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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 293 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 293 William's Purpose Charles' POV:

"William? Why?" I asked. Spencer fell silent for a moment. Then, he said, "William said that he wanted to see you." Hearing that only infuriated me. William had already taken Scarlett away. Did he still want to show off in front of me? "He wants to see me, huh? Did he mention why?" "He didn't say anything in particular. He just wanted to talk to you about Scarlett," Spencer stammered.

My heart skipped a beat. 'What happened to Scarlett?' "William told me that he and Scarlett are getting along well with each other," Spencer continued. Suddenly, my heart felt like it was being cut open by a knife and the pain overwhelmed me. As I held my phone in my trembling hand, all my strength was being drawn out of my body. While I was still mourning over the loss of my son, James, Scarlett had begun a new life. A bitter smile appeared on my lips. All sorts of complicated emotions plagued my heart; sadness and jealousy among them. And I felt so conflicted. I didn't want to accept that this was truly happening. "William is lucky that he can have the best woman in the world. He's obviously trying to provoke you, Charles. Why don't you accept his challenge?" asked Spencer. "I think you're the one who's trying to provoke me, Spencer."

After hanging up on him, I sensed that something ominous was coming. 'What is William's purpose? Is he just trying to show off? Is this his way of claiming sovereignty? Or is he... trying to persuade me to divorce Scarlett?' I went back to the Moore mansion with a heavy heart. As soon as I entered the house, I saw my grandmother on the sofa, sobbing. She had aged a lot ever since James fell to the depths of the sea. Upon seeing me enter the living room, she wiped away her tears and stood up, albeit with difficulty. She then walked over to me and held my hand. "Charles, I've been having dreams about James lately. Do you think he's still alive? The police never found his body. Is it possible he can still be saved?" 5 My

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heart ached when I saw the hope in her eyes. "Perhaps," I muttered, looking down, fearful of staring into her eyes.

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"Charles, I want to see Scarlett. Can you get her back? Please." Grandma held my hand tightly. And for a moment, I didn't know what to tell her. After pondering on it, I said bitterly, "Grandma, let's not disturb her new life." Tears streamed down her eyes again, and she looked even sadder now. "I just want to know if Scarlett is doing well." Once more, I failed to give an answer.

I had no idea that my mother had been eavesdropping outside the door. At this moment, she walked in and said, "Perhaps I should visit Scarlett instead. I'm an elder, William wouldn't be heartless enough as to kick me out, would he?" "No. Never bring this up again," I said before I turned around and walked away. "Charles, are you really okay with never seeing Scarlett again for the rest of your life?" my mother asked the second she caught up to me. "Don't you get it, Mom? Scarlett doesn't want to see us again!" "She's not that cruel," she replied. "So? Does that mean it's okay for you to take advantage of her kindness and keep pestering her?"

My mother was rendered wordless. "If we show up in front of her, it'll only remind her of James and the pain of losing her son!" My mother didn't know what to say at this point. In the end, she just let out a sigh. "Well, what about you, Charles? Don't you love her anymore?" "I'm not sure." Later that night, I sat in front of the window with a glass of red wine in my hand. The faint moonlight shone on the floor through the window. For the past year, I had been sleepless for countless of nights. Every time I went back to the Moore mansion, it reminded me of my fondest memories of Scarlett.

Back then, we were so in love with each other. We baked together, had fun, and we had such wonderful sex together. But every time these beautiful memories appeared in my mind, the painful ones followed.

The following morning, while I was waiting for the elevator to arrive, I heard a woman's voice from behind me. "Mr. Moore! Mr. Moore!" Nancy had come to badger me again.

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Today, she was wearing a beige Prada dress, a white coat, and delicate makeup. I could smell the faint aroma of her body, and it put a frown on my face.

“Don’t you remember who I am, Mr. Moore? I’m Nancy, Nicholas’ younger sister.”

She had her hands behind her back,

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her look timid. She couldn’t dare to look into my

eyes.

I stared at the hands behind her back. All of a sudden, Scarlett’s face appeared in my head. Whenever she was nervous, she would always put her hands behind her back just like that. Now, I was in a bad mood. “Mr. Moore?” Nancy seemed confused. I ignored her and went into the elevator at once. Once I was in my office, Amy brought me my schedule for the day. When I saw the word “Kitsap” on the schedule, I was stunned. “Mr. Moore, there’s a notable summit happening in Kitsap. I’m afraid you may have to attend it.”

Amy stood in front of my desk, speaking to me with respect. Calmly, I put down the schedule and replied, “Ask Peter to go in my stead.” “Understood, sir.” With that, Amy left without another word. My mind began to wonder. Moments later, I heard a knock on the door. “Come in,” I said. It was Peter. “My apologies, Mr. Moore, but I can’t attend the summit on your behalf.” “Why not?”

“My wife is giving birth in a few days. That’s why I’m here to ask you for a few days of leave. My wife said that if I don’t accompany her for the coming days, she’s going to dump me. You wouldn’t want to see my family break up, would you, sir?” ‘Is this the will of God?’ I wondered. I kept silent for a long time. “Fine. Go ahead. Take good care of your wife and child. Never let them down. Otherwise, you’re going to regret it for the rest of your life.” Seeing that I agreed so readily, Peter scratched his head, visibly surprised. “Thank you, Mr. Moore! Anyway, I’ll be going to go back to work now.”

