

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 316

[/ Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer](#)
Chapter 316 Divorce Agreement

Charles' POV: Around twelve in the evening, I went back to the Moore mansion. It was already midnight, so everyone was asleep by now. I took James out of my parents' room and went back to the master bedroom. Every night, I slept with him. The second I put him to bed, James woke up. Upon seeing me, he rubbed his eyes and muttered, "Dad?" I figured since he was awake, I could play with him for a little while, so I decided to pick him up. James seemed delighted to play with me. And playing with him had helped relieve my stress. I was so glad to have my son back. The day I thought James had fallen to the sea and died, I wished that I was the one who had died instead.

"Dad, where is Mom?"

he asked, looking around. "She's, um... she's lost somewhere. I'm afraid she won't be able to see us for the time being," I answered in a calm voice. Deep down, I was suppressing my pain and anger, for I didn't have the heart to tell James the truth.

He was still far too young, and yet he had already gone through so much hardships. Now that he had finally come back home, his mother chose to abandon him just to run away with another man.

As I lay on the bed, I stared at the ceiling, restless and unable to fall asleep.

Right now, all I could think of was Scarlett.

I wondered what she was doing right now.

Was she sleeping in William's arms?

Would they be as intimate as we used to be?

All this time, I thought that Scarlett would belong to me for the rest of our lives. The thought of her being in the arms of another man was driving me insane. And the pain came to a point that I could barely breathe.

The following day, after breakfast, my father asked me to meet him at the study. He asked about my divorce with Scarlett. "I'll arrange for someone to prepare the divorce agreement, and then send it to Scarlett." I was a bit dazed, so I could only speak perfunctorily. "Try to do it as soon as you can, Charles. Don't delay it like you did before. It won't do either of you any good if things go on like this." He gave me a pat on the shoulder to comfort me. This time, I didn't respond. Once I had

signed that divorce agreement, my relationship with Scarlett would be done and over with.

The thought of it broke my heart. Later, in the company, I ran into Nancy again. When I came out of the private room last night, she had already left the bar. I didn't really care about that, for I knew that women did that sometimes.

"Charles." She quickly approached me and blocked my path with a face that displayed her bewilderment. "Charles, I'm so sorry I left without saying goodbye to you last night. An emergency came up and I had to deal with it," she said.

Ignoring her, I went into the CEO's exclusive elevator. Nancy was left standing outside of the elevator, looking at me as though she was fishing for pity. But it didn't affect me. I just found her ridiculous.

That was how women were. Each time they wanted something, they would be tender and sweet. But once they got what they wanted, they would become ruthless. Once I arrived at my office, I found Nina waiting for me there.

I had made an appointment with her before I came to the company.

"You're asking me to take charge of your divorce case with Scarlett?"

"Is there a problem? Aren't you a lawyer?" I asked her.

"Of course, I am!" Nina retorted.

"Well, I trust your professionalism." Having said that, I flashed her a smile and said nothing more.

Nina's POV:

Charles' words left me speechless. I couldn't understand what his purpose was.

He was a man of means. He could hire any lawyer he wanted, and it wouldn't be a problem for him.

I was sure that he knew that I was close to Scarlett, so I wondered why he asked me to deal with their divorce.

While I was pondering, I sat down and read through the agreement he had prepared. And the more I read the divorce agreement, the angrier I felt. *Charles is a CEO. How could he be so stingy?' I wondered. "Charles, you're taking things too far. Based on this divorce agreement, Scarlett won't get a penny! You've been legally married for several years. How can you treat her so cruelly?" I glared at Charles, feeling that I was wrong to think highly of him.

"She's with William now. I imagine she lacks nothing," Charles replied indifferently. He appeared

red to be disappointed, and the dark circles beneath his eyelids made him look even more haggard. Obviously, it had been a while since he last had a good night's sleep.

He must've been so depressed ever since he found out that Scarlett and William were together.

Without another word, I stood up and left Charles' company.

