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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 353 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 353 Cared About

Charles's POV: "Didn't you understand what I've just said?" I snapped.

I was starting to get impatient as Scarlett kept dodging my touch like a caged animal. Frustrated, I held her chin with my thumb and index finger and forced her to look at me. "No, I didn't!" Scarlett fired back. She was violently panting under me. As she spoke, she looked me in the eye, her eyes red and lips pursed. I should be the one who was by her side when she was pregnant. However, she gave that right to William, and that infuriated me. But then, my eyes fell on her soft, pink lips, and my anger dissipated in an instant, replaced by a burning desire to make her mine.

I wanted her-her love and body. The only thing I was thinking right now was to punish her in bed. Ridiculous as it might seem, I wished I could eat her so that she would always belong to me.

I followed my desire and kissed her like I missed her. However, my phone suddenly rang. I stiffened for a second, and Scarlett took this opportunity to turn her face away. She pushed me away with all her strength and reminded me, "Charles, your phone is ringing."

Who would care about that damn call right now?!

But instead of answering the call, I continued what I was doing. I reached out my hand and caressed Scarlett's face.

Her body was hot, and I noticed her eyelids tremble in anticipation. Moreover, her body fragrance wafted into my nose, which made her even more irresistible. I could not help but rub my face on her neck, obsessed with her distinct, pleasant smell.

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"Charles!" Scarlett exclaimed, bringing me back to my senses. I looked at her and saw that she was glaring at me with eyes brimming with tears. She seemed angry and frightened but she refused to cry. Was I really annoying in her eyes? "Suit yourself," I coldly said.

Disappointment flooded me like a tide. Unable to take it any longer. I let go of her, got up, and slowly walked out of the door without looking back. Scarlett's POV:

A feeling of sadness loomed over me as I stared at Charles's receding figure. I had already made a clean break with him, had I not? One second he was fooling around with me. But the next second, he just left without a word. I was fuming, but I could not find a way to vent my anger. Then I saw the dishes Charles had cooked on the table, and I lost my appetite to eat. I picked up the plates and poured all the food into the trash can. As I stared at the discarded leftovers, I could not help but think how wonderful it would be when I had finally kicked Charles out of my life. How I wish it were easy, like throwing garbage. In the evening, just as I got out of the shower and was about to soak my feet with warm water, I saw Janet come in with her phone. "Are you going to take photos again?" Janet nodded. "Yes." I sighed in exasperation. "There's no need for that. Your boss and I had just had a fight. I don't think he wants to see any update about me."

Feeling awkward, Janet lowered her head and did not look at me anymore.

After that incident, Charles did not show up in front of me again. From then on, my life was peaceful day after day. Christmas was around the corner. So after work, I asked Nina to go with me to buy a birthday gift for Michael. I knew that he liked playing golf, so I brought Nina to a golf equipment store. The store was breathtaking. Golf clubs of various sizes were neatly arranged on the shelves, and the other equipment looked exquisite as well. "Are you still planning on leaving Charles?" Nina asked me out of the blue. I glanced at Janet and Tracy not far away, and a helpless feeling washed over me. "How can I manage that? There are bodyguards watching me around the clock."

Nina's hand, which was holding a golf club, froze. With an inexplicable look on her face, she put the club down, clung to my arm, and whispered in my ear, "Relax. Since you can't leave Charles, why don't you drain him instead?" Drain him? My face turned beet red upon hearing this. With Charles's strength and stamina, I would be exhausted to death before I could even tire him in bed. "Since he doesn't want to let you and the babies go, you can splurge on his money. Don't worry. I'm a lawyer. I'll help you," Nina offered. Judging from the look on her face, she was itching to have a try. My face turned red again but, this time, because of embarrassment. It turned out that she was pertaining to Charles's money.

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I could not help but look away when I realized that I was thinking the wrong thing, Nina noticed that I was in a deep thought, so she waved her hand in front of my face and asked, "Scarlett, are you listening? Please think it over." "I will," I answered perfunctorily. The conversation had come to an end. With that, I began to choose my gift for Michael. A few moments later, a silver custom-made golf club caught my attention. I picked it up to have a closer look. Sure enough, it was the perfect gift for Michael. However, I could not help but frown when I saw the price tag. Given my current financial situation, it would take a while before I could fully pay it. Nina came over and took a look at the price tag as well.

