

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 201

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 201 Pestering

Charles' POV: "Yes, Charles. Please go ahead." Casting a glance at me from the corner of her eyes, Scarlett was also driving me away, but for some reason I felt that she didn't really mean it. "Okay, I'm leaving, then." Saying that in a gentle tone, I stood up, and lowered my head to whisper in her ear, "I don't have a driver to take me home, so please wait for me after you've had dinner. I would like you to give me a ride back. Besides, I might get drunk. You know how clients can be. right?"

Scarlett nodded in response. With a satisfied smile, I gave her a peck on the cheek before I left. I heard her shouting behind me in an angry voice, "You bastard!" Once I was out of the private room, I took out my cellphone and deleted Nina's text. It was thanks to her message that I was able to manage to rearrange my dinner appointment with my client and meet Scarlett at this restaurant. In fact, I was looking forward to going home with Scarlett later. Perhaps, I could use the excuse of being drunk to hold her in my arms and do something naughty. Although my heart was filled with the excitement of anticipation, the reality of it was a lot crueler. After seeing my clients off, I returned to the private dining room, but to my surprise, only Richard was there. "Why are you here?" "Janet asked me to pick you up." Richard seemed to be nervous as he stood by the door. "Where is Scarlett?" Looking around the empty room, my expression darkened at once. She lied to me again! "She has already gone back to the Moore mansion," Richard replied. Upon hearing that, my anger dissipated a little. At least I would be able to see her at home. I quickly left the restaurant and went to Scarlett's favorite dessert shop. My mother was delighted to see the desserts in my hand when I got home, and she held out her hand to me. "What a good boy!" Feeling a little guilty, I subconsciously hid the box of desserts behind my back and said, "I'm sorry, mom. These are for Scarlett. I'll buy you some next time." "You brat!" She glared at me and added impatiently, "Go upstairs. Scarlett is in the nursery." I walked up to her and gave her a hug. "Thanks for understanding, mom." However, she pushed me away coldly. As soon as I went upstairs, I saw that the room to the nursery was closed. It was probably even locked from the inside. "Scarlett?" I tried to knock on the door several times, but there was no response at all. With a frown, I took out a key and tried to open the door, but to my surprise, it did not work, so I could not help

but wonder if the lock was broken. I called out to Scarlett, but she did not respond. Frowning, I walked downstairs and asked my mother, "Mom, did you see Scarlett enter the nursery?"

"Yes. And I also saw her asking someone to change the lock. I can't believe that Scarlett is so wary of you. What did you do?" she teased with a smile. Feeling a headache, I massaged my forehead. Clearly, women were really complicated things, and they were the most unpredictable ones. The next morning, I woke up early, and waited outside the nursery. Since it was a weekday, I knew that Scarlett would have to come out of the room to go to work. Not long after, she

opened the door and walked out. She seemed to be sleepy. Her hair was loosely hanging over her shoulders, contrasting her fair skin. I found it so hard to take my eyes off her and focus. "Scarlett." At first, I wanted to confront her, but after seeing how beautiful she was, I could not help subconsciously softening my tone. Startled, she looked at me and stammered, "Ch... Charles? Why are you up so early?" "Yes, since I did not find you at the restaurant after my dinner last night, I got up early to wait outside the nursery door to see you." I approached her, and she stepped back until her back was against the door. She was trying to avoid my gaze. "Why did you change the lock?" I questioned her, pinching her chin. She fluttered her eyelashes and answered in a loud voice, "Of course, it was to prevent someone from sneaking into the room their ex-wife was sleeping, in the middle of the night." "Ex-wife?" Those words really infuriated me as I pinched her soft cheeks and continued, "Believe it or not, I'll go to the TV station and put up a banner that says, producer Scarlett ruthlessly abandoned her husband." "How dare you! Quit messing around!" I could tell that she was anxious by the way she shook off my hand. However, I entwined my fingers with hers, unwilling to let go. Stunned by my moves, her face turned red. "Didn't you promise that you would wait for me last night? Why did you leave before me?" I took her hand and gently bit it. Scarlett tried to take her hand away, but I did not allow it. She struggled for a long time to free herself, but our hands only clasped more tightly. Staring at me with a helpless look in her eyes, she asked, "Why should we go home together? You are my ex husband, so there is no reason for me to wait for you." When I heard those cruel words, I immediately felt like there was a hand, squeezing my heart, draining the life out of it. "You can't just disassociate yourself from me, Scarlett." I quickly lowered my head and kissed her lips. Although it was just a peck, she was not able to dodge it. As her face turned red again, she stomped on my foot and ran away.

