

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 363

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)

Chapter 363 Please Me Charles' POV: "Charles, I am sorry. Can't you forgive me? At least tell me where the kids are." Scarlett gripped my wrist tightly as though she was holding onto her last straw of hope. I knew that I should feel happy to see her suffer like that, but that was not the case at all. "If you can take them away from their father, why can't I take them away from their mother? Oh, yeah, they will have a mom. I can always marry someone else." I could not help but be cruel towards her now. "Charles, you can't do that!" Shaking her head desperately, she pleaded with me. "Why not? You gave up the kids on your own, didn't you?" In a fit of pique, I pinched her chin hard. Scarlett broke free from my grip, stood up, and threatened coldly, "If you dare to separate me from the kids, then I will kill myself right before your eyes!" "You can try," I sneered with mockery in my eyes. Did she really think that I would go soft on her just because she threatened me with suicide? Wiping away her tears, she bolted to the door. Her stubbornness to leave hurt me deeply. All of a sudden, I remembered that day when she was holding the fruit knife in her hand, willing to commit suicide, Thinking of that, my heart skipped a beat.

"Scarlett!" I hurried forward and held her.

I heaved a sigh of relief when I felt her warmth. "I should have fucked you to death!" I roared, gritting my teeth as I squeezed her tightly. "Charles." A long time later, Scarlett finally managed to call out my name before she feebly slipped out of my arms. I picked her up, walked to the master bedroom, and threw her on the bed. She was still wearing my coat. It was clearly too big for her. How could she dare to run away with another man while wearing my coat? I stepped forward and rudely took off my coat from her. "Scarlett, how could you let that man hug you while you were wearing my coat?" I threw my coat on the ground. Jealousy was eating up my soul from within and I could no longer control myself. "Charles, what are you doing?" Scarlett questioned angrily. "I am obviously going to do whatever the fuck I want!" I sneered as I hastily removed my tie. I then unbuttoned my shirt and pressed her under my body.

"Charles, don't touch me!" Scarlett struggled desperately. She kept patting me on the shoulder. "Scarlett, if you dare to move one more time, I will make sure that you never see your kids. And I mean it!" I grabbed her wrists and pressed them over her head. Scarlett calmed down and gradually gave up. Her intense cry turned into a low sob, but it sounded quite helpless. I was inexplicably irritated as I ordered coldly, "Don't cry!" Scarlett's shoulders trembled violently as though she was frightened by my loud voice. She then burst into tears. Her eyes were red and tears continued to stream down her face. I was upset to see her in such a pitiful state, so I gently held her face. "Stop crying, okay?" I coaxed her. "Charles, let me see the kids," she pleaded again, holding my hand. "No!" I refused without hesitation. Hearing that, she began to wail again. "Scarlett, stop crying already!" Annoyed, I bit her neck. Scarlett groaned in pain and stopped sobbing. When I looked into her aggrieved and stubborn eyes, my heart suddenly softened. "Charles, what should I do to make you let me see the kids?" Scarlett asked, choking back her sobs.

“Please me.”

When she heard those words, her eyes widened in surprise. “If you want to see them in the future, then you have to please me first.” Scarlett was stunned. She could not believe her ears. “If I am happy, then I will bring them to see you,” I added. Scarlett’s eyes widened in shock. My fingers fondled her delicate skin. And just when I was about to take off her bra, she suddenly

grabbed my wrist. “Charles, I can do it, but you have to promise me something, okay?” Scarlett tried to negotiate with me, pretending to be calm. However, she had no idea that her shaky voice had already made it obvious that she was panicking I couldn’t help but chuckle when I saw that. After all, she still had not changed. “What do you want? But whether I agree to it or not, depends on how I feel.” I lowered my head and looked at Scarlett’s delicate body greedily. Nancy had added a lot of aphrodisiacs into the glass of wine, so that one sex session was not enough to vent the desire in my body, but since I was worried that Scarlett might not be able to

