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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 301 by Gorgeous Killer

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After hanging up the phone, I threw it on the bed. The moonlight peered through the window, slightly illuminating the dark, quiet room.

Right now, my room was like a cold cage. I turned around, staring out the window.

There were many lights surrounding me, and yet I felt so lonely.

On the glass window pane, a blurry figure was reflected. To me, my very image had become pitiful and desolate. I couldn't bear to stare at my reflection anymore, so I stood up and closed the curtains.

Now, the moonlight was gone and so was my reflection. I lay back on the cold bed with a bitter smile on my lips.

"I am like a soulless walking dead," I murmured to myself.

Like reflex, I reached for the other half of the bed and soon found that it was empty. My beloved wife used to sleep right here, but now she had begun a new life with another man.

Once again, my heart ached. Only in this endless darkness could I tear off my disguise, and let myself feel the painful wound in my heart.

I curled up in bed, holding Scarlett's pillow as tightly as I could, sniffing the last bits of her scent left on it. Then, I buried my face on the pillow.

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The sense of suffocation slowly made me feel dizzy and a little drowsy.

During the second half of the night, I began to dream. I dreamed of the woman whom I had longed for day and night.

She was lying in another man's arms, speaking to him with a bright smile on her face.

"Honey, hug me." The man lowered his head and I saw that it was William.

He was sleeping in the spot where I once slept in, holding the woman I loved, and kissing her in my stead.

"Sure, honey!"

The following day, I woke up with a splitting headache. The dream I had last night tortured me.

Even now that I was awake, it still tore my heart apart.

Listlessly, I went downstairs and saw Janet in the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

Good morning, Mr. Moore. Oh, my...what's wrong, sir? You look troubled." Janet came over intending to touch my forehead. However, I avoided her hand and responded, "I'm fine. You may go now." "But you look really terrible. You'd better take your temperature just to make sure." Not long after, I went to the sofa and sat down, feeling light-headed. I touched my forehead and it indeed felt hot. I did have a fever. Janet fetched the thermometer and took my temperature for me, anxiously waiting for the results to show up. "102 degrees?! You're burning up!

Mr. Moore, we need to get you to a hospital right this instant!" Janet was panicking as she held the thermometer in her hand. Truthfully, aside from feeling a little dizzy, I didn't feel anything that bad. "Take it easy. Just get me a glass of water, please," said. "Right away, sir!" she replied. After taking the glass of water from Janet, I took a sip. She was standing next to me, visibly worried. "Mr. Moore, I really think you need to go to a hospital," she remarked. "It's not that serious," I answered. "But..." "Do not make me repeat myself," I said sternly. Janet didn't dare to say another word after that. At long last, the room quieted down. I put down the glass of water, closing my eyes to rest. But the second I closed my eyes, Scarlett's

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and James' faces appeared in my mind again. A bitter smile appeared on my lips. "I really don't deserve a moment of peace"

Janet's POV:

Mr. Moore was having a fever, but he wouldn't take it seriously. He just sat on the sofa with no intention of having himself checked up at the hospital.

With no other choice, I decided to call Alice for help while looking for some medicine for the boss.

"Madame, Mr. Moore is burning up. I need your help," I said over the phone.

"What? Charles has a fever?" Alice sounded really worried.

"Take him to the hospital the soonest that you can!"

"I've been telling him to go to the hospital, but he insists that he doesn't need treatment. That's why I called you, ma'am; to see if you can persuade him."

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line.

All of a sudden, I heard a deep sigh, riddled with pity.

"His illness is caused by stress. There is only one way we can fix things. It seems that it's time for me to pay Scarlett a visit," said Alice.

"Madame, have you decided on what to say once you meet her?" I asked.

"I can only act according to the circumstances. If I don't do anything now, I'm afraid Charles might become terminally ill. I've already lost a grandson. I can't lose my only son as well!"

"I pity her.." I remarked inwardly.

When I heard Alice's hoarse voice, tears welled up in my eyes.

