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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 249

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 249 – Vivian's POV:

It was twelve o'clock at midnight.

I took a deep breath, walked to Spencer's door, and knocked.

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Spencer's towering figure loomed over me.

"Vivian, what are you doing here? It's late. Why haven't you gone to bed yet?" He seemed to be a little surprised to see me. What was more, there was a hint of worry in his eyes.

Seeing that he was concerned about me boosted my courage. At this moment, I closed my eyes, swallowed hard, and threw myself into his arms.

A deafening silence fell between us. The only thing I could hear was his heart thumping wildly in his chest.

"Vivian, what are you doing?" Spencer asked confusedly.

I looked up at him. His face, along with his ears, was as red as a lobster.

It seemed that what I had done aroused something inside him.

The uneasiness in my heart dissipated. I stroked his well-defined chest with my fingers and coquettishly said, "You saved me from the Johnsons. I haven't officially thanked you yet."

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Spencer stiffened and took a step away from me. However, I held his waist tightly with my arms and followed him into the room.

However, I tripped on something and lost my footing. As a result, we both lost our balance and fell to the cold hardwood floor.

“Are you okay?” Spencer asked worriedly. I opened my eyes and saw that I had fallen on top of him. He propped on his hand to get up, but I rode on him, stopping him from doing so

He looked at me in astonishment. Suddenly, an inexplicable look flashed across his face. It seemed that it finally dawned on him my purpose of coming here. “Are you planning on sleeping with me to show your gratitude?”

“Yes.” My fists were clenched as I spoke. For a moment, we just stared into each other’s eyes. His eyes were deep and bright, and I could clearly see my reflection in them.

He did not say anything in response. Unable to take the silence any longer, I reached out to take off his clothes.

I unbuttoned his shirt with trembling hands. On the third button, his toned pecs were revealed.

Just as the atmosphere in the room had become hotter, Spencer suddenly grabbed my hand. “You don’t have to do this, Vivian. This isn’t why I saved you.”

He looked at me expressionlessly, making me doubt my charm.

“Get up,” he ordered in a low voice. His words killed the romance between us.

My heart sank, and a feeling of shame and anger arose inside me. Ashamed, I strode to the door without looking back. “Since you don’t want me, I’ll arrange someone else for you. Get ready for your blind date tomorrow night at nine o’clock!”

Before Spencer could react, I slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

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The moment I stepped out of the room, I felt exhausted. Feeling weak, I leaned against the door and sighed heavily.

I did not sleep well that night. The next morning, I got up listlessly and went to the dining room to have breakfast. However, my day turned even worse as I bumped into a more annoying person.

Dressed in expensive clothes, Emily strutted towards me, followed by Justin.

“What are you doing here?” I asked coldly.

Emily lifted her skirt and sat down gracefully. Then, she looked at me with disdain and retorted, “I’m your mother. Why can’t I come to your place? Don’t forget that you still have to pay what you owe me.”

“How? By selling my body?” I sneered.

Displeased with what I had said, Emily pounded on the table. “How dare you talk to me like that, you uneducated hussy?!”

“Well, I don’t have parents nor anyone who could teach me how to behave well.”

“You!” Emily was at a loss for words.

Her chest heaved violently in anger. But after a while, she calmed down. She put on a straight face and solemnly said, “Vivian, the truth is, I didn’t want to leave you behind. But your father... he’s a horrible man. You saw the way he beat me. If I stayed in that house, who knew what he’d do to me? I might’ve been killed! You’re an adult now. You should be able to understand where I’m coming from.”

Emily’s words were like ice thorns piercing into my body. They stung and made me feel cold all over.

I clenched my trembling hands into fists. Although I was trying my best to calm down, I still failed to suppress the anger in my words. “You’re right. My father is violent. You would’ve been beaten up if you stayed. But what about me? Did you really believe he wouldn’t hurt me?”

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"You're his daughter. He won't kill you," Emily argued.

"Wow. That's so nice of you to care about me!" I stood up abruptly in a fit of anger, and my chair tumbled backwards. My vision turned blurry because of the tears welling up in my eyes. Because of this, Emily looked like a demon, which was ironic because she could pass as one.

"That's all in the past. What matters now is the future. Help me get the property of the Johnson family. Once I have it, we can live happily together again. Isn't that great?" Emily goaded with a fawning smile.

I wiped the tears streaming down my face and stared daggers at her. "No way!" I roared.

Emily's eyes widened in shock. It appeared that she did not expect I would refuse. "Vivian!"

I turned my back on her, not wanting to talk to her anymore.

But just as I turned around, I saw Spencer at the stairs.

