Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 273

Chapter 273 Birthday Party

Spencer's POV:

I held Vivian's hand and gripped it gently in my own.

Her skin was smooth and delicate to the touch. It felt good to hold, and I couldn't stop myself from gently caressing it.

Vivian was briefly stunned by my gesture.

When she came back to her senses, she

hurriedly pulled her hand away.

"Spencer..." Nicole's voice drew my attention back to her. She pouted sulkily as she cast an unhappy glance at Vivian. "Every time I come to the bar, I always see you with Vivian. Do you have a good relationship? Do you two have dinner together often?"

Nicole's whiny tone was testing my patience. The sound was grating my ears, so very annoying. I wanted nothing more than to tell her that not only do Vivian and I had dinner together often, we had also slept together!

But then, Vivian's warning gaze fell on me. I held my tongue and drew back. Then, I looked coldly into Nicole's eyes. "Why do you want to know?"

Nicole shivered at my tone, instantly lowering

her head in fear. "I... I just..." "Now, now, Spencer. How can you be so mean

to a lady?" Vivian interrupted with a smile.

I stared at her helplessly, but she was grinning

at me.

Happy that Vivian was siding her, Nicole regained her cheer and said fawningly, "Vivian, Spencer's got someone in his heart, right? Do you know who she is?"

Vivian shrugged, feigning ignorance. "I'm afraid you asked the wrong person, Nicole. Only Spencer knows who he likes."

I was a little disappointed by Vivian's answer,

but that was to be expected. As for me, I didn't

plan to hide my feelings. "It's true, Nicole. I do

have a woman I like."

"Really? Who is she?" Nicole asked anxiously, grabbing my arm in a hurry.

I quickly drew my hand back in distaste and

took a step back, distancing myself from her. "She's..." But I wasn't able to finish my sentence, because something kicked my foot hard and

silenced me immediately.

I cast an aggrieved glare at Vivian, but she replied with a warning look.

The expression was gone by the next second as she turned to smile gently at Nicole, "I'm done eating. Please, do help yourself."

Vivian then stood up and left amiably. The sitated for a moment, wanting to follow her. In the end, my rationale won and I remained where I was.

I told Nicole sincerely, "Nicole, don't come to me again. You are still a student, and I'm the boss of a nightclub, I'm definitely not a good match for you. Besides, there's a big age gap between us. Why are you so attached to me?"

My words were rather straightforward and somewhat painful. However, they didn't faze Nicole, who still wore a bright smile on her face. "I don't think that'll prevent us from being together! Spencer, I promise I'll be a generous wife. It doesn't matter to me if you have other women. As long as you don't take them home, I won't interfere with whatever you do outside the house."

Listening to her words, I was on the verge of breaking down. This woman was too difficult to deal with! If I wasn't direct, she wouldn't give up.

And so, I sized Nicole up and down with a frivolous leer. "Nicole, the woman I like knows all kinds of postures in bed. What about you?

What postures do you know?"

That stunned her. She stared at me open

mouthed, dazed.

I sighed and shrugged, helpless. "Look, we really can't see eye to eye. I'm not expecting to have a wife like you. Be careful when you go back, Nicole. Bye."

Without waiting for her response, I turned

around and headed upstairs.

Vivian was standing outside the room, phone

in hand.

"Vivian." I walked up to her with a big smile, but she only glanced coldly at me.

"What nonsense did you just say to Nicole?"

Vivian barked, her tone unfriendly.

I gave her an innocent stare and replied simply,

"Nothing."

Vivian shook her phone, annoyed. "Nicole just called and told me something. Turns out that you like the kind of woman who knows many postures in bed."

What?! How did Nicole tell on me so soon? I grabbed Vivian's hand and pulled her into my arms. Then, I whispered ambiguously in her ear, "Isn't that true?"

"You bastard!" Vivian shoved me away and ran

into her room, and then slammed the door.

In less than ten seconds, the door opened again. Vivian's bright eyes stared into mine through the crack. "Spencer, what if your mother finds out that we've slept together?"

That didn't matter to me. I said carelessly, "So?

What's the big deal?" "It doesn't matter to you, but it is a big deal to me!" Vivian yelled at me angrily before

slamming the door again.

I blinked, my face blank. I was stupefied. I wasn't sure how I managed to irritate her again. I gently knocked on the door, trying to coax her.

Yet, I received no response.

I leaned against the wall and thought for a long

time, trying to find an answer. However, I

reached a dead end. In the end, I called Charles to complain about the injustice of it all. Soon, the line connected and Charles's cold. voice reached my ears. "What is it?"

The moment I heard him, I planned to start from the very beginning of the story. "You see, I slept with Vivian..." Charles interrupted me at once. "I'm in a

meeting."

But I turned a deaf ear to his words and continued as if he never said anything, "I can see that Vivian likes me too, and wants to be

with me. But she refused to admit it. Why do you think she's doing this?"

Beep, beep, beep. A busy signal. Charles had hung up mercilessly, not bothered

to lend a kindly ear to my plight.

I stared at my phone, incredulous, and then at

the door of Vivian's room. Sighing, I returned to my room dejectedly.

Everyone's being really mean to me...

Charles's POV:

When I was finished with my work, it was

already dark outside. I exited my office and drove to the TV station in

a hurry.

It so happened that Scarlett had just come out of the gate when I arrived. I parked the car slowly in front of her. I got off the car and walked towards her. She was surprised and delighted to see me, and promptly threw herself into my arms.

"It'd be great if you're also this enthusiastic in bed." I whispered teasingly in her ear..

Scarlett shot me a coquettish stare in return. "Didn't you say that you had to work overtime? Why are you here?"

"I did, but I didn't expect that you'd work harder and even longer than me." I led her to

the car and opened the door for her. Scarlett slid in and fastened her seat belt. "Are we going back to the mansion today, Charles?" "No, we're going to the hotel for a birthday party." I handed her a list of guests before starting the car.

"Whose birthday is it?"

"A business partner. His background can't be

underestimated."

"But Charles, I didn't prepare an evening dress.

How can I go like this?"

I flashed her a comforting smile. "Don't worry,

Scarlett. I've had it all covered." Scarlett breathed a sigh of relief and then returned to the list to browse the names. "I can't believe that the Johnsons will also attend. Isn't Daniel Johnson bedridden? Who will come on his behalf?"

"In such a public occasion, Ethan Johnson will attend with his stepmother, Emily. At least, on the surface, the Johnson family seems very harmonious."

Scarlett didn't say anything more, and continued to go through the list. "Spencer's also invited. Do you think Vivian will come with him?"

"Why? Do you want to leave me and drink with

Vivian?" I cast her a cold look.

"No, I don't. I'm just asking." Scarlett smiled brightly, taking my breath away. She was probably hoping to distract me.

I snorted, and shook my head. "Forget it. Vivian won't come. Spencer's mother dislikes Vivian. Mark my words, she won't allow Spencer to bring Vivian to the party." Scarlett sighed dejectedly.

When we arrived at the hotel, we saw Spencer standing by the door.

Nicole, the girl who played tennis with him the

other day, was next to him.

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