

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 246 Read online/Audio Book

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Lily's POV:

I made my way back to my seat upstairs, but my eyes still lingered on Charles and Scarlett.

"Charles and his wife are really good at pretending to be innocent." I couldn't help but sneer derisively.

Emma, who was beside me, shook her head.

"Honestly, I think Charles is like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He's intimidating even when he smiles. He may seem calm and collected, but the second the opportunity rises, he'd strike the enemy without hesitation and tear them into pieces, still with that smile."

As Emma spoke, her voice was full of admiration and yearning.

Indeed, Charles was an attractive man, charming and powerful. Unfortunately, there was only one woman who could be with him, and that was Scarlett. This was the conclusion that countless idiotic women was forced to swallow after going through great pains to win over Charles, only to fail.

"Say, Lily. I heard you've slept with Charles?" Emma asked tentatively, eager for gossip.

"I don't know where you heard that from, but it's not true." I cast a cold glance at her and said, "Charles doesn't even like Rita, much less an unknown actress like me! How could I possibly have an affair with him?"

Emma was quite surprised at my reply. "What happened to you? Why are you suddenly talking like that?"

The expectation brimming in Emma's face faded away, replaced with disappointment and surprise.

"What, haven't I suffered enough?" I sneered again, my eyes burning with hate. "It's all because of Rita. All I want to do right now is take over Lively Group and make her completely broke!"

"You say that, but there's nothing left in Lively Group now..." Emma grumbled in a low voice, annoyed. "Why do you have to fight with a loser?"

"A starving camel is better than a horse. Besides, I deserve this." I clenched my hands into angry fists, and my long nails almost dug into my palms.

Lively Group was the reason I lost my son!

He used to be the flesh and blood resting in my womb, waiting to come out to the world for me to see. I was full of expectations. I wanted to meet him so badly.

After I lost him, I couldn't fall asleep. I stood awake for many nights, wallowing in misery. Whenever I closed my eyes, I dreamed of his miserable and bloody appearance as he called for me, saying 'Mother'...

At that time, I swore. I would make Rita pay for everything, even if it was the last thing I do!

"Karma's a bitch. Have you read the gossip news about Rita recently? She got beaten up so badly in the streets, but Charles just stood by and did nothing! Ha, ha, ha!"

Emma gloated, deeply amused. When she mentioned Charles's name, however, her face was filled with yearning once more.

"Rumor has it that Charles refused to save Rita because he was afraid of his wife. That's so ridiculous! Charles doesn't take Rita seriously at all," I explained calmly. I couldn't help but remind her and added carefully, "Emma, let me give you some advice. Whatever you're thinking about Charles, stop it."

After that, I said nothing more.

"Of course I'll listen to your advice!" Emma then hooked my arm with hers in a flattering manner. "Obviously, everyone in the city can see that! If anyone dares to destroy the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Moore, he or she will end up just like Rita! It's practically suicide."

With that, she removed her arm from mine and proceeded to browsing the menu card. It seemed that she had given up the idea of seducing Charles, at least for now.

Recalling Rita's tragic fall in the news, delight spread everywhere in me. I was ecstatic!

But, this was far from enough.

That wretched woman needed to suffer much, much more.

Scarlett's POV:

After we had our lunch, Charles insisted on sending me to the TV station. We soon arrived at the gate, but he didn't have the slightest intention of leaving.

Charles crossed his arms in front of his chest, staunch and defiant. His casual black suit made him look more slender and elegant, giving him a dashing image.

"Aren't you going to work, honey?" Charles urged me gently, a calm smile on his face.

He had always been the focus of the crowd wherever he went, and that fact remained even until now. He was only standing at the door of the TV station, but had already attracted the attention

of many colleagues passing by. They kept looking back frequently, unable to tear their eyes away from him.

"Of course I have to work! Look, Charles. The rules of the TV station permit admittance to staff only." I poked his arm, frustrated, and begged in a hurried whisper, "So you better leave now."

"I'm not an outsider here," said Charles, taking my hand. "You don't have a good memory, Scarlett. Let me help you recall something. I've spent a lot of money on this TV station. How about I ask the head of the TV station to prove it?"

He gave me a mischievous and cheeky gaze, as if he was certain that I had no reason to drive him away.

I drew back my hand angrily, past the limits of my patience. "Fine! Then just stay here, Mr. Sponsor. I don't have the time to entertain you."

With a huff, I turned around and strode into my office. Charles followed me quietly, and then sat obediently on the sofa in front of me.

I cast him a cross glare, my annoyance rising. Charles took out his phone and shook it at me, as if trying to promise me that he would stay obediently in the office and not disturb anyone.

However, there was one thing he didn't take account for.

He didn't know it, but to me, staying in the same space as him interfered with my work.

It was difficult for me to ignore what Charles was doing, even as I tried to concentrate on my job. There was a pile of work in front of me, waiting to be finished, but my mind would involuntarily wander and get attracted to Charles.

I wasn't the only one who was attracted to his charm, however.

During tea breaks, I noticed several young women passing by the door of my office frequently. They were eager to drop by and sneak several glances at Charles, wanting to see more of him.

As I looked at their shy, excited faces, I couldn't help but be reminded of my secret love for Charles in the past, and how I used to pursue him.

And now, he had really become my man and the father of my child.

I found it to be surreal. Everything felt like a lovely dream.

Soon, it was time to get off work. One after another, my colleagues left the place.

Charles was still focusing on his phone, showing no signs of impatience. He looked calm and leisurely.

Having finished my work, I grabbed my chair and sat down in front of Charles. I poked my head curiously to look at his phone screen.

As it turned out, he was browsing at the daily photos I posted on my Facebook.

There were pictures of myself and James on my feed.

"Instead of managing the millions of businesses you have in your company, you wasted a whole day here. You should calculate how much money you've lost today, Charles." I shook my head in mock sadness, feigning regret.

"Nothing's more important than accompanying you." Charles's face carried regret as well. He looked sadder than me, in fact. "You didn't post my photos much on Facebook. I'm so sad..."

Charles seldom uttered such sweet nothings.

So whenever he said things like this, it was still quite incredible to me.

"Am I so important to you? More important than your life?" I took out the pen from the pocket of my shirt and twirled it in my hand casually as I waited for his answer.

The next second, I grabbed Charles's tie and pulled him closer to me. At the same time, I pointed the tip of the pen gently against his neck.

"Your wife wants your life. Will you give it to her?"

Unexpectedly, Charles replied by wrapping his arms around my waist and forcing me to sit on his lap. The pen on my hand shook from this sudden movement, and I almost poked him by accident.

“Be careful!” I exclaimed in a fit of panic, alarmed.

However, Charles held my hand and pressed the tip of the pen directly against his artery.

“If you want my life, Scarlett, your hands can’t tremble like that.” The look on his face was extremely gentle, as if what he intended to give me was merely an unimportant toy.

“Before, I would have hesitated. But now, I’ll give you my life without a second thought should you want it.” He leveled a deep gaze at me as he spoke. There was no humor in his voice, and he looked dead serious. “I’ll give you whatever you want, Scarlett.”

This... This crazy man!

Immediately, my grip on the pen loosened and it fell to the floor.

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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. 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 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 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.

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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.

"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.

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.

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!"

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.

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.

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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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."

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.

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?"

"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 v

ision 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.

"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."

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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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."

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.

"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."

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.

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."

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