

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 386

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Chapter 386 The Operation Was Successful

Charles's POV:

Five hours later, the light of the operating room finally went out. Dad exclaimed, "Charles, get up! Your Grandma is coming out!" After sitting for five hours, I could hardly stand. My legs had fallen asleep, and I had to brace one hand against the wall for support. The doors of the operating room swung open. Grandma was still unconscious on the bed when the nurse wheeled her out. Dad, Grandpa, and I rushed over to her bedside. "How'd she do?" Grandpa anxiously asked the nurse. The nurse beamed, "She did very well. The operation is a raging success. The patient's tumor has been removed completely." "Oh, that's great. Thank goodness," Grandpa heaved a sigh of relief. While Grandpa spoke to the nurse, I whipped my head toward the operating room and saw a slender figure through the gap between the doors. But before I could make out a face, the doors closed.

But why did that woman feel so familiar to me? Who was she?

"What are you looking at, Charles? Come on, let's go," Dad patted me on the shoulder.

I snapped back to my senses and shook my head.

The nurse took Grandma to the intensive care unit, and we followed. After telling us the dos and don'ts, the nurse turned to leave.

I reached out to stop her. "This is going to sound like a strange request, but will it be possible for me to meet Doctor Neame? He saved my grandmother. I want to thank him face to face."

nurse

"My son is right. Our family owes him, and we must thank him properly for saving one of ours," Dad echoed. "I'm sorry, but Doctor Neame has left the building," the nurse told us regretfully. "What? Already?" I was surprised. "He really is mysterious," Grandpa sighed.

I left Dad and Grandpa to watch over Grandma while I went to the hospital director to talk about

Grandma's follow-up treatment. When I passed by the nurses' station, I heard the nurses whispering. "Did you see that beautiful lady with Doctor Neame today? Who was she?"

"I heard that she was his translator. He doesn't speak English."

That familiar figure appeared in my mind again and lingered. Could it be her? All of a sudden, my heart started racing.

I immediately took out my phone and sent a message to Richard.

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After to the Open Wat Suneseni! "Have you found out anything about Caroline Wilson?" He replied quickly, "I've gotten some pieces of important information." Scarlett's POV

When I got home from the hospital, I was so tired that I collapsed on the sofa

But I was glad to see with my own eyes that Christine's surgery went amazingly well. I couldn't help sending a message to Hugo to express my gratitude "Thank you for saving a very important person in my life." Hugo replied a few moments later. "It's a doctor's sworn duty to save lives and heal the afflicted, Scarlett. But I'm a little curious. Charles hurt you in the past. Why did you still help him this time?" After a short pause, I replied, "I didn't do it for him. I did it for Christine. She's a good person. She treated me like her own granddaughter and showered my children with unconditional love. I owed her." a

"I see. You are very kind indeed. If you need anything else, you know how to reach me." I put down my phone and took a deep breath. It was time to focus on my business. Early morning the next day, I went to the east bank with Elena. I wanted to see the land that Adam was interested in. There was no traffic on the way, so we arrived at the east bank in almost no time. Elena and I got out of the car and looked around. The place was deserted, and there wasn't a soul to be seen. When we turned a corner, we came across a group of people. Charles easily jumped out of that group, and my eyes instantly darted to him. His eyes flashed with joy. "Miss Wilson, what a coincidence. What are you doing here?" "Well, since this place isn't owned by the Moore family, I figured I'd pay it a visit and have a look around. Is that okay?" I backfired, letting my voice drip with undisguised sarcasm. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean that you're not allowed to come here. I just meant

what a small world, don't you think? Of all places that we could run into each other, it had to be here," Charles

said with a smile.

I bit down the curses that threatened to leave my lips.

Small world? Perhaps he was right. The world was getting too small for us, and I wasn't relishing it. "Would you like to explore the place with our boss, Miss Wilson?" Amy offered.

I refused directly, "No, thanks. I can't stay anyway. I have other things to attend to. I should go."

After saying that, I turned around and left with Elena, but Charles rushed after me.

