Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 280 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 280 Charles's POV:

Early in the morning, I was woken up by a vibrating phone. I picked it up and realized that it was Scarlett's. My mom was sending a video call request. I turned to look at Scarlett. She was still fast asleep. So I took her phone, carefully slid out of bed, and went downstairs. Then, I pushed the answer button.

"Charles? Where is Scarlett?" Mom asked me with little James in her arms.

"She's still sleeping." I noticed that my little boy was crying and sniffing. I couldn't help frowning.

"Little James has been crying since he woke up this morning. No matter how much I coax him, it's useless. I don't know why. He's never been like this before." As soon as Mom finished her words, James burst into tears again. I felt like someone drove a stake through my heart.

"Is he sick?"

"The doctor checked him out and said he's okay. Maybe the little guy just misses his mother." Continuing to coax James, Mom put on a worried face.

"Dad..." James cried.

I felt sorry for him, but at the same time, I thought he was too clingy. I made a mental note to send him to a boarding school when he grew up. He needed to learn how to be independent.

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"I'll go take him outside for a walk. Maybe a change of scenery would calm him down," Mom said.

"Okay. Remember to take bodyguards with you."

"I will."

After the video chat, I tiptoed back into the bedroom. Scarlett was still sleeping. The morning sun shone through the window, making her face look more delicate. My eyes fell on her beckoning lips. Next thing I knew, I was leaning in and giving her a soft kiss on the mouth.

Scarlett slowly opened her eyes and kissed me back. Then, she seemed to think of something suddenly and asked in a panic, "What time is it?"

"It's nine o'clock." I glanced at the clock on the bedside table.

"What? Why didn't you wake me up earlier? I have a rehearsal to get to at the TV station today," Scarlett grumbled, jumped out of bed, and ran toward the bathroom.

"I'm okay, Mr. Moore. Now scram. I have to go to work." While my brain was still processing the kiss that she just stole from me, Scarlett took the opportunity to walk into the TV station.

"Call me if you need anything." I shook my head helplessly and watched her disappear into the TV station. When she was out of my sight, I turned to Janet and Tracy and said, "Janet, go buy some cold compress. Tracy, keep an eye on Scarlett."

"Yes. sir."

Scarlett's POV:

I had a very busy morning rehearsing. It was already half-past twelve when I was finally able to stagger back to my office and take a breath. I took a seat and instantly felt the pain in my knees.

At this time, my office door swung open and Tracy came in.

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"Hey, Scarlett. I got you something to apply to your knees. Mr. Moore asked Janet to get it for you earlier," Tracy said and squatted down.

"Okay. Thanks." Charles's consideration warmed my heart and made me feel comfortable.

Tracy opened the package, applied the ointment on my inflamed knees, and rubbed it in with her fingers. It felt cool and relaxing. After applying the medicine, Tracy handed me several ice packs. "If you still feel a little discomfort, you can put these on your knees."

"Okay. Thanks again."

The door swung open again. This time, it was Janet, and she came in with a lunch box. "Time for lunch."

While having lunch, I somehow felt a little uneasy. My heart beat faster than normal, and I didn't know why.

Then, my phone rang. It's a call from Charles. "Hi, honey. Just calling to let you know that I'm going out tonight. I'm taking some clients to dinner." "Okay. Don't drink too much." "What if my clients insist?" "Then tell them you can't because we're trying to get pregnant again." "I can't always use that excuse. They might wonder why I haven't knocked up my wife again in a long time." "Well, either you tell them that or I tell them that you can't perform when you're drunk." "I can perform with or without alcohol in my body, and I will show you tonight." "Charles!" I shrieked, a bit embarrassed. fter hanging up with Charles, I suddenly thought of James. I hadn't seen my little angel today, so I decided to give Alice a call. The ringing went on for a long time, but no one answered. My heart beat faster and faster. I really got a bad feeling, fter many, many attempts, Jane finally picked up. "Sorry, but Mrs. Moore took little James out for a little sun. She forgot to bring her phone." I heaved a sigh of relief. "I see. How is he? Is he okay?" "Yes, he's okay. He's been extra fussy this morning, but nothing to worry about." "Oh, good. Thank you, Jane. I'm just checking in. Give my baby a kiss for me and extend my thanks to Alice. I really appreciate her looking after my little James." fter hanging up the phone, I still couldn't shake the sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach. I looked at all the delicious ood in front of me, but my appetite was gone. I walked to the window to breathe some fresh air. All of a sudden, I remembered what William told me the other day. I turned around and asked Richard, "Have you seen Rita lately?" "No."

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I nodded, but I decided not to ignore the anxiety that I felt. "Richard, after you finish your lunch, please find Rita and keep an eye on her. I'm worried that she's going to do something."

"You got it." Rita was by no means a good person. While she was around, I had to be on guard all the time.