Afterwards, I called Scarlett and told her that Charles had asked me to handle their divorce case.

"Scarlett, is there anything that you want? I'll try my best to help you." As Scarlett's friend, I hoped that I could help her achieve her best interests.

"Honestly, I don't want anything. All I want is visitation rights for James." The way Scarlett spoke sounded like she was hopeful.

Upon hearing that, I felt conflicted.

Charles had made it clear that he would never let Scarlett see James ever again.

"I'm afraid that might be a little difficult," I said.

After a moment of silence, Scarlett replied, "Let him do what he wants." She sounded surprisingly calm. I was well aware that she loved James with every fiber of her being

I could tell that she was just stilling the pain in her heart right now

After hanging up on Scarlett, I called Charles next. Charles, Scarlett has agreed to your terms. As soon as you sign the divorce papers, you can go through with the divorce." I still wanted to negotiate the visitation rights, but he had already ended the call.

I was so angry that I cursed Charles in my head. Bah! What a narrow-minded asshole! He deserves to

be abandoned by Scarlett!

During the evening, while I was playing games with my baby Vincent at home, I heard the doorbell ring all of a sudden,

Thus, I put Vincent down and went to the door to open it.

"Scarlett, what a pleasant surprise! Come on in!" The moment I saw her at the door, I pulled her in

"Vincent looks a lot like Abner," Scarlett remarked. When she sat on the sofa, she stared at Vincent

with a smile on her face. "Your twins look like Charles, too." I said. And when I let those words out of my mouth, I realized that I had made a gaff,

'Why the hell did I say that?' I asked inwardly.

Scarlett clammed up. Worried that things would get awkward, I decided to change the topic. "Someone saw Charles and a woman named Nancy at a bar last night. Do you know anything about that?" "We're about to be divorced. I don't care who he goes to bars with." Scarlett pretended as though it didn't affect her at all. Truthfully, I wasn't sure if she really didn't care.

"By the way, Charles asked you to meet him at the ground floor of the Moore Group's building tomorrow. He said he wanted to go through the divorce formalities together."

"Tell him I'll be there on time," said Scarlett.

"So, what are you going to do after you divorce Charles? Will you be marrying William?" I asked.

If Scarlett hadn't met Charles, William would be a good fit for her.

Her relationship with Charles had exhausted her both mentally and spiritually. They had been on and off several times. And just when their relationship got better, Rita showed up again and again to ruin things between them. Unfortunately, they still ended up wanting to get divorced. "No, I won't. I'm planning to move to France with my twins." Scarlett shook her head. "Why do you have to go abroad?" I couldn't understand what my friend was thinking.

"Being here is too painful for me. I don't want to remain in this country any longer." Scarlett held her glass of water, gently rubbing her fingers on it. It seemed that she really wanted to move on. Perhaps she wished to leave this place that had brought her countless happy and painful memories, so that she could move to a more peaceful place to start a new life.

The love she experienced in this city brought her more pain than happiness. And since Scarlett appeared to have adamantly decided on this matter, I figured it was best to change the topic again. We talked for a while and none of us mentioned Charles again.

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Chapter 317 Visiting James In The Moore Mansion Scarlett's POV: After walking me to my car, Nina left. Just as I was about to get in the car, someone stopped me.

"Scarlett."

I turned around, surprised to see Alice standing behind me. She appeared stressed out and haggard. "Scarlett, I heard from Charles that you were badly injured before. How are you feeling now?" Alice held my hand, staring at me with worried eyes. "Well, I'm feeling a lot better now." I wanted to take her hand off me. Because I was about to divorce Charles, I didn't want to have anything to do with the members of the Moore family anymore. "Scarlett, Charles is just trying to act tough. In reality, he still loves you very much. If you want, you can come visit James at the Moore mansion whenever you want," said Alice. I knew that she just wanted me and Charles to get back together. And honestly, I was afraid of letting her down.

