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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 351 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 351 What A Good Man

Charles' POV: Janet sent me a photo of Scarlett's foot bath.

The doctor had advised her to soak her injured foot in hot water every day to speed up the healing process. However, I was told that Scarlett was not taking his advice seriously, and often forgot to do it.

Since Janet reminded her from time to time, I finally felt a little relieved.

That moment, my phone vibrated, and when I saw that it was a call from Nancy, I cut the call at once.

I then called Richard.

"It has been getting really cold lately, so ask the others to take good care of Mrs. Moore. Don't let her fall sick." a

"I understand, Mr. Moore."

The next morning, I took Grandma to Garden Street when Scarlett and the kids were still asleep.

She was sitting in the living room, relaxing, while I walked to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for

everyone.

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“Grandma, what are you doing here?” As soon as Scarlett walked out of her room, she was surprised to see the old lady there. “Grandma was really missing you and the kids a lot, so I brought her along.” Saying that, I walked out of the kitchen with the breakfast tray. I knew that Scarlett was not pleased to see me, but I ignored her displeasure as I sat down across her.

“Grandma, I’ve missed you so much.” “I missed you too.” Seeing them hugging so intimately, I felt like I was the only outsider there. “Grandma, I’m sorry for being rude to you last time. I feel really bad about it.” Scarlett’s eyes turned red at the mention of it.

“Silly girl, I don’t blame you at all. I know that Charles must have made you suffer a lot, and that’s the reason you’re so determined to leave. I feel really sorry for you.”

Grandma reached out her hand and stroked Scarlett’s short hair. With a pitiful look in her eyes, she continued, “Look at you! Why do you look so weak? You should eat well. Your health is more important than anything else.” “Okay, I will.” Scarlett smiled through tears. “But I think that I will look better if I lose some weight.” She smiled sweetly, acting like a spoiled child in front of my grandma.

“Nonsense! You are the most beautiful girl. Look at you. The size of Charles’ arms is twice as much as yours,” Grandma mumbled. “Yes, he is too fat,” Scarlett complained with a pout. I fell into a trance, looking at her adorable expression. The last time she had acted like a spoiled child in front of me felt like something that had happened a lifetime ago. Scarlett was a calm woman, who rarely ever behaved like that, but once she started to talk sweetly, her face would turn red. I suddenly felt the urge to hold her and wished that I could switch places with my grandma. Grandma then held her hand tightly and asked, “By the way, how is your ankle now? I know a very famous doctor, and I want you to consult with him. Let me take you to his hospital another day, okay?” “But I’ve been really busy lately, so I don’t have time for such things.” Scarlett was a little embarrassed. I winked at my grandma secretly.

“When do you have time, then? How about next week?”

“Okay, we can discuss it next week. Don’t worry too much, though. A well-known doctor is treating my injury, and I am recovering quite well,” Scarlett comforted her.

Grandma frowned. “Really? What’s the doctor’s name?”

Scarlett thought for a while and shook her head. “I can’t remember his first name, but I think that his surname is White.”

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"Scarlett, your doctor's name is Herman White," Tracy reminded her in a low voice. "I've heard a lot about his remarkable medical skills."

Grandma gave me a wink.

I felt inexplicably upset. When I had been absent from Scarlett's life, William had not only been with her, but he had also gotten a famous doctor to treat her. He had completely replaced my role in her life.

Feeling dejected, I stood up and walked upstairs to see my sons.

James was playing with his younger brothers in the room, and the moment he saw me, he ran over to "Daddy!"

I picked him up and looked at him. "It has only been a few days since we last saw each other, and you've already grown taller, my dear!"

With a firm nod, James straightened his back to prove that he had indeed grown taller.

grandma?"

James glanced at me, put his arms around my neck, and rested his head on my shoulder.

"Okay."

I carried him downstairs and said to Grandma, "Look who's here!"

"Oh, my sweetheart! Give me a hug." Grandma stood up excitedly, reaching out her arms to James. I put him down and said encouragingly, "Go ahead." Glancing at Scarlett, James walked up to Grandma slowly and greeted her politely, "Hello, great grandma." Grandma held James in her arms and kissed him lovingly, making him blush. Scarlett was drinking water and smiling as she admired them. I quickly walked to her and took the glass from her hand. Our eyes met for a moment, but neither of us said a word. After breakfast, Grandma was about to leave when Scarlett suddenly turned to me and said, "You saw *Jerry* yesterday, and James today. If you haven't seen Jason yet, then you can go upstairs and see him now."

