

# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 301

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)  
Chapter 30

Charles' POV:

After hanging up the phone, I threw it on the bed. The moonlight peered through the window, slightly illuminating the dark, quiet room.

Right now, my room was like a cold cage. I turned around, staring out the window.

There were many lights surrounding me, and yet I felt so lonely.

On the glass window pane, a blurry figure was reflected. To me, my very image had become pitiful and desolate. I couldn't bear to stare at my reflection anymore, so I stood up and closed the curtains.

Now, the moonlight was gone and so was my reflection. I lay back on the cold bed with a bitter smile on my lips.

"I am like a soulless walking dead," I murmured to myself.

Like reflex, I reached for the other half of the bed and soon found that it was empty. My beloved wife used to sleep right here, but now she had begun a new life with another man.

Once again, my heart ached. Only in this endless darkness could I tear off my disguise, and let myself feel the painful wound in my heart.

I curled up in bed, holding Scarlett's pillow as tightly as I could, sniffing the last bits of her scent left on it. Then, I buried my face on the pillow.

The sense of suffocation slowly made me feel dizzy and a little drowsy.

During the second half of the night, I began to dream. I dreamed of the woman whom I had longed for day and night.

She was lying in another man's arms, speaking to him with a bright smile on her face.

"Honey, hug me." The man lowered his head and I saw that it was William.

He was sleeping in the spot where I once slept in, holding the woman I loved, and kissing her in my stead.

"Sure, honey!"

The following day, I woke up with a splitting headache. The dream I had last night tortured me.

Even now that I was awake, it still tore my heart apart.

Listlessly, I went downstairs and saw Janet in the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

Good morning, Mr. Moore. Oh, my... what's wrong, sir? You look troubled." Janet came over intending to touch my forehead. However, I avoided her hand and responded, "I'm fine. You may go now." "But you look really terrible. You'd better take your temperature just to make sure." Not long after, I went to the sofa and sat down, feeling light-headed. I touched my forehead and it indeed felt hot. I did have a fever. Janet fetched the thermometer and took my temperature for me, anxiously waiting for the results to show up. "102 degrees?! You're burning up! Mr. Moore, we need to get you to a hospital right this instant!" Janet was panicking as she held the thermometer in her hand. Truthfully, aside from feeling a little dizzy, I didn't feel anything that bad. "Take it easy. Just get me a glass of water, please," said. "Right away, sir!" she replied. After taking the glass of water from Janet, I took a sip. She was standing next to me, visibly worried. "Mr. Moore, I really think you need to go to a hospital," she remarked. "It's not that serious," I answered. "But..." "Do not make me repeat myself," I said sternly. Janet didn't dare to say another word after that. At long last, the room quieted down. I put down the glass of water, closing my eyes to rest. But the second I closed my eyes, Scarlett's and James' faces appeared in my mind again. A bitter smile appeared on my lips. "I really don't deserve a moment of peace"

Janet's POV:

Mr. Moore was having a fever, but he wouldn't take it seriously. He just sat on the sofa with no intention of having himself checked up at the hospital.

With no other choice, I decided to call Alice for help while looking for some medicine for the boss.

"Madame, Mr. Moore is burning up. I need your help," I said over the phone.

"What? Charles has a fever?" Alice sounded really worried.

"Take him to the hospital the soonest that you can!"

"I've been telling him to go to the hospital, but he insists that he doesn't need treatment. That's why I called you, ma'am; to see if you can persuade him."

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line.

All of a sudden, I heard a deep sigh, riddled with pity.

"His illness is caused by stress. There is only one way we can fix things. It seems that it's time for me to pay Scarlett a visit," said Alice.

"Madame, have you decided on what to say once you meet her?" I asked.

"I can only act according to the circumstances. If I don't do anything now, I'm afraid Charles might become terminally ill. I've already lost a grandson. I can't lose my only son as well!"

"I pity her.." I remarked inwardly.

When I heard Alice's hoarse voice, tears welled up in my eyes.