When did he become so annoyingly persistent? He wasn't this shameless before. "Are you also interested in this land, Miss Wilson?" Charles asked, starting the conversation. Without looking at him, I replied calmly, "No, I'm not." "Oh? But I heard that Mr. Adam Wilson had been scoping out this place for something. I thought

Chapter to the Operation was Successful it was a family decision," Charles said meaningfully. I stopped and squinted at him. "What else do you know?" "Well, I heard that Mr. Wilson wanted to buy this land to build a racecourse. But to be honest, considering the soil moisture and the surrounding environment, this isn't a good place to turn into a racecourse. It's a bad investment, and you stand to lose tons of money." I shrugged "Okay. Then why are you interested in this land?" I asked. "The Moore Group wants to expand its hotel business. This land meets our requirements." As Charles spoke, he stared at me with tenderness in his eyes. "But if you're really interested in turning this place into something profitable, why don't we agree on a cooperation?" 2 "Mr. Moore, I appreciate your offer to do business with me, but I'm very picky when it comes to people I work with. Character matters to me. And I don't mean to be blunt, but the first time I saw you, I knew that you were not the kind of person with whom I'd want to initiate a business cooperation." I looked straight into Charles's eyes and politely expressed my dislike toward him. Charles frowned, and his face darkened. He opened his mouth to say something. But all of a sudden, his phone rang. Charles fished his phone out of his pocket, glanced at the screen, and rejected the call. From where I was standing, I could see his phone's screensaver. It was a photo of us taken a long time ago. In the photo, I had my arms around his neck, and our faces were pressed cheek-to-cheek as we smiled at the camera. I was stunned. Why did he still have that photo as his screensaver? 1 My icy heart melted a little. 3

'We're divorced. We're no longer in each other's lives. What is that photo still doing in his phone? And why is it his screensaver? Isn't he afraid that Raina will see it and get jealous?' A tidal wave of thoughts flooded my mind. Charles's phone rang again. This time, I clearly saw Raina's name. At that moment, I felt like someone dumped cold water over my head, instantly extinguishing the warm feelings and taking me back to a frozen wasteland of hate.

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Chapter 387 You Have To Believe Me Charles's POV

I finally got a chance to talk to Scarlett, but Raina kept calling me, which annoyed me out of my

wits. When I hung up on Raina again, Scarlett snapped. "Is your fiancée calling to check on you?" She looked at me coldly, and I instantly panicked. "A good man always answers his fiancée's calls, Mr. Moore. You should talk to Miss Hill. She must be worried about you. I'm leaving now." The moment Scarlett turned around, my passion trumped my reason, and before my brain could sound off the alarms, my body had already moved. I reached out and grabbed Scarlett's wrist. There was only one thought in my mind. 'I can't let her leave me again.' "Scarlett... Please don't go." In a fit of desperation, I lost all control. Scarlett groaned, "Let go of me!" It was not until then that I realized what I had done, and I loosened my grip at once. "Oh, my. I'm sorry. Please listen to me, Scarlett. I have nothing to do with Raina. You have to believe me." Scarlett raised her head and looked at me with mockery in her eyes. "You want others to believe you, but tell me, have you ever trusted anyone?"

"I..."

My retort got stuck in my throat, and I suddenly understood the root of Scarlett's resentment. Although I had lost my memory and forgotten the events of the past six years, I could infer from the words of the people around me how much I had distrusted and hurt Scarlett. I could reasonably ask anyone else to believe me, but I had no right to ask Scarlett to do the same.

"Let's go, Elena." Scarlett turned around and walked away.

This time, I didn't have the courage to ask her to stay any longer. I could only stand still and watch her leave. As the wind blew against my cheek, the feeling of abandonment broke my heart in a million pieces. My phone began to ring again, but I turned a deaf ear to it. "Mr. Moore, it's Mr. Hill," Amy told me. I answered the phone and said expressionlessly, "Hello, Mr. Hill." "Hi, Charles. Are you busy? I hope I'm not bothering you or anything." , "No, not at all. What's up?"

"Raina's sick and has been asking for you. I had no choice but to call you. Can you come and see her?"

Why should I care if Raina was ill?

When I was about to refuse, Scarlett's words echoed in my head.

She once mentioned that she had lost a child.

When did Scarlett miscarry? Did Raina have a hand in it?

It was then that I agreed to see Raina. I decided that I'd ask her what happened to Scarlett a year

ago. She'd better have nothing to do with it. Otherwise... "Okay, I'll be there soon." I lowered my eyes to keep the people around me from reading them. Raina's POV: "What did Charles say, Dad? Is he coming?" I looked at my father expectantly He nodded with a smile, "Yes. He's on his way." "Great!" I couldn't help cheering up. I knew that Charles still had feelings for me. As soon as he heard that I was sick, he agreed to see me. But my mother decided to dump cold water on my enthusiasm and said, "Don't get too excited. Don't forget that there's still a complication named Scarlett standing between you and Charles." My excited heart calmed down in an instant. "I must drive her away!" "I have to remind you, Raina. Don't forget the reason why Scarlett miscarried that year. If Charles finds out what really happened, you're going to be screwed," she told me seriously. Yes, there was a time bomb between myself and Charles. Once Charles learnt the truth about what really happened a year ago, the consequences would be unimaginable. "Have you forgotten? We still have Nancy. We haven't used that pawn yet." I came up with an idea.

