Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 331 by Gorgeous Killer

Bye My Irresistible Love, Chapter 331 No One Can Take Her Away From Me

Charles' POV: Alas, I could not get Scarlett to talk to me.

Disappointed, I walked out of the ward and met Spencer, David, and Icey, who came to meet Scarlett.

Icey walked into the ward to keep Scarlett company while the rest of us stood outside and talked.

"Charles, look at Scarlett. Do you even take care of her? Why does she keep growing weaker by the day?" Spencer complained.

David nodded in agreement.

"I think Spencer is right. You have to persuade Scarlett to forgive you this time. If you fail to do so, then your relationship is definitely doomed for good."

"Do you guys really think that I am not trying? I've tried everything. I have let her beat me to vent her anger, and I have also tried to tempt her with the kids, but she doesn't even want to budge. As long as she is willing to forgive me, I will even kneel before her and beg, but she just wants to take the kids and leave. What am I supposed to do?"

I held my head dejectedly, the feeling of powerlessness engulfing my heart.

Why did things become so miserable?

Perhaps, Tracy had been right, and if I had not let William take Scarlett away back then, then maybe things would not have come to such a complicated state.

For the sake of the children, she might not have focused on hating me. Perhaps, there would have been a chance for us to turn things around.

But unfortunately, I missed it.

"Charles, I have to remind you about one thing. If Scarlett continues to be so stressed, then it will only bring more harm to her than good."

My heart was a mess and I could not find a solution, so I fell silent.

"By the way, what happened to you that day? I heard that you used a knife?" Spencer asked in a cold voice.

Recalling that day, I felt a sharp pain in my heart.

I realized how crazy I must have been that day.

If I had been sane, I would not have done such a horrible thing to her.

I had asked her to kill herself, and I had told her that I had never loved her.

It was no wonder that she would not forgive me no matter how hard I tried now. I only had myself to blame.

I closed my eyes with a bitter smile to cover up the despair that was about to ooze out of my heart.

"I really don't understand why a couple that's in love would hate each other so much! What is even going on between the two of you?" There was a hint of regret and confusion in Spencer's tone.

I did not know how to answer his question, but there was one thought in my mind.

"I just know that I am not going to let her leave me again."

"Remember not to pressure her too much. Just take care of her, okay?"

"I will."

Spencer sneered, "Charles, remember what you said today. If Scarlett gets hurt again, then I will try my best to take her away from you."

I grabbed his collar and hissed, "How dare you!"

"We'll see about that."

Spencer and I fought like beasts, unwilling to give in.

He had never been good at fighting ever since he was a kid, not to mention that I was his opponent now.

I enjoyed the overwhelming superiority, and soon beat him to a pulp.

"Charles, don't push it!" Spencer covered his bruised face and said, "And you, David! Why aren't you helping me? Are you even my friend?"

David leaned against the wall, shrugged his shoulders, and said helplessly, "Spencer, just accept the truth. Even with my help, you can't beat Charles."

"F**k!"

I straightened my wrinkled clothes and glared at them.

"If anyone ever dares to threaten me about taking Scarlett away from me, then I will kill that person, for sure!"

With that, I turned around and left. Spencer's angry roar echoed behind me.

"But you don't love her at all!"

"You have no right to judge that."

Anyone who dared to offend me should be aware of the consequences. I would not let anyone take Scarlett away from me.

Scarlett's POV:

I was depressed as I lay in the ward, listening to the men fighting outside.

However, Icey, who was sitting beside me, was not worried at all. She held my hand intimately with a bright smile.

"Well, it's their business, and they have to sort it out on their own. There is no need for us to worry."

Forcing a smile, I told myself not to be concerned with what was going on outside.

"Scarlett, you have given birth to three kids, and I haven't even got pregnant yet."

Icey and David had been married for a while, but they hadn't had children yet.

"Actually, I don't know how I got pregnant. I remember that we always used protections." I felt a little upset thinking about it.

"Perhaps, it was fated."

"No. It's probably because the condom was of a poor quality," I denied with a straight face.

Icey burst into laughter.

"Do you really think that Mr. Moore is the kind of man who would use a cheap product?"

Although I was smiling on the outside, I was not happy.

Maybe, it was fate.

