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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 390 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 390 Don't You Get It Scarlett's POV: I left the hospital in low spirits. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw the photos of my three children. After seeing those photos, I became more determined to take them back. In the evening, I went to a bar to get a drink and took Elena with me. Not long after we sat down, Charles appeared out of nowhere. He walked over to us and pulled out the empty chair beside me. He casually set his jacket on the back of the chair and sat down. "Just my luck," I muttered under my breath. Pretending not to hear me, Charles smiled at me and said, "Fancy seeing you here, Scarlett. Let me buy you a drink. Would you like a beer or a cocktail?" 1 "Why are you sitting at our table?

Who told you that you could sit with us?" I glared at him. The smile on Charles's face slowly faded. He pursed his lips and kept silent for a long time. "I know you went to the hospital to see Grandma today. You still care about her, don't you?" Charles said and looked at me with confidence. It took all my strength to keep the shock from reaching my face. I had been very cautious when I went to the hospital to visit Christine. How did Charles find out? I took a deep breath and looked straight into Charles's eyes. "I don't know what you're talking about." "Wine?" He opened a bottle of wine and poured me a glass. He beamed and pushed the glass toward me. "No, thanks. I don't want to drink too much," I refused. Charles took back the bottle of wine, opened a bottled soda, and handed it to me.

"Then you drink this, and I'll drink the wine." Looking at Charles's face, I couldn't tell whether he was happy or angry. I felt a little unhappy. "I don't like this kind of soda. It's awful." I pushed the bottle away. Charles sighed helplessly. "Miss Wilson, would you do me the favor of having a few drinks with me?" That was the last straw for me. My patience had finally run out. I was so annoyed that I considered ripping the pleading look right off Charles's face. I picked up my soda and dumped it on his face. Startled, Charles looked at me in astonishment, his face full of bewildered embarrassment. "Don't you get it, Charles? I came to the bar because I wanted a drink. I just don't want to drink with you. What part of that don't you understand?" I sighed in exasperation, rose from my seat, and left the bar.

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Elena followed me and comforted me, "Don't be angry, Caroline. That guy isn't worth it. Don't let him ruin your night." "You're right." I nodded, but I still felt a little upset. I did lose control of my emotions tonight.

Whenever I saw Charles's face, I thought about the child that I miscarried.

"Scarlett!" Suddenly, there was a rush of footsteps behind me. Charles caught up with me, his eyes filled with pain. "Please. I just want to ask for your forgiveness. I know how much I hurt you. Please give me a chance to make up for it," he begged. He had always been God's favored one, and I had never seen him beg anyone for anything before. However, seeing him like this, I almost laughed at the irony. Could a simple apology erase all the pain he had caused me? Could it bring back the child that I lost? "Mr. Moore, I really don't understand why you're asking me for forgiveness.

There's no bad blood between us. I simply don't want to hang out with you," I flatly told Charles and flashed him a smile. "Scarlett..." "I'm not Scarlett, okay? You got the wrong person. If you keep pestering me like this, I'll call the police." After saying that, I left with Elena without a backward glance. As soon as I got home, I received a call from my father. "Hi, Dad." "Hello, dear. I'm just calling to remind you about the auction. I need you to take part in it."

"All right." I was thankful for the work talk. It was the only thing that could ease my foul mood. I asked, "What's the starting bid?" "Twenty billion. I've arranged for an escort to accompany you. His name is Simon Felix," Dad said in a tone that I instantly understood.

The escort wasn't just an escort. It was a blind date.

I frowned and put together my refusal in my head. "You've been single for so long, sweetie. You need someone to keep you company," Dad pressed before I could turn down this mysterious Mr. Simon Felix. I smiled bitterly

I didn't want a husband or anyone to accompany me. I just wanted my three children back.

Charles's POV:

Watching Scarlett walk away, I felt my heart crack. A gaping hole of fear devoured me whole and stole the air from my lungs. I could feel her getting farther and farther away from me.

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When Scarlett was finally out of my sight, I went back to my car and went home. When I arrived, I found my mother and Chloe playing with my children in the living room. "Why are you all still up?" I looked at them in confusion, "We were waiting for you." Mom took a look at the three children and lowered her voice. "I heard that Scarlett was back. Is it true? Are you going to remarry her?" I lowered my eyes and swallowed the bitterness that enveloped my tongue. I would love to remarry Scarlett and spend the rest of my life with her. But she didn't want the same with me. "Well, if you don't want to, that's okay, too. I mean, you can always find someone else. I think Raina can be that girl," Mom said when I didn't respond. I cast a cold glance at Chloe. Chloe lowered her head at once, her face full of guilt. Seeing her reaction, I suddenly understood why my mother brought up this topic. I snapped at her, "How much longer are you going to stay here, Chloe?"

If you can't let sleeping dogs lie, then I think it's time for you to go back abroad." "Honey, why are you being angry with Chloe? She told me about Raina because, like me, she wanted you to move on," Mom explained. "I'll move on when I get Scarlett back. I don't want to be with anyone but her," I said firmly. Identical disapproving frowns curled my mother's and Chloe's lips. "Why are you still so hung up on Scarlett?" Chloe asked, her eyes full of disgust. "If you dare utter Scarlett's name in that tone again, I will throw you out myself, do you hear me?" I snarled, looking her straight in the eyes.

Chloe immediately cowered in Mom's arms and didn't dare to speak anymore. I scoffed, took the twins, and carried them upstairs. I gently opened the door to the master bedroom and set the twins gently in their crib. The walls and cabinets in the room were covered with our family photos. I professionally had the photos made. After Scarlett left, I realized that we never got around to shooting some family portraits. I picked up one of the framed photos and stroked Scarlett's face on it. She looked haggard in the photo, but she was still smiling,

However, the light in her eyes had dimmed, leaving only a shadow of despair and indifference,

And I was the one who caused all of it.

I tortured a lively and outgoing girl and turned her into a gray, empty husk. I held the photo to my chest and let it shred what was left of my broken heart. "Mom, Mom..." At this time, the twins suddenly started calling for their mother. I hurried over to them and assured them in a comforting voice, "Mom will be home soon, I promise. Now it's time to go to sleep."

DOM! You Get It

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Looking at our two sons, I was more determined to get Scarlett back. After coaxing the twins to sleep, I heaved a sigh of relief. A few moments later, my phone vibrated in my pocket. I took a look at it and found a new message from Richard. "Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore's medical records were destroyed a year ago. I also couldn't find the doctor named Boris who treated her at that time." My heart sank. I immediately replied, "Keep looking for him. We must find him even if we have to search every corner of the Earth!"

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