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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 335 by Gorgeous Killer

Charles' POV:

Disappointment instantly filled up in my heart as soon as I read that sentence.

"Okay." Although I was a little reluctant, I forced a smile and continued, "If you need anything, just write me a note."

Seeing Scarlett's expressions soften a little, I felt happy, thinking that I had found a way to please her.

I thought that it won't take long for her to start trusting me again.

I then approached the bed again and looked at the twins. "When did Scarlett get pregnant with them?"

I had always been careful when we had s*x, and I used protection every time. I hadn't wanted to get Scarlett pregnant again, because I wanted to spend some quality time with her. But God had planned something else for us altogether.

Looking at the twins' sleeping faces, I couldn't help but adore them.

All of a sudden, my phone rang, and I cut the call at once. I wouldn't let anyone spoil my time with my family.

However, to my surprise that person kept calling me.

"You'd better answer. It's not easy to get Jerry and Jason to sleep, so don't wake them up," Scarlett reminded me, and I had no choice but to answer the phone.

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“What is it?”

“Mr. Moore, about tonight’s business dinner...”

“Stop calling me. Just call Amy if you have any doubts.” With that, I hung up the phone rudely and turned to my wife and sons.

Staring at her, I felt as though there was a pulse of electricity passing through my body. My gaze fell on her lips and neck. Everything about her was a fatal temptation and I suddenly felt the urge to kiss her.

Just when I was about to approach her, James, who was playing with his toys until that moment, suddenly shouted, “Daddy, play with me!”

I was about to say no, but then an idea occurred to me. Pretending to be gentle, I turned to my son, and said, “James, how about we play a new game?”

“Okay! I love games!” James clapped his hands excitedly.

“Good! Now cover your eyes and don’t open them until I say you can, okay?”

“Is it hide and seek?”

“Sort of.”

Upon hearing my answer, James covered his eyes with hands, and the room became quiet again.

I quietly walked two steps forward and held Scarlett’s waist tightly. “What are you doing? Help!” she whispered.

Lowering my head, I said in a hoarse voice, “You’re killing me, aren’t you?”

Before she could say another word, I held her waist, tilted her head softly, leaned in, and kissed her.

Scarlett’s POV:

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Charles kissed me passionately. Afraid that James might open his eyes, I did not dare to move. I could only stand still and let Charles kiss me.

After a long time, my tongue was numb and I could hardly breathe. Only then did Charles let go of my lips, but he continued to hold me.

We were being intimate with each other after a very long time, which made me feel like my heart was about to jump out of my chest. I leaned on his chest, completely forgetting to push him away.

"Daddy, what's the game?" James' childish question flustered me and I struggled to break free from Charles' embrace.

He looked at me with a snicker, embarrassing me even more. I reached out my hand, wanting to hit him. However, he tightly held my hand and said in a low voice, "You can hit me as much as you want once the kids leave."

"You!" Furious, I withdrew my hand, not wanting to look at him or talk to him anymore.

"You broke the rule first. You just spoke! And that's why I kissed you as a punishment." Charles' mellow voice coming from behind me was like a fatal temptation, causing my heart to race.

That afternoon, Alice and Christine came to the hospital to see me.

"Scarlett, how are you feeling now?" Sitting on the edge of my bed, Christine seemed to be really worried.

"I feel much better now," I replied, holding her hand.

"This is all Charles' fault. I will help you teach him a lesson," she said, glaring at Charles.

"Kneel down and apologize to Scarlett!"

I immediately said, "No, its fine."

However, Charles obediently got down on one knee, and said, "I'm sorry."

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He was a very decisive man in the corporate world, and seeing him kneeling down in front of me with his head lowered made my heart ache, and I couldn't speak for a while.

Christine slapped him on the shoulder repeatedly, scolding him, "You b*****d, don't always bully Scarlett. She gave birth to your children and she has suffered a lot because of you. You must be good to her, do you understand?"

"I do." Charles was still kneeling down on the ground.

