

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 389

Chapter 389 Scarlett Was Here Scarlett's POV: I put on a mask and a baseball cap and then changed into a set of unisex clothes. When I was finally satisfied with my disguise, I went to the hospital to see Christine, Because it was already evening, there were fewer visitors and nurses, so it was easy to sneak into her ward. When I opened the door, I immediately saw her lying on the bed. I had not seen her for days.

Thankfully, she looked much better now. Without a word, I took off my mask and cap and made my way to her bed. "Scarlett, my dear child!"

Christine sat up in excitement. It was apparent that she was happy to see me as her pale face flushed in delight I bent over and helped her sit up. With tears welling up in her eyes, she grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, I know it's you." I patted her hand comfortingly. "Please calm down." "It's okay. How are you? I don't mind if you don't want to admit that you're Scarlett. Just promise me that you've been taking care of yourself." My heart ached with guilt as I gazed at Christine's wrinkled and haggard face. Not only that, but I was also on the verge of tears. She stroked my hair.

"Don't worry, honey. I won't force you to come out if you don't want to." She then took out her phone and handed it to me proudly as if it was a treasure. "You haven't seen the children for a year, so you must miss them so much. Here. I prepared this for you." I opened the album on her phone. It was filled with pictures of my children. "Look at how much they've grown.

James is tall now, and your two little boys are growing every day." Taking pictures was like magic. It let you go back time. Thanks to these photos, I was able to see moments that I had missed. Slowly, I reached out and touched my children's faces. I felt a searing pain in my heart as if it was being grilled on a pan. I scrolled down and saw that there was also a video. I clicked on it at once. In the video, James was standing by Jerry and Jason's bed. He seemed to be teaching them how to pronounce a word. "Repeat after me. Mo...mmy," he patiently said.

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"Mo... mmy." Before I knew it, my tears had fallen on the screen. I tried to stop myself from crying, but more tears fell.

I hurriedly wiped the screen of the phone, but it remained wet. Christine handed me a piece of tissue and advised, "Scarlett, come back to Charles. You have

children with him, after all. They're still young. They need you, Scarlett. They need their mother." I took the tissue and wiped my tears. Then, I shook my head with a resolute look on my face and replied, "Grandma, I won't make the same mistake again. As for the children, I'll find a way to take them with me." "Do you really want your children to lose their father?" "Grandma, I've already made up my mind. I can't bring myself to forgive Charles, so I will never give up on my children. I'll take them with me someday." 1 What I had said took Christine's breath away. Literally. I watched with eyes wide in shock as she fell onto the bed and tried to catch her breath. Horrified, I pressed the call bell at the bedside at once.

As much as I wanted to make sure she was okay, I could not let anyone find out that I had come here.

"I'm sorry." I took one last look at Christine and turned around to leave.

Charles's POV: Spencer's operation was not yet over, so David and I went out to breathe some fresh air. He handed me a cigarette, which I took and lit. "Charles, what should we do next?" David solemnly asked. "What else can we do? Tell Spencer's family to keep an eye on him. Don't let him do anything stupid." I took a deep drag on the cigarette and exhaled a big puff of smoke. The nicotine left a bitter taste in my mouth. "Where is Vivian anyway? Did she run away again? She'll come back after what happened to Spencer, won't she?" "I'm not sure." I threw the cigarette butt on the ground and put it out with my shoe. "But for Spencer's sake, I'll find her," I added. David and I smoked another cigarette, but neither of us spoke anymore. Suddenly, my phone rang, breaking the silence. It was a call from the hospital. "Mr. Moore, your grandmother has lost control of her emotions. Please come here as soon as possible."

Damn it.

Without wasting any second, I ran to the hospital and into Grandma's ward as fast as I could.

Once I entered her ward, I rushed to Grandma and looked at her up and down.

"Grandma, how do you feel now? Why did you lose control of your emotions?" Grandma smiled weakly. "I'm fine. The doctor just made a mountain out of a molehill again." Suddenly, something occurred to me.

“Did anyone come here?” Grandma did not answer. Well, she did not need to. I knew in an instant that Scarlett was just here.

Vivian’s POV: When David called me, I was in a suburban villa in France. Ethan had locked me up here. Some time ago, Spencer kicked Ethan’s lower body so hard. Since then, Ethan could no longer have an erection. He had gone to many hospitals, but none of the doctors there was able to cure him. A few months ago, knowing that I was the top andrologist, Ethan tricked me into coming here. When I did not agree to do what he said, he imprisoned me in the villa. Dozens of bodyguards guarded the area day and night to ensure that I would not escape. Of course, I tried several times to escape but to no avail. But no matter what, I would never yield to his request.

