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## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 247

### **Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 247 – Scarlett's POV:**

"Charles, do you even know what you're talking about?" I looked down to avert my gaze from his passionate eyes. Charles pinched my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes. "Scarlett, I swear on my family's name. If there's anyone in this world who could make me willingly hand over my life, it's just you." "Without hesitations?" I asked. "Certainly." Charles picked up the pen on the floor and handed it to me. Then, he placed his arms around my waist, leaning closer towards me.

"You can try." His voice was like music to my ears, and it was bewitching. I furrowed my brows and raised the pen high on purpose, pretending as though I was going to jab his arteries with the pen. In response, Charles closed his eyes leisurely. When it came to relationships, he was a bold risk taker who didn't care that much about his own life. But even so, Charles had won the bed. I had lost against him, but that didn't necessarily made me feel bad. It was then that I threw the pen away, gently cupping Charles' cheeks with both hands before I planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Scarlett, you believe me, don't you?" His wide-eyed gaze displayed his surprise. I nodded in response to his question. No woman wouldn't swoon over a man's promise that he would willingly lay down his life for her. If I had jabbed the pen into Charles' artery, he would've been dead moments ago. I was so moved by his faithfulness and loyalty to me that I hugged him with every bit of affection I could muster.

"It may not be that difficult to lay down your life," I told him, briefly pausing for suspense. "I'm gonna need you to do something even harder," I continued. "What is it?" asked Charles. "I want you to keep living for me." \*\*\*\*\* Charles and I spent the whole day together.

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When night fell, I suggested that we should visit Vivian. Upon our arrival at Mint Bar, Charles went to look for Spencer. Meanwhile, I went to Vivian's room alone. "Scarlett, I'm so glad to see you here," said Vivian. "Yup! I've promised to come and see you," I replied. She looked a lot better than the last time I saw her. On her desk, there were several small bottles of liquid medicine of varying colors. To sate my curiosity, I went to pick up one of the bottles. The one I had picked up was as clear as water. Its contents rippled gently as I swiveled the bottle around.

"You picked a good one, Scarlett. You should take that one home and give it a try. It'll be fun. Trust me." Vivian giggled. "I'm sure you'll spend a wonderful night with Charles after taking that." The way she was looking at me made me blush. And as I held the medicine bottle in my hand, I felt a little embarrassed. "Charles doesn't need it," I remarked, putting the bottle down. They were all neatly arranged on the desk. If Charles were to take this drug, I probably wouldn't be able to get a wink of sleep at night, and he'd probably pester me even during the daytime.

Vivian burst into laughter. "Is Charles that great in bed?" "He restrains himself sometimes," I responded, my face blushing even more. It was true that Charles would go crazy on me whenever we had sex, sometimes because I would let him fuck me as much as he wanted. But if I were to refuse him firmly, he would just respect me and my feelings. However, that didn't mean he wouldn't complain like a child. And then, he'd use it as an excuse to ask me to make it up to him the next time we could have sex again. "Thanks for your help the other day. If it weren't for you and Spencer, I would've been in dire straits."

I noticed that Vivian's shoulders were trembling as she spoke. It looked like she was still terrified of that horrible experience she had that day. Attempting to comfort her, I held her shoulders and said, "You don't have to thank me. Thank Spencer instead. He really cares about you." That day, Spencer let all hell break loose. He must really care about Vivian. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so furious. "Does he really care about me?" A bitter smile appeared on Vivian's lips. "Is everything okay?" I asked. "Spencer hasn't spoken to me the whole day," she said, still wearing a wry smile.

"If he really cared about me, then why is he ignoring me when I'm by his side? Why did he have to be a hero only in my time of need?" I could understand why Vivian was feeling insecure and worried. At times, people could be by your side, and yet they would feel so out of touch. "Maybe it's still hard for him to process. Just give him some more time, Vivian." I patted her hand and added, "Spencer can be stupid sometimes, but he does care." "I agree

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with you on that one." A sly smile appeared on Vivian's pretty face. "But, don't worry! I have an idea," she continued.

I followed her gaze and saw the bottles on the table. 'Wait... is she going to use those on Spencer? My, my. He's really met his greatest match in love, hasn't he?' I raised my glass towards Vivian, and grinned. Her plan was indeed wonderful. "Then, here's to your success." We clinked our glasses together with a tacit understanding. Charles' POV: I regretted leaving Scarlett. Ever since I met up with Spencer, he had been complaining nonstop.