I nodded in response. The office returned to silence once again. I opened the drawer of my desk and saw a picture frame inside it. The picture in the frame was of me and Scarlett. We

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were so intimate at the time. I held her in my arms and she was smiling as bright as the sun. As I held up our photo, the past flashed through my mind like scenes out of a movie. I was unable to prevent myself from yearning for her. I couldn't help but murmur to myself, "Scarlett, how have you been doing?"

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Chapter 294 He Finally Came

Nancy's POV:

After I got off work, I waited anxiously at the gate of the company, hoping to come across Charles again. Not long after, Amy came out of the gate. I approached her, looking behind her and trying to find the man that I had been thinking of day and night. "Nancy? Are you waiting for Mr. Moore?"

I flashed Amy a meek smile.

"If you're already off duty, Amy, what about him" "He already left hours ago," she replied.

"I see..."

I was saddened by this, and by the time I gathered my composure, Amy had already left. Disappointed, I let out a sigh. Then, I decided to call Nick. "Nick, I didn't get to see Charles today," I complained. "I've already told you many times. Waiting for him in such an idiotic

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way won't do you any good! Just listen to me, Nancy. Give up on Charles. The healthy thing for you to do is to move

on."

"Shut up, Nick!" I roared through gritted teeth. "Anyway, I've got something else to do now. Bye!" My brother's indifference was disappointing. Still, I wasn't going to give up on Charles. Especially now that Scarlett was gone. This would be the perfect time for me to get Charles. A bold plan took shape in my mind. Since I couldn't find him in the company, I figured it would be better to wait for him at his house.

'If I could rent a house near his, I would see him more often!'

Spencer's POV: Today my new bar, Swarms of Stars, officially opened in Kitsap. Around eight in the evening, William arrived at the bar as scheduled. "Spencer, is Charles here?" William asked me at once. I lit a cigar, glancing at the riled up crowd downstairs through the smoke. Right now, my face displayed how sullen I was. "William, Charles isn't coming. He doesn't want to disturb Scarlett anymore."

"Is that so?" William chuckled.

Seeing him laugh like that made me angry. "William, please do not forget that even Scarlett is with you now, Charles is still her legal husband." "Is that the reason he's scared to meet with me?" he retorted. "What are you trying to say?" I furrowed my brows. "He must've guessed why I wanted to talk to him. I want to convince him to divorce Scarlett," said William.

This time, I was rendered speechless. 'Charles would never agree to a divorce,' I remarked inwardly. "He said that he'd set Scarlett free, but it looks like he doesn't want to make a clean break with her. Is this what he calls 'never bothering her again?'" William also took out a cigarette from the table and lit it. Then, we stared at each other in silence. "Is it true that Scarlett has lost her memory?"

"It is."

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Now, I was staring at the crowd with a conflicted expression. "If a person forgets all her sadness and even her past source of happiness, do you think it's a good thing or a pity?" William didn't offer me a response. All of a sudden, my phone rang. Upon taking it out, I saw that Charles was the one who was calling me. "Charles, what's up?" I said. "Spencer, tell William to stay," he replied. "Huh? Why?" "Do not let him leave." As soon as he finished speaking, he hung up the phone. 'This is great! Just as I've expected, Charles is a real man! He'd never back down when it comes to his beloved woman.'

This made me admire Charles. "William, Charles told me to tell you not to leave," I said with a smug smile. "Oh? Then, I shall wait for him to arrive," he replied. I raised my eyebrows, picked up a glass, poured liquor into it, and leaned against the sofa. "It seems that you're unaware that Charles is not just a good businessman; he's also a fierce combatant." I shot William a glance, displaying my confidence in Charles' capabilities. William sneered at me with eyes filled with disdain. "A fierce combatant? Are you kidding me? He couldn't even protect his wife and son!" He Filially calle

'Did this man come here to look for trouble?' I wondered. – "Correct me if I'm wrong, but that lady downstairs is your woman, right?" William looked at me dead in the eye before he glanced downstairs, indicating that I follow his gaze. When I did so, I saw Vivian walking into the bar with a man. They seemed quite intimate. Vivian was holding the man's arm intimately and leaning against his chest with a bright smile on her face. The man held her waist, looking into her eyes as they spoke to each other. They embraced each other as though there was no one else around them.

Then, they joined the dance floor. Along the way, Vivian looked up and waved at me as though she was goading me. I felt like I was being cuckolded by my own wife. It made me so angry that I lost my mind in an instant. I put down my glass of wine, rushed downstairs into the crowd, and grabbed Vivian's hand. "Come with me!" 'I'm going to punish this damned woman!' "Spencer, are you crazy? Let go of me!" Vivian was so infuriated that she struggled to break free from my grasp. "Sir, please let my girlfriend go. You're hurting her," said Vivian's companion. 'This bastard is even trying to stop me! The audacity of this man!' "Who do you think you are?" I held my head high, glaring at him.

"Spencer, stop being so rude to my boyfriend. You are my boss; nothing more, nothing less. So, watch your mouth!" Vivian seemed unaware of the severity of the situation. "Did you say he's your boyfriend? In that case, why don't you kiss him in front of me?" I said, deliberately provoking her. "Are you completely insane? Why would I kiss him in front of you?"

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At this point, Vivian was angry with me. "As I thought, you wouldn't do it," I replied, looking at her dead in the eye. All of a sudden, Vivian broke into laughter. "Steven, darling..." The moment I saw her touch the man's face and kissed him, all of my rationality left me. My heart flared up with anger. I pulled Vivian back and punched the man with every ounce of strength in my body without even giving a warning.

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