"Thank you," I said with a smile. "Scarlett, whether you and Charles get back together or not, I still watched you grow up and I will always love you as my own daughter. I want you to know that you can still call me "Mom", just like before. Nothing has to change between us." Alice seemed to have sensed that I was alienating myself from her, and she appeared to be hurt by this. "Charles and I are about to get divorced. It won't be good for us to maintain contact." I ignored the sadness in her eyes. "You are James' biological mother. Nobody can stop you from ever visiting your son. Come home with me, okay? James is waiting for you." Her words left me conflicted. Truthfully, I wanted to see James, but I was afraid of running into Charles if I were to go back to the Moore mansion. At this point, seeing James would only make me sad. And besides, Charles didn't want me to see my son. "Charles isn't coming home tonight. I won't tell him that you'll drop by. Don't worry." Alice patted me on the shoulder and held my hand. After hearing her say that, I felt relieved. And soon, the thought of seeing my beloved son excited me. I wasn't sure if James had even missed me. "Scarlett, I'm sorry that I failed to take good care of James, and ended up making you go through hell." On our way to the Moore mansion, Alice looked at me with guilt on her face. It seemed that she was blaming herself for what happened. "None of this is your fault. This all happened because of Rita's grudge against me and Charles. And besides, it's partly my fault." I shook my head, attempting to comfort Alice with a smile on my face. I should've stayed by James' side all the time. In doing so, Rita would never have had the chance to kidnap him.

"Is Rita still alive?" At the mention of Rita, Alice was enraged,

alles in the Moole Mansion

"She's still very much alive. Rita's heart belongs to William's sister. He wanted to take the heart back, but Susan spoke to him."

"What?" Alice appeared to be surprised. It seemed that Charles didn't tell her about any of this. "Susan was seeing someone back then. The man's wife was cheating on him and even had a boy with her lover. The same boy that later died in the sea. Anyway, Susan took James away and struck a deal with William. And her condition was to keep Rita alive," I explained. "I see." Alice nodded. "After that, William raised James in a different house. I didn't find out about it until recently," I replied. "Scarlett, don't you hate William? He hid James from you and lied to you that y

our son is dead. He kept you from your son for a long time!" Anger was written all over Alice's face. In response, I shook my head. Instead of hating him or feeling resentment of any kind, I was actually grateful to him. 6

I was thankful that he made that deal with Susan.

And I was grateful that he didn't do anything that could harm James. "James is alive, and that's enough for me," I remarked. "You're right. That's a lot better than anything else," said Alice. She nodded in agreement, feeling thankful how things turned out.

Just before we could arrive at the Moore mansion, she suddenly asked, "Scarlett, are the twins really

your children?"

I nodded in response to her question. My little twins were the only spiritual support I had left now that I had lost James.

The day I thought that James fell into the sea, my heart was shattered into pieces. In that moment, I wished that I could jump into the sea and die with him. It was those two kids that gave me the courage to live on. Alice looked like she wanted to ask more questions, but she bit them back upon seeing that I didn't look well. The moment I stepped foot into the Moore mansion again, I had mixed feelings. Grandpa and Grandma were sitting in the living room. I greeted them politely, but they didn't respond. Clearly, they still resented me because of what happened before. 1 "Mommy!" While I was debating with myself whether to say something or not, I suddenly heard James' voice. "James!" Upon seeing him, tears fell down from my eyes, and I felt an indescribable pain overwhelm my heart. I held my son and kissed his cheeks tenderly. When James saw me crying, he said, "Don't cry, Mommy." Then, he wiped away my tears.

"Scarlett, whenever you miss James, you can come here to visit him anytime." Alice approached me, patted my shoulder, and attempted to comfort me.

"Thank you," I replied sincerely.

Her words were a great comfort to me.

As I held my son tighter, tears streamed down my cheeks again. Before I saw him now, I tried my best to convince myself that I should never see him again.