"Your favorite dessert is in the fridge," I shouted after her, watching her leave.

Scarlett stopped for a moment, and I noticed that her ears were red. She then quickened her pace

and walked out of my sight.

Scarlett's POV: Only after arriving at the TV station did I take out my phone. I saw that there were so many missed calls from Charles last night. I then suddenly remembered him kissing me that morning, and I could not help blushing.

"Scarlett!" Nina screamed, frightening me. My hands slipped, and I dropped my phone on the desk. "You scared me," I complained. Clicking her tongue, she poked my cheek. "I have been calling your name for a while now. What are you so busy thinking about? Your face is so red. Were you thinking of something dirty?" "No!" I retorted loudly, attracting the attention of everyone around me. I immediately lowered my voice in embarrassment and continued, "I'm just thinking about the dessert I had for breakfast." "Was it something that Charles bought for you?" I found it very shocking that Nina was able to see right through me just by a glance. After a long pause, I finally asked, "How did you know?" "I know you well enough, my friend." Nina pulled up a chair and sat down beside me before she whispered in my ear, "What's going on with you and Charles right now?" I thought for a long time before I finally said, "Well, I never even thought that such a thing was possible in the past. And I have never once imagined that he would treat me like this. He was the one who filed for a divorce, and now he's the

one that's pestering me. I keep trying my best to avoid him, but I can tell that it is not a permanent fix to the problem at all." Nina nodded in agreement. "He can surely find you no matter how much you try to hide, too." Before I could realize, I found myself glancing at my phone. "Scarlett, if you really don't have feelings for him anymore, then why don't you take my suggestion from earlier, and find yourself a man?" Nina held my hand and added tentatively, "If he sees that you're in love with someone else, then maybe it will be easy for him to move on, right?" "Well, knowing the kind of man he is, I am sure he will make my boyfriend move on before he does," I said with a wry smile.

Nina thought for a while and smiled awkwardly. "You are right. I've run out of ideas. What's your plan? Are you going to let him continue to pester you?" Before I could answer, I suddenly heard someone calling me. I turned around and saw the receptionist walking towards me with a bunch of roses in her arms. All of a sudden, I felt like there was an alarm that just went off in my heart. "Scarlett, you are so popular! Your pursuer keeps sending flowers to the TV station." Under everyone's intense gaze, the receptionist put the bouquet in my hands. Nina raised her eyebrows with a curious expression. My other colleagues also started teasing me. Pretending to be calm, I thanked the receptionist before I narrowed my eyes at my colleagues. "Looks like you're all free at the moment. How about we have a meeting?" Hearing that, the colleagues immediately scattered. Nina looked at me with eagerness in her eyes

as she asked excitedly, "Who sent them?" Who else could it be except Charles?

I looked down at the flowers. The roses were as bright as fire, and it reminded me of the irresistible

charm of Charles.

All of a sudden, my phone rang. But Nina reacted faster than I did. She took the phone and put it in my hand. "It's a call from Charles. I guess he was the one that sent you the flowers." I pushed the phone back to her and said, "Answer it for me."

She shook her head in response, but I blinked my eyes at her, looking so pitiful. "Damn it! It's not a surprise that Charles can't give up on you. Your doe eyes make even my heart flutter!" Nina covered her chest exaggeratedly, hesitated for a moment, before she finally answered the phone. Holding the bouquet in my hands, I looked at her without even blinking my eyes. After a few words, Nina hung up and looked at me with dissatisfaction. "When Charles heard my voice, he became as cold as ice." Hearing that, I hugged Nina to comfort her. "He's the one that sent the flowers, and he asked me to tell you that if you don't like them, you can throw them away," Nina said with a sigh.

I was in a dilemma as I stared at the beautiful blossoms in my hand, feeling a little helpless.

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 202

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Chapter 202 Trying To Get A Sponsorship Charles' POV:

I finished my work ahead of time, so that I could go to the TV station and wait for Scarlett.

