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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 366 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 366 Not Enough

Charles' POV: "It doesn't matter I feed him once in a while." Scarlett forced a smile after being stunned for a

moment. She then carefully picked up the fork and fed the spaghetti to James. He was obediently sitting on the chair, looking at her with his big eyes, waiting for her to feed him another mouthful. Looking at them being so close with each other, I felt like a complete outsider. Soon, James was done eating and he let out a satisfied burp. He patted his belly and said, "Mom, I'm full." Scarlett smiled as she reached out to lift him up. "Nanny, you can take James away," I ordered impatiently. "Yes, Mr. Moore." The nanny immediately came forward and took James away from Scarlett. "Mom!" But James did not want to leave his mother.

"It's alright, baby. I'll come to you soon."

"Okay." Only after hearing her comforting words did James go with the nanny, leaving me and Scarlett alone in the dining room. "Come and have dinner," I ordered. "I don't want to eat. I just want to go upstairs to see Jerry and Jason." "You don't want to eat? Are you sure?" I stared at her meaningfully and saw her blushing. "Fine." She reluctantly walked to the table and I served her a large slice of beef steak, which she began to cut with her knife and fork.

"Drink some soup first," I reminded her with a frown.

Scarlett stopped immediately and looked at me in confusion. "Why are you looking at me like that? You don't think I am caring for you, do you? I am just worried that you might end up with a stomach problem later, and if you have issues like that when we're having sex,

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then it will ruin my mood." Hearing that, Scarlett quietly began to drink the soup. I glanced at her from the corner of my eye as though I did not care about her. She seemed to have lost some weight and was looking more haggard than before. 'Damn it! Are Tracy and Janet even taking good care of her? Why does she look worse than she did on Christmas?'

She seemed to be wearing makeup, though. And she was looking gorgeous, which made me wonder if she did it to please me.

Distracted, I shook the glass in my hand unconsciously. Time passed quietly, and I did not come back to my senses until I heard her putting down her knife

and fork.

I took out my phone and saw that more than an hour had passed.

I could not believe that I had just sat there for an hour watching her eat, which made me chuckle helplessly. Scarlett wiped her mouth, glaring at me. I turned to her and asked coldly, "Why are you staring at me like that? Don't you know that you've been eating for an hour now? It was just a steak and some soup. Why did it take you so long to finish

it?"

I was about to burst into laughter, looking at her angry and aggrieved expression. "Are you done now? Go and take a bath, just so that you don't smell like another man," I said on

purpose. I

"You!"

Scarlett stared at me angrily for a few more seconds before she gave up and walked to the bathroom. The moment she stepped into the bathroom, her phone rang. I unzipped her bag and took out her phone. When I saw that it was a call from William, my heart burned with anger. I answered the phone coldly with a sneer, "Hello, William. Why are you calling my wife's phone at this hour?" "Why are you answering the phone? And where is Scarlett?" "Are you still not done bothering another man's wife? I think you should worry about yourself first," I hissed.

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“Charles, what the hell do you want?” Upon hearing his exasperated voice, I smiled. “I am warning you, don’t you dare to call my wife again, or you will never see that woman.”

“Charles...” Before William could curse me, I hung up. He deserved to be treated like trash for seducing my wife. When I was putting her phone back in her bag, I noticed a document inside. I took it out and saw that it was a document that was meant to declare the waiver of custody. Looking at it, I figured that Scarlett must have arranged it right before Christmas. Why was she still holding onto it? A weird feeling filled up in my chest. I could not help but wonder if she would have coaxed me to sign it that night if I had been just drunk. It would have given her the right to take my kids and elope with William.

‘I will not let it happen!’

I unconsciously tightened my hand, crumpling the document in my hand. That moment, the bathroom door opened. Dressed in a white bathrobe, Scarlett walked towards me slowly. Her delicate face was flushed from the hot bath, which was enough to make me thirsty for her body. I was immediately turned on. “Do you want to take a bath? I’ve filled the bathtub for you.”

As I silently looked at her, I felt a storm surging from the bottom of my heart. “What’s wrong?” Scarlett awkwardly tugged the corner of her bathrobe. “I don’t feel like taking a bath.” Looking deep into her eyes, I ordered, “Go to bed.” Scarlett’s eyes widened in an instant, and unable to hide her panic, she blurted out at once, “No.” “Would you rather talk about this document with me first, then?” I waved the document in front of her eyes, and she turned pale, biting her lip. “You should be glad that I am not in the mood to discuss such depressing things now. And you should know what to do if you’re really smart enough.”

My deep voice was filled with great anger and desire. I slammed the agreement on the table and turned to the bathroom. “Change into something else. I want the sexiest lingerie you have,” I reminded her. When I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Scarlett lying on the bed, dressed in a sexy black silk slip dress. The silk fabric wrapped around her body like a second skin, and the cut-out lace design exposed just the right amount of skin to make me go crazy. There was a long slit on one side of the dress, which revealed her beautiful long legs. She was so fucking sexy.

Looking at her like that, I was almost about to have a nosebleed, like a virgin boy. I walked up to her and found that she was still talking to Nina about work. With a frown, I grabbed the

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phone from her hand and tossed it aside. "Not the right time for that." I looked at her with dissatisfaction in my eyes. "You... I didn't know that you were done."

Scarlett turned away to avoid meeting my eyes and moved back a little. I stared at her and said in a sarcastic tone, "What? Are you going to please me by lying still?" "I've torn up the waiver," Scarlett explained immediately. Glancing at the trash can beside the bed I noticed that it was indeed full of torn up pieces of paper. Looking at it, the anger in my heart seemed to dissipate a little. But I was not satisfied at all. I looked at her coldly and asked, "Do you really think that I can pretend like you did not want to me sign it just because you tore it to shreds?"

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