Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 257

Chapter 257 Rita's POV:

I stood there and watched Charles's car disappear in the distance. I swallowed the lump in my throat and wiped away my tears. I could not believe the blinding pain being caused by my breaking heart.

Charles used to love me so much and spoil me. How could he be so cruel to me now? It seemed that everything we had shared and gone through meant nothing to him.

And it was all because of Scarlett!

This was all her fault! She must have bewitched Charles into staying away from me. I could not hate her more.

I gritted my teeth and thought, 'Your day will come, Scarlett. Let's just wait and see.'

Then, my phone rang, interrupting my thoughts.

"Hello?" I answered impatiently.

"Hello, Miss Lively. I'm an employee of the Lively Group." The caller was a man with an unfamiliar voice.

"And why are you calling me?"

"I have a way to save your company," the man said firmly, and my heart leapt to my throat.

"Is this some kind of joke? Who the hell are you?"

"Meet me in booth 502 at the Mint Bar tonight, and I will tell you everything. I can help you."

Then, the mysterious man hung up. Conflicting emotions started swirling in my gut. My reason told me that the man was probably a liar, but a small part of me could not help thinking that maybe he was the glimmer of hope that I needed. What if this mysterious man really had a way to save the Lively Group?

I had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

So I decided to meet him.

The Mint Bar was already abuzz with revelry when I arrived.

The place smelled like smoke and wine. The floor was littered with platforms on which gorgeous, half-naked young women danced. As pieces of their clothing flew in the air and kissed the floor, the men watching them howled, mad with excitement and lust.

I calmly made my way through the raging crowd on the dance floor and saw the man I was meeting in booth 502.

It was a bit dark, but I could tell that he was in his thirties. He was wearing a blue Gucci business suit and a Rolex watch. The hair left on his head was covered in mousse, which reflected the bouncing lights. He quickly spotted me in the crowd, and he curled his lips in a smile that reminded me of every single man who ever hit on me.

I clicked my tongue but kept my face bereft of emotion.

"You said that you have a way to save the Lively Group?" I came straight to the point as soon as I sat down beside him.

"Yes, Miss Lively. If you give me a chance, I'll make sure that your company doesn't succumb to bankruptcy." The man's face was full of confidence.

"So I'm just supposed to take your word for it?"

If there was one thing that I learned in business, it was never to trust anybody. The business world was riddled with snakes, and I was not going to let myself get bitten.

"Yes. I'm not just any employee, Miss Lively. I went from an entry-level clerk to a middle-level manager in less than six months at the Lively Group." The man was bragging, but he was calm.

And I was intrigued.

If I were still the over-pampered daughter of the Lively Group's CEO, I would not have wasted time coming to a bar to meet this mysterious man. But things were different now. I was responsible for the Lively Group, and if this man could help me save it, then I would give him a shot.

"Tell me your name," I ordered.

"Kevin. My name is Kevin."

Aside from the searing self-esteem that shone from his eyes, I saw... Desire.

I smiled contemptuously. Men were always so laughably predictable.

I had met countless men like this one, men who were obsessed with women and who would do anything for the right incentive.

"Are you single, Kevin?"

Kevin hesitated for a moment and said, "No, I'm married."

I w

as a little disappointed. "At such a young age? Well, I never would've guessed."

But it did not matter. Charles almost divorced Scarlett because of me.

Kevin should not be so hard to crack. I slid closer to him, reached out, and rested my hand on his thigh.

To my surprise, he stopped my hand and said, "Miss Lively, I just told you I'm already married. Please, let's just keep this professional." His tone was serious.

"So you're not offering to help me to get into my pants?" I felt offended by his blatant rejection.

"Please don't get me wrong, Miss Lively. You're as beautiful as the goddess Athena. But I have a wife and a family. Even if I were a single man, I wouldn't deserve someone like you. You're way out of my league."

What a hypocrite!

After we talked, I asked Kevin to drive me home. He agreed without hesitation and put his hand on the small of my back as we left the bar.

Vivian's POV:

I saw Rita at the Mint Bar chatting happily with a middle-aged man.

What was this bad woman playing at?

I called the waiter over and asked him to eavesdrop on their conversation.

The waiter told me everything he had heard.

I curled my lips. "Wow. That woman is unstoppable. She wasted no time and hooked up with the first man she drank with."

Spencer leaned over and asked, "Is she more unstoppable than you?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "What do you mean?"

"Well, she's good at hooking up with men. But you... You are good at finding women for me! Where on earth do you find so many girls to set me up with?"

"Oh, please. There had only been a few. Why? Are you tired of being a ladies' man?" I glanced at his body and drew circles on his arm with my finger.

"You, you, you..."

Spencer did not manage to finish what he was trying to say. He just turned around and left with a red face.

I took out my phone, called Scarlett, and told her what I just witnessed.

As soon as our conversation ended, I saw Emily walking toward me with Justin on her heels.

The moment I laid eyes on her, all the alarms in my head went off, and I straightened my back.

Emily strode straight to me and held my hand. The hypocritical smile on her face made me want to throw up.

"Hi, Vivian. We haven't seen each other in a long time. How are you doing?"

"What are you doing here?" I pushed her hand away and rubbed my hand on my shirt. Her touch made me feel sick.

"Ethan have been talking to me about you lately. He wanted to invite you to dinner and apologize for what he did last time."