"Charles, are you even listening, dude?" He was wearing a pitiful expression. "I think Vivian might've cast a curse on me. I'm feeling dizzy today, and I feel really feeble." "You were really strong when you beat the crap out of Ethan that day," I remarked with a chuckle. Out of boredom, I sat on the sofa. I felt as though my ears would explode if I kept on listening to Spencer's nagging. "That cunt deserved it. He should count himself lucky that I didn't beat him to death," Spencer said proudly. "Killing him would do you no good, bro. Think about this. Why do you think Emily was willing to marry Vivian off to someone like that?"

I asked. Sometimes, Spencer could be too simple-minded. He would always allow his emotions to cloud his rationality. 'What an optimistic fool,' I remarked inwardly. "Why else? It's because Emily is a heartless piece of shit! She basically sold Vivian. She doesn't care about Vivian's happiness. She only cares about what benefits she can get out of her own daughter!" Spencer sprang to his feet, visibly enraged. He was riled up at this point.

Each time that he mentioned anyone that wanted to hurt Vivian, his face would display just how badly he desired to murder that person. "What about Ethan? Both of them must've had a purpose to reach that sort of agreement. There are only two possibilities why Ethan would want to get Vivian through perverse methods. One is that he could benefit a lot if she became his wife. The other is that he just sees her as a piece of meat that he could fuck whenever he wanted."

Now that Spencer had brought that up, I dribbled my fingers on the table. "Whatever his purpose may be, do you think Vivian would give in so easily?" I asked. "Of course not," Spencer answered decisively. "She won't, if she's still the Vivian I know." The decisiveness of his voice gradually faded.

"But do I really know her that well?" Spencer wore a conflicted expression. "Damn it! Sometimes, I really can't figure out what Vivian wants." This matter was probably not as

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simple as it seemed. I let out a sigh and attempted to comfort my friend. "It's too early to give up now." No matter how bad a situation might be, I believed that it could be overturned soon.

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 248

### Chapter 248 Scarlett's POV:

Vivian was a kindhearted woman. She and I had a lot in common, and we had a lovely conversation. While we were chatting and drinking wine, we heard a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Vivian asked loudly.

Afterwards, the door was pushed open.

"Vivian, Harris is waiting for you in the first floor lobby." Having said that, the waitress turned around and left.

I raised an eyebrow, staring at Vivian in confusion. "Who is Harris?"

"It's Emily's lackey," she answered. Vivian let out an exasperated sigh as she stood up. She then straightened her clothes and flashed me a grin. "I'll go meet him."

As I watched her leave, I felt uneasy about this Harris guy. Thus, I followed her out.

As soon as I walked out of the room, I saw two tall men. They were standing before the railing and peering downstairs.

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“What are you doing?” When I got close to them, Charles grabbed my hand and pulled me into his arms.

Just before I could tell him to behave himself in public, I found that Spencer looked upset. He was staring downstairs intently and he wouldn't even glance at us.

Confused, I looked downstairs. There were many people in the hall, but it was still easy to spot Vivian's petite figure among them. A man grabbed her arm, but she rudely shook it off. She was wearing an unfriendly expression and seemed like she was chastising the guy.

It was no wonder that Spencer couldn't take his eyes off her.

“That's Harris, and he works for Emily,” I explained.

Upon hearing my remark, Spencer finally averted his gaze from Vivian, looking at me in surprise. “Do you know him?”

Suddenly, Charles tightened his grip on my waist and pressed my back against his chest. I could feel the warmth of his body through my clothes.

“Scarlett?” I sensed Charles' vigilance when I heard his voice.

I wasn't sure how to react to that, so I pinched the back of his hand as a warning. “I don't know him, okay? Vivian told me the guy's name before she went downstairs.”

Charles loosened his grip on me, rubbing his cheek against mine. It was rare for him to be so clingy.

Until now, Spencer was still frowning.

In silence, we looked downstairs, only to find that Vivian had picked up a glass of beer and poured it over Harris. The latter was practically covered in beer, and the passersby gasped in shock.

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Harris glared at Vivian, inching closer towards her. However, the bar staff blocked his path. They immediately stood between Harris and Vivian, and handed the man a towel respectfully.

A moment later, one of the waiters escorted Harris to the door. Not long after, Vivian turned around and left, disappearing from my sight.

Spencer locked his eyes on the stairway. After a few seconds, Vivian came upstairs.

He walked up to her and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No." Vivian shook her head.

"Don't do something stupid like that again," he said.

"Why? What's up?" she asked.

"Vivian, if I'm not with you and nobody's protecting you, it's only a matter of time until you suffer the consequences."

Upon hearing Spencer say that, Vivian glared at him. "It's none of your business. The worst that could happen to me is that I'll get killed."

The moment Spencer looked into her eyes, his daunting aura disappeared without a trace. "But, I..."