Unexpectedly, William showed up in front of me. From the looks of it, he had carefully picked out his attire. He wore a suit and tie, a dandy wristwatch, and cufflinks that suited him well. He also wore a pair of thin-frame glasses on, making him look even more debonair. We immediately caught sight of each other, but neither of us turned our gazes away. Suddenly, Scarlett came out, so I averted my eyes from William. I must admit that in her office attire, she had a completely different vibe. She was sharply dressed and elegant to boot. Her charisma alone was enough to make anyone follow her with their gaze. I stared at her, fascinated by her beauty. But to my surprise, she went straight to William. William greeted Scarlett with a smile, and then he shot me a defiant glance. I was so angry that I grunted and glared at Scarlett before storming away. But before I could enter my car, I heard a hurried set of footsteps in high heels. 'Scarlett?' I looked back, hoping that it was her, but I was disappointed to see that it was a woman I didn't know. The woman was short of breath. She was looking at me with a grin on her face. "Mr. Moore, would you do me the honor of having a drink with you?" "Pass." My face turned grim the moment I saw her face and then I left without hesitation. Seconds later, I slammed the door of my car shut. The chauffeur was staring at me, visibly nervous. I leaned against the backseat, removing my tie in a fit of rage. And then I told the chauffeur to take me to Mint Bar. "Richard, figure out that woman's identity," I said, pointing at the woman outside. Richard nodded in response and immediately made a phone call. Soon, we received an e-mail with an attached document. The woman's name was Lucia, one of Scarlett's colleagues in her department. She once competed with Scarlett for a program, but she lost because she wasn't as good as Scarlett. It wasn't surprising to me, for I knew that Scarlett was an excellent and competent individual. I decided to stop thinking about Lucia. After arriving at the private room of the bar, Spencer and I drank away our sorrows. Sadly, we couldn't enjoy ourselves just yet, because someone knocked on the door and entered the room. It was Lucia. "Who are you looking for, Miss?" Spencer asked, staring at her. "I'm looking for Mr. Moore."

I took a sip of my scotch, staring daggers at her. "You followed me? Tell me, what do you want *from*

me?"

"I'm terribly sorry if I've offended you, sir. That's not my intention!" Lucia waved her hands standing at the door of the private room meekly. She then looked into my eyes and said. "I have no intention of getting in the way of your relationship with Scarlett. I just need your help." I swiveled my glass, letting the ball of ice roll around, and creating a crisp sound. "Listen, lady, Charles isn't a philanthropist. Why in the world should he help *you*? And who are you?" Spencer asked in a voice

laden with sarcasm. "I'm not asking to be helped for free. I believe that this opportunity will also benefit Mr. Moore." Lucia blushed, seemingly abashed. "I'm a colleague of Scarlett. The program I was supposed to take over was given to her instead. And now, I'm on thin ice. To make up for it, my boss has asked me to find sponsorship for another program. Sadly, I'm just a commoner. I don't have any connections. The only person I could think of that could help is you, Mr. Moore. I'm willing to *accompany* and drink with you if you're willing to help me." "Who do you think you are? You're not even qualified to share a drink with Charles, let alone ask him to pay for your sponsorship. Are you doing this because you sensed that Charles and Scarlett are on a rocky relationship, so you figured you could seize the opportunity to gain a foothold?" Spencer rolled his eyes at her. Then, he slammed the glass onto the table just to show his contempt, regardless that he caused some of his liquor to splash out. Tears welled up in Lucia's eyes and she shook her head in response. "Spencer, don't be so hard on the woman. She just wants to have a drink." I pointed at an empty glass and said, "Give her one." Spencer seemed shocked by my answer, and then I looked at him in silence. "Fine. But she has to leave after drinking this whiskey," he remarked, glancing at Lucia. Spencer looked away, but he still poured a glass of whiskey for the woman. "Don't try to pull any tricks, got it? Remember, you don't even deserve to be in Charles' presence," he added. Lucia took the glass and gulped down her whiskey under Spencer's gaze. She then glanced at me. Now that she had finished her drink, Spencer pushed her away and said, "You've had your drink, now leave! Don't think you can earn money through this ploy of yours. You're Scarlett's colleague, not a barmaid." However, Lucia remained silent. She just bit her lip, appearing to be aggrieved. Her helplessness felt quite familiar to me. It reminded me of how I was chasing Scarlett around, but she would always refuse me. "What's the program?" I asked. Right after I said that, both Spencer and Lucia looked at me in astonishment. It seemed that he couldn't believe I said that. Lucia, on the other hand, was over the moon and she immediately told me all about the program. By the time she finished her explanation, I had finished my scotch. I stared at the remaining ice in the glass, casually agreeing to help her. "Wait! What? Charles, are you serious, man? Are you drunk? Why did you say yes?" Spencer walked towards me, grabbing the glass from my hand. I turned a blind eye to him, and waved at Lucia. "You may leave now." At first, Lucia was bewildered, but then she thanked me afterwards and left the room at once. "What the hell is the matter with you, Charles? Do you even know what you're doing?" Spencer roared. I stood up, casting him a stern glare. It seemed that he was intimidated by my gaze that he had to take a step back. "Scarlett doesn't even want my help. Is it not allowed for me to help others instead?" I asked.