I understand, ma'am. Is there anything else I can do to help?" "You're a good girl, Janet. I know you're really good friends with Tracy. Can you get in touch with her and find out what she thinks about this whole situation?" "Understood, ma'am!" I agreed to Alice's request without hesitation. After hanging up the phone, I asked Spencer for the address of William's villa in Kitsap and drove all the way there. Once I was there, I waited outside the villa for a while. After William's car had left, I rang the doorbell. "Who is it?" Tracy's voice resonated from the monitor. My eyes turned red and I almost burst into tears. "It's me, Janet," I cried. A brief silence ensued. Soon, the door opened and I saw Tracy's face appear before me. Her eyes were widened in surprise and she was covering her mouth with her hands. I took the initiative to give her a big hug. "Long time no see, Tracy!" "Long time no see, Janet," Tracy said as she sobbed. Both of our faces were covered in tears. "Gosh, I missed you so much!" "Yeah, me too," she replied. Tracy and I went to a cafe nearby. Even after we had sat at a table, she was still weeping. I handed her a tissue while chuckling. "Hey, hey, it's okay. There's no need to cry anymore. We met again, didn't we?" "It's been far too long!" Tracy cried even louder. "Yeah...it's been a year since we last saw each other" | replied in my heart.

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### Chapter 302

Scarlett's POV:

At night, in my room, I soaked my feet in warm water, which helped ease the discomfort. I groaned as relief washed over me.

During the past year, the injury on my ankle seemed to have gotten much better, but it still had a way to go to full recovery.

The pain still tortured me from time to time.

After a few moments, Tracy walked into the room.

"I've done what you said, Scarlett." I looked up at her.

Her eyes seemed to be swollen, and her face was full of grievance. Had she been crying? I smiled and said, "Thank you, Tracy."

"Scarlett, is it really impossible for you and Mr. Moore to get back together?" I whipped my head toward her after hearing the question.

After a long silence, I said with a bitter smile, "I'm with William now, and I'd never see two men at the same time."

"But..."

"No buts. Look, Tracy. If you're not happy here, you can go back and stay with Janet." I meant to set Tracy free, but hearing my words, she started crying.

"Are you driving me away?"

"No, Tracy. Not at all. That's not what I meant."

I looked her in the eye and added, "You separated from Janet because of me, and I don't want you to be miserable because of me. I'm offering you your freedom."

"I don't want my freedom. I want to stay by your side."

Tracy wiped her tears away and shook her head hard.

She and I had been keeping each other company for the past year. She was there when I lost James and had been patient with me in my bad days when grief took over.

If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have been able to survive the worst ordeal of my life. I was about to say something when my phone rang. It was William.

"Hello, William."

"Hi, Scarlett. I have an appointment tonight, and I may have to stay out late. Don't wait up for me, okay?"

"All right then. Take care. I'll see you when you get home."

William's POV:

After hanging up with Scarlett, I came to Paradise Hotel. I headed to the private room to meet someone, and when I got there, Alice was already sitting there, looking like she had been waiting for a long time.

We hadn't even spoken, and I already knew our meeting wasn't going to end well.

"Hello, Mrs. Moore. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Please have a seat, William." I pulled out a chair and sat down leisurely.

I knew Alice was up to no good, so I decided to strike first.

"As I suppose you already know, Scarlett and I are living together now and recently became parents to twins. I hope you can persuade your son to divorce Scarlett as soon as possible. It'll be good for everyone."

Alice jumped up from her seat and pounded a fist on the table.

"No way! Scarlett will never have a baby with you! You must be lying!"

"That may be true in the past, Mrs. Moore, but she has lost her memory," I reminded her with a smile.

Alice sneered.

"What? Do you think I'm a fool? Am I so gullible in your eyes?"

Alice's anger was within my expectation, and I had prepared for it.

I slowly picked up the glass of water in front of me and took a sip.

"Have you ever thought about it from another perspective? Regardless of Scarlett's capacity to remember, the death of her firstborn child will still hang over her and Charles like a looming storm. They can try to get back together, but it will never be the same. James's loss has broken them both."

"My son's and Scarlett's fate after my grandson's demise isn't yours to decide. I suspect that you're so desperate to hold on to Scarlett that you're limiting her personal freedom. Hand her over, or I will involve the police and destroy you." I shrugged.

I could tell that she was just bluffing.

"Involve the police? That would be a mistake, Mrs. Moore. You see, it was Scarlett who asked me to take her away, and at that time, your son Charles acquiesced in it. If you don't believe me, you can ask Charles for confirmation."

I looked seriously at Alice's furious face and continued, "You know what kind of person Scarlett is. No one can force her to do what she doesn't want to do. Believe it or not, she did lose her memory. And we are indeed together and have two children."

"I won't believe you until I talk to Scarlett myself." Alice calmed down and sat back in her seat. She picked up her glass of water and drank. She tried hard to hide it, but she was shaking.

