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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 364 by Gorgeous Killer

**Chapter 364** This Is Compensation Scarlett's POV: "I'm going to take a shower now, and in the meantime, you can think about my suggestion." After saying those cold words, Charles walked into the bathroom. Looking at his receding back, my heart sank. I knew that he had become the ruler since the moment I chose to escape from him. And since I could not resist anymore, I had no choice but to face the consequences. I smiled bitterly as a sense of despair crashed into my heart. I wanted to get out of bed, but just before I could stand up, I heard Charles' voice coming from the bathroom.

"Scarlett, come and join me for a shower." Frowning, I wanted to say no, but Charles suddenly walked out of the bathroom, picked me up, and carried me to the shower. "Charles, you..." I immediately grabbed his clothes in fear. "This is a compensation." "Compensation for what exactly?" I was confused. "You almost made me lose my kids to another man, and you have to pay for it," Charles sneered as he turned on the shower head. Soon, the water poured down, drenching me completely.

The lights were off, so the bathroom was completely dark. I subconsciously tried to escape, but he held my waist tightly. He then ripped my clothes off and began to kiss me everywhere. However, he was not being gentle at all, and it seemed like he was using me like a tool to vent his desires. When I woke up on the next day, it was already noon. I felt sore as I lay on the bed. My head was pounding from the pain, and my skin felt like it was on fire. . I put my hand on my forehead. Sensing the extremely high temperature, I realized that I was having a fever. I wanted to call someone for help, but I could not even bring myself to shout, so I had to lie in despair.

A long time later, Janet opened the door and walked in. Touching my forehead, she shouted, "Tracy, Scarlett has a fever! Let's take her to the hospital!" She was also panicking. By the time I woke up again, I saw that Janet and Tracy were standing by my bed. "Scarlett, you're finally awake!" they cried out in unison with a worried look in their eyes.

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"Where are the kids?" I asked in a hoarse voice. | I looked at them expectantly, but they fell silent at my question.

has "Are they okay?" With a bitter smile, I changed my question. Seeing that I was not asking about my kids' whereabouts, they heaved a sigh of relief. Janet nodded and said, "Scarlett, don't worry. They are fine."

I felt at ease after hearing those words.

Charles did not show up for the next two days. I could only ask Janet and Tracy about the kids. On the third night, my phone rang all of a sudden, surprising me. It was a call from Charles. I grabbed my phone and stared at the screen for a long time before I finally answered it. "Hello?"

"Is your fever gone?" I heard Charles' cold voice coming from the other end. "Yes," I murmured "James wants to talk to you. Say something to him."

"Mom?"

Hearing my son's soft voice, I could not help but cry. "Mom?"

Seeing that I was not saying anything, James called out to me again. "I'm right here, honey. Did you miss me?" I asked, choking back my sobs. "Yes! Why haven't you come home yet? Please come home, Mom! Jerry, Jason, Daddy, and I miss you a lot." James was clearly perplexed. "Okay." I could not help but cover my mouth to force myself not to cry. "We're at Garden Street," Charles said coldly. "Okay." I was stunned to hear that. After hanging up, I immediately got off the bed and washed up. I carefully put on some makeup to not appear so gaunt in front of my kids. "Let's go back to Garden Street." I quickly changed my clothes and hurried out. Janet and Tracy followed me. As soon as we arrived, I opened the door, and got off the car.

"Scarlett, be careful!" Janet seemed to be concerned.

However, at that moment, the only thing that I could think of was to see my kids.

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"Scarlett." I suddenly heard someone calling my name.

I turned around and saw Nancy and Nicholas

Nancy was standing in front of me, smiling. "What's up?" I stopped in my tracks and looked at her coldly, "Scarlett, I didn't expect to see you here. What a coincidence! Did you come here to see Charles? Can you come with you?" Nancy asked expectantly. -- "No," I refused coldly.

I did not want to waste my time talking to her. "Why not? I just want to say hello to Charles! Are you really that afraid that I might take him away from you? Didn't you want to divorce him?" Nancy asked, staring at me vigilantly. "No, I don't," I blurted out without even hesitating. 1 Thinking of Charles mentioning that he would make her my kids' stepmother, I felt disgusted by

her.

"You don't want a divorce?"

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Miss Wood, Mrs. Moore will never divorce Mr. Moore. So please stay away from them! If you ever try to get in between them again, then I will have to settle things in my way!" Janet and Tracy glared at Nancy, raising their fists. Frightened, Nancy took a step back with a pale face. I cast a cold glance at her before I walked past her. "Scarlett, you don't deserve Charles at all!" 2 I heard her roaring loudly, but I did not have the time or the energy to care about it.. The moment I tried opening the door, I realized that the password had been changed, so all I could do was to stand there and knock. Charles opened the door and stared at me coldly. "Who said you can come here?" Looking at him with a blank expression, I suddenly remembered our phone conversation. He had only told me that they were at Garden Street. He never said that I could come.

My heart twisted as I looked at him with a bitter smile.

"Charles, can I please see my sons?" "No!" Charles refused decisively. "Just for a little while," I begged in a low voice. It had been days since I had last seen them and I was missing them a lot. "I said no," Charles repeated coldly and was about to close the door. "Charles, please." I grabbed his sleeve and pleaded desperately. • He stopped and glanced at my hand that

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was holding his shirt. "Charles, I promise I'll leave as soon as I see them!" I continued to plead with him, bowing my head down.

"Do you even deserve to see them?" he asked in a low voice,

"Why don't I deserve to see them? I'm their mother!" I retorted angrily, "If I feel like you don't deserve to see them, then you don't! I'm not happy now, and I don't want to see you."

Snearing coldly, he shook off my arm, turned around, and was about to slam the door on my face. ! 'Happy?' An idea came to me."

Charles, I'll make you happy. Can you let me see the babies now?" I stared at him expectantly. "You're going to make me happy? Can you even do that?" Charles asked with a sneer. "I can!" I answered with a firm nod.

I was determined to do anything to make him let me see my babies.

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