Stunned, I wondered what she meant by that. "I'll come back later to see him. I have to send Grandma back first." That way, I could come back again. It was a brilliant idea! Thinking of it,

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I was a little proud of myself. Scarlett's POV: Charles was really shameless. Was he planning to see only one of his sons at a time so that he could come to my house three times a week? I glared at him in dissatisfaction. And the more I thought about his plan, the more I felt that there was something wrong with it. I felt the urge to say no to him, but I did not want to be rude in front of Christine

After Charles left, I sent him a text, telling him that he should stop using the kids as an excuse to stay at my place. Then I left for work. But he didn't reply that whole morning. I invited Abner for lunch that noon during our lunch break to discuss about the program. As soon as we entered the dinner, I heard someone mentioning my name. "Is that handsome man Scarlett's husband? He is so handsome and he can take care of the children. What a good husband!" While I was in a daze, a colleague showed me his phone. "This photo was taken by our colleague at the park that's next to our TV station. Is the man in the photo your husband?" It was a photo of Charles and the boys, happily playing on the lawn at the park. It was such a warm picture. "Yes," I admitted reluctantly. "Wow! Scarlett, you're so lucky. You're working while your husband is taking care of the kids all by himself." "By himself?" What did they mean by that? Could they not see the nannies and the bodyguards beside them? I secretly rolled my eyes and said nothing. "Looks like your relationship is doing very well now," Abner teased. I shook my head helplessly. "That's not true." "Scarlett, don't be so stubborn. According to me, Charles is the kind of guy who can do anything if he wants to," Abner said to me with a meaningful glance. I continued to remain silent while smiling bitterly. With Charles' power, there was no one who could stop him from doing anything.

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Chapter 352 His Power

Scarlett's POV: After lunch, Abner told me that he needed to talk to me about something. "What's wrong?" I asked, visibly confused. 'Did something happen to the program?' I

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wondered. "Scarlett, I just got an interim notice that a certain someone will be joining the program," Abner replied, looking at me awkwardly.

I breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing his response. "It's fine. Do you know who it is?"

"Your husband." Abner appeared to be conflicted.

"What? Are you serious?" My eyes widened in disbelief.

Abner scratched his nose and sighed. "It was the director's order. After all, your husband is the sponsor of our TV station."

Anger flared up in my heart as I sneered. "Does he think he can do whatever he wants just because he has money?"

"Scarlett, calm down! Don't let your emotions affect your work," Abner reminded me kindly.

For a moment, I fell silent. I was like a deflated ball.

"Look, I get that, but I need to have a serious discussion with him about this."

"What are you going to talk to him about?" asked Abner. "This is an all-female program. Why does he want to be a part of it? Is he also a strong independent mother?"

I gritted my teeth because of how angry I was. This was so ridiculous!

"Well, I don't want to get involved in whatever you two have going on. You should solve that dispute by yourselves." Abner sat on a chair wearily. "Sorry to have dragged you into this," I said.

This program was the fruit of many people's painstaking efforts, but now, it was likely to be ruined by Charles, and it was all because of me.

'What on earth does he want to do?'

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During the afternoon, I rushed home, angry and determined to have a talk with him. I sat on the living room sofa, waiting for Charles to come home.

It was getting dark, but he was still nowhere to be seen.

Unable to wait any longer, I decided to call him. Just as I picked up my phone, I heard someone inputting the passcode of the door. Soon, the door opened and Charles walked in along with the three kids. 'Wait a second... How did he know my new password? Did someone tell him again?' I thought. I felt like I was coming down with a migraine. "Mom!" James threw himself into my arms. "Did you enjoy your day with Dad?" I asked, forcing a smile. "Yup! Dad took us to the park and fed the doves with us!" James was staring at me, blushing and

this Boz His Power excited.

I touched his head and whispered, "James, be a good boy and go upstairs, okay? I just need to talk to your dad."

"Okay, Mommy." James nodded obediently,

"Why are you home so early?" Charles handed the twins to the servants and greeted me.

"Stop pretending like you don't know! You already know the reason I came home this early, don't you?" I shot him a cold glance. If my eyes could shoot arrows, Charles would've been riddled with holes by now. He shot me a faint glance without giving me an explanation. "I'm going to bathe James for now. Let's talk about this later. Anyway, where are my clothes?" asked Charles

Afterwards, he caught up with James and went upstairs with the boy.

'Wait... he wants to take a shower? In my house? Does he intend to stay here?' I wondered.