– Chapter 317 Visiting James In The Moore Mansion I didn't realize just how much I'd missed him until the moment I laid eyes on him again. When I finally calmed down, Christine began to ask me about my amnesia. Her words silenced me. I couldn't answer them. "Scarlett, do you blame Alice for failing to take care of James?" asked Christine. "No, Grandma," I said. Rita had planned to kidnap James for a long time. Even if Alice had stayed by his side all the time, she would've been able to come up with different ways to achieve her goal. "Scarlett, are you really going to divorce Charles? Now that James has returned, I think it's high time that you clear out your misunderstandings with Cha

bles. Can't you find it in your heart to forgive him?" Christine was doing her best to bring me and Charles back together. It seemed that she really didn't want us to get divorced. I wasn't sure how to answer her questions. Putting things into perspective, it was Charles and I who failed to deal with our problems with Rita. If it weren't for us, James wouldn't have suffered so much. I couldn't forgive Charles, and it was even harder for me to forgive myself. "Scarlett, please stay with James even just for tonight. He's been looking for you these days. He really misses you," said Lawrence. "I'm sorry, but I can't. I'll just visit him some other day," I replied firmly. Upon hearing my answer, Grandpa and Grandma didn't insist on persuading me to stay. After playing with James for a while, he began to feel sleepy. Thus, I took him upstairs and put him on the bed. The decor in the baby's room remained almost the same as before. All of my fondest memories of this room flashed through my mind like scenes out of a movie. Flustered, I cursed myself for being so pathetic. I had already decided to divorce Charles. From then on, we would never meet again. I shouldn't be thinking of the past. Suddenly, I noticed a picture frame on the bedside table. I remembered that the picture in this frame used to be of me and James, but now, it had been replaced by that of Charles and James. 'Does Charles want James to completely forget me?' I wondered. I sat on the edge of the bed, staring at James as he slept soundly. My heart ached when I thought that my son would eventually forget me. I leaned over, planting a kiss on James' forehead as tears ran down my cheeks. It wasn't until midnight that I finally steeled my heart and left the Moore mansion, albeit reluctantly.

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Chapter 318 An Unexpected Car Accident

Scarlett's POV: The sky was quite cloudy when I woke up and opened the window the next morning. Soon, it began to rain. After taking a shower, I put on some makeup and a very refreshing subtle perfume. I also straightened my clothes and brushed my hair. I would be going through the divorce formalities with Charles. We had agreed to meet at the Moore Group at nine o'clock.

Even though I knew that I should be happy about it, there was something that was weighing my heart down.

After arriving at the Moore Group, I waited beside the flower beds. As the rain continued to splatter over the flower bed, soon the ground became muddy.

Time passed, but Charles was not there yet, which made me a little anxious.

He had always been punctual. What could possibly have caused him to be late?

All of a sudden, I heard someone's footsteps coming from behind me. 'Charles is here!' Thinking that, I quickly adjusted my expression before I turned around. "You..."

To my surprise, it was Richard, not Charles.

Swallowing my words, I looked at him in surprise.

"Why are you here? And where is Charles?" "Mr. Moore can't come." Richard answered in a gloomy voice.

I then got in his car. He immediately stepped on the gas and raced along the road. Soon, we arrived at the hospital. Richard hit the brakes so hard that the car came to a screeching halt. Unfastening my seat-belt, I rushed out of the car at once. The cold wind felt like a knife cutting my skin, and even though I stepped on a rock that made my injured ankle ache, I still ran towards the hospital. 'Charles will be fine. He is going to be fine,' I kept thinking to myself as I ran. Charles was unconscious as he lay in the ICU. He looked pale and lifeless.

Although we were just a few meters apart, it felt like we were in different worlds. Did we meet and fall in love just to end up getting ourselves hurt in the end? Was it a mistake from the very beginning? "Don't worry. Mr. Moore is going to be fine," Richard comforted me.

"When did this happen?"

"He drank with Mr. Patel last night, and instead of asking the driver to pick him up, he drove back home on his own, and ended up meeting with an accident on his way." 'How can he drive after getting drunk? Is he crazy?'

