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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 238

Chapter 238 Not My Type At All

Charles's POV:

I pushed the door to the private room open and walked inside. "Scarlett, why are you here?"

Unexpectedly, Scarlett cast a cold glare at me and snapped, "Why do you ask? Did I interrupt you and Rita while you two were talking about the good old days?" @

Why was she acting like this?

"If you don't have anything else to say, please leave. I have to talk with Diana about work."

I didn't question her any further and left the private room as told.

Scarlett ended up not contacting me at all the entire day.

Except for some messages about work, my phone remained deathly quiet, as if it was broken. I couldn't hold myself back anymore and was about to call Scarlett, when a news notification popped on my phone and caught my attention.

It was gossip news, the tabloid.

The author of the article described how I stood

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by and did nothing when my first love, Miss Rita Lively, had been beaten, weaving the whole narrative in a dramatic and exaggerated tone. Despite her being so near to me at the time of the incident, I didn't raise a hand to help her at all.

All of this, the article emphasized, was because

I feared my wife.

The author also spent a lot of effort making up how evil and horrific Scarlett was. The article made it seem like Scarlett controlled every aspect of my life, from what I eat to what I wear, and how I should carry myself. She was also said to be the one who forbade me from helping Rita.

As I went through every word, fury surged in me. I was so angry that I laughed. There was not a single speck of truth in this so-called. news article.

More importantly, what would Scarlett think when she saw this? She was already furious with me. Would she be even angrier?

The thought depressed me to no end. I had

nowhere to vent my misery, but then, David

rang and invited me for a game of tennis.

At the tennis court, I directed of all my wrath on the innocent tennis racket, swinging and hitting the ball with all of my might.

For the first few rounds, David was able to deal with me. Very soon, he was unable to defend against my hits. He stopped, and began protesting angrily.

"Charles, did I offend you in some way or other?" I weighed the tennis racket, not caring about his outburst. "You're just awful at tennis."

"I should've asked the guy who pissed you off to play with you instead." David shook his head helplessly, exasperated.

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He fought against me for another half an hour before finally succumbing and losing the battle. By now, he was out of breath.

"I can't take it anymore. Charles, I want a break!"

"No. You're getting weaker recently." I was sweating all over, but I still felt that I hadn't had enough.

David immediately surrendered, not in the mood to play. He called several professional tennis coaches to play with me before leaving the court, exhausted and dejected.

"Come on!" I wiped my sweat, and confronted

my new opponents. Spencer's POV:

Charles's frenzied outburst scared David away.

Fortunately, I didn't play with Charles today, so I wasn't delegated as the cannon fodder.

Otherwise, I would've ended up much worse than David. Just as I was mourning for David's miserable

fate, Vivian called me.

"Remember, you have a blind date at seven o'clock tonight. This time, I found a girl that suits your tastes perfectly."

Again?! This was insane!

"Vivian... How many more are there? Why don't you just let them come together?" I snapped crossly, my temples aching in

annoyance.

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“Well, there are lots more. Spencer, the amount of women your mother found you could form an army. If they come together, I’m afraid you won’t be able to handle it,” Vivian drawled in a gloating tone. She was taking delight in my misery.

At this moment, I genuinely wondered if she had any feelings for me at all. She was acting like a complete outsider.

“Fine, I got it. I’ll be there on time,” I answered simply. There was no point in extending our conversation.

“What kind of girl is it this time?” David asked. It seemed he had been eavesdropping on me for a while.

I sighed dejectedly, “I don’t know. Vivian said

the girl suits my tastes.”

“I thought you like girls like Vivian?” David’s words were like a knife that stabbed deep inside me.

Yes, I liked her. I liked her, yet she found me blind dates instead!

Damn it! How much did this woman love money? So much so that she would actually betray me for money?

Later that evening...

I arrived at Mint Bar for my blind date, as promised.

The lighting tonight in the bar was especially soft. The colors from the lights shone on the various wine glasses arranged on the tables.

The singer performing that night chose a classic song. Its slow, soothing melody filled the air. The atmosphere was perfect.

“I arranged for all this. Are you satisfied?”

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Vivian's voice suddenly came from behind me.

I turned around to look at her. She was dressed in a short, lovely apricot yellow dress, her long hair cascading down her shoulders. Her skin look tender and fair, more than usual. She looked completely different from how she

usually wear when she was working. So much, that I thought she was here to date me in person.

But my hopes were crushed when she said,

"Rose is already here. Enjoy your date." Just like that, I was thrown from heaven to hell in an instant.

I ignored her and turned away, and walked to the reserved table. Miss Rose, my date for the night, was already sitting there. I greeted her politely.

"Hello, Spencer," Rose said softly, her voice gentle. To be honest, she was a beautiful woman. She

had a faint bookish but elegant aura. Some way

or other, she didn't seem to fit the mood in the

bar.

But... she wasn't my type at all.

Why was Vivian so sure that I'm into girls like Rose?

Or was Vivian simply doing as my mother had instructed her?

A hint of joy suddenly spread within my heart. Vivian's unprofessional behavior tonight was unusual. I tried to search some clues from her arrangements, to see if she actually liked me.

The wine that night didn't taste good at all. I

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even suspected that there was something amiss with the bartender. During the entire date, I didn't listen to a word Rose had said. My eyes wandered aimlessly around the bar, searching for Vivian.

Finally, the date came to an end. Not long after Rose left, I received a call from my mother.

My mother's voice was full of joy. She said that Rose was satisfied with me, and wanted to see me more often.

I was speechless. I couldn't fathom why Rose was interested in an absentminded man that didn't entertain her the slightest during the date.

Before I could figure out the reason, Vivian finally appeared in my line of sight. I approached her, but soon discovered a tall and

handsome man sitting next to her. "Who's that man sitting next to Vivian?" I

asked a waiter, trying to sound casual.

"Harris. He's come here with Miss Vivian several times," the waiter replied calmly, having recognized the man at a glance.

I fixed my gaze on Harris, my brows furrowed. Harris then took out a black card from his pocket and handed it to Vivian.

At this moment, Vivian turned around and

locked eyes with me. She flashed me a fake smile, and then took the black card from Harris.

I wasn't that stupid.

I had been deceived once, but I wouldn't be

deceived a second time.

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Perhaps Vivian was being too enthusiastic all of a sudden, Harris also turned around and noticed me.

The moment our gazes crossed, thunder and fire collided with horrific intensity. It was an aggressive glare, unique to men when they fought over a woman.

The horn for a war was sounded, and my heart was filled with alarm.

Even if Vivian was just acting, she was so smart and wonderful that it was inevitable the actor would genuinely want to be with her. The two of them continued acting in front of

me for a long time, as if on purpose. My eyes

stung as I looked on.

I let out a long sigh before walking forward, only to realize that the black card, an important prop for their act tonight, was left on the table.

Great! They screwed up!

I'd like to see how Vivian would wriggle her way out of this. I picked up the black card, feeling contented, and marched straight to the room Vivian was in.

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