

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer

## Chapter 239

### Bye, My Irresistible Love

#### Chapter 239 Cold-blooded Or Not

Spencer's POV: I walked swiftly into Vivian's private room, eager. Inside, I proudly raised the black card in front of Vivian, as if I had found something of incredible importance. "How could you forget such an important thing?" Vivian stared at the black card, her face turning red steadily. She immediately reached out to grab the card from me, but I deliberately raised it high up, away from her reach. Vivian jumped several times, swiping her hands for the card, but the difference in our height rendered her efforts vain. "What's going on? Do you want to destroy the evidence?" I lowered my head and shot a challenging stare at Vivian, my face incomparably smug. At this moment, Vivian jumped up once more and grabbed my hand. The distance between us was immediately shortened, and the tip of my nose almost touched hers. Vivian's long, curly eyelashes fluttered gently in front of me, like a butterfly flapping its wings. The sight made my heart itch with longing. "Do you want it that much? Then I'll give it to you." Vivian let go of my hand and took two steps back, suddenly looking embarrassed. "Spencer, can you please leave now? I'm still working." I responded by throwing the card into the trash can right in front of her eyes. Then, ignoring everything, I sat down and remain unmoved. "You seem to have forgotten something, Vivian. I'm your boss. I have the right to supervise my employee's work." My words were too powerful for her to retort. Vivian was rendered speechless, too angry to speak. "Wow, you're such a responsible boss." She bit her lips and rolled her eyes, and tried her best to pretend I wasn't there.

Never had I imagined that it would be this entertaining to make fun of her. It was so fun, I almost burst into laughter. The entire time, I just sat there and watched Vivian work quietly. She deliberately turned to the computer on the desk, which covered her face and shielded her from my eyes, as if she didn't want me to see her at all. Unfortunately, as her concentration grew, she gradually relaxed her vigilance. I watched silently, appreciating the concentration she put in for her work. When Vivian didn't smile, she looked elegant, like a lone white swan that stood out proudly from her peers. Yet, for some reason, she had a melancholy look to her.

I wished I could turn into the files in her computer, so that she would concentrate on me the same way she concentrated on her work. About half an hour later, Vivian finally rose from her seat, about to get some water. Standing up, she noticed that I was still sitting on the sofa. "Dear boss, don't you feel this is enough? Have you realized that I work hard and your money isn't wasted on me?"

Though she spoke casually, there was a trace of anger in her voice. "I'll pay you more money if I can keep watching." But then I raised my hands in surrender, and hurried out of the private room as fast as my legs could carry me. If I continued to stay here, I'd really piss her off! I didn't want that.

The air in Mint Bar was very hot during the middle of the night, as usual. Wanting to get a glass of wine to quench my thirst, I went to the bar counter. When I arrived there, a particularly eye-catching woman on the dance floor caught my attention. She had a perfect figure and danced with incredible grace, becoming one with the music. Her steps were akin to dancing keys, giving the dynamic rhythm a soft bounce, but without any sense of frivolity. = = She was no doubt the most beautiful woman in the bar tonight. The men around her knew how to appreciate beauty, just like me, and stared fawningly at her. They stayed for a long time, refusing to leave, their eyes never straying away from the beautiful dancing woman. From time to time, they would approach her and flirt with her. As the light fell on the woman, her face was revealed to me. Immediately, I grew livid. The woman was none other than Vivian!