Spencer seemed confused by what I said. "Did you and Scarlett fight again? And even if you did, that doesn't mean you can be so nice to other women! If Scarlett finds out about this, your relationship will become even worse. Try to put yourself in her place, will you? How would you feel if Scarlett agrees to another man's request right now?" he asked. I gritted my teeth, visibly displeased. When I thought of how Scarlett came to William right after work, I lost my temper. And with every passing moment, I could feel my anger becoming more intense. While Spencer was still chattering, I left the room and slammed the door behind me, unable to

stifle my anger any longer. Scarlett's POV: William had invited me to dinner, saying that he wanted to talk about the show with me while eating. Normally, we would discuss the program in the meeting room, but it was fine with me to have a change of venue. Thus, I accepted his invitation without thinking on it too much.

In the middle of our conversation, my phone rang. The second I answered the phone, I heard Spencer's loud voice. "Scarlett, help! I've offended Charles defending you!" "Spencer, get a grip! What happened?" I could tell from his reaction that Spencer was filled with indignation. He then told me that Lucia had asked Charles for sponsorship. I acted as though I didn't care, and I even comforted Spencer for a time. But after hanging up on him, I realized that my hands were trembling. "Scarlett, are you okay?" William sounded worried about me. I put down my phone, placed my hands on my lap and smiled at him. "I've just received some bad news. I'm going to have a rival."

"Scarlett, I'm sure this won't be a tough nut to crack for someone like you. I believe in you." William seemed sincere with his praises. "But if you ever need my help, I'll always be on your side." "Thank you, William. You're a great partner." Having said that, I put some distance between us and said, "I think I can handle these problems by myself. You don't have to worry about me."

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 203

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Scarlett's POV: After dinner, William and I chatted all the way to the parking lot. While we were walking, my car, which was being driven by Janet, stopped in front of me. I turned to William to say goodbye, but I saw that his face had turned dark and gloomy. "I forgot to call my driver. I shouldn't have drunk," he said glumly. "Still, you can call your driver now," I reminded him. William looked at me and sighed. "Actually, I'm meeting someone later. I'm afraid I'll be running late if I call my driver over now. Would you be so kind as to give me a ride? Our meeting place isn't far from here."

I was hesitant at first, but I agreed in the end. William got into my car and told Janet the address. Just as he had said, it was not that far. His eyes were glued to his phone along the way. Neither of us spoke the whole ride. A few moments later, we stopped at a red light, and a brightly lit ice cream parlor caught my attention. I had seen many netizens' recommendations for this shop. They said that it was a nice place to hang out. William must have sensed what I was thinking. "Do you want to go there?" he asked with a gentle smile. I shook my head. "I don't think now's the right time. You're meeting someone, remember? Let's get you there first." William raised his phone and explained, "Well, the person I'm meeting will arrive an hour later. Flight delays. Why don't we eat ice cream first?" Well, it was not a bad idea, so I nodded in agreement. I turned to look at Janet and said, "Let's go to the ice cream store." We sat by the window and chatted while we ate ice cream. William was very knowledgeable. Apparently, he had been to many countries. And now, he was telling me enthusiastically the fascinating things he had encountered abroad. "I envy you. You've traveled the world," I said with a sigh, Charles shrugged. "You can do it too." "Sadly, I have lots of things to worry about, so I can't just go." I took a spoonful of ice cream and put it into my mouth absentmindedly. "Scarlett..." William called me. I looked up and looked into his eyes. "What is it?" "You're so careless. Look. You have ice cream at the corner of your mouth." Then a hand wiped the melted ice cream off my

mouth, and the warmth of his hand brought me back to my senses. My heart fluttered wildly in my chest. I raised my head and saw Charles standing beside me. "Charles, what are you doing here?" I asked, bewildered.

