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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 315 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 315 Scarlett And I Are Over

Charles's POV

I took James back to the Moore mansion.

The moment we got out of the car, Grandma walked over to welcome us.

She rushed to James and hugged him with eyes brimming with tears.

"My dear James, you're finally back! Let me have a closer look at you."

James froze in Grandma's arms. It seemed that he did not know what to do, so he looked at me for help

"Dad..."

My heart ached to see James wary of his own great-grandmother. So with a gentle smile, I stroked his hair. "James, this is your great-grandma. Do you remember her now?"

Upon hearing this, James turned around and threw himself into Grandma's arms.

"You're such a precious little boy. I'm so happy that you're back." Grandma burst into tears now that

her great-grandson was in her arms once again. Meanwhile, Grandpa, who was standing behind Grandma, patted James on the head and tearfully said, "I, too, am happy that you're

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back." Grandma gazed at my son with longing. "This child grows quite fast. I haven't seen him for a year, but he has grown up."

At this time, my mother rushed over with red and teary eyes. She took James from Grandma's arms

and coaxed him for a while.

"James, I'm your grandma. Do you still remember me? You were still a baby when you left us. My dear child, can you call me Grandma?"

James stared at my mother for a long time. Everyone held their breaths as they waited if he would call her "Grandma" or not. To their astonishment, the little boy suddenly laughed and shouted, "Mom!"

All of a sudden, the world seemed to have quieted down, and all I could hear was James shouting "Mom!" in the background. My heart began to ache again. Although this reunion should bring joy to me, I did not feel anything but desolation.

"Mom, please take care of James. I need to rest."

With that, I went upstairs with heavy steps and heart. The moment I entered my room, I collapsed on the bed, both physically and mentally exhausted. This very same room was filled with good memories with Scarlett. But now, it was empty and lonely.

I massaged my forehead as I felt a headache coming on. My mind was buzzing because of what I had seen earlier. The memory of when Scarlett nestled in William's arms kept crossing my mind over and over again. Later that night, a knock came at the door. It was my mother. She had come to my room to bring my dinner. "Charles, are you alright?"

Scarlett And All Over "I'm fine. Just a little tired," I answered in a hoarse voice. She placed the tray of food on the table. But instead of turning around to leave, she stared at me for a moment and then asked, "Charles, is Scarlett really with William?"

"Yes. Scarlett and I are over." A deafening silence filled the air.

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A few moments later, my mother sighed and said, "Maybe this is what they call 'fate'. You and Scarlett are not destined to be together. Charles, for the sake of your sanity, don't force her to *come* back anymore. It's best if you two live your own separate lives in the future."

Her words echoed in my ears. It was not until this moment that I realized that my relationship with Scarlett was really over.

The next few days went by in a blur. I was like a zombie—barely getting by. I just did my routine just like I always had.

I would go to work in the morning as the CEO of the Moore Group and come home in the evening as James's father. Nothing changed in my daily life. That was until I saw Nancy loitering around my car one day, She was wearing a white chiffon dress, and her long dark hair was tied up with a green lace hairband. The hemline of her dress danced in the wind, making her look like a blooming little white flower. "Come here," I ordered.

The moment Nancy saw me, her eyes lit up, and she quickly walked up to me. "Charles, you're off duty!" she exclaimed. There was undisguised admiration in her eyes as she looked at me.

Ironically, the woman whom I had just known for a short time would wait for me no matter how long. On the other hand, the one whom I had devoted my heart to had chosen to abandon our child and me. She must be in his new man's arms right now. In that case, why should I restrain myself? I looked at Nancy and asked with a faint smile, "Are you waiting for me?"

She blushed and lowered her head shyly. "Yes."

"Alright then. Get in the car."

I opened the door for her. However, she just looked at me with eyes wide in shock.

"Don't you want to come with me?" I asked in confusion.

"Of course! I would love to." Nancy nodded violently. Without further ado, she sat on the passenger seat with a beaming smile.

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Nancy did not stop talking the whole ride. I could smell her strong, pungent perfume in the driver's seat, which made my head hurt. I did not speak in the car and tried my best to be patient. However, my veins stood out on the back of my hands, betraying me.