What was wrong with this woman? Why was she so cold only to me? Why was she dancing with so many men passionately? Even though she might be acting, I couldn't stand it anymore. "Is she insane...?" I slammed my wine glass on the table, seething. The bartender at the bar counter was taken aback by my sudden outburst of anger. He agreed with my sentiment and said, "Vivian's a little crazy in the first place. No one can read her mind." I didn't even drink my wine and returned swiftly to my private room. I wanted to check my phone and find something to relieve my boredom. To my surprise, the topic of the news was a gossip claiming that Charles Moore was afraid of his wife, so much that he didn't help his first love, Rita. The comments below all condemned Charles's coldness, and started making stories on how tough Scarlett could be to tame Charles in such a way. Reading the comments, a myriad of thoughts raced through my mind. True, Charles was indeed cold-hearted. He only showed tender affection to Scarlett. Once he

confirmed his feelings, he would show no mercy to those he didn't love and gave them the cold shoulder Rita's biggest regret was probably the fact she lied to Charles about having cancer, so that he would be with her. All of a sudden, my curiosity reared its head. I wondered if Charles would feel regret if Rita really died because no one helped her.

Charles's POV: Night fell, plunging Moore mansion into pin-drop silence. When I walked out of the bathroom after my shower, Scarlett had already coaxed James to sleep. "Let him sleep by himself. Men should learn to grow up." I picked James up from the bed. "James is just a child." Scarlett pouted and protested defiantly, "I haven't seen enough of him as a baby." This was, of course, a very lame excuse. Still, I couldn't stand seeing Scarlett's energy getting sapped by her heavy work and our child. At least, for tonight, I wouldn't allow anyone to compete with me for her. Despite her protests, I brought James back to the nursery. When I returned to our bedroom, Scarlett was already lying in bed, deliberately showing her back to me. The wide quilt was covering her petite body. Nonetheless, I lay beside her and hugged her from behind. Although Scarlett's eyes were closed, she was obviously holding her breath when I closed in on her. She was pretending to be asleep again, so that she could avoid talking to me. "Why didn't you tell me that you were going to Mint Bar today?" My fingertips gently traced her collarbone, and my breath brushed past her earlobe. Scarlett took a deep breath, seemingly giving up struggling. "I went there for work. There was no need to report my schedule to you, was there?" Though her body was soft and warm to the touch, her voice was cold. There was even a hint of anger in it. Was she still furious at me? Just then, my phone on the bedside table suddenly buzzed. I picked it up, and realized that it was a message from Spencer. He was actually asking me if I would feel any regret should Rita die today. My reply was simple. "No." Scarlett's curious face was lit up by the light from my phone screen. Unable to reel in her curiosity, she turned to me. Without hesitation, I showed her the phone. "It's Spencer. He asked me a boring question." Scarlett glanced at the message, and frowned. "Scarlett, do you think I'm cold-blooded?" I reached out my hand to smooth the frown on her lips. "No, I don't. I never will. Kindness should only be used on someone worthy," she replied simply. "Do you know the way they're describing you on the Internet now?" I searched for the comments under the gossip news and displayed them for Scarlett to see. "They're all saying that you're a terrible woman, a wicked witch who manipulated my mind." 1 Scarlett read a few comments and giggled. She was so amused, she almost burst into tears of laughter. "Is it that funny?" I took my phone back. I didn't expect showing her the news to be so effective. Scarlett wiped the corner of her eyes. Unexpectedly, she actually took the initiative to press herself against me. A few strands of her dark hair fell on my face. Her full cleavage reminded me of her soft breasts, hidden under the thin nightgown. They were close to popping out of her dress... "Watch out! The wicked witch is coming for you!" Scarlett made several threatening gestures at me, and pretended to be fierce. She opened her mouth and flashed her pearly-white teeth at me mischievously, intending to bite my neck.

The moment she reached me, her feigned viciousness turned into an affectionate kiss. She even used the tip of her tongue to lick my chin. "Are you scared?" She looked up at me, so cute and charming. "Are you hungry? Do you want to eat me up?" I pinched her chin gently, and rubbed her wet lips with my finger. "Why, I've never seen such an anxious witch." Her

soft tongue tip swept over my finger, and she licked it slyly. "You know, Charles, I think you have gotten worse in bed. If it were in the past, you would've..." But before Scarlett could finish her words, I drowned her with my deep kiss. It would be a long night. I had plenty of time to correct her cute misunderstanding of me.