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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 330 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 330 Slap Me

Scarlett's POV: I felt better than last night when I awoke in the morning

I was a little hungry, so I decided to call Tracy to bring me breakfast. But before I could reach for my phone, Charles pushed the door open, a delicious food box in his hand. He walked toward me and put the box on the small table by the bed.

"It's time for breakfast."

But I did not want to talk to him, and I refused to eat whatever he had brought me.

Despite the look of derision on my face, Charles did not seem to be discouraged. He took out the *food* from the box one by one, unperturbed. Now, I could see that he had brought fried eggs, bacon, sandwiches, and even a bowl of corn soup. The familiar fragrance greeted me in an instant, "Mom made it for you. Try have some," Charles urged, looking a little uneasy. I knew what the look on his face meant. He was lying. The truth was, his mother, Alice, could not cook. It must be him who had prepared the food.

But so what?

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I had changed. I would no longer be touched just because he had made me breakfast. Although the table in front of me was full of my favorite dishes, I remained unmoved. To spite Charles, I picked up the milk the hospital had provided and drank it.

He frowned and moved the breakfast closer to me. "Eat the food I've brought. Hospital food is not as nutritious as you think it is." I looked up at him and snorted. "Who are you? Didn't you say I'm filthy? You should stay away from me then, or else you'll get yourself dirty." Charles stiffened and looked at me with an inexplicable look on his face. "Jerry and Jason are waiting for you at home. Are you sure you want to continue talking to me like this?" A sneer tugged at my mouth upon hearing this. How dare this bastard threaten me with my own children? I looked into his eyes unyieldingly, but his face showed that he would not make a compromise. For a moment, we stared into each other's eyes. Neither of us seemed willing to concede. But in the end, I lost.

I hated his overbearingness. Exasperated, I put down the milk and leaned against the pillow sulkily. "Are you implying that I should feed you?" Charles asked with a cunning look on his face.

I only looked at him in response. Then, I pressed the call bell, and a young nurse came running to me the next second

"What's wrong, ma'am?"

*Nurse, this man broke into my ward without my permission and disturbed my rest Can you please kick him out" "Well."

Not knowing what to do, the nurse clasped her awkwardly and looked back and forth between Charles and me. Charles looked at the nurse and ordered, "You can leave now The nurse breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, sir." A deafening silence fell in the ward the instant the nurse left Charles sat on the edge of my bed, scooped a spoonful of soup, and brought it to

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my mouth “It looks like you really want me to feed you.” he said with a smirk. What the fuck?
He really was serious!

— — — With that, I sat up straight, grabbed the spoon from his hand, and gulped down the soup. “Ahem!” I must have drunk it too fast that I choked on it. Not only that, but I also felt that I was going to throw up. I covered my mouth with my hands and ran to the bathroom. But as soon as I stood up, I felt a sharp, intense pain in my ankle. I lost my balance and fell to the ground. But instead of hitting the cold, hard ground, I fell onto something warm. It turned out that Charles had caught me just in time. He then laid me on the bed as gentle as he could. At this moment, I still had not stopped coughing. Charles did not let go of me and even gently patted me on the back. With his free hand, he pressed on the call bell and then took a tissue to wipe my mouth. of course, I would not let him touch me. I snatched the tissue from him and wiped my own mouth. “Scarlett, I’m sorry for making you suffer again,” Charles solemnly said.

To be perfectly honest, I thought that the pain in my ankle was making me hear things. I wanted to push him away, but his warm embrace felt like it was the strongest cage in the world. He got me trapped in his arms, and I could not break away from him. His embrace was so tight that it was hard to breathe. But then, I realized that it was not because of his arms but his presence. My heart ached because of him, and I was on the verge of breaking down. He had known I would suffer. Why did he still do the things that would hurt me?

This man was cruel, and I would never understand him. “Scarlett, how about you beat me up? Do anything to me—punch me, kick me, slap me. You can do anything to me as long as it makes you feel better.” Remorse was written all over Charles’s face. Seeing that I did not move, he took my hand and slapped himself.

The flames of anger burned my reason to ashes. Fine. Charles had asked me to beat him up. I would do what he wanted. I slapped him across the face. But this time, he was not holding my hand anymore. His face tilted sideways due to the impact, and a red palm print

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appeared on his cheek. He was stunned for a second. But just like he had promised, he did not get angry and instead smiled at me, "Do you feel better? You can slap me again if you're still not satisfied." Charles closed his eyes and moved his face

closer to me. I gritted my teeth in anger. I raised my hand to slap him again, but I could not bring myself to do it again.

While we were at a stalemate, the doctor came in to examine me.

Charles immediately stood up and made a beeline to the doctor. "Doctor, my wife sprained her ankle. Please help her."

The doctor came over and touched my swollen ankle. His mere touch hurt so much that I withdrew my foot.

"Has the patient hurt her ankle before?" I did not answer and just shot daggers at Charles.

The doctor noticed my gaze, and he cast a reproachful glance at Charles. "Sir, we need to take an X-ray of your wife's ankle to know the extent of her injury. If this has happened before, I'm afraid she may need more extensive treatment." Charles's face turned dark and gloomy. The temperature in the ward seemed to have dropped a few degrees due to his temperament. Not long after, a nurse wheeled in a wheelchair into the ward. Charles glanced at it and, to everyone's surprise, picked me up. "You don't need a wheelchair. I would carry you wherever you want to go," he said in a familiar affectionate tone. I did not answer and just lowered my head. His word was the law. There was nothing I could do once he had said so. 01:57

---- Charles's POV: I carried Scarlett all the way to the Radiologic department. The X-ray was done within an hour. While Scarlett was being sent back to the ward to take a rest, I followed the doctor into his office with the X-ray result.

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“Mr. Moore, your wife’s condition is not very good. I’m afraid that her recurrent ankle sprains have led to joint instability. The treatment for her injury may take some time and be very demanding.” My heart sank upon hearing Scarlett’s diagnosis. Guilt and regret washed over me that I felt an urge to beat myself

It was because of me that Scarlett had been injured again.

Although I was morose, I forced myself to cheer up as I made my way back to the ward. As I walked to the door, I heard Janet and Tracy’s voices inside. “Don’t worry, Scarlett. Jerry and Jason are being taken good care of, and James is having a good time with them.” “That’s good,” Scarlett replied weakly. I just stood there in front of the door and did not come in until they finished talking. When Janet and Tracy saw me, they stood up from the bed and left the room respectfully. Scarlett, on the other hand, turned her back to me.

She did not even spare me a glance. Bitterness filled my mouth. I quietly walked to the bedside and stared at her back. “Do you miss the kids? How about I take them here to see you?” I asked, hoping that that would be enough to appease Scarlett. It worked just as I had expected. When I mentioned the kids, she turned around to face me. However, she did not speak and just stared at me with distrust.

Her wariness of me brought a pang to my heart. I unconsciously fumbled with the ring on my finger to somehow distract myself and relieve the pain. “Eat right and cooperate with the treatment, and I will bring them here to see you. Deal?” I persuaded. All of a sudden, Scarlett’s eyes turned red, and she turned her back to me again. “Scarlett...” I heaved a sigh. Without another word, I lay next to her and held her from behind. “Trust me, Scarlett. If that’s too much for you, fine. Just talk to me, and I’ll call the kids over.” I waited for her response, full of hope. I would give her everything she wanted as long as she asked. But in the end, the only thing she gave me was silence and defiance.

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