My mind was in a mess. I had no idea how much he had heard from my conversation with my so-called mother. Frankly speaking, I did not want him to know about my miserable past. I hated being pitied.

On the stairs, Spencer was staring at me.

I immediately adjusted my demeanor and walked past him, pretending to be calm.

Spencer's POV:

The vulnerability in Vivian's eyes brought a pang to my heart.

I watched as she went upstairs with a morose expression. When she was gone, I marched to Emily with a gloomy face.

Emily seemed to have recognized me. She immediately stood up and stepped back. Justin strode forward to protect her. The way he looked at me warily somehow amused me.

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“Mrs. Johnson, you seem to be very confident in this bodyguard. You think him alone is enough to protect you?” With a frivolous smile, I turned to Justin and patted him on the shoulder. “There are more than one hundred hatchet men in my pub. Do you want to spar with them?”

Emily put on an elegant smile and ordered, “Justin, get out of the way.”

Justin immediately did as told.

Emily stepped forward and looked at me with a scrutinizing gaze. “Why are you defending Vivian? Do you want to marry my daughter?”

“It’s none of your business,” I answered crossly.

“Do you think that that’s for you to decide? If the Johnson family doesn’t agree, is there anything you can do about it?” Emily’s tone was disdainful.

I could not help but chuckle at her audacity. I sat on the sofa with crossed legs and leisurely asked, “Are you proud of being Mrs. Johnson? If my guess is right, before you married into the Johnson family, they made you sign an agreement, forbidding you from having children. Why else would you send your own daughter to Ethan’s bed?”

Emily’s face changed. Then, suddenly, she burst into laughter. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Are you sure Ethan will marry Vivian? He just wants to have some fun. Would a young man, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, agree to marry such a poor girl? You’re dreaming.”

Emily slammed her hand on the table. Her freshly-manicured nails chipped, but that was the least of her concern.

“Nonsense!” she shouted in rage.

I merely leaned against the sofa, unfazed. “You know very well whether I’m talking nonsense or not.”

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Furious, Emily stamped her feet. But then, a vicious smile appeared on her face. “Spencer, you’re also from a rich family. You also look down upon poor women, don’t you?”

“So what I do? Get the hell out of here!”

Emily let out a snort and left with Justin.

I watched them leave until they disappeared from my sight. For some reason, Emily’s last sentence kept ringing in my head. Something was wrong. I could feel it.

Wait a minute.

Upon realizing something, I stood up and looked behind me. Just as I expected, Vivian was in the corridor on the second floor. Our eyes met for a second. Before I could react, she turned around and left.

I ran as fast as I could. Fortunately, I caught up with her at the door of her room.

I grabbed her wrist and called, “Vivian...”

She raised her head and forced a smile. However, her lips were trembling, and she appeared to be on the verge of crying. “It turns out that you’re just like them. You know what? You’re right. The gap between family backgrounds is like a chasm. You’re beyond my reach. I don’t deserve a man like you.”

After saying that, she tried to prise my fingers.

“I wasn’t pertaining about you,” I explained in a hurry. Of course, I would not let her go.

But that did not stop her. She suddenly bit my hand, making me gasp and wince in pain. She seized the opportunity to pull her hand back and push me away.

Then, she went back to her room and locked the door behind her.

My heart ached as I stared at the closed door. I could not defend myself. And most importantly, I could not show her how much she really meant to me.

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 250

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 250 – Scarlett's POV:

As dusk approached, the lights outside the window grew dim. The sunset glow tinted the darkening sky a brilliant red.

When we arrived at Moore mansion, no one was home. The servants told us that Charles' family had taken James along to visit their friends.

I was a little disappointed, since I hadn't seen James for the whole day.

"Isn't it good for us to have some quality time alone?" Charles said, grabbing my hand.

In return, I glared crossly at him. Suddenly, my phone rang.

I took out my phone and saw that it was a message was from Vivian. "What do you think of her?"

Attached was a photo of a woman. She looked beautiful, but seemed to be vulgar in temperament.

I instantly replied to Vivian, "She's not as pretty as you."

"You're such a sweet talker! I bet you can always make your husband happy, right? Or did Charles get angry because you were drunk last night?"

"I don't think so."

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After ending our conversation, I put my phone aside and thought about Charles's behavior when we woke up this morning. He acted the same way as usual. On the contrary, I had a terrible headache because of my hangover. My body was in pain and was sore everywhere.

Wait, sore and painful?

I immediately stared at Charles. "Charles. Last night, did we...?"

"I wish." Charles narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze filled with both desire and dissatisfaction. "But since you have your period, I couldn't do anything."

Embarrassed, I quickly looked away, my cheeks flushing. I didn't dare to look at him a second longer.