I looked at him through the glass window as I muttered to myself, "Charles, wake up! You owe me too much and you can't just leave without compensating me."

"Scarlett, so you are here." I suddenly heard an unfriendly voice coming from behind me, so I quickly turned around and saw Nancy walking towards me with a faint smile on her lips, dressed in a hospital

gown.

'Why is she here?'

I glanced at Richard, who lowered his head guiltily. Seeing that, I figured that Nancy must have been with Charles the night before.

That moment, the doctor walked in.

"Which one of you is the patient's family member?" he asked, holding a document in his hand.

"I'm..." Before I could even finish my words, Nancy interrupted me. "What's the matter, doctor?"

"I want the signature of the person who is the patient's family, so which one of you is it?"

"I'm Mr. Moore's wife. Give it to me." Taking the document from his hand, I quickly signed it.

"I didn't expect to be bothered to sign for Charles just before your divorce. Thanks, Scarlett," Nancy said defiantly.

"Miss Wood, even if I have divorced him, it is still not your turn to sign for him."

"What did you just say?" It was clear that Nancy was not expecting me to fight back as she turned to me in shock.

"Nothing. You take good care of Charles."

With a faint smile, I turned to Richard and added, "Since Charles is going to be fine, I have to go. Let me know once he's discharged from the hospital."

"But he is still unconscious and needs someone to take care of him, so please stay here," Richard said. "There's no need for that. Miss Wood is here, and I am sure that she will take great care of him." I glanced at Charles before I turned around and walked away.

By the time I was out of the hospital, the rain had already stopped. I felt hurried footsteps coming from behind me, so I turned around and saw Richard running towards me. "Scarlett, don't mistake Mr. Moore. He has nothing to do with that girl."

"Why would it matter to me?" I did not want to hear anyone defend Charles now because I had already seen the truth with my own eyes, so what was the point in telling me otherwise? 1 "It was not because of Nancy that he got into an accident last night," Richard explained. 2 "So what? We are separating and have to move on, anyway. Since you could gradually forget about Rita and start a new life, I think Charles and I should also do that. So stop pestering me and let me go."

I then hailed a cab and said to the driver, "Please take me to the airport."

William and the kids were waiting for me, so I really could not waste another moment there.

The taxi driver immediately started the car.

Just when I was about to arrive at the airport, Alice called me. "Scarlett, come home quickly. James has been crying all morning, and I can't get him to stop!" When I heard my son crying over the phone, I was flustered. "I'll be right there." As soon as I hung up, I turned to the driver and said in an apologetic tone, "Sir, please forgive me for asking, but I need to go to a different place..."

The second I arrived at the Moore mansion, I rushed to the living room. James was still crying, so I

– Chapter 318 An Unexpected Car Accident

quickly took him from Alice's hands. Alice explained worriedly, "I don't know what's the matter with him. He's been crying since morning, and none of us were able to comfort him."

"Okay. You must be tired, so please take a rest. I will handle him." I then motioned for Alice to sit down. James was crying pitifully like an abandoned puppy. I tried to wipe away his tears while I coaxed him in a low voice, "Please don't cry, James. Mommy is here with you." "Mommy, don't go." James finally stopped crying, but there still seemed to be an unimaginable amount of grievance in his tone, which was different from his usual naughtiness. Feeling sorry for him, I comforted him softly, "I am not going anywhere. I will always be with you."

