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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 343 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 343 Have Dinner Together

Charles's POV: "James, go play with your mother." After my mother left, i put James down. James ran toward Scarlett. "Have you had dinner?" I turned around and headed to the kitchen. "Charles, don't..." Scarlett suddenly stopped me. Confused, i turned around and saw her striding toward me. She walked in a hurry. When I abruptly turned around to face her, she took a step back. Noticing that James was following his mother closely, I grabbed Scarlett and pulled her into my arms. I looked down and saw Scarlett glaring at me. "Let go of me, Charles!" "James is behind you. I was just worried that you would knock him down because you didn't see him," I explained earnestly The expression on Scarlett's face told me that she couldn't wait to break free from my grip, and it broke my heart.

Scarlett turned around and saw James standing behind her. She cooled down at once. Seeing that we were hugging each other, James naughtily stuck out his tongue at me. Scarlett shook off my hand. It wasn't easy for me anymore to hold my own wife, and when I did, she wouldn't allow me much time to enjoy the feeling. I reluctantly let her go. "Daddy, you hugged Mommy!"

James pointed out happily while covering his mouth and snickering. I put on a weak smile, turned around, and proceeded to the kitchen. "I don't need you to cook for us, Charles," Scarlett said flatly. "I want to cook for my children," I snapped. I could understand why Scarlett was keeping her guard up around me, but she didn't need to be hostile. It was starting to annoy me. I just wanted to be a good father to my sons. Why was she trying to stop me? Scarlett was rendered speechless. I entered the kitchen and started preparing dinner for my kids.

Scarlett's POV:

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At dinner time, I sat at the table with James in my arms and asked Janet to go upstairs to invite Alice to dinner.

"Mrs. Moore has left," Janet reported. I just nodded and said nothing. At this time, Charles came out of the kitchen with a dish and was about to sit opposite me. "You can leave now. There's no need for us to have dinner together," I said and frowned. "Can't I have dinner with my children? Seriously, Scarlett. Just let me spend some more time with them. They're my kids, too," Charles replied, pulled out a chair, and sat down. His tone was full of impatience. "Charles, we have an agreement. You're only allowed to visit the kids once a week. You've already come to see them twice in three days," I retorted and glared at Charles, dissatisfied that he didn't keep his end of the bargain.

"Yes, I've come here twice in three days, but those three days are right in the middle of two separate weeks, so I'm not violating anything." Charles reasoned and put on a smug smile. He was obviously pretty pleased with himself that he found a technicality that he could milk. I rolled my eyes, mostly because he was right. I found myself out of ways to drive him away. them Seeing that I didn't say anything more, Charles grinned. "James, how's the food Daddy made for you? Is it good?" James held his bowl happily and replied, "it's so yummy, Daddy!"

Smiling, Charles stroked James's head and filled his bowl with more soup. Seeing that James was enjoying spending time with his father, I kept silent. I just hoped that Charles would leave as soon as dinner was over. However, Charles didn't leave at once after dinner. Instead, he held James in his arms and refused to go. "Scarlett, I want to sleep beside James tonight." James chimed in, "I want to sleep with Mommy and Daddy!"

Hearing James's request, I didn't know what to say. Allowing Charles to stay overnight here? No way! "James, you have to ask for Mommy's permission first. Only when Mommy agrees can Daddy stay with you," Charles said and rubbed James's little head. "Mommy, can I sleep with you and Daddy tonight?" James asked expectantly. James's question made me feel backed in a corner. I swallowed, and I felt my palms tingle. I felt like weeping, but no tears came out

"Scarlett, can James sleep with his Mommy and Daddy tonight?" Charles rephrased James's question and looked at me with a smile. I kept my mouth shut, fearing that I would start screaming at Charles if I tried speaking. Reading my silence correctly, Charles finally quit pestering me. "You know what, buddy, we can bunk together tonight since we're gentlemen. Mommy is a lady. She'll sleep in her own bed,"

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Charles told James while staring at me with affectionate eyes. He seemed to tell me with his eyes that we could all have a family sleepover party next time.

I felt relieved. Charles took James upstairs to get him ready for bed. I went upstairs after cleaning up in the dining room and in the kitchen. As I walked to the babies' room, I overheard Charles telling stories to James.

Charles spoke in a low, gentle, and patient voice. Standing at the door, I thought of the past and suddenly felt a little sad. Charles and I couldn't get back together anymore. Then, Charles suddenly came out. Seeing me standing outside the door, he smiled and asked, "Scarlett? What are you doing? Are you waiting for me?" His voice snapped me back to my senses. I glared at him and said crossly, "I'm waiting for you to leave."