"Have you ever sincerely apologized to Scarlett?" Alice asked, all of a sudden, interrupting them.

"Honey, I am sorry. Please forgive me. I will be good to you from now on, so don't be mad at me." Charles' tone was extremely gentle. He stood up slowly and walked up to me.

Looking at him, I recalled the cruel words that he had said to me right before I fainted that day. And suddenly, the idea of acting like we were reconciled in front of the elders vanished from my mind.

Hence, I didn't answer him.

However, Christine continued to mediate, "If you are angry, just vent it on him. I will support you."

Pursing my lips, I made up my mind. "I want a divorce. Can you help me with that, Grandma?"

Christine fell silent for a long time. It was clear that she wasn't expecting me to say that.

A moment later, she turned to Charles, who was looking pale, and questioned, "What on earth did you do to her? Why does she want a divorce so badly? What's going to happen to the kids if you two divorce?"

"I will never divorce her," Charles said to Christine before he turned to me and added calmly, "Divorce has never even occurred to me ever since the day we got married."

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I couldn't figure out what was on his mind because his expression and his tone was so calm as though he was talking about the weather.

I turned to Christine, and said, "Grandma, please allow me to divorce Charles and take the children away."

"How could I let that happen?" Christine frowned, looking at me in disbelief.

Alice also echoed, "I can't live without my grandkids."

"Yes. Besides, how will you manage to live on your own with three kids? We are not going to let you go anywhere. Alice and I will help you take care of the babies. You can focus on your career if you want." Christine was trying her best to persuade me.

"Grandma, I've already made up my mind. I want to get a divorce and leave with my children."

"No, I can't listen to this any longer. My head hurts!" As soon as Christine said that, she covered her forehead with hand and Alice rushed to her to support her.

"Grandma, are you okay?" I also got out of bed and tried to help her up.

Christine pushed my hand away and said, "I'm fine. I'll go home and rest. Alice, take the kids with us. Let Scarlett and Charles talk things through."

"Okay." Alice helped Christine walk out of the ward before she turned to Tracy and Janet, ordering them to take the kids away.

Feeling helpless, I let them leave the ward. The room fell silent once again.

When I turned around, I saw Charles glaring at me.

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Charles' POV:

My heart ached when I saw how determined Scarlett was when she asked for a divorce.

I walked up to her, held her chin, and forced her to look me in the eye.

"Scarlett, do you really want to divorce me?" I grunted.

The thought that she couldn't wait to get away from me only served to sadden me further. I was so dejected over that I could hardly breathe.

Scarlett didn't respond. She just stared at me with a cold gaze.

"I've already told you that I will never divorce you unless I die, Scarlett!" I growled. The way she looked back at me annoyed me. Frustrated, I scoffed at her and forced her to get closer to me.

I would willingly do anything for her aside from getting divorced. Never would I give her an opportunity to leave me!

"Charles, I just want to be away from you! I don't want to have anything to do with you ever again. Besides, you already have Nancy. It's not like you can't live without me. Why can't you just set me free?" Scarlett shook her head bitterly. I could see despair in her eyes.

"Just forget it, Scarlett. I will never agree to a divorce. I won't let you leave me, nor will I let you go back to William!" I warned.

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Scarlett struggled to push me away and then she lay on her side with her back to me.

She was starting to get on my nerves, so I left the ward.

Around four in the afternoon, Richard and I had just finished playing tennis.

Just as I was about to take a shower, I received a call from Amy.

“Mr. Moore, during the lunch party this noon, one of the clients offended Nancy and she ended up slapping him across the face.”

“Did negotiations fall through?” I asked impatiently.

Nancy was merely a means for me to infuriate Scarlett. Now that Scarlett had returned to me, Nancy was no longer useful.

“Yes, sir. The client left right after,” Amy answered.

“Tell Nancy that if she wishes to keep her job, she has to do her duty. And if she wants to quit, then she can f**k off! The company will not tolerate anyone who gets easily offended by the littlest things!” I was already frustrated because Scarlett kept insisting on divorcing me. And finding out that the cooperation was ruined only served to fuel my anger, so I took it all out on Nancy.

