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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 259

Chapter 259 Scarlett's POV:

I tried going back to sleep. But before I could completely drift off, my phone rang.

I clicked my tongue. Who could possibly call me this early in the day? I didn't want to answer, so I grabbed the quilt and pulled it over my head.

But my phone kept ringing. It seemed that whoever was calling didn't intend to give up.

I groaned and reached for my phone on the bedside table. The call was coming from Vivian.

"Hey, Scarlett. I heard that you're back. Let's have drinks tonight. I have something to tell you."

"I can't tonight, Vivian. I have something to deal with. How about tomorrow night?"

"That works for me. And maybe there will be a good show for us to watch."

"All right then. See you."

After hanging up with Vivian, I couldn't fall asleep anymore, so I decided to just get up and wash up.

While I was brushing my teeth in the bathroom, the heavenly smell of breakfast wafted in from the kitchen. As a response, my stomach grumbled.

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After I finished up, I went to the kitchen to see how Charles was doing. He was still cooking when I arrived. He was in boxer shorts and a white shirt, but he still looked regal. Sometimes, his handsomeness still caught me off-guard.

I sauntered into the kitchen, sat at the counter, and watched him cook.

Charles's dishes didn't exactly look exquisite, but given the choice, I would pick his food over those from fancy restaurants. Every time I saw him cooking, I felt like my heart was being engulfed by a sense of comforting warmth.

Charles turned around and stared at me for a few moments. Then, he waved his hand and said, "Come here."

I blinked. "What?"

"Come over here," Charles repeated.

I stood up and strode toward him. I looked at the hamburger with bacon and egg and the blueberry waffle that he made, and my mouth instantly watered. I said with admiration, "Wow, honey. The food looks amazing. I didn't know you knew how to make these."

"It's not that hard. I just followed the recipe." He smiled proudly at me.

"So why am I standing here?"

"Hug me."

"Why? You're cooking. If I hug you, I'll restrict your room for movement." I eyed him carefully and tilted my head to the side.

"Just hug me, Scarlett," Charles ordered in a low voice, trying to sound like a domineering entity. To me, he just sounded like a spoiled little boy.

"Fine." I walked up behind him and wrapped my arms around his waist. He smelled faintly of perfume laced with a bit of tobacco.

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Charles tore open a package of oatmeal and continued to cook.

I held him and, after a few moments, moved my hand to his chest.

“Scarlett!” Charles stopped what he was doing and turned to warn me, “Do you want your breakfast ruined?”

I saw annoyance and desire mingle in his eyes. Thinking about how he exhausted me in bed last night, I immediately withdrew my hand.

“Keep your arms around my waist,” Charles barked.

When he turned back to what he was doing, I stuck my tongue out at him and then embraced him from behind again.

Charles could be

so bossy sometimes, but I couldn’t help humoring his overbearing manner. For some reason, I found a bit of tenderness in it.

“See? You want to hold me. You just can’t admit it.” His teasing smile made me blush.

Charles’s POV:

After breakfast, I dressed up and went straight to work.

I wanted to spend more time with Scarlett, but Amy kept calling me.

“Sir, Mr. Patel has been waiting for you in your office for a long time.” Amy looked at me carefully.

I nodded and pushed the door open. Spencer turned his head to me and said, “What’s with the face, man? I thought Scarlett was home. Why do you look worse than me?”

He disturbed my time with Scarlett and still had the gall to comment on my appearance. Typical Spencer.

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“What do you want, Spencer?”

“I’m probably going to get married soon.” I whipped my head at him. He looked hesitant.

“Okay. You don’t look too thrilled about it, though.”

“I don’t know, Charles. I’ve been feeling left out lately. I mean, you have Scarlett and a kid, and David has a fiancée. I’m the only one who’s still single. Don’t you think that’s a little unfair?”

“So you’re going to find someone to marry just so you don’t feel left out?” I stared at him. My intuition told me that he was not going to marry Vivian.

“Why don’t you ask me who I’m going to marry?”

“Spencer, I’ll be happy for you no matter who you marry. Just make sure that you don’t regret making such a big decision hastily. Scarlett and I have been through a lot of difficulties in the past. Believe me. I know the mess jumping the gun brings about,” I warned him seriously.

“But you two eventually got together, and everything turned out okay, didn’t it?”

“It did, but I still feel that something has changed.”

“What do you mean?” Spencer looked at me in confusion.

“Scarlett used to stick to me like glue. Now, I don’t feel such strong love from her anymore.” I touched the ring on my finger, lost in thought.

“Charles, Scarlett loves you very much. We all know that. I think this is just in your head.”

“Since she found out that I refused her father when he came to me for help, a gap sprang out between us. Since then, she has rarely asked me for help with anything. I don’t like the idea of her not needing me.”

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I felt upset. So I quickly opened my desk drawer, took out my cigarette case, and fished out a cigarette. I grabbed my lighter and lit up. I took a long, deliberate drag until my throat and lungs were filled with smoke. As I exhaled, I felt awash with a little sense of calm, but I still didn't feel better.

"Among the three of us, you've always been the happiest one. David and I are so envious of you," Spencer sighed, walked toward me, and patted me on the shoulder.

After taking a few more drags, I crushed my cigarette on the ashtray on my desk. I turned to Spencer and said, "Heed my advice, Spencer. Sometimes, regret is like a snake in the grass that sneaks up on you when you least expect it. So look carefully and think twice before venturing into a new pasture."

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 260

Chapter 260 Spencer's POV:

Not long after, I left Charles' company and went back to the bar.

