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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 337 by Gorgeous Killer

Charles' POV:

I went straight to the hospital after coming out of the bar, and just when I was about to enter, I saw a doctor walking out of Scarlett's ward.

Without thinking too much, I entered the ward.

Scarlett was on the bed with her eyes closed.

I walked to the bedside, stared at her face for a moment before I leaned in and kissed her forehead.

Scarlett did not open her eyes, but I noticed her eyelashes quivering.

However, I pretended like I did not notice it and continued to kiss her.

"Charles, you're pushing it! Stay away from me!" Just when I was about to kiss her lips, she put her hand on my chest, stopping me from getting any closer.

"I know that you are pretending to be asleep. I saw the doctor just a second ago. Did he say anything?" I held her hand.

She looked at me in silence, but she was not willing to talk to me at all.

Knowing that she still hated me, I did not expect her to respond. But her coldness still made me feel powerless.

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Sighing heavily, I let go of her hand, and walked to the bathroom to freshen up.

Scarlett's POV:

I heaved sigh of relief after I saw Charles walk into the bathroom.

No matter how coldly I treated him, he kept approaching me relentlessly.

His persistence only made me feel uneasy and upset, and I just wanted to run away from him.

A while later Charles walked out of the bathroom.

He then lay on the bed and hugged me tightly from behind.

"Good night, Scarlett." There was a hint of tiredness in his voice.

And I was clearly annoyed with his behavior.

Hadn't he promised that he wouldn't touch me as long as I did not speak to him?

I wondered if I should continue to pretend to sleep, or if I should remind him of our agreement.

"Scarlett, thank you for giving birth to the twins even in that difficult situation." Saying that all of a sudden, Charles held me even tighter.

But I didn't respond to him. I squirmed in his arms uneasily.

Noticing that, he moved even closer to me.

And now, our bodies were stuck together.

Charles' breath brushed against my ears, and my heart began race uncontrollably.

Just when I was about to say something, Charles suddenly pressed his hand against my heart.

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“Scarlett, your heart seems to be racing. Is it because of my touch? You said you didn’t want me, but your body seems to be disagreeing with your mind.” There seemed to be a hint of complacency in his tone and he seemed to be quite happy with my body’s honest reaction.

I blushed in embarrassment and hurried to pull his hands off my body.

“Scarlett, why did you stop pretending to be asleep?” Charles held my hand and suddenly turned me over to face him.

He was smiling.

I tried to remain indifferent and silent as I wanted to continue to resist his approach.

However, instead of giving up, he leaned in and kissed me.

I immediately turned away to avoid his kiss.

“Scarlett, I miss the feeling of your touch, and I don’t care even if you do it to refuse me. So there’s no point in resisting. I want you,” Charles whispered in my ear.

He gently pinched my chin and kissed my lips.

It was so gentle and irresistible that I was taken back to our sweet past.

In the end, I could only give up on struggling and let him kiss me.

Noticing that I was not resisting him any longer, he kissed me more passionately.

Holding me in his arms, he ran his hands under my clothes, fondling and caressing my body.

My heart began to beat wildly. I was jolted back to reality, and groaned in pain.

“Scarlett, did I hurry you?” Charles stopped at once with a worried look in his eyes.

Looking at his concerned expression, I couldn’t help but scold myself for being such a disappointment. Even after being hurt so many times, I still couldn’t help but love him.

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I wanted to turn my back to Charles, but he held me tightly, stopping me.

“Scarlett, don’t move.” Noticing the change in my mood, he quickly pulled me into his arms.

I tried to get away from him, but he only tightened his arms around me.

“Scarlett, the doctor said that you must protect yourself against the cold. You will feel warmer if I hold you,” Charles said in a gentle tone.

“I can put on more clothes to stay warm. I don’t need you! And I can’t fall asleep if you keep holding me like this!” I retorted.

However, he ignored my words completely and held me in his arms.

I had no choice but to give up the idea of struggling because he was so stubborn.

I thought that I would be staying awake all night long, but I fell asleep quite soon.

The next morning, when I woke up, Charles was not in the room, so I thought that he must’ve left.

It was only a moment of happiness before he walked in with a nurse, who was a physiotherapist.