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Chapter 319 Empty

Scarlett's POV: After

coaxing him for a while, James eventually stopped crying and fell asleep in my arms. He looked so adorable when he was sleeping. His curled eyelashes fluttered from time to time, and I could not resist stroking his skin that was as fair as a doll's. While I was admiring my son, Alice walked over and said, "The little boy is finally quiet. Sure enough, only the mother could comfort her son." What Alice had said made me happy. I bent over to kiss my son's little face. However, I felt that his temperature was a little too high. "James is a little hot. Could you get the thermometer for me?" "How could that be? Don't worry. I'll get it for you right away." Alice went to get the thermometer just like she said and returned shortly after. "I measured James's temperature this morning. He had a low fever, so I wiped his body with warm water," she said with a guilty look on her face. I put the thermometer under James's armpit and replied, "Maybe James isn't in the mood because it's raining." "You're right. Children are quite sensitive. They can also sense things like whether their parents love each other or not." Alice was implying something. I did not say anything and just patted James gently on the back. Five minutes later, I took out the thermometer and checked his temperature. I

It was 110 degrees. I felt sorry for my son as he was burning with fever. "Please get the antipyretic paste and medicine. I'll give James medicine in case his fever goes any higher." "Okay. I'll be right back." Alice left the room at once and returned a few moments later with the medicine. I put the antipyretic paste on James's forehead. I would change it into a new one after a few hours. Then, I gave him the medicine. James twisted and turned in my arms, making me worry even more. I observed his condition for a while and saw that his face was still red. Not only that, his fever had not gone down yet, so I decided not to lay him on the cot for the time being. James asked for water, so I immediately fetched him a bottle and helped him drink. But even though his thirst had been satiated, he still did not feel well. He groaned every now and then, and it took him an hour before he finally fell asleep. I took him downstairs in the evening. Thankfully, his fever had been brought down, and he finally felt so much better now. He opened his eyes and said in a sleepy voice, "Mom, I'm awake." "Are you hungry?" He pointed in the direction of the dining room and answered, "Yes. I want dinner." I gestured for Janet to come over and ordered, "Could you prepare James's formula? Thanks."

"Okay, Scarlett." Janet immediately did as told. Just as she handed James's milk to me, my phone rang. I asked her to watch over my son for a moment and then walked aside to answer the call. It was not until this moment that I felt that my shoulder was sore and a little painful. "Hello."

"Scarlett, where are you now? Jerry and Jason are waiting for you." William went straight to the point. "I know, but I can't go back today. James is sick." "But Jerry and Jason also need you. You just don't want to leave, do you? Admit it. You still haven't forgotten Charles," William retorted, a hint of disappointment in his voice. "This has nothing to do with him. Just please take care of the twins for me." I hung up as soon as I finished speaking. I did not want to talk to William anymore, especially when he was just going to press me into saying something I did not want to say. I returned to the dining room and took James over. "Let me feed him." "Scarlett, your shoulder isn't completely healed yet. Be careful," Janet advised with a worried look on her face. "It's okay. I'll be sitting when I feed him." Once James was full, I wiped his mouth with a napkin and picked him up again.

He was still weak, but his fever had subsided. After playing with me for a while, he fell asleep yet again.

I carried him upstairs and laid him on the cot. Just then, Alice walked in and asked in a hushed voice, "Is James sleeping?" "Yes," I answered. Alice bent down and gingerly stroked James's face. "I don't know what's going on in with Charles. I've been calling him the whole day, but he's not returning my calls." It turned out that she did not know that something had happened to her son. "Amy said that something came up in the company, so Charles went on a business trip. He should be on the plane now." I lied in order not to make Alice worry. "I see. Scarlett, I'd like to ask you something. You haven't signed the divorce papers yet, have you?" "Not yet. Anyway, you should take a rest now. I can take care of James." I shifted the topic, not wanting Alice to ask me more questions. "Okay then. Take care of yourself. I'm leaving." One Alice was gone, 1