"Hold on a second! Who said you could take a shower here?" I shouted as he walked away. Charles stopped in his tracks for a moment, but then he continued going upstairs without even looking at me.

I glanced over at Tracy and asked, "Did you tell him the new passcode of our door?"

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She shook her head, trembling in fear. "Of course, not!" "Oh, really? Then how did he know the new passcode?" I asked, staring at Tracy suspiciously "You used the twins' birthday as the pass code. Honestly, it was easy to guess," Tracy responded, feeling attacked "Charles wouldn't have known about that! I didn't tell him the specific date of their birthday," I said.

It was then that I paused to think. 'I might not have told him, but he could've conducted a thorough investigation. God, why didn't I realize that I couldn't hide anything from him? Damn it, Charles!'

I sat back on the sofa, annoyed. I grabbed a pillow, imagining it was Charles. Afterwards, I hit it with all my might just to vent my frustrations at him.

After a while, Charles came downstairs. He walked towards the sofa, and sat across me, enjoying a

cigarette His brazen act of behaving like he was right at home really got on my nerves. "Why are you still here?" I asked impatiently. "Because you haven't thrown my clothes away yet," he answered,

"Huh?" I couldn't understand what he met.

"Why haven't you thrown my clothes away?" he asked. I was stunned by the question. 'Yeah... why didn't I?' "I must've forgotten to do it. I'll ask them to throw those shit away tomorrow!" Charles stared at me, clearly displeased. The moment our eyes met, my heart began to race. Fazed by his gaze, I looked away, "Charles, it's time for you to leave," I remarked. Besides, you've already seen the kids twice this month. You're not allowed to visit them next month anymore," I added.. roleraba

"Okay," Charles responded readily. "But the next I come back, it'll be Christmas time. By the way, do you still remember Grandpa's birthday?" "Yeah. It's on Christmas. How could I forget?" I asked, visibly annoyed. "You have to come," he said sternly. "Fine. You should go now." The way Charles was looking at me made me feel uncomfortable. "Can't you at least wait for me to finish my cigarette?" Charles was holding a cigarette between his fingers, but he didn't take a drag.

He was just letting it slowly burn away. I could tell that he was just coming up with excuses to remain here. I didn't want to say anything else, so the room fell into silence. "Have you watched the news today?" he asked. Upon hearing the question, I realized that I was so

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focused on trying to drive him away that I almost forgot the business. "Let's not talk about the news for now. I heard from Abner that you want to be a part of my show?" I asked.

"Yup. What about it?" Charles nodded passively. "I don't want you there!" I blurted out. "What? Why? Wasn't your director the one who invited me to be a part of your show?" Charles frowned at my remark. "I can't exactly refuse him. 'Wait... what? The director asked him to be there?'"

I stared at Charles, doubtful of how true his words were. He was smoking leisurely, and he didn't seem to be lying "Why did our director invite you? It's an all-female program!"

news

"Yeah, and what makes you think I'd want to be part of an all-female program?"

Charles looked at me, raising his eyebrows. I thought that he would tell me that he wanted to be there simply because of me. An awkward tension pervaded in the air, and his gaze made me feel even more uneasy. At this time, my stomach growled, causing Charles to look at it. "Oh, my God! This is so embarrassing!" Blushing, I turned around without uttering a word. When Charles sprang to his feet all of a sudden, I was startled. "What are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to the kitchen to check if there's anything to eat. I'm really hungry." Having said that, Charles put out his cigarette and walked towards the kitchen. Once he was gone, I breathed a sigh of relief. I was really worried that he was just trying to buy time to stay here, so I followed him into the kitchen. Inside the kitchen, I found Charles cooking steak. As I stared at him, I was at a loss for words. I wanted to say something, but I didn't know what to say, so in the end, I just left in silence. Soon, dinner was ready. Charles and I sat at the dining table in awkward silence. I lowered my head, having no intention of speaking to him.

But I could feel him staring right at me. As I raised my head and sighed, "Aren't you hungry?" "Scarlett, why did you give my rights to another man?" Charles' question was puzzling to me. I was so shocked that I almost choked on the beef in my mouth. "What's the matter with you now?" "As your lawfully wedded husband, when you're pregnant, I should be the one by your side.

Why did you give that privilege to William?" he asked. "I don't understand what you are talking about," I replied. 1 Charles leaned closer and closer towards me. Frightened, I leaned

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backwards, but he got even closer. As soon as I looked into his eyes, I was lost in his deep gaze, which rendered me even more confused.

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