As it so happened, I received a call there and then. I took the opportunity to shake off Charles's hand and answered the phone. It was the leader of the TV station. "Scarlett, you need to go to France for the interview this Friday. I'm sorry, but honestly, I don't feel comfortable about leaving this task to anyone else."

I gave my agreement and accepted the task without complaint.

"Who's on the phone?" Charles asked, raising his head at me.

"My boss requested me to go on a business trip to France on Friday."

"Business trip? With whom?" Charles furrowed his beautiful eyebrows, his displeasure evident. "Do you really have to go? How many days will you stay there?"

He started shooting questions rapid-fire. I couldn't help laughing. "It's just an interview! Don't worry, it won't take a long time."

Charles gripped my hand with a long face. His lips were pulled into an unhappy frown. "I don't want you to leave me."

"This is my job. You've been on business trips before, but I never stopped you." His reaction rendered me helpless. I didn't know what else to say.

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"Well, now, I don't want to leave you," he muttered. My hand was slowly warmed up by his palm, and as he did so, my heart felt warmed as well.

I took the initiative to kiss him on the cheek and coaxed him softly in a gentle tone, "I'll video chat with you every day."

"Okay, but you have to turn on your phone 24 hours a day. We can't lose contact at all, not even for a second!" Charles compromised, looking less gloomy.

"No problem," I agreed readily.

"And..."

Like a child, Charles bombarded me with request upon request. I accepted them all patiently, nodding all the while as I placated him.

After a long while, Charles finally gave his assent. He held me in his arms and murmured, "You have to come back quickly."

"Okay."

After dinner, I proposed to pick

up James, but Charles pulled me to the sofa and laid down with me. He rested his head on my lap, closing his eyes. "Don't worry. I've sent someone to pick them up."

I relaxed at that, and proceeded to pinch his soft earlobe in a show of discontent. "And why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"Well, I didn't want James to disturb us."

He stroked my belly slowly, and the warmth in his palm emitted soft heat to me. "Will that make you feel better?"

I smiled, amused and touched. "Yes, but my period doesn't hurt much this time. Don't worry."

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Charles then leaned over and gave a soft, affectionate peck on my belly. He whispered meaningfully, "Finish it quickly."

I was at a loss, not knowing whether to cry or to laugh. This man was really full of desire!

The next day, I went to work as usual. But just as I was about to get off the car, a group of reporters suddenly rushed towards me.

I closed the door right away, slamming it shut before they could reach me. "What's happening?"

"They're coming for us!" Janet exclaimed, her face darkening.

The reporters surrounded my car, swarming around like nosy flies and blocking my path of escape. They slapped and smacked the car windows wildly, uncaring of their actions.

"Mrs. Moore! Did you really stop Mr. Moore from saving Miss Lively?"

"Rumor has it that you're a jealous woman! Do you have any words on that?"

"Why are you so cold-blooded?"

Their incessant questions made my head ache. I rubbed my temples in annoyance, disgruntled.

"We can't stay here forever. The reporters will never leave," Tracy grumbled, sighing.

Janet thought of an idea and suggested, "How about we drive to the back door?"

"Let's try that."

Janet immediately started the engine and honked loudly, scaring the reporters. Seeing that the car was about to move, they slowly stepped back to make way for the vehicle. And so, we took the opportunity to leave.

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Soon, the car stopped at the back door. But just like before, the reporters reappeared and surrounded us again.

When Janet opened the door, two female reporters who were standing next to the door suddenly collapsed. Alarmed, I hurried out of the car to check if they were injured.

“Mrs. Moore, did you order your bodyguard to hit the reporters?”

One voice questioned. Instantly, all the other reporters pressed the shutters madly at me.

Seeing this, I rose my voice and immediately commanded Janet, “Janet, record a video with your phone and send it to Charles. Make sure you have all of their faces.”

Janet nodded and whipped out her phone in an instant.

At this, all of the reporters stepped back fearfully.

Tracy then grabbed the chance to pull me away from the crowd, and we fled from the scene as quickly as we could.

As soon as I arrived at the office, my phone rang. It was Charles.

I pressed the answer key, and Charles’s worried voice came out. “Scarlett! Are you okay? Were you hurt?”

The minute I heard his voice, the uneasiness in my heart dissipated in an instant. A smile graced my lips, and my spirits rose. “I’m fine, Charles.”

“Janet said that she had recorded all of the reporters’ faces. The audacity! I will spare none of them!” Charles growled, fury thick in his voice.

“Uh, there’s no need to go that far. I was just bluffing.”

“Me too.”

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But it was clear to me that Charles wasn't bluffing, and that he meant every single thing he said.

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