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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 357 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 357 Put The Ring Back On

Scarlett's POV: The room fell into silence once more.

Just as I was thinking of what to say, Charles spoke up.

Charles spoke up.

"I'll pick you up after work for Grandpa's birthday."

"Huh?" I looked at him, visibly surprised.

Before I could refuse, he explained, "There will be lots of reporters for the event. If you don't go to the party with me, people will assume that we're not getting along."

Shocked by the explanation, my eyes widened as I tried to come up with an excuse to refuse his suggestion.

'A few days ago, Grandpa said that he only wanted to a small celebration at home. Why did he suddenly invite the media?'

"Grandpa is happy that he's gotten two more great grandchildren this year. The party this year isn't just to celebrate his birthday." Charles Smirked.

"But we've already held a party for the twins, haven't we?" I asked. "The elders weren't at that party. Grandpa thought it was necessary to hold an official one," he retorted.

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Somehow, I sensed that things weren't as simple as he said they were, but I still calmly agreed to his suggestion.

"You should sleep in the master bedroom. It's warmer there,"

Charles said in a gentle voice.

I lifted the quilt, intending to get up. But the second I moved, the bath towel around my body came loose by accident. Blushing, I hurried back to bed.

"No, it's okay. I'll sleep here. This bed is too small for you. You should go to the master bedroom now."

"Do you really care about me?" he asked. Charles knitted his brows, visibly surprised.

"I do. You can leave now," I answered. I wrapped myself in the blanket, lowering my head to hide my embarrassment

Charles fell silent for a moment and then he scoffed at me.

"Scarlett, since I've been away, have you been enjoying yourself?"

I wanted to admit that I had been enjoying the fact that he was away, but then I remembered what hellish consequences there

were in provoking him, so I just didn't answer the question.

Cautiously, I looked him in the eye and replied, "I'm feeling sleepy."

Charles seemed annoyed. He stared at me for a long time before he finally decided to walk away.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I picked up the bath towel and wrapped it around myself again. Fearing that he'd come back, I bolted to the door, intending to lock it as soon as possible. But because I moved so fast, I accidentally sprained my ankle.

gaspd in pain, limping towards the door before finally managing to lock it.

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“Scarlett, why did you lock the door?” Charles asked from the other side of the door, sounding really annoyed.

“What are you doing here again?”

I was startled by the sound of his voice and I leaned against the door nervously.

“I brought you a nightgown.”

I breathed a sigh of relief before opening the door swiftly.

Outside the door, Charles stood with a nightgown in hand.

I frowned upon seeing him, feeling conflicted.

The nightgown he had was a silk slip dress, which was his favorite style of dress.

But it was winter right now and the children’s room wasn’t warm.

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“Don’t you want it?” he asked.

“I do.”

I gritted my teeth and took the nightgown, albeit reluctantly.

It was better to wear something than nothing!

Charles’ POV:

After taking the nightgown, I noticed that Scarlett was about to close the door

Seeing her so vigilant against me was starting to get on my nerves.

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"Who were you so wary of when you locked the door just now?" I asked. Scarlett gazed down in silence.

At this point, I lost my temper and snapped at her. "Get out of the way!"

"I'm not being wary of you. It's just that there are so many people at home, and I'm practically naked here," Scarlett cried.

Her eyes welled up with tears and she sounded sincerely upset about it.

When I saw that she was about to break down, I remembered how she cried because she was afraid of me the last time.

My heart softened because I didn't have the heart to force her into submission again. "Scarlett, just go to bed. Good night," I said.

"Good night." Scarlett nodded in response.

In truth, I didn't want to leave things like this.

But as soon as I took a step back, I found that Scarlett had already closed the door.

When I heard her lock it, my heart sank.

I didn't want to let things go on like this.

As I leaned against the door, my mind was filled with images of Scarlett's body. Her fair skin and beautiful curves that appeared right after the bath towel fell from her.

I wanted to exercise my right as her husband. And I wanted to kiss her, and have her just as I did before.

On Grandpa's birthday, I asked Richard to park the car at the gate of the TV station.

After work, Scarlett walked out of the TV station.

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All she was wearing was a suit, and she didn't even have a coat on.

Annoyed, I frowned before getting out of the car and striding over to her side just to put my coat on her.

Scarlett thanked me politely and then moved aside.

The fact that she was so eager to distance herself from me was annoying and disheartening.

"Take us to Ethan's studio," I said to Richard. – "Isn't that the studio that designed my wedding dress?" Scarlett asked, sounding confused. "Yeah. We'll drop by there to pick an evening dress for you for the party tonight," I remarked. Scarlett nodded in silence.

She then lowered her head and fiddled with her fingers.

When I noticed what she was doing, I felt even more dejected.

I wanted to tell her something important today, and I really needed her cooperation.

But I was afraid that she would just refuse my request. I touched the ring on my finger and turned my gaze towards the passing scenery outside the window.

Upon our arrival at the studio, Ethan took out the evening dress that he had prepared in advance. Then, he took Scarlett to the fitting room to change.

When Scarlett came out of the fitting room, I was so amazed by her.

Thad seen her wear many different styles of evening dresses, but the one she was wearing right now was a cut above the rest.

Tempted by her ethereal beauty, I hurried to her side; my eyes were glued to her.

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Chaptes Pull Hay Barker Scarlett blushed while covering her chest. Her shoulders were slightly *trembling*, perhaps because it was cold.

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"Is it too revealing?" she asked,

"A bit," I replied

I glanced over at Ethan and asked him to bring us a shawl.

I stared at Scarlett's bare back, breathing heavily.

Even though the dress was beautiful, her entire back was exposed,

it was indeed a little too sexy

The moment she would enter the banquet hall, I was certain that she'd be the center of attention.

The thought of countless men staring at Scarlett infuriated me.

Ethan approached me and handed a shawl that matched the dress, "Put it on for your wife."

Before leaving, he shot me a playful glance

I kind of felt like he was making fun of me.

Casting that thought aside, I put the shawl on Scarlett and rested my hands on her shoulders.

She felt uneasy about my hand, so she took a step back to avoid it.

However, I exerted more force with my hands and said in a gentle voice, "It's cold outside. It'll be warmer to lean against me."

After a moment of hesitation, Scarlett nodded obediently.

Back in the car, I timidly took out the wedding ring from my pocket and held her hand.

Scarlett frowned in disgust when she saw the diamond ring. I could tell that she was aching to withdraw her hand.

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My heart ached when she did pull her hand away.

“Scarlett, I just need you to put up with it for the night. Just think of it as theatrics. Once the party is over, you can take it off. I

promise,” I pleaded.

Having heard my request, Scarlett finally stopped resisting. I put the ring on her finger and breathed a sigh of relief.

Even though I intended to give her the wedding ring tonight, I was still worried that she would resist me strongly.

I didn’t want to quarrel with her over this matter again.

“Can you let go of me now?” Scarlett asked, trying to get rid of my hand.

Reluctantly, I obliged to her request and put my hands back on my lap, clenching my fists.

It seemed that it was the only way I could feel the warmth of her hands for a little while longer.

But at the back of my mind, I believed that someday, I would be able to hold her hand again for as long as I wanted to My Love ?

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