I had thought that James was dead at that time, which meant that the only connection between me and Charles had been broken, but I had not expected that I had actually been pregnant with the twins.

It seemed like Charles and I were destined to be entangled for the rest of our lives.

"Are you and David planning to have a baby?" I changed the topic at once.

"No. My family's problem hasn't been solved yet, so I don't think having a child now would be a good idea. I've discussed the same with David. I would like to be a mom when I'm 35 years old," Icey said casually.

I couldn't help but look at her with envy.

She had her own plans for life, and she had a husband who truly loved her. Unlike Charles, David was willing to discuss everything with his wife and compromise for her sake.

After looking at me for a while, Icey asked with concern, "Scarlett, tell me honestly, what did Charles actually do to you? Did he hurt you?"

Upon hearing that, Charles throwing a knife at me flashed through my mind.

Although he had not hurt me physically that day, he did something worse, and the piercing pain kept reminding me of how ruthless and fierce he was.

"No, we just had a fight," I answered calmly.

"Then how did you end up in the hospital?"

I shook my head, and said, "I'm fine. It's just that my old injury hasn't healed yet."

"Alright. Don't worry about anything else and just take good care of yourself. Although the kids are very young, Charles' family can take care of them. You need to take care of yourself now. Only then will you have the strength to handle bigger matters." There was a hint of mystery in her tone.

I looked at her curiously and asked, "What do you mean?"

Icey blinked at me and said, "Only when you're healthy can you win the battle, right?"

"The battle?"

"Haven't you always wanted to leave Charles? If the queen is not healthy, then how will she have the strength to defeat the dragon and save her little princes?"

Icey's words struck me like thunder, breaking up the clouds in my head.

I realized that I could not continue to live such a muddled life anymore. I had to recover soon and take my children away from this place, away from Charles.

Thinking of that, I smiled genuinely for the first time in a while.

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Scarlett's POV:

Icey's suggestion sparked a glimmer of hope in my heart.

If I refused to take care of myself properly, it would only give Charles a reason to keep me in the hospital, leaving me no chance to object.

"Thanks for telling me that, Icey. Now I know what to do," I replied with a smile.

"Look, Scarlett, I know you have ideas in mind, but you need to keep in mind that Charles is not a man to be trifled with. You'll have a hard time going up against him. But always remember that you must follow your heart, and you must figure out what exactly it is you want to do." Icey smiled back at me, patting the back of my hand.

I was lost in thought.

'I want to leave this place with my children. And I want to get away from Charles, and live a peaceful life.

But I know that Charles and his family would never allow me to take me kids away.'

When I thought of my kids, I closed my eyes, feeling sad and defeated.

Icey and I chatted for a while, before she finally stood up and was about to leave.

"Scarlett, I have a meeting to attend later, so I have to go now. Get some good rest, okay? And if you ever want someone to talk to, just call me anytime." Icey smiled at me once more, and told me not to let my emotions get the best of me.

I said goodbye to her, and thanked her one last time. After speaking to her, I felt so much

Once Icey was gone, it occurred to me that I hadn't seen my phone during these past few days. Needless to say, Charles must've taken it away.

The thought of being locked up in this ward by that man and being deprived of the right to make phone calls annoyed me.

'I can't understand why Charles has to do such a thing! Isn't he satisfied with what he did to me?'

About half an hour later, I heard a knock on the door.

Soon, Charles came in.

He glanced at me before going to the bathroom without even uttering a word.

'What the hell is the matter with him?' I wondered.

Five minutes later, Charles came out of the bathroom. He touched his bruised chin while walking to the bedside.

The sight of his frustrated face brought joy to my heart.

It was then that I took out a piece of paper and handed it to Charles.

On the paper, it read, "Please give me back my phone. Moreover, I'll only eat the food provided by the hospital from now on. I won't eat anything you bring for me."

I'd rather not speak to him, so I wrote down what I wanted to say to him on the piece of paper.

Charles frowned upon reading it.

"Sorry, but I can't give you back your phone. You need to focus on your recover. If you prefer the food provided by the hospital, so be it. I won't c**k for you again." From the look on his face, I could tell just how frustrated he was.

Moreover, I wasn't expecting that I would be able to get my phone back easily. Upon hearing his answer, I just turned my back to him and didn't even bother to speak to him.

