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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 365 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 365 Please Him

Scarlett's POV: "Mom! Mom!" James suddenly appeared at the door. The instant he saw me, he ran towards me as fast as he could. I squatted down and waited for him with open arms.

With a beaming smile, James ran into my arms and hugged me tight. "Mommy, you're back!" "Yes, Mommy is back." I hugged James back. Tears were welling up in my eyes as I held him. Only God knew how excited I was for this moment.

However, this happy moment did not last long. Charles bent down and took James out of my arms. He rubbed the little boy's head and coaxed him, "James, your mother has something important to do. Why don't you go to your brothers first?".

"Okay..." James looked at me reluctantly. I could see in his eyes how he wanted to stay with me a little longer. But in the end, he had no choice but to do as told.

"Mom, please come back soon,"

I could only watch as James walked away from me. All of a sudden, I felt an impulse to rush over and hug up.

But I knew that I could not.

At this moment, Charles locked the door and passed by me, and then he walked to the house across

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the street and opened the door. "Come in."

I looked at him in confusion.

"I bought it," Charles briefly explained in a low voice. Then, he walked into the house without even waiting for my response. Although I was unsure of what was waiting for me, I followed him still.

Charles sat on the sofa and looked at me with disdain. "Scarlett, you haven't forgotten what you've said, have you?" I looked at him with a confused expression. It took me a moment to realize what he was talking about. I lowered my head and smiled bitterly. "No." I was at a loss as I looked at Charles, who was sitting on the sofa expectantly. I wanted to run away from him, but I held that thought in an instant. I could not leave. Only by pleasing Charles could I see my beloved children. At the thought of this, I gritted my teeth and walked over to him. Charles's legs were crossed, and his arms were spread out on the back of the sofa. And the way he was looking at me brought a chill down my spine. It felt as though he was teasing a pet. I swallowed my shame and sat on his lap. Then, I put my hands on his shoulders and leaned over to kiss him on the lips. To my surprise, Charles dodged in disgust and said "I don't feel your enthusiasm."

"What do you mean?" I asked confusedly. "You're good at seducing men, aren't you? Why are you acting like you're not? Do you want me to teach you?" I lowered my gaze and did not answer. My heart felt like it was being cut open by a sharp knife as Charles mocked and humiliated me. "Forget it. It looks like you're insincere anyway." Charles pushed me off his lap and was about to stand up. Seeing that he was about to leave, a feeling of panic washed over me. Just as he propped himself up, I quickly held his face and kissed him. I forced my tongue into Charles's mouth and unbuttoned his shirt at the same time.

Charles suddenly grabbed my hand and looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Did I say you could kiss me?"

I did not want to argue with him, so I just continued kissing him.

Suddenly, Charles grabbed me by my behind and threw me into the sofa. "Strip off your clothes." I felt a little dizzy because of the impact, but I obediently did as told. Charles stared at my body with burning lust. Once I was completely naked, he clasped both of my wrists with one hand and kissed my neck. His kisses trailed down my neck, shoulder, and breasts.

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He also left deep red hickeys along the way as if to say I was his. I just lay weak on the sofa the whole time as I let him ravage me. He must have sensed that my mind was wandering, so he bit my nipple hard as a punishment. "Ugh. Charles, be gentle..." I begged in a low voice. Charles snickered and ignored my plea. The way he handled me told me that I was not in the position to bargain. This went on for a moment, but it felt like forever. All of a sudden, he clasped me by the waist and turned me over. Without warning, he inserted his manhood into me. We did not even have foreplay as

he just went straight to the home run.

The sex was rough. There was no pleasure at all. I just felt like I was being punished in a way that brought pleasure to Charles but not me. Charles left afterward and did not even ask how I was.

But before he walked out of the door, he reminded me, "You can come and see the children tomorrow night." I curled up weakly on the sofa and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why tomorrow night?" "Don't you want it? How about the day after tomorrow? Or next month?" Charles asked in a threatening tone. I lowered my gaze and did not speak anymore. At last, Charles walked out and slammed the door behind him. I covered myself with the coat and huddled up on the sofa. A sense of despair swept over me as I thought of Charles, who had just left heartlessly.

This was what I was dreading from the very beginning. I had known that this would come. Now, in his eyes, I was like a sex doll that he could use anytime to satisfy his needs. And once he had gotten tired

of me, he would discard me. Unfortunately for me, I had no right to say no. My eyelids started to feel a little heavy after a long while. Just then, I heard the door open. "James?" I called. I tried hard to open my eyes and looked in the direction of the door. My hope was shattered when I saw who it was. It was not my son, but Janet and Tracy. I could not help but laugh with self-mockery. After what had happened, why was I still hoping that Charles would bring the children to see me? Tracy handed me a clean set of clothes and asked with concern, "Scarlett, are you okay?"

"Just a little dizzy," I answered. In the evening, I soaked my feet with hot water as usual. Tracy saw my morose expression, so she decided to comfort me. "Scarlett, Mr. Moore loves you; or he wouldn't ask us to check on you. He's just not good at expressing himself. Please

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give him more time." I leaned against the back of the sofa and smiled bitterly. Charles brought me nothing but pain. If it were not for the children, I would have not entangled myself with him again. In the middle of the night, I broke into a high fever again. I did not know what had happened for the rest of the night.

But when I woke up the next morning, I was still a little dizzy and lightheaded. When Tracy saw that I was finally awake, she walked over to me and exclaimed, "Scarlett, you're awake!" "Tracy..." I called in a hoarse voice. "You scared me to death. You were burning with fever last night." "What time is it now?" "It's half-past eleven o'clock. Just rest. I've already called in sick on your behalf." Tracy glanced at me tentatively and added, "Also... Mr. Moore was here this morning." I was surprised. Why did Charles come here?

He must have been pleased when he saw that I was sick and in pain. All of a sudden, what had happened last night flashed in my mind, and I could not help but laugh scornfully at myself. "Where are the kids?" I asked in a low voice, suppressing the expectation in my heart. Charles should be at the company right now. Did he leave the kids alone at home? Could I see them? Tracy wanted to say something but decided not to on second thought. After hesitating for a moment, she finally told me the truth. "Mr. Moore took the kids to the company." My heart sank upon hearing this. I recovered a week later. At last, I could finally go to work again. While I was at the company, I received a call from Charles, in which he firmly ordered, "Come here tonight." I mumbled a reply and hung up the call.

Charles had taken the children to another city, and they stayed there for a week. Fortunately, they were back now. As soon as I finished my work, I hurriedly packed my things, so I could get off work early. I could not wait to go to Garden Street and see my children. "Mommy!" James called the moment he saw me. He was having dinner at the moment. I stepped forward to hug him, but Charles stopped me. "Take off your coat first. Don't let the dirty things from outside touch my son." Although I was a little uncomfortable, I took off my coat just like he said.

"James, I miss you so much! Do you miss me?" I walked quickly to James and bent over to pick him up. "Yes! Mom, where have you been? I miss you so much!" James wrapped his arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. Now that my son was in my arms, my empty heart was filled with joy. I playfully messed James's hair and asked, "James, are you full now? Do you want Mommy to feed you?" "Yes!" James nodded excitedly and opened his mouth. Charles, however, seemed displeased. "Don't spoil him. It's not like you can see him every day," he spat.

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