Dad's eyes darkened.

He raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "Put it aside for now. The most important thing we need to accomplish right now is to secure a marriage between you and Charles. I have to go. I have an important business meeting I can't be late to. Sweetie, please be a honey-lipped girl and don't lose your temper. Be nice to Charles. We have to unite

our family with theirs through your marriage to Charles as soon as possible.”

“Yes, Dad, I know.” I blushed with shyness. “I can handle it. You and Mom go ahead with your

work.”

After my parents left, I called my maid Bella in. “Hurry up. Put one more layer of powder on my face and lips to make them look even paler.” By the time Charles arrived, I had put on a full face of sickly-looking makeup. I lay in bed weakly as he walked in.

“Hi, Charles. I’m so happy you came.” I pretended to struggle to prop myself up. I winced as if I were in real pain. I thought my acting skills were flawless, but Charles just stood far away from me and looked at me coldly.

“If you don’t feel well, just lie down.” He walked over and sat on the sofa three or four meters away from my bed. “Why are you sitting so far away from me? Can you sit beside me? I want to see you clearly.” || forced a smile. Charles didn’t move. He just lit a cigarette and started smoking as if he didn’t hear me. “Why have you come here if you’re not even going to talk to me?” The smoke that Charles blew through his mouth and nose shrouded him, and he looked like a god that watched all of his creation from the clouds. His blue eyes shone brighter than the most beautiful seas I’d seen in my entire life. Sometimes, I just couldn’t believe how good-looking he was. How could I not be attracted to a man like him? I bit my lip, tears welling up in my eyes. “Are you still mad at me? I didn’t mean to speak ill of Hugo. I just thought that he’s asking too much and...” “That’s enough,” Charles rudely interrupted me and added, “Hugo has saved my grandmother’s life. I won’t allow you or anyone to badmouth him.” He narrowed his eyes at me. I sensibly changed my tone, “He saved Christine? Oh, thank goodness. I’m glad.” “I’ve come here to ask you something,” Charles said in a meaningful tone, his eyes glinting with menace. I suddenly got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. “Miss Wilson said that Scarlett died with her unborn child. Is that true? Did you have anything to do with it?” I got goose bumps all over my body. “Answer me, Raina,” Charles said in a flat tone, but I could feel a perfect storm brewing underneath his calm face. I felt like I was sitting in front of a volcano that was about to erupt. I clenched my quilt tightly and tried my best to look undisturbed. “I’m sorry, Charles, but I don’t know what you’re talking about.” “Oh?” Charles raised his eyebrows. “Never mind. I’ll seek the truth myself. Since you know nothing about it, you’re worthless to me. I won’t be coming here again. I think it’s best if you just give up on your stupid wishful thinking from now on.”

Charles put out his cigarette, stood up, and left without hesitation. He didn't even look back to check my reaction to his last remark.

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Chapter 388 I Miss You So Much, Scarlett Charles's POV After leaving the Hills's house, I got into my car and shut the door. The words "died with her unborn child" was a huge mystery that couldn't get out of my mind. Scarlett was never a person to talk nonsense. What happened a year ago that made her leave without even saying goodbye to her three children? I had a guess at the back of my mind, but I eventually set it aside. I was too scared of thinking about it. It scared me to my core that once I found out what really happened a year ago, I wouldn't deserve the right to ask Scarlett for forgiveness. I leaned against the back of my seat and pinched the bridge of my nose. My thoughts and worries had been doing a horrible number on my heart and nerves. Then, my phone rang and broke the silence in the car. I picked up right away without looking at the screen. David's anxious voice came through. "Charles, Spencer has been in a car accident." "What? Is he all right?" I asked in shock. "No. The doctor said that he might require an amputation," David explained in a low voice. He was all choked up as if he was on the verge of tears. "Where are you? Which hospital?" "Where Christine had her surgery. This is quite serious, man. Should I give Gemma a call?" David asked in a trembling voice. "You should." I hung up the phone and told Richard to drive to the hospital immediately. When I arrived, I saw David waiting in front of the operating room, his eyes red with frustration and helplessness. When he saw me, he immediately rose from the bench. "There you are." I nodded, glanced at the closed operating room, and asked, "How is Spencer?" "I haven't heard anything yet since they rolled him in. He was conscious when he was rushed here. I was also told that his car was totaled and had to be scrapped," David sighed deeply. "Where's Vivian? Didn't you inform her?" "They're divorced..." "Call her. Even if they're not together anymore, Vivian still has to know," I said with a long face. Although I didn't know why Vivian and Spencer divorced, their relationship had always transcended social approval.

