

Bye, My Irresistible Love Chapter 226 by Gorgeous Killer

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Spencer's POV: Soon, everyone left the ward. After they were gone and I was left alone, I pondered over what Charles had said to me earlier. What he said had enlightened me. If I truly loved Vivian, I shouldn't let her wait any longer. At the very least, I should show her my love. With that in mind, I grabbed my phone and dialed her number. Get new chapter update on

It didn't take long for her to answer the call. "What?" From the phone, I could sense her cold, unfriendly attitude. But from how quickly she answered when I rang, it proved that she still cared dearly for me. "Vivian, it's my leg! It hurts so much... Argh!" I whine pitifully, putting on an exaggerated act to try and gain her sympathy.

"Aren't your buddies in the ward with you? Tell them to find a doctor for you." Though Vivian sounded like she didn't care, there was a trace of doubt in her seemingly aloof tone.

"They just left. Ouch! It really hurts... Oh forget it. I think I'll be fine. You don't need to come back..." I deliberately pulled the phone far away, and then blew out a deep, pained sigh into it. Before she could react, I immediately hung up. Within five minutes, rapid footsteps could be heard from outside.

Vivian immediately burst in, panting. "There was something wrong with the elevator, so I ran upstairs." Sweat bathed her shiny forehead, and her beautiful face was full of concern. She was genuinely worried for me. "Does it hurt?" She walked up to me and touched my injured foot carefully, her movements gentle.

"Are you in pain anywhere else?" She scanned my whole body nervously, trying to see if anything was hurting me. It was as if she wanted to give me a thorough check-up with her eyes. Smart as she was, she actually believed my silly lie. The fact rendered me amused, but at the same time, I was deeply moved.

My heart skipped a happy beat. I reached out and took her hand, and placed it on my chest. "Here. It hurts here," I whispered to her quietly. Her hand was soft and smooth to the touch, and her skin was as tender as a baby's. She was cute, lovely, and everything wonderful in this world. "You bastard!

There's nothing wrong with you at all!" A stunned Vivian, annoyed by my trick, quickly shook off my hand, acting as if she had been scalded. "I shouldn't have believed your nonsense!" The realization that she had fallen hook, line and sinker for my little white lie turned her cheeks a deep red.

Embarrassment colored her indignant face. "Don't you know it's immoral to pretend to be injured and lie to the doctor?!" "But we're not doctor and patient."

Vivian was so infuriated that she turned around at that very moment, about to leave. My leg couldn't move, but I subconsciously wrapped my arms around her waist to stop her from leaving.

Because of how my abrupt movements, I almost slipped and fell down from the bed. It was then that I bumped into my injured foot by accident.

This time, it was no act i cried out in sweating, unable to withstand the sudden bout Vivian immediately responded to this. She screamed as she turned around, and quickly hugged me to soothe my pain. Then, she bent down and tried to get me back to the bed. As she did so, the distance between was non-existent.

The posture was so intimate, I could feel her sweet breath spreading all over my face. Her soft body clung to my chest, so warm and wonderful. I could hear her flustered heartbeat clearly in my ear, and the sound was distracting. "Let's talk, okay?" I held Vivian's hand, placing it gently around my waist. She struggled for a while, but in the end, she relented and finally gave up. "Alright. But, you can't lie to me anymore."

I was about to say something, when I suddenly felt my lower body had grown stiff from my excitement. Knowing that this was not an appropriate time, I tried to hold back my desire and restrained myself. "Well... It's nothing serious. Uh, how about we talk about it another day?" I was so embarrassed by my state, I stammered subconsciously. Unfortunately, the expectation in Vivian's eyes turned into disappointment.

"So you have nothing to say to me except lies. You're really something, Spencer," Vivian said sarcastically before standing up, huffing. But as she got up, her soft body brushed against my bulging trousers by accident. In an instant, the air froze. Vivian's eyes fell on my lower body. "Is this what you wanted to talk about?" A bright smile appeared on her face as she stared teasingly at me. "Well, this kind of thing can't be solved by words, can it?"

I raised my eyebrows. "How about we try some other approaches, since words wouldn't work." "You seem to still remember that I'm an expert in male diseases, Spencer. So tell me, what method do you want me to use to help you?" Not to be outdone, Vivian made a snipping gesture with her fingers, like a pair of scissors, and then pointed at my lower body.