Charles seemed to have expected that. He nodded and closed the door gently.

"Well..." I pressed when Charles didn't make a move to leave. "I also want to see the twins. I haven't seen them today. Are they in the master bedroom? I'll get going after I see them."

Seeing that I didn't say anything, Charles turned around and was about to go to the master bedroom. "Charles!" I hurriedly stopped him. I didn't want him to enter my room. "Scarlett, just canceled an important appointment and rushed here to stop my mother from taking the kids away. Can't I just see them? I'm their father after all," Charles scowled.

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"You promised me that you wouldn't come here without my permission!" Charles stopped and kept silent for a long time. Just when I thought he was going to make a run for the master bedroom, he suddenly turned around and went downstairs. Seeing him finally leaving, I felt like a weight had been lifted off my chest. I followed him downstairs because I was afraid that he would suddenly come up with a new set of excuses to stay. "Can I spend more time with the kids next week?" Charles asked when we arrived at the door.

"Whatever," I groaned. I just wanted him to leave as soon as possible, so I agreed without hesitation. "You have to keep your word," Charles pressed, looked at me, and beamed. "Just go already, Charles. It's late," I whined and started practically shoving him out the door. "Okay, okay," Charles muttered but still didn't move. "Why are you still here?"

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I glared at him impatiently. "I want to watch you close the door." I cursed him in my heart and quickly shut the door. . But Charles suddenly put his hand against it. Through the narrow crack, I saw his eyes that said more than all the words we had said to each other tonight. "Good night, Scarlett," Charles said in a tender voice. I shut the door in his face without saying anything. Sitting at the same table as Charles tonight, I didn't eat much. Now that he finally left, I could go find something to eat.

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Chapter 344 The Party Plan

Charles's POV I went to the Mint Bar in a bad mood and headed straight for one of the VIP rooms. I started drinking like there was no tomorrow as soon as I sat down. After a few moments, Spencer came in. "So, it's really you. I thought I mistook somebody else for you. Aren't you supposed to be at a dinner party? Why are you here?" "I didn't go," I muttered and gulped down another glass of whiskey. Spencer came over and sat next to me. After pouring himself a drink, he began to tease me. "Did you go see Scarlett and the kids?" I paused at the question. Damn, was I that obvious? "No."

"Don't be stubborn." "Don't be nosy," I backfired and continued to drown my sorrows in alcohol. "I heard Nina helped you keep Scarlett," Spencer commented, raising his eyebrows. "Scarlett couldn't leave anyway, so technically, Nina had nothing to do with her staying. She just calmed her down." Spencer played with his glass and stared at me solemnly. "Charles, as your friend, I have to remind you not to be complacent with your arrangement with Scarlett. She's still a flight risk, and if she succeeds on running away with the children one day, then you'll be left alone, maybe even for the rest of your life." "Running away with the children?"

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I sneered. "And where would she go?" "Don't forget that William is still obsessed with her," Spencer reminded me. William. That wife-stealing bastard. I scoffed and downed another drink. "By the way, why is there no news about William lately? Didn't he use to appear wherever Scarlett was before?" Spencer asked curiously. "I don't know, and I don't care," I shrugged and then glanced at Spencer. "Oh, my God! Did you do something to him?" Spencer raised his voice and looked at me with wide eyes. "What do you think?" I asked Spencer in reply. He was right. I did do something to William.

If he was indeed thinking about taking my wife and children away from me, then he was dreaming!

Spencer set his glass on the table and excitedly gave me a thumbs up. "Way to go, buddy! You should've taught that jerk a lesson a long time ago, let him know that he can't mess with you and your family and get away with it." "What are you so excited about, Spencer?" David pushed the door open and walked in. "David? Why are you here?" "Charles called me," David pouted at me.

"This better be important, Charles, because I canceled a potentially wonderful night with my Icey just to be here." David walked to the sofa and sat down. He stared at me intently as if telling me to get on with what I was going to tell him. "I'm going to hold a big party for Jerry and Jason and officially announce their identities to the public." "A party for the twins? That sounds like fun," David said, stroked his chin, and then asked, "But what about Scarlett?"