Spencer needed Vivian now more than ever.

David nodded in agreement and immediately took out his phone to call Vivian.

I leaned against the back of the bench in the corridor and unblinkingly stared at the closed door of the operating room. My heart was racing madly. Gemma rushed over, tears streaming down her face. She grabbed my sleeve. "Charles, how's Spencer?" she looked up at me and sobbed. "He's undergoing surgery. He's going to be okay. Don't worry," I tried to comfort her. Just then, a nurse came out of the operating room. She asked anxiously, "Where is the patient's family? We need to perform an amputation, and we need some consent forms signed." "Amputation? No, I won't allow it! If Spencer wakes up and finds his leg missing, he won't be able to deal with it." Tears continued to roll down Gemma's cheeks. The timbre of her voice told a vivid story of pain and despair. Her cries echoed in the quiet corridor. A sense of powerlessness suddenly gripped my heart with icy fingers. Scarlett's POV: On the way home, I sat in the car and looked out the window in silence. Every time I saw Charles, the wound in my heart got torn open all over again. 1 The pain was so great that it knocked the air out of my lungs. Realizing that my mood had been affected by that awful man again, I despised myself more than I'd ever had before. I forced myself to concentrate on my work. I seriously thought about how to take the project on the east bank from Adam, and what to do with it to maximize the company's profit. Adam was by no means easy to deal with. He would never easily give away any project.

I had to think about what to do next.

Elena reminded me, "There will be an auction in a few days."

I nodded.

At this time, Elena's phone suddenly rang. "It's Christine Moore." Elena handed the phone to me with hesitation. I was surprised to see Christine's name and phone number on the screen. Why was she calling me all of a sudden?

Did she know that I had come back?

Did Charles tell her? For a moment, I was 'paralyzed by indecision. Although I asked Hugo to perform the operation and save Christine's life, it didn't mean that I still wanted to have any contact with any of the Moores.

"Answer the call for me," I ordered Elena. I turned away and clenched my hands into fists. "Hello?"

presenting to TES TATEMENT TEATTERY Elena pressed the answer key and put the phone on speaker. Christine's familiar voice sounded in the quiet car, and my eyes immediately stung with tears. "I would like to

“speak with Scarlett, please. I know she’s with you.” I could hear in her voice that she was still weak from the surgery.

But I caught a hint of expectation in her tone, which made me want to talk to her.

Elena handed the phone to me. “Hello.” I took the phone and greeted Christine with a smile. “I miss you so much, Scarlett. Since you suddenly disappeared, we have been worried about you every single day.” Christine choked with sobs.

It broke my heart hearing her tear up. I pressed one hand over my mouth to keep myself from crying out. Elena patted me on the shoulder and comforted me silently. Christine continued, “Scarlett, I saw you before the anesthetic took effect that day. You were in full surgical garb and a mask, but I’d recognized your eyes. I’d recognize them anywhere. Did you observe the operation because you were worried about me? You are such a kind person with a big, big heart.” a

Hearing her words, I was a little surprised.

I thought that I had disguised myself well and that I wouldn’t be easily recognized. I didn’t expect that Christine would know that I was there just by looking at my eyes. “Are you feeling better? If you’re feeling any discomfort at all, no matter how minor, you should tell your doctor right away, okay?” Although I had someone reporting to me about Christine’s physical condition and progress, I still couldn’t help nagging her about strictly following medical advice and speaking up immediately if she wasn’t feeling all right.

I heard the smile in Christine’s answer.

“I’m feeling much, much better now, dear. Will you come see me here at the hospital one of these days? I’m alone here most of the time, and I get lonely.” Christine’s voice was full of grievance. I frowned as my mind screamed at me to refuse. If I went to the hospital to see her, I’d be appearing there as Scarlett Riley who, as far as I was concerned, was already dead. Besides, there was a great chance that I’d run into Charles there. “Scarlett, if you’re willing to come and see me, I’ll ask Alice to bring the kids as well. You haven’t seen them in a long time. It’s time you see them again.” Noticing my hesitation, Christine hurled my children right at me.

She knew just what would make me show up at her bedside. Thinking of my three children, my heart twitched, and a tear rolled down my cheek. “Scarlett, I don’t know why you left without saying goodbye, but if you don’t want to talk about it, I won’t ask you. It’s just that the kids miss

you very much. They ask us every day why you haven't come back," Christine explained in between sniffles. A new wave of tears started streaming down my face. The thought of my children was like a

knife to my heart. "Okay. I will come see you, but I have one condition," I said in a low voice after a moment of silence. "What is it?" "I don't want Charles to know about our meeting." I wiped the tears on my face and spoke firmly. "Okay," Christine agreed.