

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 224 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 224 Happy Birthday, Honey

Charles' POV: I walked out of the ward. Richard took me to the elevator and whispered something in my ear.

I listened to him intently, then pondered for a moment and ordered him, "Give that person my regards

when you meet again." "Yes, sir." "Also, just send me a message when this kind of thing happens in the future. I don't want to arouse Scarlett's suspicion."

"Got it." After that, Richard left in a hurry.

Later that evening, as Scarlett was about to go to bed, I lay beside her. As I approached her, her body trembled slightly and she immediately moved aside. Her little head shrank into the quilt, frightened. She was as cute as a little hamster. Amused, I lifted the quilt a little, exposing part of her lovely face.

I reached out and took her into my arms effortlessly, and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Scarlett, did you ever think of me when you were stabbed?" Silence filled the ward, and it was so quiet that we could only hear each other's breathing. After a long while, Scarlett finally found her tongue and answered decisively, "No."

That made me tighten my hold on her. "When I drove to the hospital, I was going so fast that I almost hit others. At that time, all I could think about was you." Upon hearing what I said, Scarlett's body shook slightly. I hugged her and continued, "At that time, I was wondering what you'd do if I died. Would you feel sorry for me?" "Don't say something like that, Charles. It's bad luck! You'll definitely live a long life."

"I mean, if."

"There is no such thing as 'if. Let's drop it." Scarlett shoved away my arms and turned her back huffily to me, seemingly very upset. "Well, I don't really want to die. I can't possibly leave you alone, so I'll try my best to hold on. Unless..." "Unless, what?" "Unless you die with me, Scarlett." I emphasized every word as I pulled her to me and hugged her from behind.

Her faint fragrance wafted to my nose. I closed my eyes and gently rubbed my cheek against her back, enjoying her sweet scent.

All I wanted was to be closer to her. I was eager to win over her heart once more.

Scarlett's body stiffened from the contact, but she didn't push me away. That alone made me satisfied. "If you want to die, Charles, then just die alone. I have to be by James's side and watch him grow up." Only after a long period of silence did Scarlett finally find her tongue again. But when she spoke, her voice was nasally.

I knew that she was crying.

I got up and switched on the lights, and tried to find a tissue to wipe her tears. She finally turned around to look at me, but her eyes were moist and tears had streaked her pale cheeks. The heartbreaking sight caused my heart to ache severely. It was as if it had been smashed by a heavy hammer repeatedly, until it shattered into tiny pieces. I hurriedly grabbed two pieces of tissue from the bedside table and wiped her tears.

"Scarlett, don't run away from me anymore. You are my woman, no matter what happens! Even if I go to hell, you have to come with me!" "Quit being so bossy, Charles." Tears welled up in her eyes, shimmering like broken stars. They looked beautiful but tragic at the same time. "I'm glad you understood.

When you were comatose, the doctor said that you had no desire to hold on anymore. Do you know how much I hated you at that time? I hated you for leaving me behind!" I gritted my teeth, heartbroken. I was unwilling to give in. I wouldn't! I had lost Scarlett once, and I didn't want to bear such pain anymore. This time, I wouldn't allow her to leave me again. Even if we would torture each other till eternity and she would hate me to the core, I would never let her go!

Death itself couldn't take her away from me!

"Charles... You're a devil! You're a bastard I can't ever forgive!" Driven to irritation, Scarlett was so angry that she burst into tears again. She tried hard to push me away, but even so, my arms held her tightly. "I don't care if you call me a devil. I'll still say it! If you dare to die, Scarlett, I'll never let go of your son or everything about you!" Before she could react, I lowered my head and quickly kissed her hard on the lips.

She did her best to struggle and get rid of me, but I kept holding her tight. I was so rough, she lost her breath and began pounding on my chest. "It hurts, Charles!" she cried, her voice weak. I quickly let go of her hand, feeling slightly remorseful. Maybe I had agitated her wound by accident. "Did I touch your wound?"

"No!" Her tears fell down, unstopping, like broken beads. "Don't move! Let me have a look." I wanted to lift up her clothes to check on her body, but as I did so, she shouted again, "That hurts!" Panicked, I immediately stopped what I was doing. I stammered, "I'm sorry. I'll call the doctor right now." "No! The wound's fine."

