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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 271

Chapter 271 Scarlett's POV:

After listening to Vivian's words, I knew that any comfort would be useless. Wanting to cheer her up, I proposed, "How about we go shopping? The best way to make ourselves happy is to spend money!"

"Okay," Vivian replied, smiling softly.

And so, we went on shopping spree. Just like that, the matter from before completely vanished from our minds.

Tracy and Janet followed us obediently, with James in the stroller. James seemed to enjoy the shopping mall very much, cooing happily at the sights and sounds there. His doe eyes looked around excitedly, the curiosity in them evident.

At noon, we had lunch at a restaurant.

I ordered some eggs for James. I crushed them into fine bits before feeding them to him.

As I was feeding him, my phone vibrated. It was a message from Charles.

"Where are you? I'll pick you up."

I replied by sending him the location of the restaurant.

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A while later, I spotted Charles standing at the door of the restaurant. He was wearing a simple white shirt, but he looked dashing all the same. Happily, I waved at him and called, "Charles, here."

To my surprise, he was followed by two people. Spencer and David were there as well, walking casually behind him.

"Spencer, David. You're here too."

"Hi, Scarlett. Oh, is this baby James? He really looks like Charles!" David approached James for a closer look at him, and then caressed his little face gently.

"I don't know, I think he looks more like Scarlett. Especially his eyes," Spencer disagreed.

"James inherited all of mine and Scarlett's best genes." Charles slipped in and joined the conversation. His tone was light, but there was a distinct smugness in them. He couldn't help brag about his son, apparently.

"You're right. James is the fruit of your love, isn't he?" Vivian echoed with a smile.

"There, Vivian is hot and smart. Spencer, you better marry her as soon as possible."

Spencer was stunned, unable to reply. Vivian took advantage of his silence and teased, "Don't make things difficult for him, now. He doesn't even like me. Besides, our families aren't equal in social status. We're not right for each other."

Oh...? Turns out that you're pretty old-fashioned when it comes to relationship and marriage." Charles sized Spencer up and down, showing a rare expression of disgust. His eyes were narrowed in disapproval. Spencer was rendered speechless a second time. After a moment of silence, he relented and mumbled, "Fine, I admit defeat." James, the curious little thing he was, looked around and blinked innocently. Suddenly, he let out a happy giggle. Then, he stretched and spread out his chubby hands towards Charles. Charles smiled at me, and then took James from me. He held James with one hand and held my hand tightly with the other. Then, we made our way towards the parking lot.

"We're leaving now, everyone. See you next time." I turned around and waved goodbye to Spencer and the rest, and walked away with Charles. Spencer's POV: After Charles left,

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David bade goodbye and made his leave as well. Now, only Vivian and I were left. I was about to ask her where she wanted to go, but then her phone rang and cut off my attempt. She picked up the call and said in an exaggerated tone, "Of course I'm free this afternoon. Where do you want to go?" "How about horseback riding?" From where I sat, I could clearly hear a man's voice from her phone.

In an instant, jealousy burned me whole. 'Horseback riding? Oh yeah? Well, your face looks like a horse!' I couldn't help but curse inwardly, seething. "Fine, let's go horseback riding. Send me the address. See you later!" Vivian hung up the phone. Then, she stood up to leave, not even sparing me another glance. "Stop!" So infuriated I was, I followed her without thinking. "What on earth are you doing, Spencer? I'm going on a date.

Don't follow me!" Vivian stopped in her tracks and spun around to glare at me. "Well, I want to go horseback riding too!" "Then ask someone else out, for crying out loud! Don't follow me." I soon caught up with Vivian and pressed her forcefully against the wall. My body pressed against hers deliberately, and my chest almost touched her own. I whispered heatedly in her ear, "What's wrong with me? Am I in your way?"

Vivian's eyes met mine. Though she was trapped between my arms in such an intimate posture, there was not a trace of discomfort on her face at all. If anything, she remained cool and composed. "Who I'm asking out is none of your business. You and I have never been serious, have we?"