As soon as I uttered these words, I realized that I had said them so many times these past few days. Charles was everywhere. "Well, I happened to see you when I passed by." He sat down next to me, took my spoon, and ate my ice cream. His handsome face was very close to mine, and his gaze were tantalizing. "Wow. This is good. If you want, I can buy the whole store for you," he added. Buy it? Was this man out of his mind? Was he that rich that he could buy the whole store just because he liked the product? However, what Spencer had said back then crossed my mind, ruining my mood in an instant. To answer my question: Yes, Charles was that wealthy. He could burn money as he pleased. In fact, he had agreed to sponsor Lucia. A small ice cream store would not make a dent in his wealth. For a moment, we stared into each other's eyes. His eyes were telling me that I could be the hostess of this shop in a snap of his fingers. While we were looking into each other's eyes, William's phone suddenly rang. He answered the phone at once. "You're here now? Alright. I'll be right there." As soon as the call ended, William said goodbye to us and then left in a hurry. "Don't look at him." Charles held my chin with his thumb and index finger and made me look at him. Then, he leaned over and pressed his forehead against mine. "I'm waiting for your answer, but you're ignoring me," he said in an aggrieved tone. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that the customers were staring at us. Embarrassed, I pushed Charles away from me. "No. I don't want you to buy this shop for me." "If you say so. By the way, do you have any tissue? My hand is sticky." Charles leaned back and looked at me leisurely. He was calm as usual, but I was not. My ears were red and hot from embarrassment. I rummaged in my handbag, looking for a tissue. Suddenly, Charles pointed at something in my bag and asked, "Didn't you say you lost that?" It was my wedding ring, shining brightly in my bag. "Well, I thought I had lost it." I closed my bag and put the tissue in front of him. I forced myself to be calm and not let myself be flustered by his overtures. Charles did not say anything anymore. Well, he did not have to. He looked as though he had read my mind, which was annoying. Unable to take it any longer, I stood up from my seat abruptly. "I'm done. Bye." Just as I was about to leave, Charles held my hand. "What is it?" I asked crossly. "I have something to tell you. I've agreed to sponsor your colleague, Lucia." He looked intently into my eyes as he spoke. His piercing gaze made me uneasy, but I tried my best to keep my cool. "Whatever. You can do whatever makes you happy." Charles's eyes narrowed in displeasure. Without a word, he put his hand on my shoulder, forcing me to sit back down.

I slapped his hand away. "What's your problem?!" Instead of answering my question, Charles bent over and put his arms around my waist. I struggled to get out of his arms, but he held me tighter. What was more, his towering figure obscured the light overhead, casting a shadow over me. "Do you know why I've decided to sponsor Lucia?" I gazed at his flawless face with my teeth gritted in anger. Although I did not want to admit it, I could not help but think that he was God's favorite. He was not only wealthy, but he was also excellent in all aspects. No wonder a lot of women admired him. Even though my heart was pounding in my chest, I suppressed my emotions and only gave him a curt reply. "I don't care who you're nice to, my ex-husband." As soon as I said these words, I realized that I should not have said that. The next moment, I found myself sitting on his lap, and his hands were around my waist. The customers gasped in surprise. In an instant, we became the focus of the crowd.

“What are you doing? Are you crazy?” I covered my face with one hand and pinched Charles’s waist with the other. He hissed, but he did not let go of me. Instead, he even hugged me tighter. Then, his deep and charismatic voice rang in my ears, rendering me weak. “I’m not crazy. I’ve decided to sponsor Lucia because I want to see you jealous. I didn’t expect that you wouldn’t care.” My body stiffened upon hearing this. “Scarlett, I’m sad.” He kissed my earlobe and whispered in my ear, “You left with William after work and had a date with him.”

His warm breath sent a shiver down my spine. I unconsciously turned my face away and reasoned out, “It wasn’t a date. We just talked about busine—” Before I could finish my words, Charles kissed me on the lips. With his strong arms around my waist, he gave me a long, lingering kiss. I tried to push him away, but he would not budge. A moment later, my breath came in quick and heavy. He held the back of my head, forcing me in his deep kiss. Unable to take it any longer, I gave in and kissed him back. I had been holding my breath for quite a while that I felt the surroundings were spinning around. Meanwhile, my heart pounded wildly in my chest. I could not think straight. Our kiss was all I could think about. It was only when we had run out of breath did Charles let go of me. With a gentle smile, he kissed me on the forehead. “Come back to me. I miss you every day and night.”