Is she okay with the idea?" "Scarlett wants to take the kids and run far, far away from Charles. Do you think she'll want a big baby debut that'll tie her and her children to Charles forever?" Spencer smirked. "I need your help." I blurted out at the expense of my precious pride. "That's why I asked you to come, David." Spencer and David were rendered speechless for a few seconds. "Fine. You're like a brother to me, man. Of course I'll help you convince Scarlett," David sighed, rubbed his forehead, and looked at Spencer. Spencer nodded awkwardly and put his hands up as if in surrender. "Okay, okay, I'm in." After confirming my friends' cooperation, I left the bar with a smile on my face and hope in my heart. Unconsciously, I drove to Garden Street again. Scarlett's POV

I was writing articles in the study when the doorbell suddenly rang. I walked to the door and saw Vivian and Icey through the peephole. As soon as I opened the door, Vivian gave me a big hug. "Hello, Scarlett! Oh, I've missed you!" Vivian raised her hand and touched my hair.

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"Honey, this hairstyle makes you look like a teenager. You better grow it out, or you'll make men feel guilty when they make love to you." "Easy on the lovemaking comments, Vivian," I muttered, feeling blood rush to my cheeks. "She's right, Scarlett. I also think you're more beautiful with long hair," Icey seconded.

"Let's talk about my hair later. What brings you two here?" I changed the topic and ushered them in. My intuition told me that they must have an important agenda. "Where are Jerry and Jason? I haven't seen them in a long time. Have them brought out so we can greet the little angels," Vivian said and handed the toys she bought to the nanny. I smiled and asked the nanny to bring the twins out. Vivian held Jason while Icey held Jerry. I could only beam as I watched Vivian and Icey play with my little boys. "I don't think we've held a party for these little cuties since they were born.

Am I right, Scarlett? We should throw a party for them," Icey suggested and cooed at Jerry. "Yes, yes, we must hold a grand party for them." Vivian rubbed Jason's chubby face and lowered her head to tease him. "What do you think, Jason? It's an awesome idea, isn't it?" "But I've already held a birthday party for them in Kitsap," I smiled casually *That shouldn't count. None of your best friends were there," Icey frowned. "What is up with you two today? Why do you insist on throwing a party for the twins?" I looked at them in confusion.

"Nothing. I just want to find an excuse to gather everyone together and have fun. Besides, I want to tell everyone

that the beautiful Scarlett is back," Vivian said with a grin. "Well, we can have fun anytime. There's no need to throw a big party for the twins," I retorted, shaking my head. "Oh, don't be such a killjoy, Scarlett. If you don't want the party to be for the twins, then we'll throw it for me. I've suffered and survived a lot this year, you know? I was set up, had a miscarriage, and almost went through a divorce. I'm the only one here who deserves a party just as much as these two little bundles of joy here," Vivian said like a spoiled child asking for candy. She had a miscarriage? I looked at Vivian in shock.

"You remember Ethan? I fought with him and lost the baby," she smiled and said lightly after reading my surprised

reaction.

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Looking into Vivian's sincere eyes, I couldn't say no. "Don't worry. We won't invite the elders. The party is just for us," Icey beamed and winked at me. I was caught in a dilemma. I couldn't refuse, but I didn't want to agree either. After Vivian and Icey left, I sat on the sofa and thought quietly. I already guessed that they were helping Charles to persuade me to throw the party. But why did he want a party for the twins all of sudden?

I couldn't help sighing. I could never guess what that man was thinking. When I went upstairs, I found Janet playing with the twins. I walked over, picked up one of them, and whispered, "Do you want a party, sweetie?" "What's wrong, Scarlett? Are you all right?" Janet asked with genuine concern. "My friends want to hold a party for the twins, but I can't make up my mind about it." "I think it's a great idea. It's an opportunity for you to take more photos and videos of Jerry and Jason. I'm sure they'll enjoy seeing lots of their childhood memories in photos and in film when they grow up."

Really? I lowered my head and looked at the twins, lost in thought. The next day, I still hadn't made up my mind. In the afternoon, Janet and I went to the supermarket to do some grocery shopping. I was surprised to bump into Nancy there.

"Hi, Scarlett," Nancy greeted me.

She didn't change at all. She still looked as sweet and innocent as before.

"I'm not sure if you already knew, but I recently moved to Garden Street. I live in the building behind your house. Guess we're neighbors now." Nancy excitedly pointed out the direction of her house, but I kept my face neutral. Ruthless ambition was written all over this girl's face.

When Charles had a car accident last time, she blatantly behaved as if she wanted to replace me.

I stared at her and thought for a second. Since we were neighbors now, I might as well make use of her to get what

I wanted.

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“Really? That’s great. Well, since we live near each other now, we should exchange phone numbers. You know, just in case we need each other’s help,” I suggested with a smile. “Oh, yes, of course.”

Looking at Nancy’s phone number in my contact list, I felt an inexplicable emotion surge through my heart.

A party for the twins? I’d like to see what he was planning to do.

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