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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 339 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 339 Want To Run Away

Scarlett's POV: I wasn't sure if it was because of seeing Nancy during the day, but I had a nightmare around midnight. In my dream, she took away my kids, and even mocked and humiliated me in front of Charles. To make matters worse, Charles asked my three kids to call Nancy their mother.

When I woke up screaming, he was awakened. He immediately got up to turn on the light. Then, he embraced me from behind and attempted to comfort me. "Were you having a nightmare, Scarlett? There's no need to be afraid. I'm right here." The sound of his voice was soothing to my ears, and I could feel just how worried he was for me.

Sadly, it wasn't enough to appease my apprehension. It only made me feel more terrified.

As I recalled what happened in my dream, tears fell from my eyes. By the time I composed myself, I found myself holding onto Charles. I quickly let go of his hands. "Hey, hey... are you alright, Scarlett? How do you feel?" Charles was staring at me with worried eyes. I shot him a glare and turned my back to him. If I ever get the chance to leave this place, I would certainly take all my kids away! Never would I allow my kids to call Nancy their mother. Not long after, Charles turned off the lights again, and embraced me once more. "There's no need to be afraid, honey. I'll always be by your side." As he hugged me from behind, he wiped away the tears from the corner of my eyes. His embrace was warm, but my entire body felt cold.

"Charles, stop calling me that. We can't get back together!" I tried to shake his arms off me, but he held me even tighter. "If you keep moving your arms like that Scarlett, I can't guarantee that I won't do something to you!" Charles warned.

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His words were enough to scare me. Fearing that he would actually try to escalate this into something sexual, I decided to give up on struggling. The following morning, Charles told me that he had to go to a meeting at the company. Once he was gone, I took out the phone that William gave me last time. The only thing on my mind right now was to leave here as soon as possible, and get the hell away from Charles. Nervously, I turned on my phone, only to find that there was no signal. It turned out that I couldn't even send out a text message.

Charles must've planted a signal jammer in the room somehow. He was leaving me no chance to contact the outside world. The last glimmer of hope in my heart was extinguished. Despair overwhelmed me, and tears fell from my eyes. 'What am I supposed to do to escape this place?' I wondered. I sat on the edge of the bed for a long time, holding the phone. This ward seemed ordinary, but it was actually heavily guarded. The thought of it alone was enough to make me feel suffocated to the point that I could hardly breathe. For me, this wasn't a ward; it was a cage. I opened the door, and there I saw three guards waiting outside. Janet and Tracy walked up to me when they saw me at the door

Want To Run Away "Scarlett, is there something I can do for you?" asked Tracy. "I feel stuffy inside the room. I wanna go downstairs to breathe some fresh air," I answered. Janet and Tracy exchanged awkward glances. At this time, Richard approached me and said, "Mrs. Moore, you're allowed to go outside, but please allow the three of us to accompany you." After a moment of hesitation, I figured Tracy would be the best one to accompany me. "Can you just let Tracy follow me around? It's too eye-catching if all of you come with me." "Please don't make things difficult for us. Mr. Moore has tasked us to follow you wherever you go. If anything bad happens to you, he's going to punish us for it," Richard responded, seemingly having read my mind.

Because of that, I had no choice but to agree. This had been the first time I would leave the ward and go downstairs since I was hospitalized. However, I wasn't in the mood to appreciate the scenery. I was looking around at all the people coming and going. Finally, I laid eyes on an old woman sitting on a chair and fiddling with her mobile phone. As I stared at the phone in her hand, hope returned to my heart. Calmly, I approached her. "Hello, ma'am. Do you mind if I sit with you?" I asked politely. The old woman nodded. I stifled my excitement and sat next to her. While I was talking to her, I thought of how I could borrow her phone. As our conversation kept going, I noticed that she was afraid when she saw Richard and the others behind me. This was when I realized that an opportunity had come. "Can you guys give us some space?"

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You're scaring her," I remarked. "Janet, stay here and watch over Mrs. Moore." I could tell that Richard was concerned about leaving me alone. After a moment of hesitation, he left Janet here with me. A frown appeared on my face, for I was dissatisfied with his decision. Seemingly noticing my displeasure, Richard explained to the old woman, "I'm really sorry about this, ma'am. But Mrs. Moore is in poor health, and we can't leave her on her own. I hope you can understand." ; Once Richard and Tracy were far away, I scoffed at Janet and asked, "Did Charles order you to spy on me?" "We're not spying on you, Scarlett. We're looking after you." Janet frowned back, immediately correcting my assumption This time, I didn't say anything. Clearly, this ruse of "looking after me" was just a term for monitoring me. "You haven't been married for long, have you? It sounds like your husband cares about you very much," said the old

woman.