Back then, Spencer and I were happy when I was pregnant. We were looking forward to having a happy family. But Ethan, this son of a bitch, did something that caused me to miscarry. The doctor said that my uterus got injured because of the miscarriage, so I might not be able to get pregnant again. I could not forget the disappointment and sadness in Spencer’s eyes. I could not look at him without feeling guilty, so I decided to ask for a divorce. . Spencer deserved someone better—a woman who would give birth to his children and would accompany him for the rest of his life. When I heard that Spencer got seriously injured in a car accident, I felt like my world had collapsed around me.

It was only then that I realized that I could not let go of him.

I locked myself in the room in despair. And now, I had decided.

I would get out of here. I would come back to Spencer at all costs.

“Ethan, I’ve agreed to treat you. But you have to remember what you’ve promised me. When you’re cured, you will set me free.”

Sitting in the wheelchair, Ethan raised his eyebrows at me and promised, “I’m a man. Of course, I will keep my words.” “I trust you.” I bent over and patted his cheek with a grin. “After all, only I can cure you.” Ethan stared at me warily and asked, “Didn’t you say you’d rather die than treat me? Why did you suddenly change your mind? What are you up to?” “Don’t you like to take risks? Don’t you love danger? Don’t tell me... you’re scared?” I asked with a sly smile. Ethan’s face darkened. “Scared? I, Ethan Johnson, have never been scared in my life.” “That’s good.” I did not want to talk to him anymore, so I turned around and left.

Ethan asked someone to bring all the medicinal materials I needed. Meanwhile, I locked myself in the pharmacy to make his medicine. While I was working, my phone suddenly rang. It was Emily, my mother, and now also Ethan's

stepmother. With a sneer at the corners of my mouth, I put down the test tube and put the phone on speaker. "Vivian, is it true that you've agreed to help Ethan? Why? Didn't you say that you'd rather die than treat him?" "Are you worried I'll poison your stepson?" I retorted. "I'm warning you, don't you dare play any tricks on him, or else I won't let you and your sweetheart off!" "I advise you to mind your own business. If you threaten me again, I might tremble in fear and accidentally poison your dear Ethan.

I would like to see how you'll explain that to the Johnson family." I could not help but sneer. Did Emily honestly think that I would yield to her threats? "Stop being so full of yourself. I'll go there tomorrow and keep an eye on you." Without waiting for my response, Emily hung up the call. When I came out of the pharmacy, Ethan and two of his bodyguards were standing at the door with a large bundle of hemp rope in their hands. A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. "What-what do you want?" I stammered in fear. A cunning smile tugged at the corners of Ethan's mouth. "I'm sorry, beauty."

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Chapter 390 Don't You Get It Scarlett's POV: I left the hospital in low spirits. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw the photos of my three children. After seeing those photos, I became more determined to take them back. In the evening, I went to a bar to get a drink and took Elena with me. Not long after we sat down, Charles appeared out of nowhere. He walked over to us and pulled out the empty chair beside me. He casually set his jacket on the back of the chair and sat down. "Just my luck," I muttered under my breath. Pretending not to hear me, Charles smiled at me and said, "Fancy seeing you here, Scarlett. Let me buy you a drink. Would you like a beer or a cocktail?" 1 "Why are you sitting at our table?

Who told you that you could sit with us?" I glared at him. The smile on Charles's face slowly faded. He pursed his lips and kept silent for a long time. "I know you went to the hospital to see Grandma today. You still care about her, don't you?" Charles said and looked at me with confidence. It took all my strength to keep the shock from reaching my face. I had been very cautious when I went to the hospital to visit Christine. How did Charles find out? I took a deep breath and looked straight into Charles's eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about."

“Wine?” He opened a bottle of wine and poured me a glass. He beamed and pushed the glass toward me. “No, thanks. I don’t want to drink too much,” I refused. Charles took back the bottle of wine, opened a bottled soda, and handed it to me.

“Then you drink this, and I’ll drink the wine.” Looking at Charles’s face, I couldn’t tell whether he was happy or angry. I felt a little unhappy. “I don’t like this kind of soda. It’s awful.” I pushed the bottle away. Charles sighed helplessly. “Miss Wilson, would you do me the favor of having a few drinks with me?” That was the last straw for me. My patience had finally run out. I was so annoyed that I considered ripping the pleading look right off Charles’s face. I picked up my soda and dumped it on his face. Startled, Charles looked at me in astonishment, his face full of bewildered embarrassment. “Don’t you get it, Charles? I came to the bar because I wanted a drink. I just don’t want to drink with you. What part of that don’t you understand?” I sighed in exasperation, rose from my seat, and left the bar.