I looked at him blankly.

Charles sighed heavily and held me in his tight embrace. Time seemed to have stopped. The only thing that I could hear was our breathing. It was as if we were the only one in the world. “Hi. Excuse me.” A stranger walked over to us. It was only then that everything dawned on me. Appalled, I jumped out of Charles’s embrace. The stranger got startled by my sudden movement. But, he smiled at me reassuringly and said,

“It’s okay. I’m the manager here. You see, our store often holds activities for couples, and we take photos of them as a remembrance. This is for you.” He handed me several photos and then left. I looked at the pictures, and my eyes widened in shock. The photos were of me and Charles kissing. “Nice pictures.” Charles chuckled, and my heart raced even faster. I turned around and glared at him. “Shut up!” “Stop fooling yourself, Scarlett. I know you still love me, and you know it too.” His words made my hackles rise. Infuriated, I stepped on his foot and left in a huff.

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 204

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 204 The Zoo

**Scarlett’s POV:**

The morning on a weekend, I was having breakfast when a knock sounded on the door. Curious, I went to open it. Charles stood outside, with baby James in his arms. He pointed at me and said to James, “Look, James, this is your mother. You haven’t seen her for a few days. Do you still remember her?” James gave me a

sweet smile and started cooing happily. "Charles...? Why are you here?" "If I don't bring him here, he might forget you." I hadn't gone to the Moore Mansion for several days, after Charles forced a kiss on me in the ice cream shop that fateful day. Charles's style of dress today was quite refreshing, to say the least. Often, he would be clad in elegant, finely tailored suits. But today, he only wore a white sweatshirt with a pair of loose blue jeans. His shoes were a pair of simple white sneakers. On his head sat a black baseball cap. He looked bright, casual, and handsome; and dare I say, incredibly charming. I had to admit, my head began beating rapidly at the sight of him. "Can't take your eyes off me, can you? Is it because I'm too handsome?" Charles flashed me a smug smile, eyes twinkling teasingly, before entering the house with James in his arms. He passed by the dining room. Suddenly, his steps halted and he turned to me. "Scarlett, what did you eat for breakfast?" "Bread. Didn't you see it?" "You only eat bread in the morning?" "I'm eating alone. Why should I be so particular about food?" I retorted, not bothered to be polite. "I'll make you a sandwich." So saying, Charles passed James to me. He rolled up his sleeves determinedly and marched into the kitchen. I didn't say anything more and took James to the sofa in the living room. James stared unblinkingly at me with his big doe eyes while he sucked his thumb, drooling slightly. He was just too adorable. "You're drooling again, James. Mommy will get you a tissue so we can wipe your mouth." /gazed affectionately at James, my eyes filled with love and doting. "Ma!" Unexpectedly, James let out a loud cry. It took me by surprise. It had only been a few days since I didn't see him, but never did I imagine that James could say "Ma" now! "You little brat! Get your hands off her." Charles's annoyed voice suddenly rang from the kitchen.

I looked down and discovered that James was trying to pull my collar with his fat, pudgy little hands. My pajamas were low necked, and because of what James had done, my bare breasts now lay exposed for all to see. This brat...!

Quickly, I pulled his little hand away gently and fixed my clothes. When I raised my head, I saw Charles staring fixatedly at my now covered chest. My response was a furious glare, but he just smiled indifferently at me and said, "He's almost one year old. Why does he still want to suckle?" I retorted, "Why can't he suckle even if he's one year old?" Charles snickered, "You're right. I'm an adult, but I still want to suckle too!" I grabbed the tissue that I had used to wipe James's mouth, crumpled it, and then flung it at Charles. This man was vexing! Charles did make a huge sandwich for me, just as he had promised earlier. He placed his handiwork before me and said, "Eat it." "I don't have any appetite." "If you don't eat it up, I'll kiss you!" This man... He was getting more and more overbearing over time. Left with no choice, I took the gigantic sandwich and began to work. After swallowing the last bite with much difficulty, I said, "I'm finished. I want to take James out to play by myself today." "What do you mean, by yourself?" Charles asked, immediately taking a seat next to me. Subconsciously, I moved away from him. "I mean, I won't take you with us." As soon as I finished speaking, Charles grabbed James from me, stood up, and walked out. "Wait, where are you going?" Anxious, I stood up in a hurry and chased after Charles. "Wanna spend the day with James? Follow me then." Charles said curtly. Then, he left. This man was terrible! After that, I changed my clothes as fast as I could and trotted to catch up with him. Charles placed James in the safety seat at the back of the car before opening the door to the passenger seat. He stared silently at me, but there was a snicker on his lips. I had no other choice. Helpless, I slid into the passenger seat. "Where are you taking us?" "You'll find out soon." Charles flashed me a huge grin and started the car.