This woman was just too cruel! Anxious, I quickly changed the topic. "I hit myself just now. My foot really hurt. I mean it!" "Well, I'll call the doctor for you." Vivian flashed me a faint smile, amused. Before she could make her exit, the door of the ward was suddenly pushed open.

It was none other than Gemma, my mother, who had come to the hospital in a hurry. The moment she saw Vivian, however, her anxious face turned ice-cold. "Vivian! Why are you staying with Spencer all day long? Who do you think you are? You even incited him to drink and race in the middle of the night!"

My mother's exploding anger was akin to a machine gun that was going off at Vivian point blank, for absolutely no reason. Vivian hung her head low, her face

gloomy. "Mom, Vivian's my doctor. It's her job to take care of me." I explained anxiously, wanting to smooth things over. "You're not sick every day!

Why do you always ask your doctor to follow you around? Now, everyone in the city thinks she's your girlfriend! Whenever I tried to introduce someone to you, they'd tell me that my

son has already has a girlfriends MY mother went on angrily jabbering non stop While I could see her lips flap open, I couldn't hear a single thing that she said. All my attention was currently on Vivian. My mother's words seemed to hurt her deeply, and the happy mood between us just now was gradually disappearing.

My mother nagged and nagged, and it was a long time when she finally stopped. Before she left, she insisted on taking Vivian away with her. I wanted to follow them, but my injured leg prevented me from doing so. I could only look at their receding figures. Nervous, I shouted, "Mom, don't make things difficult for Vivian!"

O Unfortunately for me, the two women didn't bother turning around and paid no heed to my words. So depressed I was, I could only wait quietly in the ward. Several times, I wanted to call Vivian to ask about the situation. But I was afraid of my mother noticing my phone calls.

If she did, she'd have a better reason to attack Vivian. All of a sudden, I received a voice message from my mother. I clicked it to listen. Lo and behold, it was Vivian's voice. "Look, Gemma. As long as you give me money... I'll cooperate with you, no matter what you want Spencer to do." What was it that my mother wanted me to do? I couldn't believe my ears. There was no way that Vivian was willing to help my mother trick me, all for the sake of money.

I was still dwelling in my shock, when Vivian entered my ward. Seeing her, I immediately played the recording for her to listen to. I snarled angrily, "Seems I'm only something with a price tag in your eyes." Vivian was beside herself with shock, but she quickly regained her composure.

She smiled bitterly at me and said, "Actually, that amount's not enough. After all, I just agree to help you to find a girlfriend too. Had I known earlier, I would've asked for more!" Fury welled up in me. I was so angry that I wanted to throw my phone on the spot. What was wrong with Vivian?

To think she was willing to find me another woman, just for money! "I can earn a lot from you and your mother. A deal as profitable as this is really rare!" Vivian grinned brightly. She was smiling happily, but for some reason, it seemed different than her sincere smile from before.

I couldn't fathom what was on her mind, nor the meaning behind her smile. The only thing I was aware of was the anger flooding in me. "Then, you should seize this opportunity!" I glared back at her, my eyes full of hatred. *Get new chapter update on*

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It was fortunate that Scarlett recovered soon, and was set to be discharged from the hospital today. Upon my arrival at the hospital, I saw her slowly walking out of the ward with Janet's help. I walked over to her side at once. Janet took one look at me, and stepped back immediately. Without Janet's help, Scarlett lost her balance and leaned towards me for support. I used this opportunity to carry her in my arms.

I also didn't forget to avoid touching her wounded abdomen. "Charles, what are you doing? We're at the hospital!" Scarlett began to blush. "Put me down! I can walk just fine." "No," I said bluntly. Along the corridor of the hospital, nurses and patients passing by were all looking at us. "Wow! Mr. and Mrs. Moore are so romantic," they said. "I'm sure the Mrs. Moore is the happiest woman in the world," said another. *Get new chapter update on*

I didn't mind showing off how much I loved Scarlett in front of the public, for I believed that our happiness was something others should see. "Put me down, please," Scarlett whispered in my ear. I stood in place and replied, "If you keep nagging me, I won't leave this place." Upon hearing my response, Scarlett clammed up and buried her face in my chest.