Like me, she gasped sharply when she saw how expensive the golf club was. "What the hell? Rich people really do have expensive hobbies. Well, if you can't afford it, why don't you ask Charles to pay for it? I'm sure it won't make a dent in his wealth." I shook my head in refusal. "No, thanks. I've decided to make a clean break with him, so I would rather not be indebted to him. Besides, I have a job. I can pay for this myself." "In my opinion, you don't have to work so hard. You know, it's easier to ask for money from Charles," Nina nudged me with her elbow and raised her eyebrows at me meaningfully. "Why don't you take my advice?" She brought up her plan of draining Charles's money again, but I immediately shut it down and shifted the topic. "Do you think there's a chance that Nancy and Charles will be together?" I asked with a straight face.

Nina slapped me on the back as if I had just said something ridiculous. "Are you crazy?! Are you seriously thinking I of pushing Charles to another woman?"

"Well, I can't get rid of him, so I think it'll be easier for me if he keeps himself busy with another woman." Nina rolled her eyes and looked at me as if I was a freak. "Scarlett, you've gone nuts." of course, I did not take Nina's disapproval to heart. Without another word, I turned around and called the sales assistant.

"Hello. Please pack this golf club for me," I said with a smile and then paid for the item with my credit card.

"You're just asking for trouble. As you can see, Charles doesn't want to divorce you, so you two are still a married couple. Scarlett, there's no need for you to draw a line between you and him because, in the end, you'll be the one to suffer," Nina earnestly advised.

"Why do I have to ask for his money? It's not like I can't support myself and my children. I'm a strong independent woman, you know."

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People who did not know about me and Charles believed that I was Cinderella and Charles was my prince charming.

Little did they know, Charles was not a prince, and I did not want to be a damsel in distress. I could support myself and my children without his help. I did not need him. Besides, I was confident that, with my children, I would get by just fine. "Silly girl, you should also plan for the future. Look at yourself. You have a weak shoulder, and your ankle hasn't healed yet. Not to mention, you're also suffering from tendinitis. You may be young right now. But when you get old, you might have to sit in a wheelchair. If you don't save up enough money, what do you think will happen to you in the future?"

Nina poked me hard on the forehead in disappointment.

With an annoyed look on my face, I rubbed my aching forehead. I did not know whether to laugh or cry at her advice.

But then again, even though Nina scolded me, I felt warm in my heart.

It felt good to be cared about.

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Chapter 354 Lubricant

Scarlett's POV "Calm down. If you suddenly had a heart attack because of me, how the hell would I explain that to Abner? Don't worry, I've been soaking my feet with hot water. Besides, as soon as the filming is over, I change into thick clothes right away. I'll get better soon," I assured Nina.

My assurance, however, did not dispel Nina's disappointment.

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"You're an idiot. Charles is your husband, not an ornament." "Nina, I live in his house, and he pays for the children's expenses. How else do you think I can afford this golf club?" "Really?"

"Yes! Charles even pays for the kids' and my meal every day." Nina smiled with satisfaction. "Very good. You should spend his money!" I breathed a sigh of relief. At last, Nina had finally stopped goading me into spending Charles's wealth. But just when I thought that conversation about Charles was over, she asked me another question about him again. "By the way, Scarlett, have you talked to Charles recently?". "No," I briefly answered. Charles and I had not talked nor seen each other since he left last time. Nina's eyes widened in disbelief. "No?"

Shouldn't married couples talk with each other? Aren't the kids supposed to be a lubricant in their parent's relationship?" "A lubricant? What do you mean?" "Doesn't Charles video chat with them? You know, this is the best time to make amends and improve your relationship!" "We don't need to video chat. The bodyguards live with me. If Charles wants to know what I'm doing, he can just ask them." All of a sudden, Nina's mouth fell open as something dawned on her. "Wait a minute. Did you two have a fight?" The memory of Charles walking away without a word crossed my mind.

Even so, I shook my head to deny the truth. "No." Who knew what Charles was thinking at that time? He was just fooling around with me when, suddenly, he left. At this moment, his strange question before we parted that night popped into my mind. It was only now that I understood what he meant. He must be pertaining to the time when I was in Kitsap. How could I have informed him of my pregnancy? I resented him at that time. On my way back to the TV station, I was lost in thought. I could not help but reminisce about the moments when Charles and I were happy. But now, we were miserable. Did he ever love me? Did he love our children?

If so, how much did he love us? •

*Scarlett, Nancy is here." We had just reached home when I heard Janet's caution. I immediately looked out of the car. Sure enough, Nancy was by the entrance, seemingly waiting for someone.

At this moment, Nancy walked over and greeted me, "Hi, Scarlett." She even reached out to support me as I got out of the car. Although I clearly saw her outstretched hand, i

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deliberately left it hanging. "Miss Wood, what brings you here at this hour?" I asked with a faint smile.