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I understand, ma'am. Is there anything else I can do to help?" "You're a good girl, Janet. I know you're really good friends with Tracy. Can you get in touch with her and find out what she thinks about this whole situation?" "Understood, ma'am!" I agreed to Alice's request without hesitation. After hanging up the phone, I asked Spencer for the address of William's villa in Kitsap and drove all the way there. Once I was there, I waited outside the villa for a while. After William's car had left, I rang the doorbell. "Who is it?" Tracy's voice resonated from the monitor.

My eyes turned red and I almost burst into tears. "It's me, Janet," I cried. A brief silence ensued. Soon, the door opened and I saw Tracy's face appear before me. Her eyes were widened in surprise and she was covering her mouth with her hands. I took the initiative to give her a big hug. "Long time no see, Tracy!" "Long time no see, Janet," Tracy said as she sobbed. Both of our faces were covered in tears. "Gosh, I missed you so much!"

"Yeah, me too," she replied. Tracy and I went to a cafe nearby. Even after we had sat at a table, she was still weeping. I handed her a tissue while chuckling. "Hey, hey, it's okay. There's no need to cry anymore. We met again, didn't we?" "It's been far too long!" Tracy cried even louder. "Yeah...it's been a year since we last saw each other" | replied in my heart.

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At night, in my room, I soaked my feet in warm water, which helped ease the discomfort. I groaned as relief washed over me.

During the past year, the injury on my ankle seemed to have gotten much better, but it still had a way to go to full recovery.

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The pain still tortured me from time to time.

After a few moments, Tracy walked into the room.

"I've done what you said, Scarlett." I looked up at her.

Her eyes seemed to be swollen, and her face was full of grievance. Had she been crying? I smiled and said, "Thank you, Tracy."

"Scarlett, is it really impossible for you and Mr. Moore to get back together?" I whipped my head toward her after hearing the question.

After a long silence, I said with a bitter smile, "I'm with William now, and I'd never see two men at the same time."

"But..."

"No buts. Look, Tracy. If you're not happy here, you can go back and stay with Janet." I meant to set Tracy free, but hearing my words, she started crying.

"Are you driving me away?"

"No, Tracy. Not at all. That's not what I meant."

I looked her in the eye and added, "You separated from Janet because of me, and I don't want you to be miserable because of me. I'm offering you your freedom."

"I don't want my freedom. I want to stay by your side."

Tracy wiped her tears away and shook her head hard.

She and I had been keeping each other company for the past year. She was there when I lost James and had been patient with me in my bad days when grief took over.

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If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have been able to survive the worst ordeal of my life. I was about to say something when my phone rang. It was William.

"Hello, William."

"Hi, Scarlett. I have an appointment tonight, and I may have to stay out late. Don't wait up for me, okay?"

"All right then. Take care. I'll see you when you get home."

William's POV:

After hanging up with Scarlett, I came to Paradise Hotel. I headed to the private room to meet someone, and when I got there, Alice was already sitting there, looking like she had been waiting for a long time.

We hadn't even spoken, and I already knew our meeting wasn't going to end well.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Please have a seat, William." I pulled out a chair and sat down leisurely.

I knew Alice was up to no good, so I decided to strike first.

"As I suppose you already know, Scarlett and I are living together now and recently became parents to twins. I hope you can persuade your son to divorce Scarlett as soon as possible. It'll be good for everyone."

Alice jumped up from her seat and pounded a fist on the table.

"No way! Scarlett will never have a baby with you! You must be lying!"

"That may be true in the past, Mrs. Moore, but she has lost her memory," I reminded her with a smile.

Alice sneered.

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“What? Do you think I’m a fool? Am I so gullible in your eyes?”

Alice’s anger was within my expectation, and I had prepared for it.

I slowly picked up the glass of water in front of me and took a sip.

“Have you ever thought about it from another perspective? Regardless of Scarlett’s capacity to remember, the death of her firstborn child will still hang over her and Charles like a looming storm. They can try to get back together, but it will never be the same. James’s loss has broken them both.”