Once there, a waiter ran towards me, catching his breath. "Mr. Patel, come with me please. Vivian is drunk inside her car. We thought it wouldn't be appropriate for us to get close to her, so we decided to lock her in her car for the time being."

I frowned at him and asked, "Why the hell did you lock her in there? Couldn't you have just helped her out?"

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The waiter appeared to be embarrassed. I didn't have the patience to wait for his explanation, so I just strode downstairs.

Soon, I reached Vivian's car and opened the back door. It was then that I found that parts of her body were naked. My immediate reaction was to close the door.

"Oh, Spencer, it's you!" Vivian pushed the door open. She was leaning against the backseat, visibly drunk. Her coat and trousers had been casually thrown aside. One of the shoulders of her shirt was falling off, and her breasts were half exposed. I was only a man, so I must admit that they turned me on. The strap of her underwear could be seen faintly under the hem of her clothes. She lifted her long legs, stretching them towards me.

While intoxicated, she said to me, "Do something! If you're not going to make a move, go find me someone else who will."

I frowned, pressing her legs back. Then, I bent down to pick up her coat. "Put on your clothes!"

"Fuck, no!" Vivian shrank into the car, leaning against the other door.

Angrily, I roared, "Vivian, come on! Sober up! You're not in your bedroom. This is the parking lot!"

Vivian blushed, staring at me with her glistening eyes. "That's just an excuse! Am I not sexy enough for you? Aren't you aroused by my body at all? Or perhaps you're just impotent? Just say it, Spencer. I won't laugh at you."

She was so drunk that I couldn't converse with her properly.

I sat in the backseat, gently pushing the coat towards her. "Be a good girl and put on some clothes first. Let's talk about those other things later, okay?"

Vivian grabbed her coat and threw it at me. I instinctively dodged, causing the coat to brush past me and fall outside of the car.

In a stern voice, I said, "Vivian."

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At this time, Vivian leaned against the car door, crossed her legs and rested them on my lap. "I don't want to talk about anything else. I just want to know if you're capable of having an erection like a normal man. Why don't you prove it to me?"

She was looking at me as if she were challenging me.

I was so frustrated that my head ached.

As I rubbed my temples, I picked up her trousers and intended to put them on her.

However, Vivian kicked me away and withdrew her legs.

She scoffed at me while glaring at me with those dreamy eyes. "You can't even prove yourself, Spencer. You're such a coward! Just go to the bar and find me a real man!"

"Now that I'm here, nobody will dare touch you!"

I had lost my temper completely. I wanted to take off my coat and give it to her. But before I could even take my sleeves off, Vivian wrapped her arms around my waist. I lost my balance and fell on her.

My head began to spin. I was on top of Vivian's body. She was like an octopus, shackling me with all of her limbs.

"You..." Before I could finish my sentence, Vivian began to kiss me.

She was practically sucking on my tongue, bit

ing my lips, and moaning with anticipation.

I tried to push her away, but Vivian suddenly got on top of me.

Her hand slid into my clothes, rubbing it against my skin. My breathing quickened as my chest heaved up and down.

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Slowly, her hands moved down. She unbuckled my belt, reached in, and grabbed my thick, hard cock.

I moaned with pleasure, trying to grab her hand.

But Vivian seemed to have sensed my intention. She quickly began to masturbate my cock as she French kissed me. Her supple breasts were rubbing against my body.

All of my rationality had faded at this moment.

I carried Vivian onto the seat, raring to remove all of her clothes. I pressed my body against her with every bit of strength I had, and indulged in the music of her pleased moans as we kissed.

After having sex for a long time, we finally reached the climax. I held Vivian tight within my embrace, closing my eyes as I orgasmed.

Even in my dreams, a woman was still caressing me. I grabbed her hand and saw Vivian's face.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud bang. In that moment, Vivian vanished into thin air.

It was then that I woke up and opened my eyes. It wasn't until a moment later that I realized that the loud bang I heard was the car door slamming shut.

I sat upright and found that Vivian was no longer by my side. After putting on my clothes, I hurried out of the car to chase after her.

Vivian must've gone back to her room. I wanted to follow her, but I had no idea what to tell her. Thus, I had to go back to my room for now.

I wanted to change my clothes, but then, I found woman's panties inside my pocket. There was a print of Donald Duck on it.

'Is this Vivian's?' I wondered.

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My body felt hot all over, and I immediately threw the underwear into the trash can. But a moment later, I picked it up.

I wasn't sure why, but the Donald Duck print was damned lovely at the moment!

Charles' POV:

It was rare for me to have spare time at an afternoon like this one. I set up an appointment with Spencer and David to play tennis with them.

After changing into sportswear, we chatted as we walked into the indoor tennis court.

Meanwhile, a news was broadcasting on the TV screen on the wall.

"The Lively Group is in a terrible financial crisis. Their CEO, Rita Lively, is missing. Thousands of the company's employees are demanding payments and are rallying at the company's headquarters."

A reporter was broadcasting the current situation of the Lively Group on live TV. It was crowded and the company was in shambles. All the tables, chairs, and computers had been destroyed.

Spencer appeared to be confused. "I remember that Rita has found a helper. And they actually met at our bar several times,"

I snorted.

Spencer raised an eyebrow while looking at me. "Charles, did you do this?"

I nodded in response, and said, "I won't be able to rest easy until I destroy the Lively Group completely."

"Well done! It's time for Rita to suffer. She's done so many bad things, and she deserves what's coming for her." David grinned from ear to ear.

I raised my racket towards him. "Don't mention her again. It'll just ruin my mood," I said.

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"Let's play tennis!" Spencer ran into the court, seemingly in high spirits.

I looked at him in bewilderment. "Why does Spencer look so excited today?"

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