A bitter smile appeared on my face. Janet kept on staring at me the whole time, and for that reason, I couldn't ask the old woman if I could borrow her phone. Even when I was back at the ward, I still didn't want to give up. I came up with an excuse to go downstairs again, but then I ran into Charles. He had just returned from the company. I sat on one of the benches, feeling desperate. "Would you like to sit there a little longer, Scarlett?"

Charles walked towards me and sat down. Ignoring him, I lowered my gaze. After a moment of silence, he held my hands. His hands felt warm to the touch, completely enveloping my own. The thought of being imprisoned and monitored by this man for these past few days made me feel so disgusted by him that I wanted to escape from him.

Sadly, I failed at every turn. "Don't move. Your hands feel cold. Let me warm them up for you," Charles remarked, holding my hands tighter. "I don't need you to do that for me!" I growled, struggling even harder. He knitted his brows, pulling me into his arms. "I know what you're up to, Scarlett. But mark my words; I won't let you go. Ever. Just give up on whatever you're planning," Charles whispered as he leaned close to my ear.

Upon hearing that, I felt tense. I didn't expect that he'd figure out my plan so soon. I felt even more desperate now. Once again, I began to struggle away from him in silence. Charles exerted more strength to embrace me tight. And soon, I was running out of energy. Desperate and afraid, I asked, "Charles, what can I do to make you let me go?"

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“Nothing. I will never agree to that.” Even as we spoke, he still wouldn’t stop hugging me. The stern manner in which he spoke brought despair to my heart. This time, I gave up on struggling and just let my tears fall down. Charles was holding me as though he feared that I’d run away if he let go for even a second. Silence ensued between us. He didn’t take me back to the ward until it was nightfall.

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Chapter 340 You’re Evil

Scarlett’s POV: I lay weakly in Charles’s arms, barely breathing and surrounded by despair. He gently laid me on the bed and held my hand. “I’ll arrange another physical therapy session for you later. Take a rest first.” For a moment, I felt like my heart was being pierced by a knife. I used to love the man in front of me with all my heart. But now, all I wanted was to get away from him as far as I could. “I slept with William,” i said out of nowhere. It was a lie. After years of entanglement with Charles, I knew very well how to break his heart.

To my surprise, he did not go hysterical, Rather, he just calmly stared at me with his deep, emotionless eyes “Didn’t you hear what I said? I had sex with William!” I repeated with more conviction. When I spoke, my chin was raised, and I looked at him with defiance. “Scarlett, don’t lie to me,” Charles warned through gritted teeth. We were staring into each other’s eyes when, suddenly, a sharp pain shot across my arm. He had tightened his grip on my wrist, and I froze because of the pain. “There’s no point in hiding the truth anymore. The kids may be yours, but I indeed slept with William.” I endured the pain and continued to rub salt into his wound. “Why do you have to do this?” Charles asked coldly.

“Do you want to hear more about it?” I looked into his eyes with a smirk and made a story up. “It was raining heavily that night. I went to his room—” “Enough!” Charles roared. His

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veins stood out on his forehead, and he clenched my shoulder tightly in rage. "I loathed you to the core. Just so you know, I slept with William because that was the fastest and the most direct way to take revenge on you." My mouth automatically uttered those words to spite him. I could not even feel pain in my shoulder at all. "Do you hate me that much?"

To think, you're even willing to use your body as a tool for revenge. I don't believe you." Charles's eyes said otherwise. Pain and disappointment were written all over his face. He looked as though he was on the verge of breaking down. "Trust me. I can do more than that. Do you really think we can get back together as long as you keep me by your side? Charles, I don't know if you're too naive or just stupid. Can't you see that I'm trying to make a clean break with you? I don't want to see your face again! You sicken me." I could not control my surging emotions anymore.

Charles slowly loosened his grip on my shoulder and stood up. I thought that he had given up. Boy, was I wrong. "Do you think I will believe you just because you say so? Sad to say, but if you really have slept with William, then that's all the more reason why you can't leave me." A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. "What did you just say? Do you really believe that we can just live together and pretend to be a happy couple for the rest of our lives?"

A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth. "Why not? You can do whatever you want. It's up to you if you want our children to be unhappy. But I have to remind you. Even if you get discharged, you can't escape from my watch. Do you really think you can leave me? Unfortunately, you'll have to wait until the day I die." Charles's words hit me like a hammer. Ever so slowly, my heart sank into the abyss of despair. "Charles, you're out of your mind!"

