

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 388

Chapter 388 I Miss You So Much, Scarlett Charles's POV After leaving the Hills's house, I got into my car and shut the door. The words "died with her unborn child" was a huge mystery that couldn't get out of my mind. Scarlett was never a person to talk nonsense. What happened a year ago that made her leave without even saying goodbye to her three children? I had a guess at the back of my mind, but I eventually set it aside. I was too scared of thinking about it. It scared me to my core that once I found out what really happened a year ago, I wouldn't deserve the right to ask Scarlett for forgiveness. I leaned against the back of my seat and pinched the bridge of my nose. My thoughts and worries had been doing a horrible number on my heart and nerves. Then, my phone rang and broke the silence in the car. I picked up right away without looking at the screen. David's anxious voice came through. "Charles, Spencer has been in a car accident." "What? Is he all right?" I asked in shock. "No. The doctor said that he might require an amputation," David explained in a low voice. He was all choked up as if he was on the verge of tears. "Where are you? Which hospital?" "Where Christine had her surgery. This is quite serious, man. Should I give Gemma a call?" David asked in a trembling voice. "You should." I hung up the phone and told Richard to drive to the hospital immediately. When I arrived, I saw David waiting in front of the operating room, his eyes red with frustration and helplessness. When he saw me, he immediately rose from the bench. "There you are." I nodded, glanced at the closed operating room, and asked, "How is Spencer?" "I haven't heard anything yet since they rolled him in. He was conscious when he was rushed here. I was also told that his car was totaled and had to be scrapped," David sighed deeply. "Where's Vivian? Didn't you inform her?" "They're divorced..." "Call her. Even if they're not together anymore, Vivian still has to know," I said with a long face. Although I didn't know why Vivian and Spencer divorced, their relationship had always transcended social approval.

Spencer needed Vivian now more than ever.

David nodded in agreement and immediately took out his phone to call Vivian.

I leaned against the back of the bench in the corridor and unblinkingly stared at the closed door of the operating room. My heart was racing madly. Gemma rushed over, tears streaming down her face. She grabbed my sleeve. "Charles,

how's Spencer?" she looked up at me and sobbed. "He's undergoing surgery. He's going to be okay. Don't worry," I tried to comfort her. Just then, a nurse came out of the operating room. She asked anxiously, "Where is the patient's family? We need to perform an amputation, and we need some consent forms signed." "Amputation? No, I won't allow it! If Spencer wakes up and finds his leg missing, he won't be able to deal with it." Tears continued to roll down Gemma's cheeks. The timbre of her voice told a vivid story of pain and despair. Her cries echoed in the quiet corridor. A sense of powerlessness suddenly gripped my heart with icy fingers. Scarlett's POV: On the way home, I sat in the car and looked out the window in silence. Every time I saw Charles, the wound in my heart got torn open all over again. 1 The pain was so great that it knocked the air out of my lungs. Realizing that my mood had been affected by that awful man again, I despised myself more than I'd ever had before. I forced myself to concentrate on my work. I seriously thought about how to take the project on the east bank from Adam, and what to do with it to maximize the company's profit. Adam was by no means easy to deal with. He would never easily give away any project.

I had to think about what to do next.

Elena reminded me, "There will be an auction in a few days."

I nodded.

At this time, Elena's phone suddenly rang. "It's Christine Moore." Elena handed the phone to me with hesitation. I was surprised to see Christine's name and phone number on the screen. Why was she calling me all of a sudden?

Did she know that I had come back?

Did Charles tell her? For a moment, I was 'paralyzed by indecision. Although I asked Hugo to perform the operation and save Christine's life, it didn't mean that I still wanted to have any contact with any of the Moores.

"Answer the call for me," I ordered Elena. I turned away and clenched my hands into fists. "Hello?"

presenting to TES TATEMENT TEATTERY Elena pressed the answer key and put the phone on speaker. Christine's familiar voice sounded in the quiet car, and my eyes immediately stung with tears. "I would like to speak with Scarlett, please. I know she's with you." I could hear in her voice that she was still weak from the surgery.

But I caught a hint of expectation in her tone, which made me want to talk to her.

Elena handed the phone to me. "Hello." I took the phone and greeted Christine with a smile. "I miss you so much, Scarlett. Since you suddenly disappeared, we have been worried about you every single day." Christine choked with sobs.

It broke my heart hearing her tear up. I pressed one hand over my mouth to keep myself from crying out. Elena patted me on the shoulder and comforted me silently. Christine continued, "Scarlett, I saw you before the anesthetic took effect that day. You were in full surgical garb and a mask, but I'd recognized your eyes. I'd recognize them anywhere. Did you observe the operation because you were worried about me? You are such a kind person with a big, big heart." a

Hearing her words, I was a little surprised.

I thought that I had disguised myself well and that I wouldn't be easily recognized. I didn't expect that Christine would know that I was there just by looking at my eyes. "Are you feeling better? If you're feeling any discomfort at all, no matter how minor, you should tell your doctor right away, okay?" Although I had someone reporting to me about Christine's physical condition and progress, I still couldn't help nagging her about strictly following medical advice and speaking up immediately if she wasn't feeling all right.

I heard the smile in Christine's answer.

"I'm feeling much, much better now, dear. Will you come see me here at the hospital one of these days? I'm alone here most of the time, and I get lonely." Christine's voice was full of grievance. I frowned as my mind screamed at me to refuse. If I went to the hospital to see her, I'd be appearing there as Scarlett Riley who, as far as I was concerned, was already dead. Besides, there was a great

chance that I'd run into Charles there. "Scarlett, if you're willing to come and see me, I'll ask Alice to bring the kids as well. You haven't seen them in a long time. It's time you see them again." Noticing my hesitation, Christine hurled my children right at me.

She knew just what would make me show up at her bedside. Thinking of my three children, my heart twitched, and a tear rolled down my cheek. "Scarlett, I don't know why you left without saying goodbye, but if you don't want to talk about it, I won't ask you. It's just that the kids miss you very much. They ask us every day why you haven't come back," Christine explained in between sniffles. A new wave of tears started streaming down my face. The thought of my children was like a

knife to my heart. "Okay. I will come see you, but I have one condition," I said in a low voice after a moment of silence. "What is it?" "I don't want Charles to know about our meeting." I wiped the tears on my face and spoke firmly. "Okay," Christine agreed.