

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 367

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

Chapter 367 What The Hell Do You Want

Scarlett's POV:

"What the hell do you want, then?" I asked Charles in a shaky voice. "What do you think I want?" He approached me with a sullen look in his eyes..

My heart sank, but i knew how furious he would be once he found out about the waiver of custody when I had prepared it.

Tearing the document into pieces was not enough to satisfy him, so I could only appease his anger by making love to him. After all, he would only let me see my kids if I pleased him well. And I was already prepared to sacrifice anything for their sakes. I closed my eyes for a moment to pull myself together before I put my arms around his neck, gazing into his eyes. However, Charles said coldly, "What? Is that all you got?" "I can obviously do a lot more, but will you let me sleep with the kids after you're satisfied?" Gritting my teeth, I tried to negotiate with him.

I was missing my kids a lot, and if it was possible, I would do anything to spend time with them. "Do you still want to sleep with the kids? Do you really think that you will have the strength to get out of bed after I am done with you?" Charles asked in an ambiguous tone, looking at me with his hungry eyes. He then began to kiss me without any warning, and I could only smell his sandalwood perfume. I felt so nervous as though I was waiting for a beast to devour me, and I subconsciously dodged. "Why do you look so humiliated?" Charles stopped kissing me all of a sudden, and ordered, "Smile." "What does he think of me? Do I seem like a prostitute from a nightclub?" Thinking of that, I glared at him, not willing to compromise at all. "What? You got a problem with that?" Charles raised his eyebrows at me. I shrunk like a deflated ball under the pressure of his domineering question. I knew that I had no choice but to compromise for the sake of my children. "Okay. As long as you allow me to accompany the children," I said, clenching my teeth. "Do you really think that you're qualified to negotiate with me?" There was a contemptuous look in his eyes, which made me feel like a plaything that he was going to use to satisfy his desires. It was true that I was not qualified to negotiate with him about it, but what else was I supposed to do? I couldn't help but smile bitterly, thinking about it. "Scarlett, you'd better not be demanding. I've already been very kind to you by letting you see the kids, so don't try to push you luck."

I was their mother, but I was forbidden to see them, which made my heart sink deep into the abyss. How pathetic my life was! Charles' POV: Scarlett loosened her arms around my neck, looking ghostly pale. It seemed as though she had lost all hopes. Seeing her like that, I felt a little uncomfortable. "Scarlett, how are you going to please me with that long face?" . Without saying anything, she turned away. 'She doesn't even want to please me, does she?' I looked away, and my gaze fell upon her sexy cleavage and I felt my breath getting heavier. "Scarlett, if you put on a long face again, I will..." Before I could even finish my words, I felt her soft lips on mine. Scarlett closed her eyes as she kissed me. Her face was so close to mine that I could see her eyelids quivering. However, she boldly used her tongue to pry into my mouth and twirled it. But it did not feel like a passionate kiss at all. It felt more like a baby beast learning to chew with new teeth.

Although I was complaining in my heart, I couldn't help but indulge myself in her unskillful kiss, which was making my heart

race

"How can this be counted as a kiss?"

We had kissed countless times before. How could she still be a novice? 'Silly girl!' I had no choice but to take control. I pushed Scarlett onto the bed, wrapping one hand around her waist while holding her head with the other. I instantly took charge, sucked her tongue, trapping it between my lips and teeth. I then bit her tender lips, sucking her saliva until I felt her gasping for breath and pushing me away I was holding back my desire a lot as I leaned backwards a little and saw that her face was red as a sun-kissed tomato. She quickly put her arms around my neck shyly, trying to kiss me again, but I dodged deliberately. "Did I allow you to kiss me! You are not allowed to kiss me. Do you understand?" Scarlett pursed her lips and put down her arms.

"Okay." Her lips were red and swollen by my kiss, like a ripe cherry. The moment she gently pressed her lips together, my mind went crazy for more, and I could not wait to turn off the lights.

"What a temptress."

Holding her in my arms, I kissed and sucked on every part of her body, except for her lips while indulging myself in her soft moans.

The intense sex made me temporarily forget the love-hate relationship between us, and it felt like we were the only two people in the universe.

After the sex, I lay on bed, holding Scarlett in my arms, enjoying the aftertaste. I sensed that she was trying to escape while I was half-asleep. 'Isn't she exhausted? Where is she trying to go now?' I pulled her back into my arms, displeased.

"Where are you going? Sleep here tonight." "I want to see Jerry and Jason." Her voice was weak and sore. "The nanny will take care of them. You don't have to worry." "But I want to be with them," Scarlett insisted.

Was she really that eager to be rid of me?