She then wrapped her arms around my neck. As I carried her out of the hospital, the sun shone down on us. It felt warm and energizing. Soon, the car arrived at the Moore mansion and slowly pulled over. When I saw how Scarlett looked out the window, I couldn't help but chuckle. "Scarlett, try not to sneak away whenever I'm not at home, okay?"

I remarked. Scarlett looked at me, visibly surprised. "That thought didn't even cross my mind. You're so paranoid!" she remarked. "Well, I hope you're telling the truth." I shot her a cold glance. "But even if you do think of escaping, the house is now equipped with electronic locks, and I can control them remotely."

Scarlett forced a smile as her mouth twitched. "Oh... that's quite convenient," she said. I nodded at her and smirked. Then, she stared at me and opened the door, ready to disembark from the car. When I saw her having difficulties getting off the car, my heart ached. In order to assist her, I immediately got off the car and went to her side to support her.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" I asked. Barely had she taken a few steps, beads of sweat already formed on Scarlett's forehead, and some strands of hair stuck to her forehead. Her face was pale and looked particularly frail. She was like a porcelain doll that would break apart at the slightest touch.

A frown appeared on my lips as I carried her in my arms. "Ah!" Startled, Scarlett wrapped her arms around my neck and her eyes widened. "What do you think you're doing? I can walk just fine!"

"It'll be sun down before you get to your room at that pace i said. ignoring her complaint , I strode into the Moore mansion. "Ugh! Stop exaggerating. That's not what will happen," Scarlett retorted, sounding displeased as she pinched my cheek I turned my head towards her, casting her a stern glare. But even though I was practically staring daggers at her, Scarlett was unfazed.

She clasped my face with both hands and began to pull it upwards and downwards like she was toying with me. It was then that she began to defend herself so eloquently. "Don't look at me like that. You pinch my face all the time! This is just payback, you know!" "If you want to pinch me so badly, why don't you grab some other part of my body?"

Clearly infuriated by my remark, Scarlett gnashed her teeth and covered her mouth. "What the hell are you talking about? Shut up, Charles!" I raised an eyebrow at her and let out an exasperated sigh.. Upon our arrival at the bedroom, I gently placed Scarlett on the bed. "Do you want me to bring James here, so you'll have company?"

I asked. "Yes, please." When I mentioned James, her face softened at once. I took this opportunity to approach her, and I looked into her eyes. "Scarlett, as long as you're willing to stay in the Moore mansion, you can be with James every single day, and witness every moment of his growth." Scarlett was lost in thought. Her eyelashes quivered, and her eyes glinted under the light. Je I couldn't resist the urge to try and kiss her.

However, she shrank back, staring at me vigilantly the moment before our lips touched. "You know, that attitude really stings." I faked being annoyed and shot her a cold glance. "I forgot how obsessed James has been with the new toys that his Grandma bought for him recently. I don't think he'll be in the mood to accompany you," I added.

Scarlett's POV: Charles' words got me anxious, so I immediately held his hand. "Someone should keep an eye on him while he's playing with his toys. I can watch over him, and he can keep me company in the meanwhile." Charles didn't respond. He just looked at me with a knowing smile on his face. I was displeased to see his reaction. "What the hell, Charles? Are you trying to trick me again?" He still didn't answer me.

Instead, he suddenly approached me. And before I could react, I was already overwhelmed by his kiss. He held my nape and continued to kiss me. As our lips intertwined, my heart began to race. Charles was like a predator that had finally captured its prey. Regardless of how much I resisted, he did not stop kissing me and nibbling on my lips. I could feel his palm on the back of my neck, gradually moving up and clasping my hair.

Then, he pressed my face against his, deepening our kiss. I wanted to escape, but the tenderness of this intimate moment was far too tempting. To me, it felt like

even my very soul was trembling with pleasure. Slowly, my stiff body relaxed as I clung to his arms with every ounce of strength I had.

After a long time, he moved away and pressed his forehead against mine, catching his breath. The warmth of his breath seeped into my skin, and the sound of his husky voice was music to my ears. "You know what, Scarlett? I can only feel at peace when you're in this household. I can't live without you anymore.

Silence engulfed the room. I could feel my ears buzzing and I struggled to compose myself. It was undeniable that whenever he was this blunt about his feelings for me, my heart would flutter and I could feel butterflies in the pit of my stomach. It suddenly occurred to me that Nina once told me I could never get away from Charles. I knew that it would bring me as much pain as joy to fall in love with Charles, but I couldn't help myself.