She halted me from ringing the bell, before asking me in a low whisper, "Charles, tell me... What should I do to make you let me go?" Let her go...? How could I ever live without her? Scarlett had no idea that she had already become an inseparable part of my life. "Switch off the lights, please. I'm tired," Scarlett

grumbled. I turned off the light obediently, and the ward fell into complete darkness.

Scarlett then huddled herself up, her back facing mine. She was still upset.

I held her tightly and whispered in her ear, "Happy birthday, honey. Don't leave me."

Bye, My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 225

Chapter 225 The Person I Thought Of At The Critical Moment

Charles's POV: Ever since Scarlett's accident, I had been sleeping lightly. I woke up early in the morning today, right after the crack of dawn. I studied Scarlett's sleeping face, and reached out to touch her soft hair. What happened between us? Only when Scarlett was asleep would she stay with me obediently and stop saying such hurtful words, or insist on how much she wanted to leave me. My phone rang, interrupting my train of thoughts. I picked it up and answered the call, and then headed to the ward downstairs.

Inside, I was greeted with the sight of Spencer lying weakly on the bed. His face was pale and bloodless, all color gone. His right foot was covered in a plaster, unable to move at all. David and Vivian were in the ward as well, accompanying him. "What on earth happened?" I frowned, my brows furrowed slightly.

"The patient downed a whole bottle of wine and then insisted on having a car race. Sadly, he crashed before he managed to drive out of the parking lot. The result is as you see." Vivian spread out her hands casually as she explained the situation at hand, her face filled with mockery.

"Hey! I was on the road at the gate of the parking lot! Strictly speaking, I've already driven out of the parking lot when it happened!" Spencer was still loud and talkative despite his injured foot. "Well, you should feel lucky that you crashed into the gate of the parking lot. If you really made it to the main road, you'd be a corpse right now." Vivian shot him a disapproving glance, her eyes cold.

"Don't curse me like that, woman!"

I was slightly puzzled. What was wrong with Spencer, exactly? Did he end up like this because he found out that something happened to Scarlett? "Didn't you say you've prepared a birthday gift for Scarlett yesterday? Where is it?" I chimed in, interrupting the quarrel between the two.

"Oh, no! It's still in the car!" Spencer came to his senses immediately after I asked. He looked regretful. "Darn it! What bad luck!"

"Why on earth did you go for a race after drinking? That's dangerous, and illegal. Are you aware of what you've done?" David was confused, curious as to why Spencer had done something so foolhardy. Everyone in the ward, including myself, fixed our eyes on Spencer. He turned his head sideways, looking somewhat uneasy, and then shot an awkward glance at Vivian.

"I... I confessed my love to him last night," Vivian finally muttered quietly. I could hear a slight bitterness in her tone.

She confessed her love for Spencer? This revelation made me smug. To think Spencer would encounter such a girl problem! This went beyond my expectations. "You know, Spencer. Since Vivian has taken the initiative to explain... How about you man up and say something? Do you have feelings for her as well?" David couldn't help but ask, still uncertain. Spencer, however, didn't say a word. He simply lowered his head, as if it was his head rather than his foot, The Person I Thought Of At The Critical Moment — that was injured.

His reaction turned Vivian's face pale. She bit her lips, depressed, but quickly forced a smile on her face a second later.

"Well, you guys take care of him. I'm leaving."

So saying, Vivian rose from her seat and strode out of the hospital, disappearing soon after.

"Okay, she's gone. Now, can you tell us the truth?" David reached to pat Spencer on the back. He was quite rough with his movements, and caused Spencer to scream in pain. "Hey, man! I'm a patient now!" Spencer protested, trying to squeeze out pity from us. He let out a dejected sigh before he started to confide to us. "To tell you the truth, when my car crashed at the parking lot... All I could think about was one person."

He raised his eyes timidly, and an inexplicable heat rose, coloring his pale face red. "It... it was Vivian. At that critical moment, I could only think of her. After I was injured, I immediately called her." "God, you're such an idiot." David shook his head, aggravated. He was annoyed that Spencer didn't live up to his expectations. He raised his hand to hit Spencer, but in the end, he thought against it. "Isn't it obvious? You've fallen in love with Vivian! Look, don't keep her in suspense anymore. Tell her how you feel."