I wrapped my arms around her waist tightly and said firmly, "Sleep now." After that, Scarlett finally gave up. The next morning when I woke up, I felt the bed, and saw that she was not there. Where did she go? I immediately felt awake and sat up. I could tell that she was not in the room.

'Where has that woman gone now?' ..

I quickly got out of the bed and walked out at once, without even putting on my clothes. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Scarlett walking out of the kids' room, holding Jerry in her arms. "Why are you here?"

"Why don't you go and put some clothes on?" We spoke at the same time, but I forgot to lower my voice, which frightened Jerry. Pouting his lips, it seemed like he was about to cry, so Scarlett coaxed him, "Honey, it was Mom and Dad's fault. We're sorry for scaring you."

Seeing how gentle she was with the kids, I could not help but get furious.

She did not care about me at all, and only valued her kids. She would not hesitate to abandon me at any time.

me.

Holding back my anger, I walked to the master bedroom, but just before I closed the door, I shouted at her, "Give Jerry to the nanny, and come with me!"

Scarlett reluctantly handed the baby to the nanny and slowly walked into the bedroom."

"Who allowed you to see the baby?" Scarlett's face turned deathly pale. She leaned against the door, afraid to even step forward.. "Charles, what more do you want?"

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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." 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..."

"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. 1

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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Chapter 369 Plane Crash

Scarlett's POV: The first night after Charles had left, i tossed and turned in bed all night long. Our argument a few days ago was still fresh in my memory as if it had just happened yesterday. Restless, I sat up and picked up my phone to check the time. It was already four o'clock in the morning, yet here I was, still wide

awake.

While I was scrolling through my newsfeed, a headline caught my attention. I read through it and found that the plane N873GK bound for BL had crashed at one o'clock this morning. The rescue team had confirmed that thirty-five people had died in the crash..

My phone slipped from my hand upon reading this. My mind went blank for a moment, and I felt as though I had been struck by lightning Wasn't N873GK the flight Charles had taken? It couldn't be. It was impossible!

A sinking feeling emerged in my heart. Well, thanks to this, I snapped back to reality. Where was the remote *control*? There must have been a mistake! I jumped out of bed and fumbled for the remote control with trembling hands. It was on the sofa. As soon as I saw it, I picked it up and turned the TV on.

The news anchor was broadcasting the tragedy with a heavy heart. As she spoke, the number of deaths increased by the minute. And now, the death toll had climbed to 105.

Shell-shocked, I sat motionless on the sofa while staring at the TV screen with lifeless eyes. The rising death toll numbed my

heart.

But what I was worried about the most was that God would pronounce Charles's death the next second. If that moment came, my heart and soul would die with him. 2

I lived like a walking dead in the following week. There was still no news about Charles until now. We had no idea if he was still alive.

My reason told me that there was no hope that he would return, but I forced myself to believe in the minuscule possibility that

he was just out there. a I saw with my own eyes that the Moore family had turned upside down overnight. When Grandpa and Grandma heard

that Charles's plane had crashed, their blood pressure spiked, which caused them to faint. Fortunately, they were rushed to the hospital in time. Alice's face bathed in tears every day, and there were deep and dark circles under her eyes. Only Lawrence managed to remain calm and composed among the whole family.

A few days later, I decided to move back to the Moore mansion with the kids.

One day, Richard came back at last.

I immediately walked up to him and eagerly asked, "How's the investigation going?" "I'm sorry, Mrs. Moore. I still haven't got any news about Mr. Moore."

All of a sudden, a loud noise came from the door. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a young and beautiful woman.

"Scarlett, you're a fucking bane. You're the one who should have died!"

I stood petrified on the spot as a huge Hermes bag closed in on me, along with an array of insults. Before I could even react,

Richard strode in front of me at a lightning speed and protected me from being hit by the bag. It was only then that I saw the woman's face. She looked like Charles, but her features were softer and feminine. She was like a thorny rose, fierce yet delicate. "Chloe?" I uttered in surprise.

This woman was Charles's sister, the only daughter of the Moore family, Chloe Moore.

"Shut up! You don't deserve to call my name! If it weren't for you, our family wouldn't have gotten into trouble one after another!"

The more Chloe spoke, the more enraged she became. In a fit of anger, she rushed over to hit me, but Richard jumped to his feet and grabbed her hand. "Miss Moore, please calm down," he urged. "Who are you? How dare you stop me?! Go away!" Chloe bellowed while glaring at Richard. However, Richard remained unmoved. He just stood in front of me like a loyal knight and calmly explained, "Before Mr. Moore went on a business trip, he ordered me not to let anyone hurt Mrs. Moore. I'm just following his order." Chloe looked at him from head to toe with utter disdain and sneered. "You should know that this woman got Charles killed. You should kill her instead of defending her! This woman brings nothing but misfortune. Not only her own parents died because of her, but she also brought disaster to our family. I want her to pay for my brother's life!" Her vicious words echoed in the living room, and all I could do was stand there in a daze.

