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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 359 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 359 She Doesn't Love You At All

**Scarlett's POV** "If you're feeling guilty, just consider it as a gift to your kids. You can accept it on their behalf, and give it back to them once they've grown up." Charles remarked in a soft voice. 'If that's the case, why won't he just give it to the kids directly?' I thought.

Just as I was about to rebuke Charles, Grandma brought the three kids onto the stage.

James was being led by Grandma, and the twins were carried onto the stage by their nannies. Today, James was wearing a black suit. The twins wore similar tailor-made clothes as well.

When they were next to Charles, people saw at a glance that they were wearing parent-child clothing. "Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to formally introduce these kids to all of you. They are the heirs of the Moore family. I'm here to announce that I'll give them each a villa and one hundred million dollars' worth of money!" I still hadn't recovered from the shock of receiving a surprise gift worth of ten billion dollars, and the Moore family had left me slack-jawed in awe again. 'My kids are still far too young Why did the Moore family give them so much money?

If all of my kids aren't wearing famous brands every day in the future, others might think that I'm embezzling the money the Moore family gave the kids. I cannot allow this to happen! I was about to refuse, but James had already accepted the gift happily. "Thank you, Great Grandmother, Great Grandfather. I wish you good health and happiness every day." 'Who taught James to say those words?' I wondered. I glanced over at Charles, suspecting that he was the culprit behind this. "Did you teach him to say that?" Charles shrugged and acquiesced. No matter how awkward I felt right now, these two things were set in stone. It was supposed to be Grandpa's birthday party, but now, the three kids had become the stars of the show.

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"Michael and Christine's gifts are reasonable. If you ever divorce Charles in the future, you won't have to worry about money ever again!" Ivey remarked, joining in on the fun. David pinched her hand weakly. He glanced over at Charles and remarked, "Don't say such nonsensical things." "What's the big deal? You men are so petty! What? I'm not even allowed to mention the word divorce now? Surely Charles won't behave like you, will he?" Ivey rolled her eyes at David, glancing at Charles provocatively "Sadly, I'm no exception," said Charles. Now, Ivey was rendered speechless.

David, on the other hand, was giggling beside her. "Since you won't allow us to mention the divorce, you need to be nicer to Scarlett from now on. Is that too much to ask?" Nina chimed in, staring at Charles sternly. "She's right, Charles! If you ever try to bully Scarlett again, we'll help her escape from you. She deserves better than a jerk," Vivian added. Because he was being criticized by these women, Charles sighed helplessly. "Aren't they a bit overprotected?" he asked me. "Are they?" I was really touched that my best friends were willing and ready to protect me. It turned out that I was never truly alone, and that they were always so considerate of me. "In that case, I would like to thank you for your concern for my wife on her behalf. As for the other things you mentioned, we'll see how things play out."

Charles picked up his wine glass, proposed a toast, and drank it.

"Please, enjoy yourselves. Scarlett and I need to entertain some other guests now. Excuse us," Charles took me away from my friends forcibly. I stayed beside him like a personal attendant, watching him toast and drink with guests after guests. I couldn't stand the fact that he was drinking too much so I reached out my hand to stop him and whispered, "That's enough. Don't drink too much." "Are you worried about me?" Charles stared into my eyes as his own lit up. Feeling awkward, I turned around. "I'm just worried that my sons could lose their father early on in their lives."

He broke into a hearty laughter. He then combed my hair back and said, "There's no need to worry. I promise you that my sons won't lose their father, and you won't lose your husband either." I frowned at his response. 'How did I become the subject of the topic?' Charles didn't heed my advice and just continued drinking. And the more he drank, the more worried I became. "Mrs. Moore, I'd like to propose a toast to you," said a guest, raising his glass towards me. "Sorry, but my wife isn't feeling well today. I'll drink it for her." Having said that, Charles gulped down the entire glass of champagne.

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"Damn... if he keeps drinking like that, he's definitely going to suffer from alcohol poisoning.' I was about to walk away, but he pulled me back to his side and wrapped his arms around my waist. "Where do you think you're going?" Charles asked, staring right at me; his eyes had turned red. I glared at him and stopped a waiter passing by. "Please prepare some hangover pills for Mr. Moore. Thank you."

"Yes, ma'am."

As I watched the waiter walk away, I sighed deeply, hoping that nothing would go wrong with my plan for the night.

The party was about to conclude. Janet came over and said to me, "The children have already fallen asleep upstairs." I glanced at my watch and saw that it was almost midnight. "Got it." "Honey, it's time for bed," Charles said to me. His face had turned red from all the alcohol he had drunk, and his vision was blurred. The strong odor of alcohol his body exuded was enough for me to infer that he was already hammered

"What about our guests?" I asked.

Charles put his arm around my shoulder, leaned against me, and led me to Spencer. "Help me... see the guests off." His speech was already slurred. "Okay. We'll take care of it. You should go to bed, man," Spencer responded. With that, Charles and I left. I couldn't stand the smell of alcohol on him, so I wanted to push him away. "Don't move. Let's go to the bedroom. I'm about to faint," he said. The paleness of his face didn't seem fake. At this moment, I no longer cared about my discomfort. All I wanted was to help him leave the banquet hall. Just as we walked towards the door, we ran into Nancy. "Charles, are you drunk?" she asked. "Did you ask her to come here?"

Charles tightened his grip on me and his face turned grim. I was just as surprised as he was. I didn't invite Nancy. "Why did she come here without an invitation?" I wondered. "Charles, you're clearly drunk. Scarlett, allow me to take him to the guest room." Nancy approached and tried to take Charles from me, but he quickly shook off her hand. His reaction took her aback. "Scarlett, are you still trying to push me to another woman?" Charles gripped my shoulders, staring at me with anger in his eyes. I glanced at Nancy and saw that she was acting like she had been wronged. Then, I frowned at Charles and explained, "I didn't invite her here!" "If you didn't invite her, who else could've invited her?"

She has no invitation. How did she get in here?" Charles was

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drunk and annoyed, and his voice was getting louder with every other word. I lost my temper and didn't bother to explain myself to him anymore. "If you don't believe me, I don't care. Do you still want to go upstairs?" Charles held my face, wearing an insidious expression. "Of course, I do." He drew the outline of my body using his fingers and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm going to eat you up." I sensed that he was planning something ominous, so I wanted to run away.

As a plan took shape in my mind, I grabbed my purse. In the end, I suppressed my instinct to run and stood rooted to my spot. Nancy continued badgering him. "Charles, what happened to you?" "Get the fuck out! Don't come any closer!" Charles turned around just to shout at her. Nancy was frightened to the point of trembling. Her eyes displayed just how horrified she was. As she looked at him, tears streamed down her cheeks, making her look even more pitiful. Unfortunately, Charles was heartless towards her. He held me in his arms and walked past Nancy without even glancing at her "You're a fool, Charles! Scarlett doesn't love you at all!"

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