would Vivian accept him...?

"Spencer..." My train of thoughts died away when I heard Vivian's sleep talking.

I looked down at her, but her eyes were still closed.

She was the one who said that she wanted to sleep with me. So why did she go on a blind date with another man?

Recalling the hasty kiss and the intimate gasps earlier, my heart beat faster and faster. Every single thing was puzzling. I couldn't make heads or tails out of it. What on earth were my feelings for Vivian? How did I really feel about her...?

The alcohol kicked in, turning me drowsy. My eyelids grew heavy as a strong urge to sleep washed over me.

Without realizing it, I passed out. I didn't know how long I was unconscious, until I felt a movement next to me.

Immediately, I jerked awake and subconsciously tightened my arm.

Vivian fell into my arms and directed a ferocious glare at me, warning me.

Faced with her sharp eyes, I let go of her right away.

"Why are you here...?" Vivian studied me, confused as to why I was next to her.

I rubbed my shoulder, numbed from her leaning on it for a long time, and threw her a sulky look. "My arm's numb, all because of you."

Just then, there was another sound from Vivian's phone. She picked it up and showed the screen to me. It was a short text.

"I was actually prepared to be rejected before I confessed my love for you. I said it because I didn't want to regret later on. I hope you don't feel any pressure. We can still be friends. Harris."

Wait, so the guy was Harris? How dare Emily's lackey fancy Vivian?!

I snorted, derisive.

"Why are you snorting?" Vivian smiled at me, helpless.

"Hah! That Harris is so shameless. He made a scene and troubled you in the bar. How could you be friends with him?!" I was feeling uncomfortable all over. I quickly opened the door, about to leave.

However, I wasn't able to move as something grabbed my arm. Frowning, I turned around. Vivian quickly leaned over and kissed me hard on the lips before I could react. "Stop making excuses. You're just jealous!"

Ugh... Damn it! When she saw that I wasn't replying, she crashed her lips against mine for another kiss.

Scarlett's POV:

As soon as I got off the plane, Charles called me.

"Did you see the person who came to pick you up?"

Surprised, I looked up. Sure enough, I could see someone raising a huge sign with my name on it at the exit.

"Yes, I did. You're so considerate." I spoke with Charles for a while more, smiling happily. After that, I hung up and joined my colleagues.

We got into our designated ride and left the airport.

When I arrived at DK Hotel, a well-dressed man opened the door for me.

"Mrs. Moore, I'm the manager of DK Hotel. Please allow me to walk you to your room." The manager took the luggage from the driver and led us inside politely.

To my surprise, we were taken to a presidential suite.

This was obviously not the kind of room the TV station would book for us!

"Excuse me... Are you sure this is my room?" I turned to the manager, confused and uncertain.

The manager nodded. "Yes. Mr. Moore arranged this for you. By the way, your colleagues' rooms are just next door."

I smiled and thanked the manager politely, and then closed the door.

Once inside and alone, I whipped out my phone and sent a message to Charles. "Charles, how many more things have you done for me without telling me?"

Charles's reply came in an instant. His words were cryptic, however. "Surprises are everywhere."

Just as he texted this, there was a knock on the door. My colleague was calling for me. "Scarlett, are you free? There's something I'm not sure about the script. I'd like to go through it with you, if that's alright."

I put down my phone and started my work.

It was a long time until I was finally done. I looked at the window, and saw that it had gone completely dark outside.

Just as promised, Charles did a video call.

I didn't answer it until I returned to my bedroom.

As I switched on my phone and replied to his call, his figure came into my sight. To my surprise, he was in the midst of getting dressed and was slowly buttoning his shirt. Under the open collar lay his solid muscles, the sight making my face burn with admiration and embarrassment.

Charles raised his head, grinning knowingly. "Do I look good, Scarlett?"

I tried to push down my embarrassment and put on a cool front. I said nonchalantly, "I guess your figure's not bad."

Charles raised his eyebrows in reply, and undid one of his buttons with a teasing gesture. "Not bad? Just that? Well then, how about I take my clothes off and show it to you?"

"No. No, no, no. No need!" My heart beat faster and faster at his flirty suggestion. It was getting harder and harder to keep calm. Facing the naughty Charles, I had no choice but to change the topic. "So, um, did you sleep with James last night?"

Charles nodded. He reached for his tie and began to put it on. "I go home on time every night, just to have dinner and sleep with our beloved son. I didn't do anything improper outside when you're not at home, too."

He sounded as if he was giving me a report, which made me chuckle. "Well done! I'll give you a reward when I return."

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 256

#### **Chapter 256 Scarlett's POV:**

I yawned.

"It's late now. Why don't you take a shower and go to bed?" A shadow of a smile appeared on Charles's handsome face, his eyes turning sharp.