I just wasn't sure if it was due to fear or anger. I scoffed, "What will talking to Scarlett do for you? If you do see her, you will only remind her that James died because of Charles."

What nonsense are you talking about?" Alice hissed. "If it weren't for Charles's carelessness in handling his relationship with Rita, Rita wouldn't have vented her anger on James." EL Alice stared at me with wide eyes, and then her shoulders slowly drooped. She looked like a deflating balloon. I reached for my glass again and downed its contents. Then, I uttered my parting words. "That's all I have to say to you, Mrs. Moore. Scarlett and the kids are waiting for me at home. I hope you can consider my suggestion and persuade Charles to divorce her at the soonest possible time. I should get going. Goodbye for now." Then, I rose from my seat and left. In this battle between me and Alice, I knew I had won. On my way out of the hotel, I saw Janet standing at the door, waiting anxiously. When she saw me come out, disappointment twisted her face. I frowned and blurted out the first thing that crossed my mind. "Did you come to my house today, Janet?" Janet's expression went from disappointment to sheer panic. I found the sudden change a bit amusing. It seemed that the answer to my question was yes. I smiled knowingly. But in the end, I decided not to make things difficult for her, so I just nodded at her and strode away. I didn't look back at Janet, but I could tell that she watched me until I disappeared from her sight. At ten o'clock in the evening, I arrived home. My gleaming villa stood in the midst of the dark night, like a beacon to guide the lost back home. I loved how its lights banished some of the blackness that surrounded it, and the thought of finding Scarlett and the twins inside warmed my heart. The moment I got out of the car, I rushed to the front door. Then, I went straight to the study. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Scarlett sitting at my desk. She was wearing a beige nightgown and a matching satin robe. She had on a pair of reading glasses. She was going over some documents under the light of the desk lamp. The warm yellow light cast a shadow on Scarlett's beautiful face. Looking at her, I thought she was like an angel that fell into the mortal world, so pure and beautiful. My heart broke into a sprint. "Scarlett," I called to her gently. "Oh. You're back. Welcome home. I've asked the cook to prepare some hot soup for you. It's in the kitchen." "I'm not in the mood for soup right now." Scarlett looked up at me. I smiled at her and walked slowly to her. "It's so late. Why aren't you in bed?" "I haven't finished reading these documents." I stood behind Scarlett, put my hands on her shoulder, and gently massaged her. "You should go to bed early. Didn't you say before that you should take care of yourself for the sake of the children?" I bent down and tried to get closer to her, but Scarlett suddenly stood up. She avoided my touch. "Okay, I'll go back to my room now. You should also go to bed and get some rest." I rested my hands on the back of the chair Scarlett just vacated and smiled bitterly. "Good night, Scarlett." "Good night." Scarlett quickly tidied up the papers she was reading and turned off the computer. Then, she left without looking back. Watching Scarlett's receding figure, I clenched my hands. Many complex feelings surged into my heart and then forced a sigh out of my throat. I turned around and

looked out the window. The moon was high in the night sky and looking exceptionally bright. The moon was so beautiful tonight. Why couldn't Scarlett stay with me even just for a moment? The Moon Was So Beautiful Tonight

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Scarlett's POV:

Every time I was alone with William, I felt uncomfortable. I knew that he loved me, but I just couldn't love him back. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't force myself to accept his love. When I went back to my room, my two babies were sleeping in their crib.

Every night, before going to bed, I would check their condition several times.

Looking at their pure, innocent faces reminded me of James. The three of them looked exactly like each other.

Each time I looked at the twins, I felt as though I was looking at James' face as an infant, and it broke my heart.

And this awful pain reminded me that James' death was an unforgivable sin that Charles and I committed together.

"Mom! Mom, I'm scared! Help! Help me, please!"

'It's James! That's his voice!' I remarked inwardly.

I fell into an unprecedented panic.

"James? Is that you?" I cried.

"Don't be afraid, my love! Where are you? Mommy's coming! I'll be right there!"

Desperately, I ran into the depths of the fog. But for some reason, my little angel's voice was drifting further and further away. I looked around, anxious to find him. But sadly, he was nowhere to be found.

All of a sudden, I felt a scathing pain in my ankle, and then I fell into a vast sea. The turbulent tides drowned me and I kept struggling underwater.

Gradually, the water filled my lungs, and the lack of oxygen began to blur my vision.

In a trance, I hallucinated about James.

His little body was motionless, drifting into the cold tides.