handle it, I had been trying my best to control my desires.. I was surprised to see that she still had the energy to escape even after I fucked her ruthlessly. Thinking of that, I suddenly realized that she did not deserve to be pitied at all. “Charles!” Scarlett glared at me, trying to avoid my touch. “You don’t agree to it?” I stopped what I was doing and raised my eyebrows at her. I reminded myself that I would not let her see the kids again if she did not accept my terms. I was sure that she also thought of the same. Clenching her fists, she began to bargain with me again. “Charles, first you have to promise me that you won’t let Nancy or any of your girlfriends touch my children!” “If you’re allowed to let another man touch my kids, then why can’t I do the same?” I asked in reply. “But I didn’t take them away from you, did I?” Scarlett reminded me angrily. 1 “That was only because I asked my men to stop you in time! Scarlett, since you don’t want to be my wife, we are just partners from now on, but I will be Party A, and I have the final say!”

Scarlett’s POV: As Charles spoke, he held my hand bit my ring finger. I frowned, trying to withdraw my hand, but he held it tightly. “In fact, you don’t deserve to wear this ring anymore.” Charles stared at the ring on my finger coldly. I stared at him in silence, not knowing what to do. Did he want me to take off the ring? That was what I wanted too! “What do you think?” Charles asked, looking at me. “You are right. Take it off!” I said, nodding in agreement. We had originally agreed to take it off after Grandpa’s birthday party. “Take it off yourself.” Charles’ voice suddenly turned cold. I did not even hesitate as I reached out to take off the ring. However, Charles suddenly held my hand and stopped me. “I’ve changed my mind. From now on, you are not allowed to take off the ring. You have to be a good wife, on and off the stage.”

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Chapter 364 This Is Compensation Scarlett's POV: "I'm going to take a shower now, and in the meantime, you can think about my suggestion." After saying those cold words, Charles walked into the bathroom. Looking at his receding back, my heart sank. I knew that he had become the ruler since the moment I chose to escape from him. And since I could not resist anymore, I had no choice but to face the consequences. I smiled bitterly as a sense of despair crashed into my heart. I wanted to get out of bed, but just before I could stand up, I heard Charles' voice coming from the bathroom. "Scarlett, come and join me for a shower." Frowning, I wanted to say no, but Charles suddenly walked out of the bathroom, picked me up, and carried me to the shower. "Charles, you..." I immediately grabbed his clothes in fear. "This is a compensation." "Compensation for what exactly?" I was confused. "You almost made me lose my kids to another man, and you have to pay for it," Charles sneered as he turned on the shower head. Soon, the water poured down, drenching me completely. The lights were off, so the bathroom was completely dark. I subconsciously tried to escape, but he held my waist tightly. He then ripped my clothes off and began to kiss me everywhere. However, he was not being gentle at all, and it seemed like he was using me like a tool to vent his desires. When I woke up on the next day, it was already noon. I felt sore as I lay on the bed. My head was pounding from the pain, and my skin felt like it was on fire. I put my hand on my forehead. Sensing the extremely high temperature, I realized that I was having a fever. I wanted to call someone for help, but I could not even bring myself to shout, so I had to lie in despair.

A long time later, Janet opened the door and walked in. Touching my forehead, she shouted, "Tracy, Scarlett has a fever! Let's take her to the hospital!" She was also panicking. By the time I woke up again, I saw that Janet and Tracy were standing by my bed. "Scarlett, you're finally awake!" they cried out in unison with a worried look in their eyes.

"Where are the kids?" I asked in a hoarse voice. I looked at them expectantly, but they fell silent at my question.

has "Are they okay?" With a bitter smile, I changed my question. Seeing that I was not asking about my kids' whereabouts, they heaved a sigh of relief. Janet nodded and said, "Scarlett, don't worry. They are fine."

I felt at ease after hearing those words.

Charles did not show up for the next two days. I could only ask Janet and Tracy about the kids. On the third night, my phone rang all of a sudden, surprising me. It was a call from Charles. I grabbed my phone and stared at the screen for a long time before I finally answered it. "Hello?"

"Is your fever gone?" I heard Charles' cold voice coming from the other end. "Yes," I murmured "James wants to talk to you. Say something to him."

"Mom?"

Hearing my son's soft voice, I could not help but cry. "Mom?"