Elena followed me and comforted me, “Don’t be angry, Caroline. That guy isn’t worth it. Don’t let him ruin your night.” “You’re right.” I nodded, but I still felt a little upset. I did lose control of my emotions tonight.

Whenever I saw Charles’s face, I thought about the child that I miscarried.

“Scarlett!” Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps behind me. Charles caught up with me, his eyes filled with pain. “Please. I just want to ask for your forgiveness. I know how much I hurt you. Please give me a chance to make up for it,” he begged. He had always been God’s favored one, and I had never seen him beg anyone for anything before. However, seeing him like this, I almost laughed at the irony. Could a simple apology erase all the pain he had caused me? Could it bring back the child that I lost? “Mr. Moore, I really don’t understand why you’re asking me for forgiveness.

There’s no bad blood between us. I simply don’t want to hang out with you,” I flatly told Charles and flashed him a smile. “Scarlett...” “I’m not Scarlett, okay? You got the wrong person. If you keep pestering me like this, I’ll call the police.” After saying that, I left with Elena without a backward glance. As soon as I got home, I received a call from my father. “Hi, Dad.” “Hello, dear. I’m just calling to remind you about the auction. I need you to take part in it.”

"All right." I was thankful for the work talk. It was the only thing that could ease my foul mood. I asked, "What's the starting bid?" "Twenty billion. I've arranged for an escort to accompany you. His name is Simon Felix," Dad said in a tone that I instantly understood.

The escort wasn't just an escort. It was a blind date.

I frowned and put together my refusal in my head. "You've been single for so long, sweetie. You need someone to keep you company," Dad pressed before I could turn down this mysterious Mr. Simon Felix. I smiled bitterly

I didn't want a husband or anyone to accompany me. I just wanted my three children back.

Charles's POV:

Watching Scarlett walk away, I felt my heart crack. A gaping hole of fear devoured me whole and stole the air from my lungs. I could feel her getting farther and farther away from me.

When Scarlett was finally out of my sight, I went back to my car and went home. When I arrived, I found my mother and Chloe playing with my children in the living room. "Why are you all still up?" I looked at them in confusion, "We were waiting for you." Mom took a look at the three children and lowered her voice. "I heard that Scarlett was back. Is it true? Are you going to remarry her?" I lowered my eyes and swallowed the bitterness that enveloped my tongue. I would love to remarry Scarlett and spend the rest of my life with her. But she didn't want the same with me. "Well, if you don't want to, that's okay, too. I mean, you can always find someone else. I think Raina can be that girl," Mom said when I didn't respond. I cast a cold glance at Chloe. Chloe lowered her head at once, her face full of guilt. Seeing her reaction, I suddenly understood why my mother brought up this topic. I snapped at her, "How much longer are you going to stay here, Chloe?

If you can't let sleeping dogs lie, then I think it's time for you to go back abroad." "Honey, why are you being angry with Chloe? She told me about Raina because, like me, she wanted you to move on," Mom explained. "I'll move on when I get Scarlett back. I don't want to be with anyone but her," I said firmly. Identical disapproving frowns curled my mother's and Chloe's lips. "Why are you still so hung up on Scarlett?" Chloe asked, her eyes full of disgust. "If you dare utter Scarlett's name in that tone again, I will throw you out myself, do you hear me?" I snarled, looking her straight in the eyes.

Chloe immediately cowered in Mom's arms and didn't dare to speak anymore. I scoffed, took the twins, and carried them upstairs. I gently opened the door to the master bedroom and set the twins gently in their crib. The walls and cabinets in the room were covered with our family photos. I professionally had the photos made. After Scarlett left, I realized that we never got around to shooting some family portraits. I picked up one of the framed photos and stroked Scarlett's face on it. She looked haggard in the photo, but she was still smiling,

However, the light in her eyes had dimmed, leaving only a shadow of despair and indifference,

And I was the one who caused all of it.

I tortured a lively and outgoing girl and turned her into a gray, empty husk. I held the photo to my chest and let it shred what was left of my broken heart. "Mom, Mom..." At this time, the twins suddenly started calling for their mother. I hurried over to them and assured them in a comforting voice, "Mom will be home soon, I promise. Now it's time to go to sleep."

DOM! You Get It

Looking at our two sons, I was more determined to get Scarlett back. After coaxing the twins to sleep, I heaved a sigh of relief. A few moments later, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I took a look at it and found a new message from Richard. "Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore's medical records were destroyed a year ago. I also couldn't find the doctor named Boris who treated her at that time." My heart sank. I immediately replied, "Keep looking for him. We must find him even if we have to search every corner of the Earth!"