We soon arrived at the mysterious destination, which turned out to be a zoo. When Charles and I were kids, we frequented this zoo often. I didn't expect it to still be here

even after so many years. Thinking of this, I sighed in my heart, 'How time flies!' Just then, my phone rang. I glanced at Charles, and then walked a few distances away to pick it up

Charles' POV: "James, your mommy's on the phone. How about we go see the animals first?" James seemed to understand my words. He waved his fat little fists excitedly at my suggestion, his face shining with eagerness. And so, I took James into the zoo to look at the animals. It was only after a long while that Scarlett came over. "Who called you? Why did you take so long?" I was slightly unhappy. It was a rare chance for all three of us to hang out together, yet she spent such a long time answering her phone. "It's from the director of the press," Scarlett said, beaming with joy. "Is your book going to be published?" Scarlett nodded, ecstatic. "Is there anything about me in it?" I asked expectantly. "No... The contents of this book focus on parts of my previous interview. I haven't interviewed you before, so..." All of a sudden, I felt a twinge of displeasure. My unhappiness from before intensified. I held James tightly and strode forward alone, not bothered to wait for Scarlett. James seemed to have noticed my unhappiness. He put his arms around my neck and looked at me with a cute smile, and cooed sweetly, "Ma, ma..." "You brat, are you asking for your mother? Don't you also think that she's gone too far?" "Ma, ma..."

"Let's see if your mother's caught up with us. If she does, I'll forgive her. Okay?" I stopped and craned my neck to look behind me. Not far away, a petite figure trotted towards us. Seeing Scarlett like that, my stuffy heart softened in an instant. "Janet, take care of James." I handed James to Janet, my helper, and then strode towards Scarlett.

"Why are you walking so fast?" Scarlett complained, shooting me a gloomy gaze. Her hair was now shining with sweat. A twinge of guilt struck me. I took her by the hand and led her to a nearby bench. "Rest here." Scarlett sat down obediently and rubbed her right ankle, which had become sore from running. She pursed her lips and mumbled, "My foot hurts so much. This is all your fault!" I crouched in front of her and lifted her right foot, bringing it to my knee. As expected, her ankle was bright red. The guilt in me grew bigger and I started to massage her ankle gently.

My gesture made Scarlett blush. Embarrassed, she tried to pull her leg away from my grasp. \*W-what are you doing? There are many people here!" "I don't care. What's wrong with massaging my wife's ankle?" I looked at Scarlett, whose face was as red as a ripe apple. She looked so sweet and bashful that I felt a strong urge to kiss her.

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 205

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 205 A Family Of Three Charles' POV:

I leaned in and quickly kissed Scarlett on the lips. "Charles!" she cried out in anger. We were just a few inches apart from each other. Her bright eyes and her beautiful delicate face made me smile. Although her hair was wet with sweat, she still looked stunning. "Scarlett, you should exercise more. How can you get so sweaty after just walking for a while?" Taking a tissue in my hand, I gently and carefully wiped her forehead. "You're the one that walked too fast without even waiting for me!" Scarlett complained and was about to grab the tissue. I squinted my eyes at her and warned, "If you are not going to be obedient, then I'll have to kiss you again." Upon hearing that, Scarlett gave up and sat down quietly. Seeing that, I immediately laughed, gave her a peck on the cheek, and said, "I am sorry. I shouldn't have walked so fast. From now on, I will wait for you." She covered her face and glared at me like an angry kitten. I continued to smile at her as I sat down next to her and held her in my arms. "Do you still remember the things that happened when we were still kids?" Scarlett snorted, but she did not answer. "You had no friends back then and followed me around all day long. And when I was busy reading, you would just sit in a corner and gaze at me." "Who says I don't have friends? Isn't Spencer my friend?" "Of course, he is." I stroked her hand softly before I intertwined my fingers with hers. All of a sudden, she gripped my hand tightly, looking at me. "Spencer ignored me at first, but later he told me that someone asked him to take care of me. Was it because..." "Yes, I was the one that asked him to look after you." I looked into Scarlett's eyes and smiled. There were some complex emotions in her eyes besides just surprise. I gradually moved closer to her and I could even feel her warm breath on my skin. However, Scarlett tilted her face to avoid my lips as she gently took her hand away from mine.