heaved a sigh of relief. Then, I leaned on James's cot to take a nap. But I could not sleep. I was worried James's fever would require, so I checked his temperature from time to time. James cried in the middle of the night. Although my shoulder was aching, I held him in my arms and lulled him back to sleep. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain on my lips. I touched them with my fingers and found that they were cracked and bleeding. Only then did I remember that I did not drink much water today. I gently laid James on the cot. I suddenly remembered that there was an ointment for dry lips in the drawer of the master bedroom. With that, I went to the said room. But when I reached the door, I did not come in right away. I just stood there with my heart pounding in my chest. At last, I took a deep breath and pushed the door open. A familiar scent came to my senses, and the memories of the past came flooding back to me. The furnishings in the master bedroom had changed a little. However, the photo of me and Charles on the bedside table was gone. A myriad of feelings swept all over me. But at the same time, I felt empty. It was as if I had lost something valuable to me. My nose twitched, and tears welled up in my eyes. As I made my way inside, I touched the empty wall of the bedroom. In the past, this very wall was filled with photos of Charles, James, and me. But now, not a single picture was hung there anymore. It appeared that Charles was now trying to forget about me and move on with his life. Like him, I should start letting go of the past now. > But, now was not the right time to be sentimental about the past. I had better get what I had come here for. With that, I went to the bedside table, opened the drawer, and took the ointment that I needed. But then, my gaze fell upon the door of the bathroom. What had happened in the bedroom happened in the bathroom as well. All my skincare products and toiletries were gone. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw how haggard I was. My cheekbones bulged, and there were dark circles under my eyes. What was more, my face, which used to be rosy and full of energy, was gaunt and pale. As I applied ointment to my dry and cracked lips, bitterness surged in my heart. At this moment, I vaguely heard that James was crying in the baby's room. I rushed to his aid and found that he had woken up. "Mom, pee-pee..." He spread his arms open the moment he saw me, "Okay. I'll take you to the bathroom right now."

— I put James in the lavatory and changed his diaper. He distracted himself by playing with the things that he could hold. "Daddy's toothbrush!" he shouted happily. He picked it up and waved it on my face. All of a sudden, he threw it, and it went straight into the toilet. James giggled and exclaimed, "No brush! Toilet!" But the next second, he seemed to have forgotten what had just happened. He picked up the toothpaste and played with it. "James, good job!" I gave my son a thumbs up. For some reason, an inexplicable sense of joy rose in my heart.

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 320

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Chapter 320 It's Over

Scarlett's POV: I picked up the toothbrush from the toilet. And upon seeing water drip down from it, I imagined how Charles would put this into his mouth; and that thought alone brought me to laughter. "James, can we meet secretly every month from now on?" I whispered to my son.

"No!" James held my neck, shaking his head. I hugged him and caressed his cheeks. "James, you're my baby. Why won't you agree to such a small request? This makes Mommy so sad."

I covered my eyes, pretending to cry. Seemingly nonplussed, James touched my face with his little hand. "Don't cry, Mommy." "So, will you agree to my request?" I asked. James buried his face in my arms, nodding reluctantly. I touched his head lovingly and said, "Promise me that you won't cry when you can't see me in the future."

James looked up at me and replied, "Okay, Mommy." "You're so awesome, my love! Now, give Mommy a kiss." I planted a kiss on my son's cheek, and it made him blush. After washing up, I went downstairs with James in my arms. The living room was a mess. Alice picked up her purse and was about to go out. Upon seeing me come down, she asked anxiously, "Scarlett, didn't you say that Charles was on a business trip?" It appeared that Alice already found out that Charles had been in a car accident. "Don't worry, Mom. Charles is okay." "Gosh, the people around him are so reckless! How could they not tell us something this big?" Alice remarked, visibly panicking "Maybe they're afraid that you'll worry too much," I replied, "Nonsense! How could a mother be indifferent to her child's plight? If something had really happened to Charles... No! I have to go and see him for myself right away." The more she spoke, the more anxious Alice became. She hurriedly put on her shoes and was ready to leave. "Aren't you going to come with me, Scarlett?" she asked. Her question left me stunned. "Uh, sorry, but no. I'm leaving today." Now that I had decided to break off all ties with Charles, I wanted to avoid having too much contact with him. Alice sighed, "If you don't want to go, that's fine. Just give me James, please. I'll take him to his father." Having said that, she took James from me. I was reluctant to say goodbye to him, but I had to. I could only watch their car drive away. "Scarlett, do you really not want to see how Charles is doing? I'm sure he would love to see you." I had no idea that Christine was already behind me, and she was staring at me with hopeful eyes. For a moment, I paused. Then, I said with a straight face, "Grandma, too many things have happened between me and Charles. We can't get back together anymore. It's better to break up completely than to continue torturing each other." Christine gave me a pat on the shoulder, staring at me with forlorn eyes. "You have your own lives to live. My only wish is for the both of you to be happy." Tears blurred my vision. She had finally agreed to let me divorce Charles. I spread my arms and hugged Christine. "Thank you, Grandma. Thank you so much."

