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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 318 by Gorgeous Killer

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.

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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?"

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"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.

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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

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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