He stood aside, carefully learning all the massaging techniques from the nurse.

When his hand touched my body, our intimate moment from the night before flash through my mind, and I immediately flushed.

Fortunately, the nurse was in the ward, so I knew that Charles would not do anything inappropriate in front of her.

That moment, someone knocked on the door.

“Mr. Moore, Miss Wood and Mr. Wood are here to see Mrs. Moore.” It was Janet outside the door.

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When I heard Nancy was there, I could not help but feel angry and glared at Charles.

How could he ask her to come over when he clearly knew that I did not like her?

Was he trying to show off their intimacy again?

"I didn't ask them to come," Charles explained in a hurry when he saw how angry I was.

I continued to stare at him, not wanting to believe a word he said.

Nancy and Nicholas walked in, surprised to see Charles there.

"Scarlett, are you feeling better now?" Nicholas put down the gift box on the table and greeted me with a polite smile.

Looking at Nancy, I suddenly remembered the embarrassing scene from the bar, and I was annoyed.

I smiled at Nicholas, but didn't say anything.

He seemed to have foreseen my attitude, so he did not speak more.

"Now that you've seen her, please leave. She needs to rest." Charles stood up and poured a glass of water for me before telling them to leave.

I was surprised by the sudden change in his attitude towards Nancy.

Just a few days ago, he had said that he would marry her and make her James' stepmother. Why was he being so indifferent to her now?

"Scarlett, have a good rest. We'll come to see you another day," Nicholas said politely before walking to the door.

But Nancy stopped him and walked towards me.

"Scarlett, please help me." She then looked at me with pleading eyes.

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I was surprised by the dramatic change in her attitude towards me, and turned to Charles in a daze.

He was also surprised, but he frowned and did not say anything.

“Scarlett is still sick. What do you want?” Nicholas gave his sister a disapproving look.

“I accidentally offended a client yesterday, and now Charles wants to fire me! Scarlett, please put in a good word for me. He always listens to you! I really can’t afford to lose this job!” Nancy begged me pitifully, her voice filled with despair.

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Scarlett’s POV:

“Sorry, I don’t know the Charles you’re talking about. And I can’t help you,” I said and looked at Nancy. I refused her request without hesitation.

Nancy was stunned and didn’t seem to understand what I meant.

“Drink some water first, Scarlett,” Charles offered and smiled.

He handed me a glass of water and stared at me as if he didn’t notice Nancy there, desperately begging for mercy.

“Charles, are you the man that Nancy mentioned just now?” I asked Charles deliberately in front of Nancy while taking the glass of water from him.

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"No, I'm not. I have nothing to do with her," Charles denied immediately.

"Then who are you?" I asked Charles again.

"I'm your husband, Scarlett," Charles replied, holding my hand and looking at me affectionately.

I saw tears in Nancy's eyes as she stared at Charles in disbelief.

"How could you say something like that, Charles?"

"Who allowed you to call my name?" Charles snapped at Nancy.

Frightened by his cold eyes, Nancy's face turned pale, and she lowered her head in grievance.

"Nicholas, please get Nancy out of here. My wife needs to rest. I don't want anyone disturbing her," Charles urged Nicholas impatiently.

"Of course. Nancy, come on. Scarlett needs some rest," Nicholas said while flashing me an apologetic look. He gently took Nancy's arm, but Nancy didn't want to leave.

Unwilling to give up, Nancy shook off Nicholas' grip and addressed me once again.

"Please help me, Scarlett! I've been working hard all this time. You have no idea about the kind of hell I had to go through just to get where I am. I can't lose this job!" Nancy pleaded, practically kneeling by my bedside.

Looking at the desperate expression on her face, I kept silent.

As a woman, I didn't think Nancy had done anything wrong. If I were in her shoes, I definitely would've made the same choice.

But I still didn't understand why Nancy was asking me of all people for help. After all, our relationship was not that good.

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All of a sudden, what Charles said a few days ago occurred to me. He said that he wanted Nancy to be James's stepmother, which made me feel extremely disgusted. I looked at Nancy coldly.

"Are you really unwilling to help me, Scarlett?" Nancy pressed.

"Nancy, you made the company lose an important client, and you didn't engage in introspection. What else can I say? Besides, I don't think it's my obligation to help you," I retorted, feeling a little taken aback by the sheer entitlement in Nancy's tone.