Was I really a bane?

Did I really cause those misfortunes? Remorse washed over me because of what Chloe had just said.

"Miss Moore, the search and rescue haven't stopped yet. Mr. Moore can still be alive," Richard reminded.

"Bullshit! If Charles is still alive, where is he? Answer me! Where is my brother?" Chloe fired back with tears streaming down her face I heaved a heavy sigh and said in a low and weak voice, "Let her go, Richard."

Richard looked at me worriedly, but he did not question my order. The moment he released Chloe's hand, she rushed to me and slapped me. "Mrs. Moore!" Richard exclaimed.

Before I knew it, there was a searing pain on one side of my face. Chloe had slapped me. And judging from the pain, she did not hold back. My face must be red and swollen right now. : Chloe raised her hand again to slap me for the second time, but Richard stopped her. "Enough!" She shook off his hand and took two steps back. "Scarlett, let's wait and see. If anything happens to my brother, I will make you pay," she warned through gritted teeth. I just looked at Chloe, who was hysterical and fuming with anger, and said nothing. It was time for me to leave. Without a word, I turned around and went upstairs to pack my things. I finished packing about an hour later. When I went down, I saw Alice and Chloe on the sofa, hugging each other. They both had tears in their eyes, most probably from grieving for their lost loved one. When Alice saw me, she stood up and asked, "Scarlett, why are you leaving?" "... I want to move back to Garden Street for the time being. Please let me know if you get any news about Charles." "Scarlett, you don't have to—" | "Mom, don't ask her to stay," Chloe interjected. "She'd better get out of here. And don't let her take the kids. They belong to the Moore family." Alice looked at Chloe with a disapproving look. "Chloe, don't be so rude to Scarlett..." "Mom, don't you think she has done enough harm to our family?" Chloe pouted and acted like a spoiled child. Meanwhile, Alice avoided eye contact with me in embarrassment. I endured the pain and forced a smile. "It's okay. I won't bring the kids. Just please let me know if they cry and call for me." With tearful eyes, Alice nodded understandingly. "Thank you, Scarlett." Just as I was about to go out with my luggage in tow, Janet followed me. "You should go back, Janet," I said before I walked out of the door. "Scarlett..." Janet protested. "Please? Just think that you're looking after the children for me." Janet's eyes turned red. As she saw that I would not budge, she lowered her head and finally agreed. "Okay." Janet's POV

After Scarlett left, I kept my promise and took good care of her three children.

But without their mother, they would cry for a long time before they fell asleep

lames was a little older, so he was sensible. Jerry and Jason, however, were not. They were still babies, after all. My heart ached

every time I saw them in the swaddle, crying until their voices became hoarse,

I had made up my mind. One day, when I saw Lawrence walk into the study, I followed him and blocked his way.

"Mr. Moore, please let me take the kids to see Scarlett. They haven't seen their mother for a long time. They wouldn't stop crying every night."

looked at Lawrence expectantly, hopeful that he would agree for the sake of the children. Just as I had anticipated, Lawrence sighed and nodded in agreement. "You're right. Kids shouldn't be separated from their mothers for too long."

was ecstatic that he had agreed to my request.

"Thank you very much. Scarlett and the kids will appreciate it," I replied, too excited to speak with utmost politeness

Lawrence waved his hand in response and added, "Please tell Scarlett that if she needs anything, she can come to me at any time." Without a word, I looked into his deep and wise eyes, bowed deeply, and turned to leave..

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Chapter 370 If The Moore Family Doesn't Want You, I Want You

Scarlett's POV

A few days had passed, and there was still no news about Charles.

Sitting on the sofa dejectedly, I turned around, hugged Tracy, and cried bitterly "There, there. Don't cry." Holding me softly, she comforted me. "Okay " After a while, I sniffled, and wiped away my tears I couldn't cry now I should cheer up and wait for Charles to come back

While I was talking to her, I heard my phone ring

I glanced at the caller ID and saw that it was from William

After hesitating for a while, I answered the phone. "Scarlett, are you okay?" I heard his deep voice from the other end of the line, and he seemed to be a bit *worried*.

"I'm fine," I replied with a faint smile. "You still have not heard any news about Charles?"

At the mention of Charles' name, I began to cry again

It had been a long time since the accident, and there was still no news of him

But for some reason, I firmly believed that he was still alive.

"No news is good news, right? He'll be fine," William comforted me in a low voice.

"He can't die yet! We still have a lot to solve!" I said in a firm voice, gripping my phone in my hand tightly. "Charles and I also have a lot to sort out," William echoed in a low voice.

Lowering my head, I fell silent.