Instead of being angry because of what I had said, he put on a smile. "When our children grow up, will they find out that their parents' marriage, as they know it, is just a show?" Why don't you explain to them by then that you cheated on me and gave your heart and body to another man?" Charles was being aggressive in spitting what he thought were facts. How could I show any weakness? "How dare you threaten me?! Do you think you're any better? Should I tell James that you remained indifferent when he had just died miserably in front of you? Or perhaps, should I tell him that you never loved me and that you cared more about the person who tried to murder him?" "Scarlett!" Charles pushed me onto the bed and pinned me with his body. Then, with his one hand, he held my hands above my head and pinched my chin with the other, rendering me unable to move. "Listen to me carefully. Back

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then, Rita had no way of escaping. Killing her was easy, but what was the point of that? Her death wouldn't bring James back to us. And at that very moment, you were in my arms, dying. I wanted to save you. I had lost James. I couldn't lose you too!" Charles stared into my eyes. As he spoke, his eyes were red, and his voice was choked with sobs. He then eventually released his grip on my hands. Without another word, he cupped my chin and stroked my cheeks over and over again.

"How could you say that I didn't love my son? Haven't you seen how much I loved him since the moment he was born?"

With tears streaming down my face, I lay on the bed in despair, my heart numb in pain. In all honesty, I knew that he loved James. But the thing was, he was entangled with the woman who had almost killed my son. Of course, I could not pretend that that did not bother me. "Scarlett, I'm begging you, don't let our relationship go to waste just because of one thing," Charles pleaded. I turned a deaf ear to his plea and murmured, "Let me go," I did not care about who was right and who was wrong anymore. All I wanted right now was to get away from him. "I won't. I will also make sure that you won't leave my side," Charles said in a matter-of-fact tone, ignoring what I felt.

With a sneer, I turned to look at him and said, "Then I will die in front of you." Charles had crossed the line. Unfortunately, it seemed that death was the only way out of this hell. "Die in front of me? Huh! Don't you want to watch our kids grow up? And when they do, do you want them to know that their mother had a mental breakdown because of a problem in marriage and then committed suicide? Is that what you want them to see?" My mind went blank all of a sudden. "If that's what you want, go ahead. But from then on, I'm afraid that they won't believe in love anymore. Do you want them to end up alone and lonely? I don't think so." "You... You're impossible!" Charles had struck me in the Achilles' heel. My children were the only ones I could never let go of. How could I bear to make them suffer?

"I don't care if you're going to cuss me out for the rest of our lives. If being good means that I'll have to let you leave and let our children grow up in a broken family, then I would rather be despicable." "Get off your high horse. You're just manipulating me." "You're right. I'm manipulating you to do the right thing for our children. You can't escape from me, Scarlett."

I stared at Charles's face, hoping to see even a trace of pity. However, the only thing I saw was his cold-heartedness and desperation. "You...",

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Before I could finish my sentence, my chest tightened, and my body convulsed. I also coughed uncontrollably as I

felt that something would come out of my throat. Without wasting another second, Charles sat up, held me in his arms, and pressed the call bell. "Scarlett, what's going on? What's wrong?" "Get... get away from me! Get away..." At this moment, a group of doctors and nurses rushed into my ward and went to my aid.

"Mr. Moore, your wife is emotionally unstable. Please go out for now," a nurse said. Although reluctant, Charles let go of me and retreated to the door. One of the doctors injected something in me, and I gradually calmed down.

"Mr. Moore, you'd better leave now," the nurse reminded him again. "I have a few words to say to my wife." A moment later, the doctors and nurses left the room. Once they were gone, Charles walked over to me again. "About what happened between you and William... don't say that again. I knew he had disguised himself as a doctor and gave you a phone that night. Why else do you think he didn't send you any message in the past two days?" A feeling of dread washed over me. "Charles, what did you do to William?" How the hell did he find out about it? I felt as if a bucket of cold water was poured over me.

I could not begin to imagine what crazy things this man would do to assert his dominance. "Don't expect William to come and save you. He could barely save his own ass. He did not only hide my wife and son for a whole year, but he also tried to take you away from me. After everything he has done, do you think I will let him off easily?" Charles whispered in my ear. "I hope you die a horrible death!" If I had not been sedated, I would have jumped up, strangled him, and brought him down with me. "Scarlett, don't challenge my bottom line. You should know by now that I have no patience when it comes to you." A chill ran down my spine as Charles stared at me with affection and, at the same time, malice. Truth be told, I was terrified.

For the first time in my life, I feared the man I once loved.

"Charles, you're evil."

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