Seeing that I was not saying anything, James called out to me again. "I'm right here, honey. Did you miss me?" I asked, choking back my sobs. "Yes! Why haven't you come home yet? Please come home, Mom! Jerry, Jason, Daddy, and I miss you a lot." James was clearly perplexed. "Okay." I could not help but cover my mouth to force myself not to cry. "We're at Garden Street," Charles said coldly. "Okay." I was stunned to hear that. After hanging up, I immediately got off the bed and washed up. I carefully put on some makeup to not appear so gaunt in front of my kids. "Let's go back to Garden Street." I quickly changed my clothes and hurried out. Janet and Tracy followed me. As soon as we arrived, I opened the door, and got off the car.

"Scarlett, be careful!" Janet seemed to be concerned.

However, at that moment, the only thing that I could think of was to see my kids.

"Scarlett." I suddenly heard someone calling my name.

I turned around and saw Nancy and Nicholas

Nancy was standing in front of me, smiling. "What's up?" I stopped in my tracks and looked at her coldly, "Scarlett, I didn't expect to see you here. What a coincidence! Did you come here to see Charles? Can you come with you?" Nancy asked expectantly. — "No," I refused coldly.

I did not want to waste my time talking to her. "Why not? I just want to say hello to Charles! Are you really that afraid that I might take him away from you? Didn't you want to divorce him?" Nancy asked, staring at me vigilantly. "No, I don't," I blurted out without even hesitating. 1 Thinking of Charles mentioning that he would make her my kids' stepmother, I felt disgusted by

her.

"You don't want a divorce?"

Her eyes widened in surprise. "Miss Wood, Mrs. Moore will never divorce Mr. Moore. So please stay away from them! If you ever try to get in between them again, then I will have to settle things in my way!" Janet and Tracy glared at Nancy, raising their fists. Frightened, Nancy took a step back with a pale face. I cast a cold glance at her before I walked past her. "Scarlett, you don't deserve Charles at all!" 2 I heard her roaring loudly, but I did not have the time or the energy to care about it.. The

moment I tried opening the door, I realized that the password had been changed, so all I could do was to stand there and knock. Charles opened the door and stared at me coldly. "Who said you can come here?" Looking at him with a blank expression, I suddenly remembered our phone conversation. He had only told me that they were at Garden Street. He never said that I could come.

My heart twisted as I looked at him with a bitter smile.

"Charles, can I please see my sons?" "No!" Charles refused decisively. "Just for a little while," I begged in a low voice. It had been days since I had last seen them and I was missing them a lot. "I said no," Charles repeated coldly and was about to close the door. "Charles, please." I grabbed his sleeve and pleaded desperately. He stopped and glanced at my hand that was holding his shirt. "Charles, I promise I'll leave as soon as I see them!" I continued to plead with him, bowing my head down.

"Do you even deserve to see them?" he asked in a low voice,

"Why don't I deserve to see them? I'm their mother!" I retorted angrily, "If I feel like you don't deserve to see them, then you don't! I'm not happy now, and I don't want to see you." Sneering coldly, he shook off my arm, turned around, and was about to slam the door on my face. ! 'Happy?' An idea came to me."

Charles, I'll make you happy. Can you let me see the babies now?" I stared at him expectantly. "You're going to make me happy? Can you even do that?" Charles asked with a sneer. "I can!" I answered with a firm nod.

I was determined to do anything to make him let me see my babies.

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Chapter 365 Please Him

Scarlett's POV: "Mom! Mom!" James suddenly appeared at the door. The instant he saw me, he ran towards me as fast as he could. I squatted down and waited for him with open arms.

With a beaming smile, James ran into my arms and hugged me tight. "Mommy, you're back!" "Yes, Mommy is back." I hugged James back. Tears were welling up in my eyes as I held him. Only God knew how excited I was for this moment.

However, this happy moment did not last long. Charles bent down and took James out of my arms. He rubbed the little boy's head and coaxed him, "James, your mother has something important to do. Why don't you go to your brothers first?"

"Okay..." James looked at me reluctantly. I could see in his eyes how he wanted to stay with me a little longer. But in the end, he had no choice but to do as told.