"Really? Well, you can go tell him that I don't ever want to see him again for the rest of my life." I stared at Emily coldly.

"Vivian, just accept Ethan's invitation and repay my kindness for coming here and telling you. After all, I'm still your mother."

I scoffed, "I didn't ask you to give birth to me."

"You ungrateful child! You should count yourself lucky that Ethan likes you. How dare you be rude to him? Justin, get her. Tie her up if you have to. I will take her to Ethan myself."

As I expected, Emily finally showed her true intentions. At her command, Justin approached me.

Before he could lay a hand on me, I took the syringe from my pocket and jammed it into his wrist.

Justin's face twisted in pain. After a few moments, he began shaking. I flashed him a mocking grin.

"Do you still want to grab me and tie me up?"

"You bitch!"

Justin raised his other hand and was about to slap me. But then, the bar's security guards rushed over and hit Justin with a stick, knocking him to the ground.

"Are you okay, Miss Vivian?" The guards looked at me worriedly.

I took a deep breath, shoved down the surging hatred inside me, and ordered them.

"Throw these two out."

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Chapter 258 Scarlett's POV:

After speaking with Vivian, I frowned and wondered what Rita was plotting again. That woman was always making trouble.

While I was lost in thought, Charles sent me a video call request. I beamed and answered.

"Honey, with whom were you on the phone just now? I tried calling you many times, but I couldn't get through. Was it a man or a woman?"

That tone of Charles's always cracked me up. He was trying not to sound jealous and possessive but was failing miserably.

"Relax. It was Vivian. How are you?"

I wondered if I should tell Charles what Vivian told me.

"Did Vivian tell you that Rita was hanging out with a man named Kevin?"

My eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Kevin is a spy. Lily hired him to approach Rita. They're working together to destroy the Lively Group."

My curiosity was aroused. "And what's your role in this game?"

"My role? An insignificant one. When are you coming home? I'm getting a little fed up with this little guy."

Charles held James in front of the camera. My little boy was very excited to see his mother since we had not seen each other for a long time. He stretched out his chubby little hand toward me and cooed, "Mama."

I put my hand over my chest and sent flying kisses to my little angel. I wished that I could just pack my bags and jump on the first plane home.

"Don't talk nonsense. James is so cute." I got a little annoyed at Charles's comment.

"Cute, huh? Does that mean you want another baby?"

I was taken aback. When Grandma asked us to have another baby, Charles resolutely opposed. Why was he bringing up having another baby now?

I could not help teasing him. "Okay. How about a daughter this time?"

"Really? Okay. You must keep your word!"

Charles's POV:

On the day of Scarlett's flight back home, her plane was delayed because of the bad weather.

I waited at the airport for four hours before I finally saw her. My days and nights of missing her terribly were over.

Scarlett and I looked at each other across the crowd. Seeing her face again, I could not help feeling a little overwhelmed with love and longing. She might be just one woman, but to me, she was the entire universe.

I dashed over and locked her in a tight hug.

Richard and the others took the hint and gave us some privacy.

I crashed my lips onto hers, quenching the thirst in my heart. She struggled under my grip, as if telling me to stop because people were already staring. But I held on. I did not care. I missed her, and I wanted to show her jus

t how much.

"Let's spend the night at Garden Street. We'll go back to the Moore mansion tomorrow. I want you all to myself tonight." I looked at her pleadingly.

I knew that Scarlett must miss James very much since they had not seen each other for so many days.

But she did not say anything.

She just nodded as blood rushed to her cheeks.

We went straight to the bedroom when we arrived at our Garden Street home. I kicked the door shut, and my entire body burned with maddening desire. I had been itching to touch Scarlett since we left the airport, and now that we were alone, she was all mine.

We took off all our clothes and explored each other's bodies like we were doing it for the first time. We both surrendered to our primal urges and sent caution flying out the window. When I thrust into her, I threw my head back and let my return to her paradise consume me completely.

The next day, I woke up with Scarlett in my arms. Her beautiful face was enchanting in the morning light. She looked tired, but she was glowing. She appeared like something out of a dream. I could not take my eyes off of her at all.

"What time is it? I think it's time for us to get up."

Scarlett stretched her muscles and opened her eyes in a daze. Her voice was a little hoarse after moaning endlessly last night.

Her sleepy look made me hard again. I swallowed, hoping it would help curb my building desire.

"I want another round, honey. Can we do it again?"

I held her in my arms and gazed at her affectionately, trying to achieve my goal by bewitching her with my puppy dog eyes.

"But I'm still exhausted. And it hurts down there," Scarlett refused bluntly.

Absence did make the heart grow fonder. I knew that I might have gone a little too rough with her last night, but I could not help it. I wanted her last night, and I still did.

"Really? How bad is it? Come on, let me see."

As I spoke, I lifted the quilt and stuck my head under it to take a look at her privates. She panicked so instantly that she swatted me off like a fly and hogged the quilt to cover herself completely. She giggled and rolled her eyes at me.

"You're such a naughty, naughty man! Get up and make me some breakfast. I'm starving."

Feeling bad for getting her hurt while making love to her, I gave up teasing Scarlett. I smiled, jumped out of bed, and put on some clothes.

"All right. Wait here. I'll make breakfast for you."

Before leaving the room, I leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Scarlett's forehead. She grinned, and I headed to the kitchen.