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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 389 by Gorgeous Killer

**Chapter 389 Scarlett Was Here** Scarlett's POV: I put on a mask and a baseball cap and then changed into a set of unisex clothes. When I was finally satisfied with my disguise, I went to the hospital to see Christine, Because it was already evening, there were fewer visitors and nurses, so it was easy to sneak into her ward. When I opened the door, I immediately saw her lying on the bed. I had not seen her for days.

Thankfully, she looked much better now. Without a word, I took off my mask and cap and made my way to her bed. "Scarlett, my dear child!"

Christine sat up in excitement. It was apparent that she was happy to see me as her pale face flushed in delight I bent over and helped her sit up. With tears welling up in her eyes, she grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, I know it's you." I patted her hand comfortingly. "Please calm down." "It's okay. How are you? I don't mind if you don't want to admit that you're Scarlett. Just promise me that you've been taking care of yourself." My heart ached with guilt as I gazed at Christine's wrinkled and haggard face. Not only that, but I was also on the verge of tears. She stroked my hair.

"Don't worry, honey. I won't force you to come out if you don't want to." She then took out her phone and handed it to me proudly as if it was a treasure. "You haven't seen the children for a year, so you must miss them so much. Here. I prepared this for you." I opened the album on her phone. It was filled with pictures of my children. "Look at how much they've grown.

James is tall now, and your two little boys are growing every day." Taking pictures was like magic. It let you go back time. Thanks to these photos, I was able to see moments that I had missed. Slowly, I reached out and touched my children's faces. I felt a searing pain in my heart as if it was being grilled on a pan. I scrolled down and saw that there was also a video. I clicked on it at once. In the video, James was standing by Jerry and Jason's bed. He seemed to be teaching them how to pronounce a word. "Repeat after me. Mo...mmy," he patiently said.

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“Mo... mmy.” Before I knew it, my tears had fallen on the screen. I tried to stop myself from crying, but more tears fell.

I hurriedly wiped the screen of the phone, but it remained wet. Christine handed me a piece of tissue and advised, “Scarlett, come back to Charles. You have

children with him, after all. They’re still young. They need you, Scarlett. They need their mother.” I took the tissue and wiped my tears. Then, I shook my head with a resolute look on my face and replied, “Grandma, I won’t make the same mistake again. As for the children, I’ll find a way to take them with me.” “Do you really want your children to lose their father?” “Grandma, I’ve already made up my mind. I can’t bring myself to forgive Charles, so I will never give up on my children. I’ll take them with me someday.” 1 What I had said took Christine’s breath away. Literally. I watched with eyes wide in shock as she fell onto the bed and tried to catch her breath. Horrified, I pressed the call bell at the bedside at once.

As much as I wanted to make sure she was okay, I could not let anyone find out that I had come here.

“I’m sorry.” I took one last look at Christine and turned around to leave.

Charles’s POV: Spencer’s operation was not yet over, so David and I went out to breathe some fresh air. He handed me a cigarette, which I took and lit. “Charles, what should we do next?” David solemnly asked. “What else can we do? Tell Spencer’s family to keep an eye on him. Don’t let him do anything stupid.” I took a deep drag on the cigarette and exhaled a big puff of smoke. The nicotine left a bitter taste in my mouth. “Where is Vivian anyway? Did she run away again? She’ll come back after what happened to Spencer, won’t she?” “I’m not sure.” I threw the cigarette butt on the ground and put it out with my shoe. “But for Spencer’s sake, I’ll find her,” I added. David and I smoked another cigarette, but neither of us spoke anymore. Suddenly, my phone rang, breaking the silence. It was a call from the hospital. “Mr. Moore, your grandmother has lost control of her emotions. Please come here as soon as possible.”

Damn it.

Without wasting any second, I ran to the hospital and into Grandma’s ward as fast as I could.

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Once I entered her ward, I rushed to Grandma and looked at her up and down.

“Grandma, how do you feel now? Why did you lose control of your emotions?” Grandma smiled weakly. “I’m fine. The doctor just made a mountain out of a molehill again.” Suddenly, something occurred to me. “Did anyone come here?” Grandma did not answer. Well, she did not need to. I knew in an instant that Scarlett was just here.

Vivian’s POV: When David called me, I was in a suburban villa in France. Ethan had locked me up here. Some time ago, Spencer kicked Ethan’s lower body so hard. Since then, Ethan could no longer have an erection He had gone to many hospitals, but none of the doctors there was able to cure him. A few months ago, knowing that I was the top andrologist, Ethan tricked me into coming here. When I did not agree to do what he said, he imprisoned me in the villa. Dozens of bodyguards guarded the area day and night to ensure that I would not escape. Of course, I tried several times to escape but to no avail. But no matter what, I would never yield to his request.

Back then, Spencer and I were happy when I was pregnant. We were looking forward to having a happy family. But Ethan, this son of a bitch, did something that caused me to miscarry. The doctor said that my uterus got injured because of the miscarriage, so I might not be able to get pregnant again. I could not forget the disappointment and sadness in Spencer’s eyes. I could not look at him without feeling guilty, so I decided to ask for a divorce. . Spencer deserved someone better—a woman who would give birth to his children and would accompany him for the rest of his life. When I heard that Spencer got seriously injured in a car accident, I felt like my world had collapsed around me.

It was only then that I realized that I could not let go of him.

I locked myself in the room in despair. And now, I had decided.

I would get out of here. I would come back to Spencer at all costs.

“Ethan, I’ve agreed to treat you. But you have to remember what you’ve promised me. When you’re cured, you will set me free.”

Sitting in the wheelchair, Ethan raised his eyebrows at me and promised, “I’m a man. Of course, I will keep my words.” “I trust you.” I bent over and patted his cheek with a grin. “After all, only I can cure you.” Ethan stared at me warily and asked, “Didn’t you say you’d rather die than treat me? Why did you suddenly change your mind? What are you up to?” “Don’t you like to take risks? Don’t you love danger? Don’t tell me... you’re scared?” I asked with a sly smile.

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Ethan's face darkened. "Scared? I, Ethan Johnson, have never been scared in my life." "That's good." I did not want to talk to him anymore, so I turned around and left.

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Ethan asked someone to bring all the medicinal materials I needed. Meanwhile, I locked myself in the pharmacy to make his medicine. While I was working, my phone suddenly rang. It was Emily, my mother, and now also Ethan's

stepmother. With a sneer at the corners of my mouth, I put down the test tube and put the phone on speaker. "Vivian, is it true that you've agreed to help Ethan? Why? Didn't you say that you'd rather die than treat him?" "Are you worried I'll poison your stepson?" I retorted. "I'm warning you, don't you dare play any tricks on him, or else I won't let you and your sweetheart off!" "I advise you to mind your own business. If you threaten me again, I might tremble in fear and accidentally poison your dear Ethan.

I would like to see how you'll explain that to the Johnson family." I could not help but sneer. Did Emily honestly think that I would yield to her threats? "Stop being so full of yourself. I'll go there tomorrow and keep an eye on you." Without waiting for my response, Emily hung up the call. When I came out of the pharmacy, Ethan and two of his bodyguards were standing at the door with a large bundle of hemp rope in their hands. A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of my stomach. "What-what do you want?" I stammered in fear. A cunning smile tugged at the corners of Ethan's mouth. "I'm sorry, beauty."

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