And slowly, he sank to the boundless sea before me.

With every ounce of strength I had in my body, I desperately reached for my baby boy and shouted in my heart.

'Somebody save him! God! Please...save my boy!'

"No!" I couldn't remember just how many times I had woken up from a nightmare similar to this one.

As I gasped for air, tears and sweat rolled down my face at the same time.

With trembling hands, I fumbled to turn on the bedside lamp, looking around in a fit of panic.

It wasn't until I saw my twins sleeping soundly in their crib that my overwhelmed heart gradually calmed down.

Now, I was wide awake, so I opened the drawer of the bedside table and took out my laptop to begin working.

At present, I was working for a magazine.

I didn't make much money, but it was enough to keep myself busy.

When I turned on the computer, the icon for Facebook began to flash.

Upon clicking it, I found a message from Nina.

"Scarlett, why are you still up? Were you having a nightmare again?"

"It's because you've assigned so much work to me. I barely have the time to sleep," I bantered.

Previously, Nina found me through the periodical office I worked for.

She said that she had opened a small company of her own, and was doing some legal aid work. She hoped that I could help her out.

I began writing some articles for her.

And through this, we maintained contact with each other again.

"Well, you're a mother of two now. Just consider it as saving for their college fees."

After chatting with me briefly, Nina went offline. She now had a family, so it was understandable that she had to focus on them.

If we were to continue talking, it would only impose on the time she should be spending with Abner.

The next morning, while I was playing with the twins in the dining room and feeding them, William went downstairs. He approached me, bent down, and gently picked up one of the twins.

"You're so cute!"

Due to being picked up so suddenly, the boy thought it was a game and he giggled happily.

"Goo, goo, gaa, gaa."

"Is he trying to speak?" William looked at me and chuckled.

"Maybe he's just trying to say that he's hungry."

I chuckled as well and took the child from him. As I held the baby in my arms, I couldn't help but reminisce the past.

Charles would also do the same thing back then.

Whenever James made babbling noises, Charles would insist that James was trying to speak.

When that thought crossed my mind, my heart ached because of the familiar pain.

I took a deep breath, barely suppressing it.

After eating breakfast, I saw Tracy standing at the door in a daze. I approached her, smiled at her and asked, "Tracy, what's up?"

Tracy looked back at me, and for some reason she looked hesitant.

"Scarlett, Alice said she wanted to see you."

The smile on my face disappeared at once.

"Tracy, I don't remember Alice anymore, and I don't want to see her. I've lost my memory. Is that clear?"

Having said that, I turned around and walked away.

In the afternoon, I was writing in the study on the second floor when I suddenly heard a knock on the window.

Vigilantly, I walked over to the window and saw Janet the moment I opened it. She was clinging to the windowsill, staring at me with tears in her eyes.

"Scarlett, I'm here to see you!"

"Oh, my God!"

How did you get there, Janet? It's too dangerous!" I was so scared for her safety that I grabbed Janet's hand and pulled her into the study.

"Scarlett, don't be afraid. I just really wanted to see you. How are your injuries? How have you been doing this past year?"

Janet eyed me up and down, especially focusing on my feet.

It had been over a year since I last saw her. She had grown more mature.

And as I looked at her tearful eyes, my heart was filled with joy. I walked up to her, embraced her, and wiped away her tears.

"You're still as reckless as ever. I'm doing fine, Janet. How about you?"

"I'm fine, too; for the most part, at least."

Janet nodded happily, but then she was saddened by something again.

"Scarlett, this is all my fault! I failed to protect James!"

I stopped caressing her back and sighed.

"It's all in the past now. It's alright, Janet."

Janet wiped her eyes carelessly.

"Scarlett, I'm here to deliver a message from Mrs. Moore. She said that she wishes to apologize to you on behalf of the entire Moore family."

I let go of her and stared outside the window.

"Stop it. They don't need to apologize to me. Honestly, I think this is fate."

In reality, I believed that this whole twisted nightmare that happened was my fault, because I failed to protect my son.

Losing James was God's punishment for me.

"Please tell Alice that I don't remember anything, and I sincerely hope that she won't blame herself anymore."

"Ever since James' death, Christine has been in poor health. She's been on bed rest most of the time and she always misses you."

Upon hearing about Christine's recent condition, I fell silent. It seemed that James' death was also devastating for her.

My heart ached for her.

"Scarlett, why don't you drop by and pay them a visit? Ever since Mr. Moore lost you and James, he's been having a difficult time. He's no longer the man he used to be."

