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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 383 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 383 You Really Got The Wrong Person

Scarlett's POV I worked late into the night to check and verify the information and updates on the west coast project. I was poring over some data when Elena rushed into the room.

"Caroline, I've found out which school James is going to"

In an instant, my mind went blank, and I dropped the documents I was holding "Really?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes. He goes to Chadwick Kindergarten. That's great news, isn't it? You can come see him there *tomorrow* \* Elena's face lit up

with excitement 1 "Finally, I can see my little boy." I couldn't help raising my hands and covering my face. My eyes burned with tears of joy

Early morning the next day, I jumped out of bed, washed up, and got dressed in an awful hurry. *I* couldn't wait to see James

On the way to his school, I was both happy and nervous. "It's been a year since I saw him last, Elena. Do you think he'll remember me?" I asked, miserably failing to mask the worry in my voice.

"Of course he will. James is your son. He won't forget you. *Don't worry,*" Elena *comforted me*. Before long, I was in front of the school gate. It was at least fifteen minutes before classes began, so there were many parents saying goodbye to their kids at the gate. In the crowd, Charles's handsome face jumped at me, and without meaning to, I locked eyes with him.

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Damn it! What was he doing here?

This wasn't the best time for the world to turn small on us! Charles walked through the crowd and headed straight for me. My mind immediately went into shambles. If I tried to run now, he'd know that I was only pretending not to recognize him.

Charles stopped one meter away from me. He stared at me and asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you here to see James?" No, I couldn't expose myself. I gritted my teeth and answered, "You misunderstand, Mr. Moore. I'm simply passing by." "I drive James to school myself every day now," Charles started and then continued, "In the past, I had promised my wife that I would take good care of her and our children, but I had broken that promise over and over because of my job. It's such a shame that she's not here anymore to see me keep my promises now." A wave of sadness surged in my heart. Charles used to be very busy. Most of the time, either I or the servants drove James to school and picked him up at the end of the day. Now, Charles was finally acting like a real father. But what was the point? It was a little too late now for me to be moved by such a change. "Really? Well, that is a shame, Mr. Moore. Next time, maybe you can try not to make promises that you can't keep. That way, you won't waste time regretting," I said indifferently. After a pause, I added, "Late affection is worthless, Mr. Moore. Don't you understand that?" Charles's face turned pale instantly, and his bright eyes suddenly dimmed. The pleasure of vengeance welled up in my heart. No one should cry over spilled milk, especially those who purposely tipped the glass.

Casting a cold glance at the absentminded Charles, I turned around and prepared to leave. Suddenly, Charles grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. "Do you really hate me this much, Scarlett?" Charles's eyes were full of sadness and remorse, an emotional combination that I had never seen in his face before. His eyes used to deceive me so easily, but looking into them now, even with them brimming with heartbreaking sorrow, all I could think about was the bitterness in my tongue. "Mr. Moore, I've already told you. I'm not Scarlett. Please let me go."

Charles only tightened his grip on me, and I couldn't get rid of his hand, I was completely annoyed and struggled hard. "I said let go of me! Haven't I made it clear to you last time? Or are you just too obsessed with your dead wife?" Charles frowned and pursed his lips, but he still didn't loosen his grasp. "No. You're Scarlett, aren't you? Tell me the truth! Scarlett, Scarlett..." The dejection on Charles's face suddenly got replaced by a crazed look that scared me. He grabbed onto my shoulders and kept calling me Scarlett. Finally, I couldn't stand the drama anymore. "Fuck off! I've told you a million times that I'm not Scarlett. Are you deaf?" I glared at Charles. His eyes had turned red, and his hands had begun to tremble.

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Then, my phone suddenly rang. I snapped back to my senses and pushed him away. "Stop pestering me!" After saying that, I walked away. I was in such a hurry to get rid of Charles that I bumped into a warm embrace. "Scarlett?" Hearing the familiar voice, I looked up and saw Spencer's beaming face. Spencer excitedly grabbed my shoulders. "Oh, my God! Scarlett! Is that you?" Seeing an old friend again, I had mixed feelings, but I had to pretend to be indifferent. I was no longer Scarlett.

"I'm sorry, sir. You got the wrong person." "What? But how could that be? You're Scarlett. It's me, Spencer. Don't you remember me?" I pushed Spencer away and said, "No. You really got the wrong person. Excuse me." Then, I fled and mixed in with the crowd.

"Caroline, over here. I'll take you to the back gate to see James." Elena ran to me and held my hand.

We sneaked to the school's back gate. Through the gap in the fence, I saw James playing with other kids. A year had passed. James had grown a little taller, and he was beginning to look more and more like Charles. I just kept watching him from a distance, and I didn't want to leave until he was out of my sight. After a long while, Elena told me, "It's time to go." I came back to my senses. I couldn't stay. I still had a lot of things to attend to. Taking a last look at James, I forced myself to turn around and leave. I swore to myself that I would get my children back one day. I Charles's POV: "Did you see that, Charles? That's Scarlett, right? She's really back," Spencer said and looked at me in shock.

Scarlett had already disappeared in the crowd. "Why didn't she talk to me? Didn't she recognize my handsome face just now?" Spencer pressed. "She just didn't want to talk to you." "Why? I didn't wrong her in any way. You're the one who divorced her, remember?" Spencer looked a little offended. "Just be happy that you saw her and she didn't curse you in the face." I cast a cold glance at him, shoved down my disappointment, and asked, "What are you doing here anyway?" "Oh, right. I almost forgot. Raina has been looking for you lately. Because she can't find you anywhere, she barges into my bar and harasses me," Spencer complained. I lost my interest at once. "If she comes to you again, just ignore her." "Yeah, because I totally haven't tried that already. Also, I heard that she went to the hospital today to visit Christine." "What? Why didn't you lead with that? Let's go!" I grabbed Spencer and headed straight to the hospital. When we arrived at the ward, we found Raina standing beside Grandma's bed. I couldn't read Grandma's mood from her face. "Charles. There you are." Raina walked briskly toward me with a surprised look on her face. "Who allowed you to come here? Come on, let's talk outside." I glared at Raina and towed her out of the ward.

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"From now on, you are not allowed to visit my grandma here without my permission," I told her bluntly.

You Really Got The Wrong Person With an embarrassed look on her face, Raina sobbed, "But why? Charles, I just care about Christine's health. I've asked one of my friends to find a doctor that can help her, and she found one." g "No, thanks. Grandma already has a doctor. We don't need your help." "Do you mean that doctor named Hugo Neame? I heard he's asking for three hundred million. He's insane. He's obviously trying to scam you," Raina exclaimed i It turned out that she just cared about the money.

I flashed Raina a mocking stare. My disgust for her just reached a whole new height.

"I can afford my grandmother's hospital bills on my own. I'm not asking you to get involved financially, so you don't get to make

the comments."

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