Seeing that, I could not help but feel a little disappointed. "We're in public!" Glaring at me, she tried to wiggle out of my embrace. I looked up and saw some people starting at us from a distance. The moment they met my eyes, they turned around and left. At noon, we arrived at a hotel for lunch.

We heard a knock on the door as soon as we were seated. "Come in, please." The door opened. A gentleman walked in with a bright smile. He spoke in a strong French accent. "Charles? It's really you!" "Long time no see, Henri." I stood up to greet him. I then held Scarlett's hand and introduced her, "This is my wife, Scarlett. Honey, this is Mr. Henri Moreau." "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Moore. You look stunning." Henri complimented Scarlett and added, "I'm having lunch with my wife here as well. Mind if we join you?" I turned to Scarlett, who replied to him with a gentle smile, "It would be our pleasure." After giving us a nod, Henri went to find his wife. I caressed Scarlett's hair. "Well, I am glad that you finally admitted that you're my wife." Shaking off my hand, Scarlett returned to her seat. "Don't mess up my hair." "Scarlett, can you please put on the wedding ring?" Hearing that, she turned to me with a puzzled look. I squatted down in front of her, held her hand, and explained, "I'm developing an important project now and I need to compete other companies for a piece of land. Henri is

the one to decide the deal. He loves his wife deeply, and he is the kind of man that values a harmonious familial relationship." "I thought you two are friends. If this is a business dinner, then I'd better not be here to bother you. If James ends up crying suddenly, it will be really awkward. I'll take him with me and get another table." With that, Scarlett withdrew her hand, frowning, and was about to pick up our son. However, I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her closer. "Janet, take James to another room and take care of him." Hearing that, Janet gently put James in the baby stroller and left the room. Scarlett pushed me away and said, "Charles, there is no need for me to stay here, so let me go, okay?" "If I get this project done, then you will get half of the profits," I said with a meaningful smile.

"No need. Fine. Think of it as a favor." With that, Scarlett finally sat down. I took out the wedding ring from her bag, removed the ring Grandma gave her from her finger, and quickly put on the wedding ring for her. When I looked up, I found her staring at me with glistening eyes and blushing. All of a sudden, there was a knock on the door. Henri entered the room with a dignified woman. "This is my wife, Armelle," Henri introduced the woman. After greeting each other briefly, we sat down for dinner.

We were all chatting casually, and the atmosphere was really harmonious. "I can see that your wife is great at communicating. Armelle rarely ever talks to someone she has met for the first time." Henri put down the glass. Even though he was talking to me, his loving gaze was fixed on his wife. I turned around and saw Scarlett and Armelle laughing, whispering to each other. "After I have the baby, my life truly revolves around him. It is indeed very tiring to be a parent, but it also makes my heart beam with joy and makes my life feel complete." Saying that, Scarlett shared the photos of James with Armelle. With a hopeful look in her eyes, Armelle held her hand. "James is so cute! It looks like having a baby is really a beautiful thing. We haven't planned of having a baby yet because I am afraid of pain..." "You might want to reconsider. Even though it is painful to experience childbirth, the moment you see your baby, all your pains will fade away." I approached Scarlett quietly and saw her touching James in the photo. The photo had been taken right after his birth, so he was so tiny and his body was pink. Although he was born after our fake divorce, the mental and physical stress that Scarlett went through because of the divorce were real. Feeling a little heartbroken, I sighed. I then took Scarlett's hand. She tried to struggle at first, but when she met my eyes, she stopped. I took the opportunity to intertwine our hands. "Can James speak now?" Armelle asked. "That's the thing that makes me jealous. He can only say 'Papa' and not 'Mama'." Scarlett turned away, but she was still holding my hand. I now felt like it was on cloud nine. We were not alone right now, but at least, she was not refusing me. After the meal, Henri suggested, "Let's play tennis together next time." And I could not help but agree immediately.