Janet looked at me with hopeful eyes.

"Really?" I recalled the day when I saw Charles in the mall, and it made me a little upset.

'Is he really having a hard time?' I wondered.

"In the past year, he's been numbing himself with alcohol." Janet looked worried when she said that, but all I could feel was anger.

"He deserves it, doesn't he?" I stared at Janet with a sardonic smile.

"If it weren't for him, something that horrible wouldn't have happened to James!" I shouted, bursting with fury.

Tears streamed down my face. It had been over a year, yet I still couldn't let go of my hatred for Charles. My tears seemed to have worried Janet.

"Sorry, Scarlett... I won't mention him again," she said.

After trying to calm myself down, I said in a gentle voice, "Janet, you should go now. I can never be together with Charles again since the moment James died. Please tell them that I've lost my memory, and now I have twin babies with William. Tell them they're not even a month old yet."

"But, I..."

Janet wanted to speak, but I interrupted her, visibly dejected.

"Janet, please... do this for me. All I want is to live a peaceful life now."

As she looked into my eyes blankly, she finally nodded, albeit reluctantly.

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Charles' POV:

My mother had been in Kitsap for several days, yet she still didn't want to come home. Meanwhile, I was at home, sitting on the sofa when I decided to give her a call.

"Mom, why haven't you come back yet?"

"I haven't seen Scarlett yet. I won't come home until I do."

She sounded really disappointed.

"Mom, it won't do you good to be there. Just come home, okay?" I suggested, rubbing my temples in frustration.

Suddenly, my heart was overcome with stress.

"Let me just wait a little longer. Please," she replied.

"Her leg hasn't recovered yet. I don't think she'll go out anytime soon. You won't have a chance to see her," I replied, attempting to persuade her.

"Fine. I'll be home soon."

My mother sounded like she was down in the dumps. But once I heard her agree, I hung up the phone and went to the tennis court.

Lately, I'd been dealing with lots of problems, and I really needed some time to relax.

David and Spencer were already there, waiting for me. I approached them and said, "Spencer, play with me first."

"Sure, buddy."

Spencer went to the opposite side of the court and shouted, "Charles, go easy on me, okay?"

I didn't heed his request. I went to the service area, stretching my limbs.

Then, I threw the ball high into the air, and smashed it downwards in a swift yet decisive manner.

"Charles, take it easy! I haven't even warmed up yet!" Spencer shouted.

Right after he finished the sentence, the next ball was already hurtling towards him at a fierce momentum.

Spencer barely rallied it back, and I easily returned the ball.

Within just three rounds, he admitted defeat.

"That's it! I'm done. I need a break. David, I'm tagging out. You play with him instead!"

We both turned our attention to David, only to find a girl in a short skirt standing beside him and waving at us.

"Spencer!" the girl shouted.

"Nicole? What are you doing here?"

Spencer strode out of the court and headed to the rest area. I followed him out.

"I'm playing tennis with my friends over there. I noticed you were here, too, so I came to say hello."

"Oh, I see. Well, go back to your game then," Spencer replied impatiently.

Obviously, he wanted Nicole to get out of here at once.

"Are you free tonight? Wanna have drink with me?" But Nicole refused to give up.

"Sorry, but I have an appointment tonight," replied Spencer.

"Do you mind if I come with you?"

I couldn't help but look at Nicole from head to toe after hearing that response. What a dense girl she was!

"I do mind. And I'll have you know that I'm a married man now. My wife doesn't like it when I hang out with other women," Spencer responded, visibly annoyed.

"Wait, you're married?" Nicole was surprised, and so was I.

"Yes, and you know her. It's Vivian."

"What? How is that possible? I don't believe it! You're lying to me, aren't you?" Nicole's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Well, believe it or not, I don't care." Spencer shrugged.

"How could this be?"

Nicole bit her lower lip as tears welled up in her eyes. It looked like she was about to break into tears.

"Don't cry. You look ugly when you cry."

Even after seeing her so disheartened, Spencer remained tough.

Upon hearing that, Nicole glared at us and stormed away without another word.

After she had left, David and I approached Spencer.

"Since when did you get married?" I asked.

"Two days ago," Spencer said casually.

"What the hell, man? Getting married is a big thing! Why didn't you tell me and David about it?" I asked.

"Well, we've been busy with our own affairs recently. Besides, I don't think it's too late to announce it tonight, is it?" Spencer flashed me a smile.