"Okay. Goodbye now." I beamed and poked his face on the screen. "All right then. Let's hang up the video call."

But Charles remained on the line.

I raised my eyebrows at him. "What? Do you want to watch me take a shower?"

"That's an incredibly tempting offer."

"Oh, you wish!" I glared at him and, from his background, found that he was still out and about. "Go back to work."

"Don't stay up late, okay? Good night." After saying that, Charles's face gradually enlarged on the screen, and then the screen went dark. He planted a kiss on the camera, and I could not help grinning.

"Good night."

After hanging up our video call, I picked up my clothes and went to the bathroom. Then, my phone beeped. It was a message from Charles.

"I miss you so much," his text read.

I slept soundly the entire night.

Charles insisted that Richard accompanied me to my business trip to France. He told me that he was worried about my safety, and I did not want to fight him about it, so I just agreed.

"Scarlett, do you want to have meals with your colleagues or have a table of your own?" Tracy asked.

I thought for a while and smiled. "I want to eat with my colleagues. But I think I'm going to attract too much attention if I bring all you three with me. You accompany me, Tracy."

Janet frowned. "But what about me? I want to accompany you, too."

"Well, you can go with Richard and find a table of your own, someplace near ours. That way, you can still keep an eye on me. Besides, Tracy likes one of my colleagues. I would like to introduce them." I turned around to look at Tracy who flashed me a confused look. I took her hand and pulled her aside.

Tracy whispered in my ear. "Scarlett, I don't remember liking one of your colleagues. Care to fill me in on what's happening?"

"Just go with it. I'll explain later." I winked at her.

I wanted Tracy to accompany me because I had noticed some subtle tension between Janet and Richard. I wanted them to spend some time alone together.

Charles's POV:

When I woke up in the morning, the first thing I saw was Scarlett's good morning text. I let it fill my heart with so much joy that I started smiling like a daydreaming idiot.

When I arrived at the office, everyone stared at me like they were witnessing a miracle. I did not care. All I knew was that I was ecstatic.

Amy immediately followed me the moment I entered my office. "Sir, Rita has been waiting for you downstairs. She wants to see you."

When I heard Rita's name, the happy smile on my face died. "Tell her to go home. I'm busy."

Amy nodded and hurriedly left.

I stood in front of the big French windows in my office, picked up my phone, and called Roy. "How's it going?"

Roy cleared his throat. "I've found a loop

hole in the Lively Group for Lily's people. They're taking action. It won't be long before the Lively Group is destroyed."

"Time is of the essence. Make something happen and speed things up. I want this problem taken care of as soon as possible, do you understand?"

"Yes. sir."

When it was time to get off work, I left the company building and climbed into my car. It had been a long day. I leaned on the backseat and closed my eyes for a bit.

Then, the car suddenly screeched to a halt in the middle of the road.

I opened my eyes and frowned. My driver looked at me through the rearview mirror. He appeared as startled as I was. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Moore. Someone just stopped us."

I looked out and saw a car in front of us, which Rita got out of. She started walking toward us.

She rapped on my window.

I ignored her and looked at my driver. "Ram her car out of our way."

My driver swallowed audibly. "But, sir, it's in the middle of the road. Innocent people might get hurt if we..."

"Then have her car towed away. Right now!"

Rita was still knocking on my window.

I sighed, rolled my window down, and met her eyes with a cold stare. "What do you want?" I snapped.

Rita braced her hands on my rolled-down window and looked at me pitifully. "I'm sorry. You left me no choice. You wouldn't talk to me in your office. I'm begging you, Charles. Please save my company. I can't let the Lively Group go bankrupt in my hands."

I looked away and kept my face neutral.

"Only you can help me now. I promise I won't tell Scarlett about it."

I whipped my head toward her again when she mentioned Scarlett's name. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I know you're only refusing to help me because you're worried that Scarlett will find out. You're afraid that us talking is going to affect your relationship. But don't worry. I won't let her know."

"How do you know that Scarlett is not in the city?" I watched Rita carefully. The moment our eyes met, she shivered.

For a moment, she did not know what to say. Then, tears started welling up in her eyes. I could tell that she was going to play the victim again. "You don't have to be so mean to me, Charles."

I shook my head and started rolling up my window.

"Wait!" Rita cried out.

Her fingers were still gripping the glass.

I watched her sad, anxious face through the crack. "What do I have to do to make you help me? Please tell me. I'll do anything."

I lowered the window again a little and said coldly, "Get your hands out of the way, Rita. If you hurt yourself, I won't take responsibility."

As a tear rolled down her cheek, Rita withdrew her hands.

A few moments later, the tow truck arrived to get her car out of our way.

"Let's go."

My driver gunned the engine.

"No! Don't let them tow my car! Charles! Please! How can you be so heartless to me? Charles..." I stared ahead and let the wind behind us drown out Rita's pleas.