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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 319 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 319 Empty

Scarlett's POV: After coaxing him for a while, James eventually stopped crying and fell asleep in my arms. He looked so adorable when he was sleeping. His curled eyelashes fluttered from time to time, and I could not resist stroking his skin that was as fair as a doll's. While I was admiring my son, Alice walked over and said, "The little boy is finally quiet. Sure enough, only the mother could comfort her son." What Alice had said made me happy.

I bent over to kiss my son's little face. However, I felt that his temperature was a little too high. "James is a little hot. Could you get the thermometer for me?" "How could that be? Don't worry. I'll get it for you right away." Alice went to get the thermometer just like she said and returned shortly after.

"I measured James's temperature this morning. He had a low fever, so I wiped his body with warm water," she said with a guilty look on her face. I put the thermometer under James's armpit and replied, "Maybe James isn't in the mood because it's raining." "You're right. Children are quite sensitive. They can also sense things like whether their parents love each other or not." Alice was implying something. I did not say anything and just patted James

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gently on the back. Five minutes later, I took out the thermometer and checked his temperature. It was 110 degrees. I felt sorry for my son as he was burning with fever. 5
“Please get the antipyretic paste and medicine. I’ll give James medicine in case his fever goes any higher.”

“Okay. I’ll be right back.” Alice left the room at once and returned a few moments later with the medicine. I put the antipyretic paste on James’s forehead. I would change it into a new one after a few hours. Then, I gave him the medicine. James twisted and turned in my arms, making me worry even more. I observed his condition for a while and saw that his face was still red. Not only that, his fever had not gone down yet, so I decided not to lay him on the cot for the time being. James asked for water, so I immediately fetched him a bottle and helped him drink.

But even though his thirst had been satiated, he still did not feel well. He groaned every now and then, and it took him an hour before he finally fell asleep. I took him downstairs in the evening. Thankfully, his fever had been brought down, and he finally felt so much better now. He opened his eyes and said in a sleepy voice, “Mom, I’m awake.” “Are you hungry?” He pointed in the direction of the dining room and answered, “Yes. I want dinner.” I gestured for Janet to come over and ordered, “Could you prepare James’s formula? Thanks.”

“Okay, Scarlett.” Janet immediately did as told. Just as she handed James’s milk to me, my phone rang. I asked her to watch over my son for a moment and then walked aside to answer the call. It was not until this moment that I felt that my shoulder was sore and a little painful. “Hello.”

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"Scarlett, where are you now? Jerry and Jason are waiting for you." William went straight to the point. "I know, but I can't go back today. James is sick." "But Jerry and Jason also need you. You just don't want to leave, do you? Admit it. You still haven't forgotten Charles," William retorted, a hint of disappointment in his voice. "This has nothing to do with him. Just please take care of the twins for me." I hung up as soon as I finished speaking. I did not want to talk to William anymore, especially when he was just going to press me into saying something I did not want to say. I returned to the dining room and took James over. "Let me feed him." "Scarlett, your shoulder isn't completely healed yet. Be careful," Janet advised with a worried look on her face. "It's okay. I'll be sitting when I feed him." Once James was full, I wiped his mouth with a napkin and picked him up again.

He was still weak, but his fever had subsided. After playing with me for a while, he fell asleep yet again.

I carried him upstairs and laid him on the cot. Just then, Alice walked in and asked in a hushed voice, "Is James sleeping?" "Yes," I answered. Alice bent down and gingerly stroked James's face. "I don't know what's going on in with Charles. I've been calling him the whole day, but he's not returning my calls." It turned out that she did not know that something had happened to her son. "Amy said that something came up in the company, so Charles went on a business trip. He should be on the plane now." I lied in order not to make Alice worry. "I see. Scarlett, I'd like to ask you something. You haven't signed the divorce papers yet, have you?" "Not yet. Anyway, you should take a rest now. I can take care of James." I shifted the topic, not wanting Alice to ask me more questions. "Okay then. Take care of yourself. I'm leaving."

One Alice was gone, I heaved a sigh of relief. Then, I leaned on James's cot to take a nap. But I could not sleep. I was worried James's fever would recur, so I checked his temperature from time to time. James cried in the middle of the night. Although my shoulder was aching, I held him in my arms and lulled him back to sleep. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain on my lips. I touched them with my fingers and found that they were cracked and bleeding. Only then did I remember that I did not drink much water today. I gently laid James on the cot. I suddenly

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remembered that there was an ointment for dry lips in the drawer of the master bedroom. With that, I went to the said room. But when I reached the door, I did not come in right away. I just stood there with my heart pounding in my chest. At last, I took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

A familiar scent came to my senses, and the memories of the past came flooding back to me. The furnishings in the master bedroom had changed a little. However, the photo of me and Charles on the bedside table was gone. A myriad of feelings swept all over me. But at the same time, I felt empty. It was as if I had lost something valuable to me. My nose twitched, and tears welled up in my eyes. As I made my way inside, I touched the empty wall of the bedroom. In the past, this very wall was filled with photos of Charles, James, and me. But now, not a single picture was hung there anymore. It appeared that Charles was now trying to forget about me and move on with his life. Like him, I should start letting go of the past now.

But, now was not the right time to be sentimental about the past. I had better get what I had come here for. With that, I went to the bedside table, opened the drawer, and took the ointment that I needed. But then, my gaze fell upon the door of the bathroom. What had happened in the bedroom happened in the bathroom as well. All my skincare products and toiletries were gone. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw how haggard I was.

My cheekbones bulged, and there were dark circles under my eyes. What was more, my face, which used to be rosy and full of energy, was gaunt and pale. As I applied ointment to my dry and cracked lips, bitterness surged in my heart. At this moment, I vaguely heard that James was crying in the baby's room. I rushed to his aid and found that he had woken up. "Mom, pee-pee..." He spread his arms open the moment he saw me, "Okay. I'll take you to the bathroom right now."

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---- I put James in the lavatory and changed his diaper. He distracted himself by playing with the things that he could hold. "Daddy's toothbrush!" he shouted happily. He picked it up and waved it on my face. All of a sudden, he threw it, and it went straight into the toilet. James giggled and exclaimed, "No brush! Toilet!" But the next second, he seemed to have forgotten what had just happened. He picked up the toothpaste and played with it. "James, good job!" I gave my son a thumbs up. For some reason, an inexplicable sense of joy rose in my heart.

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