I grinned back at Spencer.

Honestly, I was delighted to know that my best friend could marry the woman he loved.

"Anyway...no more talking, Charles. Break time is over! Let's get back to playing tennis, shall we?"

"Alright."

After playing tennis for quite some time, we decided to go to Mint Bar. And as soon as we sat down, Spencer said, "Order whatever you want. It's my treat. Oh, by the way, Vivian will be here too."

"Sounds great!" David picked up the menu and began to order.

Meanwhile, I took out a cigarette and lit it.

"You've been smoking more often recently."

David put the menu aside and continued, "You weren't like this before, Charles. What happened?"

Instead of responding, I just continued smoking.

Spencer chuckled at David and remarked, "Only Scarlett can make him this upset."

At the mention of her name, I frowned and took a deep drag on my cigarette.

"That's none of your business."

Spencer realized that he had made a gaffe, so he clammed up.

"You shouldn't smoke so much. It's not good for your health," David said with a smile, trying to ease this awkward tension.

"You're no better than me."

I turned to David, asking him if he would like to have a cigarette. He waved his hands at me and replied, "I've quit smoking."

"You've quit smoking? Are you and Ivey preparing for pregnancy?" I asked.

Dead silence ensued in the room again.

After taking a drag on the cigarette, I fell into contemplation. It wasn't until I felt the cinder of the cigarette reach my fingers that I came to my senses.

Not a second later, I put out the cigarette b\*\*t on the ashtray. Ever since Scarlett left, I had been depressed. I was smoking all the time, and I felt like I was going to break down.

"Fine. I'll have one."

After a long time, David broke the silence.

"I implore you not to smoke, dude. You shouldn't smoke if you and your wife are preparing for pregnancy," I replied, trying to dissuade him.

"Have you ordered the wine?" I asked.

I put the cigarette aside, thinking that it wouldn't help me.

"Yup. Oh, by the way, didn't Alice go to Kitsap? Did she manage to see Scarlett?"

"Nope. And even if she did, it's useless. Scarlett doesn't remember us anymore," I said listlessly.

But inside, my heart ached.

David and Spencer lowered their gazes and fell silent until the waiter brought in our liquor.

"Forget that. Let's just drink, shall we?"

Spencer opened the bottle and poured us each a glass. I raised my glass and gulped the whole thing down.

The burning sensation in my stomach coursed through my body, but even then, alcohol couldn't paralyze my heartache.

'This must be true suffering' I thought to myself.

"Charles, don't drink so fast," Spencer remarked.

I turned a deaf ear to his reminder. I wanted to get drunk and to lose my mind. But even as I drowned myself in alcohol, it did not stop my heart from feeling pain.

"I saw someone that day," David continued.

"And who might it be?" asked Spencer.

"Susan." David put on a straight face.

Surprised, Spencer asked, "Susan? You mean Rita's mother? What about her?"

Their conversation piqued my interest, so I gave David my attention.

"She's now the mistress of a private hospital's director," he remarked.

"Hang on. How did she become a mistress at such an old age? Man, whoever that guy is, he's got pretty low standards," said Spencer.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

When I saw that it was William, I didn't want to answer it.

"William? Why is that a\*\*\*\*\*e calling you again?"

Spencer leaned over and appeared to be pissed off.

Still, I didn't answer the phone.

Unable to remain calm, Spencer answered the call for me and put it on speaker mode.

"Hey, what the hell do you want this time, William?" he shouted.

"Oh, hey, Spencer! Could you kindly remind Charles to file a divorce already?" said William.

"That's none of your d\*\*n business," said Spencer.

"If he's deliberately delaying the divorce, I'm afraid we won't be able to keep the news from the children anymore," said William.

Annoyed by William's sarcasm, Spencer growled, "I'm warning you, William. Stop this nonsense!"

"I'm not talking nonsense. Scarlett and I have two kids now. I'm actually doing this for his own good. Anyway, just tell Charles to think it over. Bye."

William sounded calm and collected throughout the phone call.

"Hey, hey, hey! Who do you think you are?"

Spencer was about to lose his cool. He immediately grabbed my phone and started hurling curses at William.

"That's enough, Spencer," I responded.

"Charles, are we seriously just going to let this happen?"

Spencer seemed unreconciled.

"William has gone too far!" David echoed.

"Now is not the time for that. Sit down and drink,"

I remarked, trying to calm them down. All of a sudden, someone pounded on the door of the private room from outside.