meanwhile I was thanking her for taking care of me and loving me ever since I was a little girl. And I also thanked her for understanding me and supporting me all this time. Gently, Christine wiped away my tears. "Don't cry, dear." Meanwhile, Nina drove the car over. "I should go now, Grandma."

I didn't take away the ring that Christine had given me. It was the Moore family's heirloom, and it should belong to the next Mrs. Moore. On my way to the airport, I stared out the window, watching the

passing scenery. My heart began to ache. This time, I was determined to leave. At the airport, Nina looked into my eyes and said, "Scarlett, I think you should go to the hospital to see Charles." I smiled but said nothing. "Forget it. You have your reasons, so I won't force you." Nina waved her hand, giving up on persuading me.

Afterwards, we hugged each other. "I wish you all the best, Scarlett," she said. "And I wish the same for you," I replied. Charles' POV:

I was lying in bed, staring at the empty white ceiling. My body felt like it had been beaten to a pulp. All of a sudden, the door of the ward opened up. My mother walked in along with James. "Charles, how are you feeling? Are you okay?" She put James beside me, held my hand, and stared at me up and down while trying to hold back her tears. Meanwhile, I touched my son's face. "Don't worry, Mom. I'm fine." "Scarlett, she..." Upon hearing the name, my heart ached, and it put a frown on my face. "Mom, please don't mention her to me again."

"Fine. I won't mention her again. I'll find you a better woman in the future."

She wiped away her tears. 'A better woman?' I wondered. 'Is there any other woman better than Scarlett in this world?' With that in mind, I averted my gaze. "You're an adult, Charles. Why aren't you taking care of yourself properly? If something happens to you, what am I supposed to do? James is still so young. Do you want him to lose his father?" My mother sat next to me, nagging my ears off.

Frowning, I explained, "Mom, take it easy! It was just an accident." Suddenly, she put on a serious face and brought up another topic. "Charles, I heard that Nancy was in your car during the accident. Are you really with her?" I neither denied nor admitted it. "Honestly, Nancy is quite a looker, but I get this feeling that she's not as simple as she appears to be." Speak of the devil and she'd come, Nancy soon came into the ward. She was wearing a hospital gown and light makeup. She had a bouquet of lilies in hand, looking as fresh and beautiful as the flowers in her hands. "Hello, Mrs. Moore. I'm here to visit Charles," she said shyly. "Nancy, I heard that you got injured as well, You should get some more rest. You can visit Charles once you're feeling better," said my mother.

"It's alright, Mrs. Moore. I just really care about Charles' health. But don't worry! I'll try not to disturb him," Nancy explained anxiously. This time, my mother frowned and said nothing more. She turned around and picked up James. Well, since you're doing fine, Charles, I should go. I hope you can ponder on what we discussed." Having said that, she glanced at Nancy knowingly before leaving the ward. I could tell that my mother disliked Nancy. She probably didn't like anyone aside from Scarlett.

The following day, during the afternoon, I lay on my bed as I dealt with work. There was entertainment related news playing on the TV, and I vaguely heard Scarlett's name. Upon raising my head, I happened to see her face, She was being cornered by a group of reporters at the airport. One of them shouted, "Mrs. Moore, some say that you've been having an affair during your marriage, and that you dumped your husband. Is this true?" An affair? I sneered. Paper really could never hold fire, I thought.