"Mom, please come back soon,"

I could only watch as James walked away from me. All of a sudden, I felt an impulse to rush over and

hug up.

But I knew that I could not.

At this moment, Charles locked the door and passed by me, and then he walked to the house across

the street and opened the door. "Come in."

I looked at him in confusion.

"I bought it," Charles briefly explained in a low voice. Then, he walked into the house without even waiting for my response. Although I was unsure of what was waiting for me, I followed him still.

Charles sat on the sofa and looked at me with disdain. "Scarlett, you haven't forgotten what you've said, have you?" I looked at him with a confused expression. It took me a moment to realize what he was talking about. I lowered my head and smiled bitterly. "No." I was at a loss as I looked at Charles, who was sitting on the sofa expectantly. I wanted to run away from him, but I held that thought in an instant. I could not leave. Only by pleasing Charles could I see my beloved children. At the thought of this, I gritted my teeth and walked over to him. Charles's legs were crossed, and his arms were spread out on the back of the sofa. And the way he was looking at me brought a chill down my spine. It felt as though he was teasing a pet. I swallowed my shame and sat on his lap. Then, I put my hands on his shoulders and leaned over to kiss him on the lips. To my surprise, Charles dodged in disgust and said "I don't feel your enthusiasm."

"What do you mean?" I asked confusedly. "You're good at seducing men, aren't you? Why are you acting like you're not? Do you want me to teach you?" I lowered my gaze and did not answer. My heart felt like it was being cut open by a sharp knife as Charles mocked and humiliated me. "Forget it. It looks like you're insincere anyway." Charles pushed me off his lap and was about to stand up. Seeing that he was about to leave, a feeling of panic washed

over me. Just as he propped himself up, I quickly held his face and kissed him. I forced my tongue into Charles's mouth and unbuttoned his shirt at the same time.

Charles suddenly grabbed my hand and looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Did I say you could kiss me?"

I did not want to argue with him, so I just continued kissing him.

Suddenly, Charles grabbed me by my behind and threw me into the sofa. "Strip off your clothes." I felt a little dizzy because of the impact, but I obediently did as told. Charles stared at my body with burning lust. Once I was completely naked, he clasped both of my wrists with one hand and kissed my neck. His kisses trailed down my neck, shoulder, and breasts. He also left deep red hickeys along the way as if to say I was his. I just lay weak on the sofa the whole time as I let him ravage me. He must have sensed that my mind was wandering, so he bit my nipple hard as a punishment. "Ugh. Charles, be gentle..." I begged in a low voice. Charles snickered and ignored my plea. The way he handled me told me that I was not in the position to bargain. This went on for a moment, but it felt like forever. All of a sudden, he clasped me by the waist and turned me over. Without warning, he inserted his manhood into me. We did not even have foreplay as

he just went straight to the home run.

The sex was rough. There was no pleasure at all. I just felt like I was being punished in a way that brought pleasure to Charles but not me. Charles left afterward and did not even ask how I was.

But before he walked out of the door, he reminded me, "You can come and see the children tomorrow night." I curled up weakly on the sofa and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why tomorrow night?" "Don't you want it? How about the day after tomorrow? Or next month?" Charles asked in a threatening tone. I lowered my gaze and did not speak anymore. At last, Charles walked out and slammed the door behind him. I covered myself with the coat and huddled up on the sofa. A sense of despair swept over me as I thought of Charles, who had just left heartlessly.

This was what I was dreading from the very beginning. I had known that this would come. Now, in his eyes, I was like a sex doll that he could use anytime to satisfy his needs. And once he had gotten tired

of me, he would discard me. Unfortunately for me, I had no right to say no. My eyelids started to feel a little heavy after a long while. Just then, I heard the door open. "James?" I called. I tried hard to open my eyes and looked in the direction of the door. My hope was shattered when I saw who it was. It was not my son, but Janet and Tracy. I could not help but laugh with self-mockery

