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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 322 by Gorgeous Killer

Nancy's POV:

My heart raced in my chest in panic when I looked back in Charles's icy cold gaze. It turned out that he cared about James more than I thought.

A sense of crisis swept over me at this sudden realization.

James was his child with Scarlett.

Since Charles cared about his son so much, did that mean that he still had not moved on from that woman? At the thought of Scarlett, my heart was filled with anguish and resentment.

Why could I not compete with her? I had done so much for Charles, but he only cared about Scarlett.

Sometimes, I even felt that he could not see what I had done for him.

From now on, I swore to myself I would win Charles over. I would not stop until I became his woman.

At this moment, I called my brother and asked him to pick me up at the Moore mansion.

He arrived about thirty minutes later and drove me to the seaside.

There, I had a heartfelt conversation with him. But first, he asked me about Charles.

"Nancy, are you in love with Charles?" he asked while looking at me with concern.

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I knew very well what he was worried about.

Charles was the heir of the Moore family.

It did not take a genius to see that he was way out of my league. I just looked at Nick in response.

‘Do I love Charles? Maybe’ I answered, but I only kept it to myself.

Could I blame myself? He was handsome and endearing. Any woman would fall in love with him.

“I will win Charles over. I’m not only talking about his body but also his heart,” I said with sheer determination.

As I spoke, there was a crazy look in my eyes that even I did not notice. If there was one thing I was sure about, it was that I would not give up on Charles without putting up a fight.

One day, I was certain he would realize that I was more suitable for him than Scarlett.

“Nancy, it’s good for us if you manage to hook up with Charles. But stop being delusional. He will never fall in love with you. Scarlett is the only woman he has ever loved in his life.”

“You’re wrong, Nicky. Charles will fall in love with me,” I insisted.

I was confident in my charm. Charles would eventually see how good I was. “Nancy, don’t be rash. Charles’s love for Scarlett may be beyond your comprehension. Think about it. If Scarlett really betrayed him, there’s a chance that he might never love again.” Nick had known that it was useless to stop me once I had put my heart into it. Because of this, he decided to tell me the cruelest truth once and for all. It was effective, though. His words rendered me speechless.

Besides, I knew from the back of my head that what he had said was true. If Scarlett had betrayed Charles, even I would not have the chance to get close to him. All of a sudden, his icy cold gaze crossed my mind. I lowered my head as a feeling of dread washed over me. But then again, just the thought of losing Charles dismayed me. Scarlett might be irreplaceable in his heart, my resolution was unwavering. I would make sure to Charles over,

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no matter what it took Scarlett's POV: In the afternoon, Tracy suddenly came to me while I was typing something on my computer.

"Tracy, what brings you here?" I asked in surprise. Tracy should be taking care of James at the Moore mansion at this moment. What was she doing in my house? "Mr. Moore took Nancy home yesterday. I couldn't control myself and said something harsh. And then, he fired me." Tracy complained with her head down. My heart ached when I heard that Charles had taken Nancy in the mansion. "Mr. Moore has brought another woman home before you two divorce.

He doesn't seem to care about your feelings," Tracy added. The more she spoke, the more wronged she felt on my behalf. I must admit, even though I was the one who chose to leave, I still had not completely let go of Charles. All of a sudden, Tracy walked over and held my hand, bringing me back to my senses. "Scarlett, I have nowhere else to go. Please take me with you." I was a little hesitant. I had planned to go to France once Charles and I were officially divorced.

That was my way of having closure with all the people I had known from the past. I wanted nothing to do with them in the future.

"Please let me stay with you," Tracy pleaded again.

It seemed that she had made up her mind to stick with me until the end.

"Fine. You can stay here."

She had been by my side for a long time and had protected me dutifully.

I would be on my conscience if I did not help her after, especially when Charles had fired her for speaking for me. After everything she had said and done, there was no way I would leave Tracy behind.

Just then, my phone rang. I picked up my phone and looked to see who it was.

Speaking of the devil, it was Charles. He had not called for a long time.

It was Nina who had been relaying my messages to him.

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That got me thinking—why did he take the initiative to call me right now? Anxious, I took a deep breath and answered the call.

“Scarlett, I’ll wait for you at the gate of Moore Group at nine o’clock tomorrow morning. Let’s go through the divorce procedure once and for all,” Charles said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Then, without waiting for my response, he hung up the call. His cold and emotionless tone saddened me.

That was on me, though.

Leaving him was my decision.

Tomorrow, I would leave everything behind and start anew.

At the thought of this, I concealed my sadness and forced a smile.

“Tracy, book a ticket for me to France tomorrow.”

Once the divorce had been finalized, I would leave the country with my two children and start a new life. “Are you sure? Are you really going to leave James behind?” Tracy asked with confusion written all over her face. “I don’t think Charles wants me to see James again,” I answered with a bitter smile. The scene of James hugging me and calling me “Mom” suddenly flashed through my mind. The thought that I would have to leave him brought a pang to my heart. Of course, I did not want to do that, but I had no choice but to do so. It was for the betterment of the two of us. When William came back in the evening, I told him straight away that I would leave the country tomorrow.

“William, I appreciate everything you’ve done for me. But, I want to let you know that I’m leaving. I’ve already asked Tracy to book a flight. I’ll leave with the twins once Charles and I have divorced,” I said indifferently as if my decision was not a big deal. I did not want anything to do with Charles or William anymore. William seemed to disagree with what I had said. He stepped forward, grabbed my shoulders, and shook them. “Scarlett, we agreed that we’d leave together, didn’t we? How can you leave me alone?” I shook off his hand and took a step back away from him. “That was all in the past. Things have changed now.” “Scarlett, how can you leave me behind just like that?” William asked in a hurt voice.

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He could not accept my decision, so he tried to persuade me to change my mind. However, I just smiled at him in response. What had happened between us traumatized me. I knew to myself that we would never be together. William abruptly stood up. "Scarlett, I like you. I know you still haven't let go of Charles, but I will wait until you do." I looked at him in the eye and said with conviction, "William, it's impossible for us to be together. I hope you meet a woman, who'll genuinely love you. But that woman isn't me." However, William did not seem to hear what I had just said. He proceeded to tell me how much he loved me in hopes that that would change anything. "William!" I snapped.

I was starting to get impatient, so I reminded him, "Just so you know, I still haven't forgiven you for hiding James, and I'm not sure if I ever will. You knew how hurt I'd be if I lost my son, but you still lied to me. You made me believe that he was dead. You're so selfish." Tresented him from the moment I found out that he had lied to me. We were doomed to be together, and I was sure of it. I turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, William grabbed me by my arm. "Give me one more chance. I promise I won't lie to you again." "William, you don't love me. You just want to conquer me," I scoffed. I then heartlessly shook off his arm in disgust. Although I could hear him begging behind me, I went upstairs without looking back.

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