"Are you pl

aying with my feelings?"

"Of course. Didn't you have a good time yesterday?"

Damn it! She actually had the audacity to ask me if I had a good time yesterday? She threw herself at me and slept with me yesterday! And today, she was going horseback riding with another man...

When I imagined Vivian spending time with that man, whoever he was, my insides burned with jealous wrath.

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"Vivian, are you just stringing me along? Or are you serious about me?" I approached her again, closing our distance. We were so close that I could see every expression on her face clearly.

"If I said I'm serious, do you have the guts to date me?" Vivian stared straight into my eyes, fearless. Her unyielding gaze suddenly made me feel a little uneasy, and I quickly looked away.

Seeing this, she pushed me and broke free from my arms. "If you don't like me, or have no intentions to be with me... Then it's none of your business which man I'm dating!"

"You...! Vivian!" My mind was a puzzled mess. I desperately wanted to lock her in my arms again, but I knew I had no right to do that.

"Spencer... Do you like me?" Vivian asked seriously. There was no playfulness in her voice.

"I... I'll be upset if you go horseback riding with that man," I muttered after hesitating for a long time.

However, my reply made her face darken in an instant. "I see. I thought you were jealous and cared about me, but I didn't expect that it was just because of your so-called possessiveness. I guess I was just overthinking."

"What possessiveness? What's that supposed to mean?"

"You don't like me, but you won't allow me to date anyone else. I'm not your exclusive item, Spencer. Get that through your thick skull." Vivian continued harshly, "I don't want to talk to you anymore. I'll be late for my date. See you around."

Vivian left, but as she did so, she walked very slowly. It was as if she was waiting for me to ask her to stay. But... I had no right to do that. I could only watch her receding figure silently until she finally disappeared at the end of the corridor. After she left, I closed my eyes and saw Vivian's sad and stubborn face when she retorted. My temples throbbed. Was I really a terrible man...? Before I could figure it out, my phone rang and snapped me out of my thoughts. Impatient, I answered it begrudgingly, "Hello?" "Spencer, we'll be having dinner with the Browns tonight. Book a table." It was my mother. "Huh?"

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Why are we having dinner together?" "We need to settle things between you and Nicole as soon as possible. She's quite happy with you. I also heard that you have a good impression of her." "When did I ever say that?" "You took Nicole to play tennis and to see your best friend, Charles. Doesn't that mean you like her too?" "What? No, I don't like her. (Daily latest update chapternovel.com). We're just normal friends!" I was speechless from her conjecture.

How did she come to that conclusion? "I don't care! Book a room for me, and then send me a message. That's it." Regardless of my objections, my mother ignored me and hung up as soon as she said that. I sighed, feeling helpless. I couldn't do anything. Was marriage really that good...? Why would my mother force me to marry every day if it wasn't? VNOVEL ***** Later that evening, at my mother's insistence, I booked a private room in a hotel and invited the Brown family for dinner. Nicole sat right next to me. She was dressed her best, and her perfume smelled much stronger than it usually did.

However, I didn't spare her a glance at all throughout dinner. I wasn't in the mood to compliment on how well she was dressed tonight, or how good she smelled. I couldn't put my heart on anyone else, not even the slightest. All I could think about the entire time was Vivian's unruly face. I took a swig of wine, wondering what was wrong with me. "Spencer, don't just drink alone. Propose a toast to your future father-in-law."

My mother approached me, tugging the hem of my clothes secretly as she whispered this to me. She sounded impatient. Future father-in-law...? I snapped, having reached the limits of my patience. I couldn't stand this anymore! I stood up, and then flashed a perfunctory smile at Mr. and Mrs. Brown that did not reach my eyes.

"I'm sorry, but I need to go to the washroom for a moment." It was not until I arrived at the washroom that I could breathe a sigh of relief. I took out my phone and checked the time. It was already nine. I went through my contacts and dialed the bar staff. "Has Vivian returned to Mint Bar?" "Yes, she's back. She's dancing with a really handsome man!" "What?!"

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