y. After what had happened, why was I still hoping that Charles would bring the children to see me? Tracy handed me a clean set of clothes and asked with concern, "Scarlett, are you okay?" "Just a little dizzy," I answered. In the evening, I soaked my feet with hot water as usual. Tracy saw my morose expression, so she decided to comfort me. "Scarlett, Mr. Moore loves you; or he wouldn't ask us to check on you. He's just not good at expressing himself. Please give him more time." I leaned against the back of the sofa and smiled bitterly. Charles brought me nothing but pain. If it were not for the children, I would have not entangled myself with him again. In the middle of the night, I broke into a high fever again. I did not know what had happened for the rest of the night. But when I woke up the next morning, I was still a little dizzy and lightheaded. When Tracy saw that I was finally awake, she walked over to me and exclaimed, "Scarlett, you're awake!" "Tracy..." I called in a hoarse voice. "You scared me to death. You were burning with fever last night." "What time is it now?" "It's half-past eleven o'clock. Just rest. I've already called in sick on your behalf." Tracy glanced at me tentatively and added, "Also... Mr. Moore was here this morning." I was surprised. Why did Charles come here? He must have been pleased when he saw that I was sick and in pain. All of a sudden, what had happened last night flashed in my mind, and I could not help but laugh scornfully at myself. "Where are the kids?" I asked in a low voice, suppressing the expectation in my heart. Charles should be at the company right now. Did he leave the kids alone at home? Could I see them? Tracy wanted to say something but decided not to on second thought. After hesitating for a moment, she finally told me the truth. "Mr. Moore took the kids to the company." My heart sank upon hearing this. I recovered a week later. At last, I could finally go to work again. While I was at the company, I received a call from Charles, in which he firmly ordered, "Come here tonight." I mumbled a reply and hung up the call.

Charles had taken the children to another city, and they stayed there for a week. Fortunately, they were back now. As soon as I finished my work, I hurriedly packed my things, so I could get off work early. I could not wait to go to Garden Street and see my children. "Mommy!" James called the moment he saw me. He was having dinner at the moment. I stepped forward to hug him, but Charles stopped me. "Take off your coat first. Don't let the dirty things from outside touch my son." Although I was a little uncomfortable, I took off my coat just like he said. "James, I miss you so much! Do you miss me?" I walked quickly to James and bent over to pick him up. "Yes! Mom, where have you been? I miss you so much!" James wrapped his arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. Now that my son was in my arms, my empty heart was filled with joy. I playfully messed James's hair and asked, "James, are you full now? Do you want Mommy to feed you?" "Yes!" James nodded excitedly and opened his mouth. Charles, however, seemed displeased. "Don't spoil him. It's not like you can see him every day," he spat.

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Chapter 366 Not Enough

Charles' POV:

"It doesn't matter I feed him once in a while." Scarlett forced a smile after being stunned for a

moment. She then carefully picked up the fork and fed the spaghetti to James.

He was

obediently sitting on the chair, looking at her with his big eyes, waiting for her to feed him another mouthful. Looking at them being so close with each other, I felt like a complete outsider. Soon, James was done eating and he let out a satisfied burp. He patted his belly and said, "Mom, I'm full." Scarlett smiled as she reached out to lift him up. "Nanny, you can take James away," I ordered impatiently. "Yes, Mr. Moore." The nanny immediately came forward and took James away from Scarlett. "Mom!" But James did not want to leave his mother.

"It's alright, baby. I'll come to you soon."

"Okay." Only after hearing her

comforting words did James go with the nanny, leaving me and Scarlett alone in the dining

room. "Come and have dinner," I ordered. "I don't want to eat. I just want to go upstairs to see Jerry and Jason." "You don't want to eat? Are you sure?" I stared at her meaningfully and saw her blushing. "Fine." She reluctantly walked to the table and I served her a large slice of beef steak, which she began to cut with her knife and fork.

"Drink some soup first," I reminded her with a frown.

Scarlett stopped immediately and looked at me in confusion. "Why are you looking at me like that? You don't think I am caring for you, do you? I am just worried that you might end up with a stomach

problem later, and if you have issues like that when we're having sex, then it will ruin my mood." Hearing that, Scarlett quietly began to drink the soup. I glanced at her from the corner of my eye as though I did not care about her. She seemed to have lost some

weight and was looking more haggard than before. 'Damn it! Are Tracy and Janet even taking good care of her? Why does she look worse than she did on Christmas?'

