

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 380

Scarlett's POV: "Speed up and lose the car behind us," I barked at the driver. The driver was very experienced. He sped up, but he was still able to ensure that the car ran steadily. Halfway to our destination, the driver said, "Miss Wilson, the car behind us is gone. It seems it suddenly turned a corner." I looked back. Sure enough, no one was following us anymore. I breathed a sigh of relief, but deep in my heart, I couldn't help feeling a bit disappointed. Suddenly, I felt an acute pain in my waist. I gasped. Elena looked at me and quickly asked, "Are you okay, Caroline? You just turned white as paper." "I'm fine. It's just a little discomfort in my waist area. It happens all the time. Don't worry." I had been suffering from the pain since my miscarriage. The doctor said that it was a sequela of the miscarriage and that I had to rest whenever I could and not push myself too hard. Every time I felt the pain, I hated Charles and Raina more. "My hatred for them was what had been keeping me going. "Do you want to go to the hospital?" Elena asked me worriedly and gently massaged my waist. "No, thanks. Even doctors have no way to ease my pain. I'll be fine after I get some rest," I replied, forcing a smile. As soon as I finished speaking, the pain became sharper. I gritted my teeth to keep myself from screaming, but I trembled so badly that Elena cringed and panicked. Then, I began to feel cold. I curled up in a fetal position, hoping that hugging my legs would give me a little warmth. "That's it, Caroline. We're going to the hospital." Elena hurriedly told the driver to turn around and rush to the hospital. When we arrived at the hospital, one of the doctors gave me a routine examination

Elena accompanied me and stayed with me the entire time. "Here, take some painkillers," Elena said and handed me some pills and a glass of water. I took the medicine and chased it down with water. I sat on the bench in the corridor for a long time before the pain finally subsided. When we were about to leave the hospital, I saw Charles rushing by. What was he doing here? Were the kids sick? I said to Elena, "Elena, you go ahead and wait for me in the car. I just have something that I need to do." "I'll come with you," Elena offered. "No need. I'm okay on my own. I'll meet you in the car." I gestured to Elena to let me go. She hesitated to leave at first, but when she finally went ahead to the car, I went to follow Charles secretly.

When Charles walked into the waiting room of the Department of Neurosurgery, he suddenly held his head with both hands. He shook slightly Richard hurried to his side, ready to catch him if he ever collapsed. After a while, Vivian came out of the ward, "Are you okay, Charles? Why do you look so pale?" Vivian's eyes were full of concern. "I'm fine. I'm just having a little headache, as usual," Charles answered in a low, hoarse voice, waving his hand. I frowned in confusion. When did Charles begin to suffer from headaches? Did God finally hear my prayers and punish him? • Looking at Charles's bone-white face, I cursed in my heart, 'You deserve it.' "How's Grandma?" Charles asked and pinched the bridge of his nose. "The doctor said that the tumor in Christine's head has begun to grow. An operation needs to be arranged for her as soon as possible," Vivian replied seriously.

Hearing Vivian's words, my heart sank. When did Christine get a tumor in her head? I desperately wanted to know more about Christine's condition. But after thinking for a while, I dismissed the idea. I didn't have the courage to approach Charles or Vivian and ask. At this time, Amy rushed over and handed a bottle of pills to Charles. "Here, boss. This should help with your headache." Charles nodded at Amy and took the medicine.

Soon, his pallid face regained some vigor.

| "Charles, didn't you go abroad to look for Hugo? What happened with your search? Did you get in touch with him?" Vivian asked.

Charles shook his head helplessly, looking dispirited. I guess Christine's illness was most likely caused by Scarlett's sudden departure. Christine loved Scarlett so much and treated her like her own granddaughter. I suppose Christine took it really hard when Scarlett left. I don't mean to pile on to your headache, Charles, but you really didn't treat Scarlett well enough. If you had been good to her, we wouldn't be here." "Scarlett's back," Charles muttered without looking at Vivian. "What?" Vivian said, whipping her head at Charles.

"She's back. She was just at Raina's party. I saw her with my own eyes." Charles briefly told Vivian what had happened earlier tonight. He took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it up, and took a deep drag. The smoke made him look like he was shrouded in loneliness. I leaned against the wall of the corner I was hiding in. I put my hand over my chest. As echoes of Charles's pained voice created cracks in my heart, my eyes filled with tears, Charles's POV: "Are you serious? Are you sure it was her? Are you absolutely sure?" Vivian stood up from the bench in the corridor and yelled at me in surprise. "Yes, but she doesn't remember me," I muttered and lowered my head in disappointment. Pain and sadness lodged a lump in my throat, and I swallowed it. "Maybe she just doesn't want to recognize me." I took another deep drag on my cigarette, hoping that the smoke would help ease the despair in my heart. I leaned against the wall and felt a brand-new headache coming on. This time, it felt like it came back to lay complete waste on my nerves. I started having headaches a year ago. The doctor said that it was caused by memory loss. It was a kind of pain that was comparable to the pain of a gunshot wound, and taking oral painkillers could do very little to blunt it. Only IV analgesic injections could help with the pain. When I was to have the injection that day, I asked the doctor, "Which one is more painful, this kind of headache or the pain of childbirth?" "They're both painful, but if you're asking about degree and risk, nothing compares to the pain and danger a woman goes through when she gives birth. When a woman has a baby, she's actually risking her own life," the doctor explained. "Then I don't want the injection." I turned around and left the hospital.

I just couldn't imagine the pain Scarlett had to go through. She must be physically and mentally exhausted when she gave birth to the twins, I braced my elbows on my knees and covered my face with my hands, I finally gave up and let the tears roll down my face and onto the smooth, tiled floor. Experiencing this agonizing pain on my own made me realize the kind of torment Scarlett went through when she pushed our children out into this world. And what did I do to her? All I brought her were endless heartaches, And now I should pay the price. I was willing to suffer fate's retribution for how badly I treated Scarlett as long as there was a glimmer of hope that she was coming back to me.