Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 267

Chapter 267 Charles' POV:

Scarlett frowned as she stared at me.

Her bright, beautiful eyes bewitched me. And it rendered me unable to resist the urge to lean close to her.

Scarlett seemed a little nervous. To my surprise, she closed her eyes and pecked me on the lips.

I was stunned by her initiative.

After taking a step back, she stared me with coquettish eyes. "Let's go back to the mansion tonight, okay?"

"Sure." I licked my lips, feeling unsatisfied.

Then, I locked my eyes on Scarlett.

Confused, she asked, "What ...?"

Before she could finish speaking, I held the back of her head, bent over, and kissed her. Then, I jammed my tongue into her mouth and gave her a French kiss.

Tracy yelped for a second, but she soon quieted down and averted her gaze from us.

Meanwhile, Scarlett whimpered and resisted. I embraced her tightly and kissed her more passionately. Seconds later, she indulged herself in our kiss. She wrapped her arms around my neck and began to kiss me back.

After a long time, I finally let go of her. I pressed my forehead against her and suggested, "Maybe we shouldn't go back to the mansion today."

Scarlett glared at me, blushing. "But I want to go back!"

"Well, I guess it would still work as long as we do it quietly," I said.

"Charles!" Scarlett exclaimed.

Seeing that she was about to get pissed, I clammed up. But the smile on my face didn't disappear.

Upon our arrival at the Moore mansion, dinner was already served. We greeted the elders and sat beside them.

Grandpa exhorted Scarlett. "You shouldn't spend all of your time working. You should spend more time with your child whenever possible."

Scarlett was ladling a bowl of soup for Grandma when she heard that. "I will, Grandpa," she answered.

Grandpa nodded with satisfaction before turning to look at me. "Charles, is your company lacking in manpower? My friend has a granddaughter named Nancy Wood. She just graduated this month. Do you mind checking if there's a suitable position for her?"

Honestly, my company was never short on manpower, but Grandpa rarely ever asked for favors. I held him in high regard, so I wanted to do him this favor. Thus, I agreed to his request readily. "I'll ask my assistant to contact her."

After dinner, I wanted to stroll in the garden with Scarlett. However, Grandma took her first.

I had no choice but to follow them around.

Grandma seemed to be in high spirits, and she asked Scarlett to play chess with her.

But after losing several games in a row, Grandma began to act shamelessly. "No, no, no. My eyesight is poor now, so I moved the wrong piece. I'm going to redo my move!"

Scarlett just let Grandma redid her move and just smiled at her. "Grandma, take a good look at the pieces before you make a move this time."

Grandpa shook his head, sighed, and held Grandma's hand. "How could you still be so childish at our age? You're making Scarlett coax you!"

Grandma glared at him and asked, "Am I not allowed to do so?"

"Fine, fine. Do whatever you want." Grandpa immediately conceded and just clammed up beside Grandma.

We spent time together until eleven in the evening.

Seeing that Grandma was getting sleepy, I asked one of the servants to help the elders

go upstairs and put them to bed.

"Grandma is so adorable. She's like a child sometimes," Scarlett remarked as she put the chess pieces into the box. Even her eyes were smiling. She looked so beautiful.

Meanwhile, I just gazed at her in silence.

Scarlett looked back at me, visibly confused. Soon, she leaned back, wary of me. "What's the matter with you?"

I held her hand, pulled her towards me, and sat her on my lap. Then, I placed my arms around her waist, rubbed my cheeks against hers, and said, "It's late. We should go to bed."

"Charles, stop it." Scarlett's face gradually became red.

It was then that I kissed her affectionately.

"I... I'm gonna take a shower!" Blushing, she pushed me away, sprang to her feet, and ran upstairs.

I chuckled as I followed behind her.

Inside the bedroom, Scarlett was taking her pajamas to the bathroom.

But before she could even open the bathroom door, I held her hand and embraced her from behind. "Scarlett," I whispered.

"What... what are you doing?" Scarlett stammered. 'She's so adorable!' I remarked inwardly.

I kissed her earlobe and said, "Let's take a shower together."

Scarlett tensed up and didn't respond.

As I held her in my embrace, it was hard to resist the urge to breathe her presence in. I could feel my Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

Gently, I turned her towards me, so that we would stand face to face. I kissed her lips and asked, "Is it okay?"

Scarlett nodded affirmatively.

I opened the door behind her and entered the bathroom while kissing her.

Scarlett's POV:

After we finished showering, I lay on the bed as though I had lost my very soul.

At this time, my phone vibrated on the bedside table. Upon checking it, I saw that I had received a message from Alice. "Scarlett, am I going to have a granddaughter soon?"

Before I could even respond, Charles lay down beside me and embraced me. I could feel his pecs against my back. Not long after, I heard his bewitching voice. "Tell Mom not to be so hasty. If she wants to have a granddaughter, she'll have to wait a few more years."

I rolled my eyes at him. "You peeped at my messages again."

"I didn't mean to look at it. I saw it by accident," Charles replied while kissing me.

I scoffed at him and saw that another message had popped up. It was from Vivian. "Scarlett, what would you do if your man's mother doesn't like you? Will you leave him or insist on staying by his side?"

I frowned when I read the message. "I'm afraid Gemma is getting involved with Spencer and Vivian's relationship," I said to Charles.

"Just leave them alone," he replied. His response was followed by a slightly cold touch on my waist. He slid his hands into my pajamas and gently caressed my skin.

I held his hand and said, "But..."

Obviously, Charles wasn't in the mood to discuss this matter. Not wanting me to say another word, he kissed me, pulled my hand, and placed it on his chest. I could feel his heart racing.

"Baby, I promise this will be the last time today." Charles was looking at me with a burning desire in his eyes.