Charles' POV:

I was really upset when I saw that Scarlett had no intention of speaking to me.

I had already planned to do my best to follow her wishes and help her recover as soon as possible, but seeing as she was being so cold and ruthless towards me, my patience grew thin.

Annoyed and frustrated, I walked up to Scarlett and forced her to face me.

"Do you still wish to leave me, Scarlett?" 'Why can't she just stay with me obediently? And why would she rather give up her kids than to stay with me?' I wondered.

Scarlett didn't answer me, and she just stared back at me calmly.

The indifference of her gaze made me panic.

"Don't even think about taking my children away and fooling around with William again, Scarlett. I swear, if you try to escape again, I won't mind locking you in a cage and taking away your freedom!" I raised Scarlett's chin as I gave her a stern warning.

'I'm never going to give her a chance to leave me again, nor would I allow her to be involved with another man!

Scarlett belongs to me, and me alone!'

"Charles, what can I do to convince you to let me go?" Upon hearing my warning, Scarlett burst into tears, glaring back at me.

"I will never let you go for the rest of my life! You don't have a choice, so just accept your fate," I answered. Then, I wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes. Seeing her cry like this made my heart ache.

But even so, I steeled my heart, for I didn't want to give her an opportunity to leave me.

The ward fell silent, and the light in Scarlett's eyes gradually disappeared.

When I saw her blank gaze, I was clueless of what to do. Suddenly, I realized that I was still grabbing her shoulders, so I quickly let her go.

I could see her lips trembling from fear and anger. Unable to resist the desire to kiss her, I leaned over and attempted to plant a kiss on her lips.

Scarlett seemed to have guessed what I was about to do, so she quickly turned her face away in an attempt to reject my kiss.

I wanted to hold her hand, but then she clenched her fists just so I wouldn't be able to hold them.

Once more, I forced her to look me in the eye.

Scarlett let out a muffled grunt, struggling to get rid of my hand.

This time, I took the opportunity to kiss her lips.

All of a sudden, the door was pushed open. I glanced at the door and saw Nina. When she saw us, she quickly apologized and closed the door with great force.

Just as I was about to kiss Scarlett again, I heard someone knock on the door.

"Mr. Moore, Nina and Abner have brought the child here. They want Mrs. Moore to see the baby," Richard said from outside the door.

Upon hearing that, I stopped trying to kiss Scarlett and just looked into her eyes, only to see resentment in them.

Thus, I covered her eyes and kissed her again.

Only when kissing her lips could I feel that she still belonged to me.

Scarlett struggled to break free from my grasp. She tried to push me away with both of her hands, but she was far too weak to do it.

"Scarlett, if you don't let me do what I want, I'm going to tie you up!" Having said that, I held her hands over her head.

This time, she stopped struggling and just shot me a stern glare.

"I'll let you see our children if you beg," I remarked, softening my tone just to get on her good side.

Scarlett sprang to her feet with difficulty, trying to reach the door.

The sight of her stubborn face only stressed me out and annoyed me even more.

Gently, I pushed Scarlett back to the bed, despite the fact that she had just sat up.

I pressed her under my body, caressed her face, and sighed. 'Scarlett, what am I going to do with you?' I wondered.

'Why is she so headstrong? Can't she just do as I say?

As long as she complies with my conditions, even if she wants my life, I will die for her without hesitation!'

"Are you done? We're coming in." While Scarlett and I were caught in a stalemate, Nina spoke from the other side of the door.

She pushed the door open and walked in with James in her arms.

I stood up, albeit reluctantly.

"Scarlett, are you okay?" Nina asked worriedly.

Scarlett shook her head, saying that she was fine. Her eyes were locked on the child in Nina's arms.

"James!"

"Mommy!" replied James.

Scarlett was so excited that she spread out her arms to the boy.

"Are you sure you're strong enough to carry James right now, Scarlett?" Nina was concerned, because James was much heavier than he used to be.

"Of course!" Scarlett embraced her son, too excited to say anything else.

As I watched her hold our child with tears on her face. I felt envious.

Scarlett was willing to embrace our baby and cry for him, and she was capable of being nice to others. But to me, she was so cold, and she'd do anything just to avoid me.