Did she think that I had to help her just because she sobbed and wailed in front of me?

"It's not my fault at all. Any woman would resist being sexually harassed. You're also a woman, Scarlett. You should take my side," Nancy said, trying to arouse my empathy.

"If it were Charles who sexually harassed you that day, would you have resisted?" I asked Nancy with a sneer.

Finally, Nancy was rendered speechless. She clearly wasn't expecting me to ask that question.

Her reaction was enough of an answer for me.

Since Nancy liked Charles so much, she must be eager to have more physical contact with him.

"Please leave. I'm tired. I want to rest," I finally said and looked away.

"I'm so sorry, Scarlett. Nancy's spoiled and doesn't know when to quit. Don't worry. I'll take her home right now," Nicholas apologized and put his arm around Nancy's shoulder. He hurriedly steered her out of the room before she could start a whole new conversation.

After they left, both Charles and I kept silent.

I picked up the magazine on my bedside table and began to read it.

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I had almost completely recovered during the past two days. I was expecting to be discharged from the hospital as soon as possible.

I had no freedom here. I hated this place, and I hated Charles.

He just wouldn't let me go.

If I got discharged from the hospital today, Charles would surely take me back to the house in Garden Street or to the Moore mansion.

Thinking of Charles's overbearing attitude, I felt a little annoyed.

Nancy's POV:

After walking out of the hospital, Nicholas put his arm around my shoulder and sighed, "I wouldn't have come with you if I'd known that you only wanted to see Scarlett to broach the matter to her."

"Do you think Scarlett is beautiful, Nick? Who is more beautiful, me or her?"

Nicholas looked at me in confusion as if he didn't understand what I just asked.

After a while, he answered, "Of course you're more beautiful than Scarlett."

"Be serious! Do you really think I'm more beautiful than Scarlett?" I nagged, refusing to believe his answer.

If what he said was true, then why couldn't I ever compare with Scarlett in Charles's heart?

Every time I thought about Charles being gentle and considerate to Scarlett, I felt like I was going to die of jealousy.

What spell did Scarlett cast on him? Why was he so head over heels for her?

There had to be an explanation!

"Nancy, Scarlett is not a woman we can just judge," Nicholas said after a long silence.

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Hearing this, I put on a disdainful smile.

“I admit that she used to be very beautiful, but now she’s extremely ugly. She doesn’t deserve to be compared with me!”

Scarlett looked horrible now. Her skin was sallow and lifeless. Charles would dislike her one day!

“Nancy, if Charles and Scarlett were divorced, I wouldn’t stop you from pursuing Charles. But they’re still married. You shouldn’t be pestering a married man. I don’t want you to end up like Rita,” Nicholas told me with genuine concern.

“What does Rita have to do with Charles and Scarlett?” I asked, flashing Nicholas a confused look. I honestly didn’t understand why he was bringing up Rita all of a sudden.

“More than a year ago, Rita suddenly disappeared. At that time, Charles and Scarlett also began to drift apart. Back then, a rumor went around that the reason for Charles and Scarlett’s separation was the death of their child, which the gossipmongers attributed to Rita. Now no one knows whether Rita is alive or dead. That’s why I don’t want you to end up like her. I don’t want you to just vanish into thin air someday,” Nicholas said, looking at me worriedly.

“Why do you say that? Has Rita’s body not been found?” I asked, starting to feel scared by Nicholas’ words.

“With Rita’s temper, if she was still alive, she definitely wouldn’t let Charles and Scarlett live a peaceful life.”

“Do you mean Rita’s dead?”

I shivered unconsciously.

“Probably,” Nicholas replied.

I suddenly felt lucky upon hearing his words.

If Rita was really dead, then I’d have one less rival in love.

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A ruthless rival in love like Rita was terrifying.

“Nancy, if Charles has already made up his mind about firing you, you can come work in my company,” Nicholas offered.

“No, I want to stay in the Moore Group,” I refused decisively.

“Fine. If you want to stay, you have to solve the problem by yourself. Don’t ask Charles or Scarlett for help again,” Nicholas conceded.

“I will,” I agreed and left the hospital with him.

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