It did seem like I would never be able to escape him for the rest of my life. With courage, I looked into his eyes. I was smitten by his deep-set, affectionate eyes that were brimming with sincerity. "Charles, I..." Before I could finish my sentence, a knock on the door interrupted me. Then, we heard Alice's voice. "Charles, have you taken Scarlett back?" Frowning, Charles sighed and touched my cheek lovingly. "Don't move," he said.

I nodded and smiled at him. Charles got up and walked away. I could hear him muttering complaints under his breath. "Mom is always ruining my plans!" It was rare to hear him speak like that, and I found it particularly adorable. When the door was opened, I lifted the quilt off me and sat on the edge of the bed. But before my feet could even touch the ground, Charles had already returned and told me to stop moving. "Scarlett, don't get out of bed! Didn't I tell you not to move?"

Alice entered the room with James in her arms, looking at me with concern. "He's right, Scarlett. You haven't fully recovered yet, so lie back down, okay?" When I was about to respond, Charles walked up to me. Then, he carried me to the middle of the bed and tucked me in. "Charles has been so worried about you, Scarlett." Alice went to the bedside and sat beside me. There was a warm smile on her face.

Meanwhile, James was reaching his arm out to me and he had a big grin on his face as he sat in Alice's arms. In a gentle, soothing voice, Charles said, "It looks like James missed his mother, too!" I smiled at my beloved little angel, and held James' hand. After a few pleasantries, Alice cast Charles a sidelong glance. "We wanted to go to the hospital to see you, but Charles didn't want us to go."

Surprised by Alice's statement, I looked at Charles in confusion. "Why did you tell them not to go?" "Mom, Scarlett needed to rest properly. It wouldn't be good for you guys to disturb her while she's at the hospital. It'll be tiring for her to keep up idle chatter with others," Charles rebuked. "Nonsense! Didn't you talk to Scarlett while she was there? And doesn't that mean she wasted some of her energy on you?"

Alice argued. "I'm her husband. I'm supposed to have more privileges than others." Charles looked at me with loving eyes. I averted my gaze and saw James

staring at me with his bright eyes. I felt like my heart was melting as I instinctively reached my hand out to him. "Mom, let me hold James," I requested. "Sure, honey. Here," said Alice.

"No way!" Charles answered at the same time. He grabbed my hand before it could reach James. "Scarlett, you're still too weak. What if your wound reopens while you're holding the baby?" "Charles is right. Sorry."

I should've thought about it earlier," Alice concurred. I was disappointed to hear that. "Am I not even allowed to be close to my own son?" "I'll hold him, so that Scarlett can be close to the baby." Charles sat on the edge of the bed, looking at Alice.

Alice nodded in response, carefully placing James in his arms. A smile appeared on my lips as I moved over and leaned against Charles, so that I could interact with my little angel. "Scarlett, I never got the chance to ask, but... What happened? How did you get injured?" Alice sounded worried. I raised my head and saw the concern in her eyes. "Actually..." Charles interrupted me before I could finish my words. "It's all my fault."

I failed to protect Scarlett well." It was then that I looked at Charles. His expression defined his emotions well, and his eyebrows were creased. I could see a trace of guilt in his eyes. Suddenly, I felt that the clothes on my chest were being pulled. James had grabbed the buttons on my shirt, pulling them back and forth and making babbling sounds. Alice smiled at me and said, "It looks like James is hungry." "I'll go make him some milk."

Charles left the room and took James with him. "He looks more of a father now, doesn't he?" Alice sighed. I smiled once again and watched Charles disappear from my sight. When I looked back, I saw Alice looking right at me. For some reason, she kind of looked agitated. "Scarlett, tell me the truth. Have you and Charles finally reconciled?"

I paused for a moment and nodded. "We have." a Alice breathed a sigh of relief as she held my hand earnestly. "I've been so scared that you won't be able to patch things up."

If you couldn't make up, it'll have an impact on James. But now that you've made up, you should live a good life with Charles from now on. You should both support each other and have faith in the other person."

"We will, Mom. Don't worry," I responded. Alice really doted on me. She treated me like her real daughter, and Charles' grandmother was just as affectionate towards me. In all honesty, I lived a truly happy life within this family.