My heart seemed to have stopped beating all of a sudden. I couldn't take my eyes off him, and I slowly gave into my desire to have sex with him.

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Chapter 268 Spencer's POV:

I had been looking for Vivian in the bar for a long time, but I couldn't find her anywhere. With every passing second, I was getting even more upset.

Thus, I pulled one of the waiters and asked, "Have you seen Vivian?"

The waiter shook his head blankly.

"Find her," I commanded. Having said that, I turned around and went to Vivian's room, but there was nobody inside.

Moments later, the waiter rushed into the room and stammered, "Sir, I... I called Vivian."

Impatiently, I asked, "And then? Tell me!"

The waiter was startled by the sudden rise of my voice.

Realizing that I was losing control, I took a deep breath. "Sorry about that."

Given that the waiter was frightened, he hurriedly answered my question. "A man answered Vivian's phone, saying that she was singing."

"Did he say where she is?" I asked.

The waiter said with uncertainty, "He didn't say, but it sounds like she's at a club."

I stared at him with unblinking eyes and stood rooted to my spot.

"Hang on. I'll go check again, sir!" The waiter trembled and ran away.

I was becoming more and more frustrated. To alleviate my frustration, I splashed some cold water onto my face, but it still didn't work.

A few minutes later, the waiter returned. "She's at the Havana Club, sir."

Without wasting another second, I grabbed my car keys and drove there at once.

Soon, I arrived at Havana Club.

The second I entered the door, Vivian appeared in my sight and took my breath away.

There was dim lighting on the stage, and she was practically sparkling beneath the spotlight. It looked like she was immersed in her performance, sweeping her eyes across the audience in a charming way.

I could hear my heart beating like a drum as I looked at her. But when I saw Lee in front of the stage, all the feelings I had in my heart disappeared.

I clicked my tongue, grabbed one of the waiters and said, "Once the lady finishes her performance, take her backstage."

The waiter was startled and he stared at me for a long time. It appeared as though he was trying to figure out who I was.

Not wanting to give him a chance to refuse, I added, "Hurry the fuck up!"

"Ah! Yes, sir. Right away!" The waiter seemed to be frightened. He staggered away and rushed to the stage's waiting area.

I shot Lee a cold glance before making a detour to the back of the stage.

A few minutes later, the singing stopped and the lights were turned back on.

Soon, Vivian arrived at the back of the stage.

She seemed surprised to see me here, but she quickly composed herself, and greeted me politely.

I only caught a glimpse of her when I entered the club, so I just now realized that she was wearing a long slim dress and exquisite high-heeled shoes.

Admittedly, Vivian looked enchantingly beautiful, but I was too angry to dwell on that. 'Does she value Lee that much? Why did she dress up this well knowing that she's going out with him? She never even dressed like that for me!' I remarked inwardly.

"Vivian, what are you trying to do?" I asked through gritted teeth.

Confused, Vivian said, "I'm here to sing with my friends for fun. Is there something wrong with that?"

"For fu

n? Seriously? Is that how you view our relationship?" I growled.

Raising an eyebrow, Vivian strutted towards me. Her every move was enough to charm me. Not a minute later, she stood face to face with me, looking directly into my eyes. "Or what? Are you really going to marry me?"

Now that her face was inches away from mine, I must say that even her makeup was beautiful.

But I got even angrier. "Do you have a crush on the rich young man out there, so you wanna date him?"

Vivian didn't seem fazed by my reaction. "If Lee actually likes me, it'll be my honor to date him," she snorted.

My remaining rationality was almost burned out by my anger. Fortunately, I was able to suppress my anger long enough to leave before I could lose my temper in front of Vivian.

Vivian's POV:

I should be happy that Spencer left, but when I watched him storm away, my heart was filled with sadness.

A few seconds later, I turned around and went back to my original seat, lost in thought. Suddenly, someone grabbed my wrist. I stumbled and fell directly into someone's warm embrace.

"Spencer?" I looked up at him, shocked that he was still here.

"Come with me." Spencer gazed into my eyes and dragged me out.

As I stared at him, I felt the urge to cry.

In all honesty, I was over the moon that he came back for me.

Spencer looked like he was on the brink of losing control. After pulling me into his car, he drove all the way back to his bar at full speed.

I got carsick and felt dizzy because of that. But before I could get a chance to recover, he pulled me out of the car and led me into the bar.

I staggered forward to hold Spencer's arm, and bumped into him on purpose. I pouted at him and said, "Spencer, my heels are too high for me to walk properly. Help me."

Spencer paused for a second and then wrapped his arms around my waist.

The fabric of my dress was thin, so I could feel his palm on my skin. His palm was warmer than most others I had felt.

When our eyes met, it seemed like time had stopped. I couldn't resist the urge to touch his handsome face. Then, I gently stroked his earlobes and pinched it.

Spencer trembled at what I did, and soon, his ears turned red. As he looked at me in astonishment, he grabbed my hand. "What are you doing?"

"I wanted to see how you'll react," I replied. I flashed him a grin, leaned against his chest, and listened to his powerful heartbeat.

But then, I heard Spencer's cold voice. "What reaction did you want me to have? You have a crush on Lee, don't you?"

Just when I was about to answer, I saw a familiar face outside the door.

I left Spencer's embrace and straightened his collar. Seeing that he was glaring at me, I leaned close to him and whispered, "Nicole is here. You're supposed to go on a date, remember?"

I could see Spencer's eyes burning with fury.

Pretending to be calm, I clenched my fists and tried to cheer him up. Then, before Nicole could reach us, I left right away.

Despite the fact that I was pushing Spencer towards her, I felt only bitterness whenever they were together.

'How long am I going to pretend like I don't like him?' I felt like I was on the verge of breaking down.