After all, William had offended Charles many times because of me. Thinking of the past, I felt pain engulfing my heart. "Anyway, I am glad to hear that you're doing okay. I was worried that you might become depressed like the last time when Rita hurt James," William said in a low voice after a long moment of silence. "Thank you for your concern. I can take care of myself." With a grateful smile, I hung up. That moment, the doorbell rang, and I immediately stood up to open the door. Janet and Richard were outside the door, holding my kids. They both seemed to be concerned.

My eyes turned red with excitement the moment I saw the kids.

"Janet, Richard! How do you bring the kids back?" "Scarlett, we brought them over to keep you company. They miss you very much." Janet smiled gently as she handed me the baby

I was moved when I saw how worried they were

I smiled with satisfaction that night when I saw the kids sound asleep on the bed.

After kissing them on their foreheads gently, I walked out of the room, and locked myself in the study. Curling up on the sofa, I read the last text that Charles had sent me before the accident. He had mentioned that he wanted to talk to me about something after he returned.

Looking at it, tears streamed down my cheeks,

Hours later, I fell asleep. I saw Charles motionlessly lying on an iceberg in my dream. The ice cold wind, and the snow kept raging over his skin, but he did not wake up. "Charles, wake up! Please wake up..." I rushed to him and kept calling out to him, but it did nothing at all.

I had dreamed that dream for many nights. | The next day was family gathering day. Michael sent a car to pick us up.

So I took the kids to the Moore mansion. However, when we arrived there, Chloe blocked me outside. "You don't have to come in. Just leave the kids." She raised her head, looking at me arrogantly. "Fine, then. Please tell them that I will pick up the kids tomorrow."

Her contemptuousness was indeed annoying me.

But since I was not in the mood to argue with her, I had no choice but to compromise. By the time I got home, I saw Janet and Tracy preparing dinner, and Richard was helping them. An indescribable sense of bitterness filled my heart when I looked at the table that was filled with a variety of delicious food. That moment, my phone in my coat pocket rang. Wiping away my tears, I took it out.

A hint of surprise flashed through my eyes when I saw William's name on the screen.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Scarlett, were you driven out of the Moore mansion?" His voice was full of anger. "How do you know about that?" I asked in surprise. "Do you mind if I join you? I'm right outside your door." Although I was a little startled to hear that, I quickly walked across the living room to open the door. William was indeed standing outside the door. He was well-dressed, but there was a hint of dejection in his eyes. "Why are you looking at me like that? Do I look like a stray dog to you?" He looked down at himself with a smile of self-mockery. "Why are you here?" I asked in confusion. William followed me with a helpless sigh and said, "I'm a stranger to this city, so there's no difference for me no matter where I spend the night. I took the liberty to come here because I believe we're friends, and I hope you don't mind it." He then sat down beside us and watched us prepare dinner. After a long time, he looked at me seriously, and said, "Scarlett, if the Moore family doesn't want you, then let me have you." Janet and Tracy suddenly looked up and stared at him vigilantly. "Don't make things worse." Shaking my head helplessly, I refused politely. "Scarlett, I'm being serious. We still don't know if Charles is dead or alive, and the Moore family is already trying to kick you out. What would be your stand in his family if he already died?" William frowned with concern. "Miss Moore was the only one who was cold to Scarlett. The others did not hurt her in any way," Tracy explained anxiously.

"Scarlett is Charles's wife and the mother of his children. Why is she at home on family gathering day with her bodyguards instead of with her family at the Moore mansion?" William asked coldly. The bodyguards lowered their heads in silence. Looking at them, William could not help but sneer.

"Can't defend the Moores anymore, right?"

Scarlett, now is the best time for you to leave. And I will help you with that if you want," he said in a sincere tone, looking at me.

"Mr. Moore has not been found yet, and it is not wise to be making hasty decisions now," Richard said coldly as he walked out of the kitchen with a dish in his hand, "And what if you're never able to find him?"

"William, if you're going to keep talking nonsense, then I suggest you get out!" I scolded him seriously, His words were like a sharp

knife, stabbing my heart, making me burst into tears, He opened his mouth and was about to defend himself, but after a moment, he remained silent. There was an awkward silence in the room. A long time later, he stood up from the sofa. "Where are you going?" I asked hurriedly.

| "I am going where I should have been. Take care, Scarlett. See you." With a faint smile, he picked up his coat and was about to leave.

"William." I stopped him. Hearing that, he turned to look at me. "I wish you a happy life." William looked down in disappointment, smiling bitterly. He waved to me and left without turning back. After he left, I looked around the house. It was a place filled with sweet memories of me and Charles.

We used to snuggle up to each other in the living room, whispering in each other's ears... As I curled up on the couch, tears began to stream down my cheeks again.