She seemed to be wearing makeup, though. And she was looking gorgeous, which made me wonder if she did it to please me.

Distracted, I shook the glass in my hand unconsciously. Time passed quietly, and I did not come back to my senses until I heard her putting down her knife

and fork.

I took out my phone and saw that more than an hour had passed.

I could not believe that I had just sat there for an hour watching her eat, which made me chuckle helplessly. Scarlett wiped her mouth, glaring at me. I turned to her and asked

coldly, "Why are you staring at me like that? Don't you know that you've been eating for an hour now? It was just a steak and some soup. Why did it take you so long to finish

it?"

I was about to burst into laughter, looking at her angry and aggrieved expression. "Are you done now? Go and take a bath, just so that you don't smell like another man," I said on

purpose. I

"You!"

Scarlett stared at me angrily for a few more seconds before she gave up and walked to the bathroom. The moment she stepped into the bathroom, her phone rang. I unzipped her bag and took out her phone. When I saw that it was a call from William, my heart burned with anger. I answered the phone coldly with a sneer, "Hello, William. Why are you calling my wife's phone at this hour?" "Why are you answering the phone? And where is Scarlett?" "Are you still not done bothering another man's wife? I think you should worry about yourself first," I hissed. "Charles, what the hell do you want?" Upon hearing his exasperated voice, I smiled. "I am warning you, don't you dare to call my wife again, or you will never see that woman." "Charles..." Before William could curse me, I hung up. He deserved to be treated like trash for seducing my wife. When I was putting her phone back in her bag, I noticed a document inside. I took it out and saw that it was a document that was meant to declare the waiver of custody. Looking at it, I figured that Scarlett must have arranged it right before Christmas. Why was she still holding onto it? A weird feeling filled up in my chest. I could not help but wonder if she would have coaxed me to sign it that night if I had been just drunk. It would have given her the right to take my kids and elope with William.

'I will not let it happen!'

I unconsciously tightened my hand, crumpling the document in my hand. That moment, the bathroom door opened. Dressed in a white bathrobe, Scarlett walked towards me slowly. Her delicate face was flushed from the hot bath, which was enough to make me thirsty

for her body. I was immediately turned on. "Do you want to take a bath? I've filled the bathtub for you."

As I silently looked at her, I felt a storm surging from the bottom of my heart. "What's wrong?" Scarlett awkwardly tugged the corner of her bathrobe. "I don't feel like taking a bath." Looking deep into her eyes, I ordered, "Go to bed." Scarlett's eyes widened in an instant, and unable to hide her panic, she blurted out at once, "No." "Would you rather talk about this document with me first, then?" I waved the document in front of her eyes, and she turned pale, biting her lip. "You should be glad that I am not in the mood to discuss such depressing things now. And you should know what to do if you're really smart enough." My deep voice was filled with great anger and desire. I slammed the agreement on the table and turned to the bathroom. "Change into something else. I want the sexiest lingerie you have," I reminded her. When I walked out of the bathroom, I saw Scarlett lying on the bed, dressed in a sexy black silk slip dress. The silk fabric wrapped around her body like a second skin, and the cut-out lace design exposed just the right amount of skin to make me go crazy. There was a long slit on one side of the dress, which revealed her beautiful long legs. She was so fucking sexy. Looking at her like that, I was almost about to have a nosebleed, like a virgin boy. I walked up to her and found that she was still talking to Nina about work. With a frown, I grabbed the phone from her hand and tossed it aside. "Not the right time for that." I looked at her with dissatisfaction in my eyes. "You... I didn't know that you were done." Scarlett turned away to avoid meeting my eyes and moved back a little. I stared at her and said in a sarcastic tone, "What? Are you going to please me by lying still?" "I've torn up the waiver," Scarlett explained immediately. Glancing at the trash can beside the bed I noticed that it was indeed full of torn up pieces of paper. Looking at it, the anger in my heart seemed to dissipate a little. But I was not satisfied at all. I looked at her coldly and asked, "Do you really think that I can pretend like you did not want to me sign it just because you tore it to shreds?"