I took Nancy to Mint Bar. As soon as I walked in, I came across Spencer and Vivian. Surprise was written all over their faces when they saw Nancy and me together.

"Someone's wife has just left for a year, but he couldn't wait to hook up with another woman. If my

- memory serves me right, you two haven't divorce, am I right? Who is this lady? Is she your mistress? Or perhaps, just a plaything?" Vivian asked in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

Nancy's face went white as a sheet. She pursed her lips and stared daggers at Vivian. Without even bothering to defend Nancy, I turned to her and said, "Have a seat somewhere. I'll come to you later."

I went upstairs and walked into a private room. David, who was sitting on the sofa, nodded at me in greeting. Spencer joined us shortly after.

"Charles, what have you done? Why did you bring Nancy here?" I took a cigar from David and lit it. "Nothing. She happened to be there when I was bored, so I took her out for fun." David looked at me incredulously. "For fun?! Are you fucking serious?" "Serious? Don't worry. It's just a one-night stand at most." I smiled bitterly and took a deep drag on the cigar. I then let all the smoke out in a puff. Both David and Spencer gasped in disbelief.

"Charles, calm down. You shouldn't act on impulse," David advised with a frown.

"Calm down? Oh, I've been very calm. My friends, life is short. We should enjoy our life as much as we could. Besides, I have needs that need to be sated. You should try it too. It's good for your health."

"Charles, can you even hear yourself? You'll let Scarlett down!" Spencer bellowed.

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“Scarlett? She’s busy snuggling in her sweetheart’s arms.”

“Stop being so reckless and instead restrain yourself. What if Scarlett and William are just acting?” David earnestly advised.

“Yeah. You’ll regret it one day,” Spencer echoed. Acting? A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth upon hearing this. I did not see even a hint of hesitance on Scarlett’s face when she called that bastard “honey” in front of me. 4 “That’s enough. From now on, nobody is allowed to mention her name. If one of you does, I won’t hesitate to cut ties with you at once.” 1

I snuffed out my cigar in the ashtray and leaned against the sofa as soon as I finished speaking,

“You... You’re impossible!” Spencer was so mad that his face had turned red. Enraged, he stood up and left without looking back. David’s gaze shifted from Spencer’s receding figure and then to me.

He picked up a glass, poured me a glass of whiskey, and earnestly said, “Charles, I know Scarlett has deeply hurt you. But as your friend, let me remind you that you should think twice before you act. Otherwise, there’s nothing else you can do when you have to redeem yourself.”

I scoffed. Redeem myself? I would never do that stupid thing again.

Spencer’s POV:

Charles’s behavior and attitude baffled me. In a fit of anger, I walked out of the private room. I happened to see Nancy sitting in the corner and looking around as if searching for something... or

someone.

What a shame.

I walked over and sat next to her. This was the first time I had a good look at her. Her waist was not slender enough, her breasts were not big enough, and her buttocks were not

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upturned enough. Most importantly, she was not as beautiful as Scarlett. I wondered why Charles had taken a fancy to her. "Are you waiting for Charles?" Nancy nodded obediently and answered, "Yes." I could not help but laugh sardonically. "Men nowadays don't like women who are too easy. The easier it is to get something, the less they will cherish it." Nancy looked at me, confusedly. "All I'm saying is that you should stop pestering Charles. What are you even waiting for? Are you waiting for him to take you home? Do you want to sleep with him? He said himself that what you've had is just one-night stand at most."

"Charles won't say such a thing!" Nancy retorted with a red face. "Trust me. Only men know what other men are thinking. Just like your brother Nicholas. He brought home different women every night for sex and forget about them the next day. Haven't you learned something from that? Think about it. If you don't let Charles get you in just a snap of his fingers, he'll keep thinking about you. No, he'll be obsessed with you. And when that happens, it's safe to say that you've won his heart. Isn't that great?" Nancy was still a young woman. Although she did not fully understand what I had said, she believed it. I could not help but smile in amusement when I saw her face light up in delight. Just as I had expected, my eloquence had once again inveigled someone.

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