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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 368 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 368 Deal

Scarlett's POV I was clearly furious when I saw that Charles was trying to go back on his words, but there was nothing that I could do to fight him now

"Didn't you say that you would let me see the kids if I pleased you?" I muttered in a low voice, hanging my head.

Charles walked up to me, lowered his head, leaned closer, and asked, "What did I say? I want you to tell me very clearly." His deep seductive voice, and his hot breath made me feel numb all over. Although he was only casually standing in front of me, it was enough to make me lose my composure.

I couldn't let things continue to be that way. Gazing at his bare feet, I reminded him in a low voice, "You forget to wear your slippers. They're beside the bed."

I was clearly trying to evade the topic. "I know where they are. You don't have to remind me." Just when I was expecting him to turn around and grab his slippers, he pressed his arms against the door, trapping me. "Scarlett, you haven't answered my question yet. What did I say?" I could feel his sharp gaze piercing through me, and I did not dare to look up. Why did he have to make me say it?

"You told me that I have nothing to worry about, and that as long as I please you in bed, you will allow me to see the kids."

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Closing my eyes, I threw away my sense of shame to the wind. "And do you think you have completed your task?" I looked up at him subconsciously, and saw that there was still only coldness in his eyes. "As you can see, you have not made me happy yet, so why were you holding my son?" His face was barely an inch away from mine, and his tone was very domineering. "Anyway, you can't see the kids without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Charles, don't push it!"

According to him, as long as he did not allow me to see the kids, I could never see them.

It was so unreasonable, and I felt like he was bullying me. "Yes, I am bullying you, oppressing you, and even humiliating you. If you don't want to take it, you can always walk away. No one will try to stop you," Charles said in a mean tone. He was confident that I would do anything for the sake of the kids, and he was not wrong. I really could not afford to take the risk. Until now, I had been concealing the pain in my heart. It was the only way in which I could bring myself to survive. However, there was a sharp knife that was piercing through the protective barrier that I had put up around my heart.

Grievance took over me like a wave, and my eyes were wet with tears. "If you dare to even shed a single drop of tear in front of me, I will not let you see the kids for a month as punishment," Charles threatened me with a frown.

"Charles, you are such a jerk!" Furious, I could not think about anything else and I pushed him away hard. Surely, I was just making a rash attempt. He grabbed my hands so tightly that I began to cry instantly from the pain. "Is it really that hard for you to please me? We've been together for years. Don't you know what I like?"

he questioned me aggressively I obviously knew what would make him happy, but I could not bring myself to do what he wanted.

"Why are you crying so much now? Isn't there anything that you can do apart from crying? I just want you to please me, and not

to..."

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“Charles, how can you so blatantly say that you were not happy last night? When you were on top of me...” Thinking of our wild sex from the night before, the words got stuck in my throat and I could not speak.

“What did I do lying on top of you?”

Charles asked knowingly as he moved his face closer to mine.

I resented him so much now that I could not help but grit my teeth. If only I had been stronger, I would have punched him in his

handsome face.

I glared at him for several seconds before I turned away in silence.

All of a sudden, I felt a sharp pain in my jaw that was caused by Charles forcing me to look at him.

“Scarlett, look at me! It is an order.” I

I stubbornly lowered my eyes, not wanting to obey. The next second, Charles raised my chin, and said, “If you don’t look at me now, you will never be allowed to see the kids.” My children were always my weakness. I had no choice but to look at him now.

“You look really delicious when you’re angry. How about we continue in bed?” Charles suddenly said with a mischievous smile.

I blushed instantly. He was an animal! My body was still hurt from our last night’s wild sex. How could he still want to continue?

Thinking of our fierce sex from the previous night, I trembled subconsciously. “Why do you look so scared? I don’t want to have sex now. However, you have to promise to be on call from now on, and once I am done with you, I want you to go to the opposite room to sleep. I do not want to sleep in the same bed with a woman who always thinks about leaving me. Do you understand?” When I heard those heartless words, my heart froze like it had been thrown into a bottomless ice river.

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Clearly, he was asking me to be a sex slave for him, but I did not care about that now. All I wanted to know was if he would let me see my kids. "When can I see the babies?" I asked numbly. Charles raised his eyebrows at me and asked, "Didn't you just see Jerry?" "That's what you promised me." Tears welled up in my eyes again. "I will let you see them every day, if I am satisfied with your performance in bed, but I am not sure if you're cut out for it." "I am, and I will do it."

"Are you sure?"

He looked at me ambiguously, making me feel as though I was stripped naked in front of him, which made me blush at once.

"Let's see. Don't be like the way you were last night, or I might feel like I am fucking a dead fish."

'A dead fish?

If that was true, then why was he holding this 'dead fish' so excitedly and refusing to let go the whole night?

"Deal!"

I hissed through clenched teeth.

That week, Charles called me to bed every night, torturing me with sex as he dragged me into an abyss of desire. And once he was done fucking me, he would coldly say, "You can get out now." Whenever I heard those words, I would obediently tidy myself up and run to the children's room.

All my grievances would fade away when I saw the lovely sleeping faces of my babies. They were the only reason I was able to endure Charles' verbal and physical tortures every day.

And I continued to be his sex slave for a long time until the day he had to leave on a business trip. That was the day I felt like I had a moment of freedom.

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