"What? You feel sorry for me, is that it?" Vivian walked up to Spencer. Her plump chest was almost pressing against him, but he kept on backing away.

Charles and I exchanged glances in silence.

"I don't care about you at all!" Right after saying that, Spencer fled into a nearby private room. Vivian stood in place, resting her hands on her hips and staring at him.

"Scarlett, I don't think it's a good idea for you to be friends with Vivian," Charles whispered in my ear.

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I glanced at him, shaking my head with disappointment. "I'm not a child anymore, Charles. I know how to choose my friends. Besides, Vivian is capable, and she's true to herself. She can do so many things that I want to do but I'm too scared to do. I really admire her," I remarked.

Charles sighed. "Fine. Have it your way."

I scoffed at him, and turned around. Then, I noticed that Vivian was approaching me.

"Hey, Scarlett! Wanna get back to drinking?" She winked at me.

I nodded in agreement. It was then that I pushed Charles away and walked back to Vivian's room, hand in hand.

Before entering the room, I looked back and found that Charles was still standing there. He was leaning against the railing leisurely, and his eyes displayed his affection towards me.

Then, he crooked his finger at me. "Come back here," he said.

I couldn't help but giggle. I made a face at him and dragged Vivian into the room.

Charles' POV:

Scarlett left me behind to drink with Vivian until eleven in the evening.

By the time we left the bar, Scarlett was drunk. She grabbed my tie and said, "Vivian, remember to lock the door! Don't let Spencer slip in and eat you alive," she remarked.

I was rendered speechless. Scarlett had indeed fallen in with a bad influence.

As we stepped out of the bar's entrance, we found Tracy waiting there for us. She approached and said, "Jeez, you reek of alcohol, Scarlett! How much did you drink?"

Scarlett giggled, raising a finger and stuttering, "Just... just one!"

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Meanwhile, Janet opened the door of the car and asked, "Gosh, Scarlett is hammered. Should we head back to the Moore mansion today, sir?"

I carefully carried Scarlett into the backseat. "Let's go to Garden Street," I responded.

Soon, the car started and the scenery outside the window changed.

As she leaned against my chest, Scarlett complained, "Ugh, I feel so horrible, Charles. My head is spinning and throbbing. It's crazy!"

"That's because you're drunk, honey." I frowned, feeling bad to see her in this state.

Slowly, Scarlett raised her head, staring at me with her pitiful eyes. She bit her lower lip, making it look like a crumpled rose petal. She had totally let her guard down beside me. In all honesty, she looked so tempting and charming. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but I was afraid that I'd indulge in the tenderness of her gaze.

I forced myself to look away and said to Janet, "Drive slower."

"Yes, sir."

Gently, I pressed Scarlett's head into my chest while stroking her hair. "Good girl. This way, you won't feel dizzy after getting off the car. Once we get home, get some rest okay?"

Scarlett responded with a nod and nestled in my arms.

After a while, the car pulled over.

I got off the car with Scarlett, and went inside the house.

"I'll run a bath for you," I told her. Then, I put her on the bed, planted a kiss on her forehead, and went to the bathroom.

There, I filled the bathtub with hot water. After turning off the faucet, I heard Scarlett's voice from outside.

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I opened the door and went out. When I saw what she was doing, I wasn't sure how to react.

Scarlett was pacing back and forth in the room as if she were looking for something. She shouted, "Hubby! Where on earth is my dear husband? Honey?"

"I'm here." I walked to her side with a smile on my face and embraced her. "Are you looking for me, my love?"

Scarlett looked at me carefully, as though she was making sure it was really me.

It was hard to resist the urge to laugh at her reaction.

"Don't laugh!" She pointed at me, visibly displeased, then leaned back to look at my face carefully again. "You... you're really my husband," she said.

"Say that again," I replied.

With affection in her eyes, Scarlett said without hesitation, "You're my husband!"

It was then that I kissed her wildly. Now that she was drunk, she was more straightforward and passionate than when she was sober.

Perhaps the alcohol had affected Scarlett's reasoning at this point. She kissed me back passionately. Her arms were wrapped around my neck and her body clung to mine.

The last bits of my rationality forced me to stop the kiss. "No, Scarlett," I told her.

Like a spoiled brat, Scarlett complained, "Charles, don't you want to kiss me? Don't you want to have sex?"

"Of course, I do!" I picked her up and brought her into the bathroom. "But right now, you need to take a bath and get some sleep."

Scarlett nibbled on my neck and slipped into my arms powerlessly. It seemed that she was really hammered.

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As I stared at the filled up bathtub, I let out a sigh. Scarlett was the one who was drunk, but I was the one suffering the consequences.

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