“My son’s and Scarlett’s fate after my grandson’s demise isn’t yours to decide. I suspect that you’re so desperate to hold on to Scarlett that you’re limiting her personal freedom. Hand her over, or I will involve the police and destroy you.” I shrugged.

I could tell that she was just bluffing.

“Involve the police? That would be a mistake, Mrs. Moore. You see, it was Scarlett who asked me to take her away, and at that time, your son Charles acquiesced in it. If you don’t believe me, you can ask Charles for confirmation.”

I looked seriously at Alice’s furious face and continued, “You know what kind of person Scarlett is. No one can force her to do what she doesn’t want to do. Believe it or not, she did lose her memory. And we are indeed together and have two children.”

“I won’t believe you until I talk to Scarlett myself.” Alice calmed down and sat back in her seat. She picked up her glass of water and drank. She tried hard to hide it, but she was shaking.

I just wasn’t sure if it was due to fear or anger. I scoffed, “What will talking to Scarlett do for you? If you do see her, you will only remind her that James died because of Charles.”

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Alice hissed. “If it weren’t for Charles’s carelessness in handling his relationship with Rita, Rita wouldn’t have vented her anger on James.” EL Alice stared at me with wide eyes, and then her shoulders slowly drooped. She looked like a deflating balloon. I reached for my glass again and downed its contents. Then, I uttered my parting words. “That’s all I have to say to you, Mrs. Moore. Scarlett and the kids are waiting for me at home. I hope you can consider my suggestion and persuade Charles to divorce her

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at the soonest possible time. I should get going. Goodbye for now.” Then, I rose from my seat and left. In this battle between me and Alice, I knew I had won.

On my way out of the hotel, I saw Janet standing at the door, waiting anxiously. When she saw me come out, disappointment twisted her face. I frowned and blurted out the first thing that crossed my mind. “Did you come to my house today, Janet?” Janet’s expression went from disappointment to sheer panic. I found the sudden change a bit amusing. It seemed that the answer to my question was yes. I smiled knowingly. But in the end, I decided not to make things difficult for her, so I just nodded at her and strode away. I didn’t look back at Janet, but I could tell that she watched me until I disappeared from her sight. At ten o’clock in the evening, I arrived home. My gleaming villa stood in the midst of the dark night, like a beacon to guide the lost back home. I loved how its lights banished some of the blackness that surrounded it, and the thought of finding Scarlett and the twins inside warmed my heart. The moment I got out of the car, I rushed to the front door. Then, I went straight to the study. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Scarlett sitting at my desk. She was wearing a beige nightgown and a matching satin robe.

She had on a pair of reading glasses. She was going over some documents under the light of the desk lamp. The warm yellow light cast a shadow on Scarlett’s beautiful face. Looking at her, I thought she was like an angel that fell into the mortal world, so pure and beautiful. My heart broke into a sprint. “Scarlett,” I called to her gently. “Oh. You’re back. Welcome home. I’ve asked the cook to prepare some hot soup for you. It’s in the kitchen.” “I’m not in the mood for soup right now.” Scarlett looked up at me. I smiled at her and walked slowly to her. “It’s so late. Why aren’t you in bed?” “I haven’t finished reading these documents.” I stood behind Scarlett, put my hands on her shoulder, and gently massaged her.

“You should go to bed early. Didn’t you say before that you should take care of yourself for the sake of the children?” I bent down and tried to get closer to her, but Scarlett suddenly stood up. She avoided my touch. “Okay, I’ll go back to my room now. You should also go to bed and get some rest.”

I rested my hands on the back of the chair Scarlett just vacated and smiled bitterly. “Good night, Scarlett.” “Good night.” Scarlett quickly tidied up the papers she was reading and turned off the computer. Then, she left without looking back. Watching Scarlett’s receding figure, I clenched my hands. Many complex feelings surged into my heart and then forced a sigh out of my throat. I turned around and looked out the window. The moon was high in the night sky and looking exceptionally bright. The moon was so beautiful tonight. Why couldn’t Scarlett stay with me even just for a moment? The Moon Was So Beautiful Tonight

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