Annoyed, I hung up on Amy and walked back to the court.

“Let’s keep playing!” I picked up my racket and vented all my frustrations and anger by playing tennis.

I didn’t stop until Richard raised his arms in surrender and tried hard to catch his breath.

But even until now, I was still too upset.

Now that we were done playing, I grabbed a towel and wiped away my sweat. Afterwards, I took a quick shower and drove to the bar.

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Perhaps right now, only alcohol could make me temporarily forget my pain and ease my boredom.

Scarlett's POV:

As I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, I recalled Charles' warning and felt desperate.

It would appear that he had no intention of letting me go. Thus, I must figure out another way to escape.

The moment Janet knocked on the door and came in, a glimmer of hope sparked in my heart.

"Janet, how did you scale the wall in Kitsap last time?"

"Scarlett, are you still plotting to escape?" Janet asked directly.

But I didn't answer the question, fearing that she'd tell Charles about it.

If he were to find out that I'd been planning to run away, he'd certainly double the number of guards around me.

"Scarlett, just give it up. Mr. Moore has stationed countless bodyguards in the hospital. Honestly, not even Richard, Tracy, and I know the exact number of the guards around here." It seemed that Janet was intent on persuading me to give up.

I looked down, feeling like I was trapped.

"Has William been here, Janet?"

"Unfortunately not." Janet shook her head.

With that, I nodded and said nothing more.

I wasn't surprised because William was a calm and collected man. He probably wouldn't break in with reckless abandon.

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Later that night, just as I was about to go to bed, the door of my ward was opened from outside.

I thought it was Charles, so I hid myself beneath the quilt.

But it turned out that it wasn't Charles. It was actually a man in a doctor's coat.

Even though the man was wearing a mask, I was able to recognize him right away. It was William!

I was so excited that I felt the urge to call his name.

But he quickly made a gesture of silence.

He then closed the door, quietly walking to my bedside. Upon seeing my pathetic state, he looked worried.

"Are you feeling better now, Scarlett? Did Charles hurt you?" William eyed me up and down; his eyes filled with worry and guilt.

I shook my head, chuckling wryly.

To be honest, aside from not giving me my freedom, Charles had actually provided me with everything that I needed.

"What are you doing in here, William? How did you even get in?" I asked, staring at him curiously.

Janet told me that Charles had stationed countless bodyguards throughout the hospital. I never thought that William would be able to sneak in without getting caught.

"That's not important. Did Charles hide your phone? I couldn't get in touch with you these past few days." "He did. Charles won't allow me to leave the hospital, and he won't even let me contact anyone from the outside world using my own d**n phone!" The thought of Charles alone enraged me.

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“Well, here you go, Scarlett. Use it whenever it’s necessary.” William took out a new phone and handed it to me.

I accepted the phone and nodded gratefully.

“Do you want to leave here, Scarlett?” he asked, staring at me with concerned eyes.

“Do you have a plan to break me out of here? I want to take my children with me.” As I spoke, I looked at William with hope in my eyes.

While I was here, I had been thinking of countless ways to escape this God forsaken place, but Charles had assigned people to guard me during every hour of the day. There was nothing I could do to escape.

“As long as you’re willing to trust me with this, I’ll figure out a way to help you break out!” William put on a straight face, waiting for my answer.

“Yes, William. I really want to leave. The sooner the better.” Tears fell from my eyes as I looked at him, eager to get out.

His appearance ignited a glimmer of hope in my desperate heart.

“Okay. Let’s keep in touch.” Upon hearing my response, William turned around and was about to leave.

But before he left, he glanced at my hair, letting out a wry smile.

“You know what? I just couldn’t seem to get used to your new haircut.”

“Just hurry up and go! Charles will be back sometime soon.” I didn’t answer the question. I just wanted him to leave, fearing that Charles might catch him.

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