Nancy glanced at the bodyguards behind me. "Scarlett, can we talk alone?" I nodded in response. Then, with Nancy at my heels, I walked a little further away from the bodyguards,

Meanwhile, she looked at me with a grateful expression. Once we were out of earshot, I went straight to the point. "What is it that you want to tell me?"

In all honesty, I did not want to be with Nancy. I could not stand her. But then again, I could not avoid her forever,

"Scarlett, I know you've been itching to divorce Charles, But now... have you given up?" "I suppose so," I answered ambiguously, I could feel that Nancy loved Charles with all her heart. However, my blood boiled when I recalled the time when she forcefully picked up Jerry and made him cry, "But why?" Nancy asked again. She went as white as a sheet and kept fumbling with the hemline of her dress in apprehension. "It's probably because I haven't found someone who's more suitable for me." I noticed the slight change in Nancy's expression and felt pleased with myself. "Scarlett, I admire you very much. Can we be friends? If you're still mad because of last time... could you blame me? Jerry was so cute. I couldn't resist hugging him. Don't worry.

I wasn't planning on taking him away from you." Nancy shifted the topic and reminded me of what had happened last time. "Nancy, let me clear things up for you. I don't care if you want to chase after Charles, Just leave my sons alone," I warned. My children were my everything. I would never let Nancy lay a finger on them, much less get close to them again. As soon as I finished speaking, I turned around to leave. But before I could take another step. Nancy ran in front of me and blocked my way. "Scarlett, when Charles and I become together in the future, I swear I won't ask your children to call me 'Mom' , "Get out of my way. We're not friends. Didn't I just tell you that I don't care if you chase after Charles? Just keep your fucking hands off my sons." "Don't worry. I won't take them away from you. If I want a baby, I can have my own." When Nancy spoke, her eyes were red and brimming with tears.

I looked at her with narrowed eyes. And, without a word, I turned around and left. As if Nancy had not pestered me enough, she jogged to catch up with me. Fortunately, Janet stopped her, or else I might not have been able to restrain my anger. "Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Moore are not going to divorce. Please stop asking for trouble. If you don't stop, I'm gonna have to teach you a lesson. Mind you, I don't care if you're a frail woman, I'll hit you." Janet put on a fighting posture to intimidate and force Nancy back. My phone beeped the

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moment I reached the door. I looked at it to see who had messaged me and saw that it was Nancy. What an annoying woman. "Scarlett, rest assured that I won't take your sons away from you. You'll always be your mother, after all." I could not help but sigh helplessly after reading the message. Nancy was so obsessed with Charles. I locked myself in the study when I got home.

I must admit, I felt a little uneasy as I recalled what Nancy had said

After a long while, I decided to take the initiative to do something to protect my kids was better to do this now than when Charles came back and hooked up with Nancy

At about nine o'clock in the evening, just as I had gotten out of the bathroom, Charles video called me.

I stared at the screen for a moment, debating whether or not I should answer his call. Albeit reluctant, I pressed the answer button a few moments later, "What ** ** I asked with a frown

"Can I see James

I took James to the bed and said to him, "James, your father wants to video chat with you. Come."

James had not seen Charles for a long time. So when he heard that his father wanted to video chat with him, he was thrilled

I handed James the phone, and he took it from me excitedly. "Dad!"

"Hey, buddy. Have you been a good boy" Charles asked with a smile. As always, his voice was gentle and patient

whenever he was talking to our son,

Yes, I have! Dad, when will you come back home?"

in a couple of days. Does James miss Dad?"

"Yes Mommy and my brothers miss Daddy too!" When I heard what James had said, I felt awkward,

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I never said that I missed Charles

Just as I was about to refute James's words, he suddenly threw the phone at me.

Because I had just taken a shower, I was wearing a loose cotton bathrobe.

My phone happened to get caught in my collar. As a result, it went through my bathrobe.

It was a little difficult to take it out from the top, so I took it out from the bottom.

To my surprise, the call had not been hung up yet. All of a sudden, my mind went blank, and my face began to burn when I realized that Charles might have seen 'everything',

Did Charles see it?

Embarrassed, I decided to change the topic. "Do you want to talk to James again?"

"What just happened?" Charles asked in a hoarse voice.

Instead of answering his question, I handed the phone back to James. "Is there anything else you want to say to

your dad? If not, we're going to bed now." James held the phone and excitedly said to Charles, "Dad, come home soon!" It seemed that he did not realize that something had happened when he threw the phone. On the other end of the line, Charles ignored James and asked me again, "I said, what happened?" "What else could it be? Didn't you see everything?" I scoffed. Charles had known me enough to know how embarrassed I was right now. And yet, he kept on asking me what had just happened. He must be annoying me on purpose! With a red face, I hung up the phone without even saying goodbye.

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