David's words pushed Spencer into heavy silence. Spencer kept mum, saying nothing. "Why are you still hesitating?" I said lightly, gazing at Spencer. "If you really love her, go and confess your love to her as soon as possible." If he let Vivian go, I was certain he would regret it immensely.

Scarlett's POV: My wound suddenly stung with slight itchiness. The discomfort awoke me, and I rose from my slumber grumpily. I had a strong urge to scratch my wound. But after thinking it through, I withdrew my hand and held back that urge. I opened my eyes and looked around my ward, only to realize that Charles wasn't by my side. Without him around, my spirits rose. I relaxed, feeling calm. Last night was so frustrating.

I couldn't give Charles the answer he wanted, and he was unwilling to give up. It felt like we were both hedgehogs. Though we were eager to embrace each other... Once we got close, our spikes would stab each other and we both ended up getting hurt. Despite that, we were still greedy for each other's warmth. Fortunately, Charles wasn't with me now and I could let my guard down. I could enjoy my breakfast in a relaxed mood.

Later when I had finished eating, Tracy appeared to clean up the dishes. While she bustled about, she delivered some shocking news new to me.

"What? Spencer got into a car accident, and Charles went downstairs to visit him early in the morning?"

What was going on? How did Spencer get into a car accident out of the blue? Concerned for him, I made my way downstairs in a hurry to see him. As soon as I reached downstairs, I ran into Vivian, who was about to leave the hospital. She looked tired and worn out, and seemed preoccupied with something. She didn't even notice me nearby. "Vivian! Are you okay?" I asked worriedly, rushing forward and stopping her.

Vivian stopped and turned around. When she saw me, she forced a bitter smile. "I'm fine, Scarlett. Spencer's the one who got into the accident. He wanted to race cars after drinking, and ended up with a broken leg. He's lying on the bed now." True, Spencer was the one who got injured from the accident. But now that I saw how awful Vivian looked, I was more worried about her. But before I could question her any further, she left in a hurry.

Left with no choice, I moved away and entered Spencer's ward. Sure enough, Charles was here, David was also in the ward. "Hello, Scarlett. Looks like you've got better." David walked up to me and narrowed his eyes as he observed me carefully from head to toe. Finally, a relieved look appeared on his face. "I was really worried when I heard that you were attacked." "Me too!" Spencer added. "That Lucia! She actually dared to commit murder in broad daylight. She deserves to be locked up in prison for the rest of her life!" I couldn't help but laugh.

Listening to Spencer's energetic voice, I knew he was fine. "Happy birthday, Scarlett." Seeing my smile, Spencer continued, "It's just, my birthday gift for you is still in the car. I don't know if it's damaged or not." David smiled at Spencer's words, amused. "I'm still here, Scarlett?"

Charles, who had been neglected all this while, suddenly opened his mouth to speak. He was gritting his teeth, his annoyance obvious. The atmosphere in the ward suddenly dropped a few degrees colder. It was so typical of Charles! He was the one who came here to visit a patient, but of course, he just had to make sure that all the attention was on him.

My eyes swept past Charles as I ignored his sulky outburst, resting on David. "It's great that you're here, David. I actually wanted to invite you to be a guest for our next show. What do you think?" David said politely, smiling, "It's my honor, Scarlett." Spencer chimed in excitedly, "I want to go too! Even if I have to sit on a wheelchair, I still want to go!"

At this point, Charles's face was now covered with a layer of frost. His sharp, hawk-like eyes fell on David. David understood the hint. He smiled and added, "How about all three of us go to your show?"

"There's no need for Charles to be in the show." I shook my head deliberately. "He's not a sponsor. It's inappropriate for him to appear in my show with you two. Besides, I think you and Spencer are will be just perfect."

This only served to intensify Charles's burning anger. He rubbed his hair irritably, like a lion whose food had been snatched away forcefully. Seeing him so angry filled me with satisfaction. "But you see, Scarlett. Charles is the most outstanding young man in our generation," David commented gently, trying to smooth things over.

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