

# Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 220 by Gorgeous Killer

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Lucia's POV: When I stabbed that bitch, Scarlett, with my knife, I felt so happy that I laughed maniacally. But soon, the police arrived. They took me back and locked me up. In the corner of the same room, there was a tall man and shorter man. The moment they saw me being thrown into the cell, they eyed me up and down with obscene eyes.

Slowly, they inched closer towards me. Disgusted by their appearances and putrid odor, I backed away. When I saw their faces clearly, a terrible memory flooded into my mind. 'I can't believe it. It's them!' That night after I left Mint Bar, it was these two bastards who dragged me to a dark alley and raped me.

They tore my clothes apart and treated me like a toy. The thought of what happened that night made my legs go limp, and I wanted to throw up. "Help! Don't lock me up with these rapists! Let me out of here!" I shouted and banged on the iron door of my holding cell. "Don't pretend like you're some innocent virgin!"

The short man spat on the ground. "Hey, little missy, you were moaning with much more excitement that night." The tall man smacked his lips, looking even more perverted. "Why are you here at the police station? Have you come to solicit business here? You're really something, aren't you?"

"Shut the fuck up! I'm not a prostitute, you assholes! I'm a good woman. You bastards raped me that day!" I was so humiliated and angry that tears were about to burst from my eyes. I begged the police to give me the justice that I deserved. The policeman walked over, only to shoot me a frigid glance. "How come a good person would be locked up for murder? Now behave yourself! And shut the fuck up!" "Did she kill someone?"

Upon hearing what the police said, the two men were startled. "No, I didn't. Scarlett is still alive!" I said, attempting to defend myself. I merely stabbed Scarlett. daily new chapters in [www.novelheart.com](http://www.novelheart.com) She was still alive when her bodyguards came to her. "You should count yourself lucky that she's still alive.

Otherwise, you'll be given a life sentence for first degree murder." The policeman took out his baton and used it to hit the iron fence heavily. 'No, Scarlett isn't dead!

I'm not going to let my life be ruined because of her; absolutely not!' I cursed inwardly. Trembling, I squatted down and found that my hands were still stained with Scarlett's blood, and that they couldn't be wiped clean. I had no idea for how long I had been waiting in the holding cell. All of a sudden, I saw Linda appear before me.

"Aunt Linda, please help me!" My eyes lit up with hope. Surely, she must have some way to get me out of here.

Linda glared at me before she walked towards the policeman on guard. They were standing far enough that I couldn't hear what they were talking about. But in my heart I believed that Linda must be doing something to save me. After their brief conversation, she walked towards me. It seemed as though I managed to escape imprisonment by the skin of my teeth. "Aunt Linda, please. Take me away. I want to leave here," I pleaded. "The police told me that the evidence was damning, and bailment isn't allowed."

The news was so shocking that I gritted my teeth and roared, "What the fuck? Why am I not allowed to be bailed out?" "Enough! Don't be stupid! Who the fuck told you to kill Scarlett, huh? Crying won't do you any good now. Save the rest of your energy. I've already thought of someone who might be able to help you. He has some connections with Charles." After giving me an earful, my aunt left without even offering me some words of comfort.

As I watched her walk away, I felt my legs go numb, and soon I dropped to my knees and fell to the floor.

Not long after, the two disgusting rapists surrounded me. "You tried to kill Scarlett? Isn't she Charles Moore's woman? Jesus Christ, how did you have the fucking audacity to hurt her?"

I thought you were just some random whore, but it turns out you're insane!" said the short man. "I think she has no idea what it means to offend Charles Moore. I heard that the Lively family got on his bad side, and now the entire Lively Group has gone bankrupt," the tall man added. "Just wait, you bitch. Charles is going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget!" They were both staring at me as though I were dead to them.

Trembling with fear, I completely lost control of my body. I didn't even notice that I had pissed myself. Within seconds, the putrid smell of my pee pervaded in the air of the holding cell. The two rapists broke into a weird laughter. "I can't believe she got so scared that she peed herself!" As I stood on the messy floor, I began to suffer from dizzy spells. Scarlett's POV: All I could see before me was a vast, unending span of darkness.

I could hear someone uttering my name affectionately. It was Charles. His gentle voice was like a glimmer of light in the dark night, slowly guiding me and helping me regain my consciousness bit by bit. "Charles..." I muttered in a hoarse voice. At long last, I managed to open my eyes, albeit *with* difficulty.

Seconds later, a blurry figure rushed to my side. "Scarlett, how are you feeling?"

Charles asked with concern. However, I couldn't see his face clearly.

At this moment, my hands felt like they weighed a ton, and it was too difficult for me to even raise them.

Just before I gave up, Charles held my hand and placed it on his face. "Scarlett, there's no need to be afraid. I'm here." When I touched his warm face, I finally felt that I had come back to life. Gradually, Charles' face became clearer to me. Through feeble movements, I brushed my fingertips against the stubble on his chin. Upon gazing into his eyes, I gathered that he had been worried sick about me. He must really care about me.

It was then that I felt a strong sense of security.

Sadly, exhaustion and pain came to me again. As I closed my eyes again, all the fear and doubt I had been feeling had all but dissipated.

"Scarlett? Scarlett!"

Before I lost consciousness again, I heard Charles' anxious voice. Soon, I drifted into slumber. Every memory I had of him replayed in my mind. Some of the memories we shared were bitter; most of them were sweet. I remembered our wedding ceremony, and the first night I had with Charles.

I also recalled countless disputes and how we slowly drifted apart. And then... James was born. I could never forget how it felt to hug my baby for the first time. He was so small and cute. I had suffered and endured astronomical pain just to give birth to him. 'No! James won't be able to live without me. I must hold on for the sake of my child!' I thought to myself.

After a long time, I finally regained consciousness once more. Upon opening my eyes, I saw Charles sleeping beside the bed. Even though he was asleep, he was still holding my hand. I tried to pull my hand out of his, but he frowned and held me even tighter. He was still asleep while doing that.

Even in his dreams, Charles was still as bossy as ever. In an attempt to wake him up, I pinched his fingers. Just as I had expected, he opened his eyes almost immediately. "Scarlett, you're awake!" He was still half-asleep, but the joy on his face was evident. "Where is James? Is he okay?"

My utmost concern was my little angel. "Mom is looking after him. Don't worry." "Can I see James tomorrow?" I asked in a soft voice. "Sure!" Gently, Charles fed me some water. "I'll do anything for you as long as you're fine." I had no idea what sort of experience he had during my coma, but he had suddenly become so sweet and considerate of me.

Dazed, I stared at Charles' face. There were dark circles under his deep-set eyes, and his face was pale. He looked a little haggard, but he was still quite dashing.

This was the first time I had seen him so disheveled. Why is he still wearing the suit he had on during the morning I was stabbed? How long had Charles been accompanying me? A day or two? Is it possible that he never left my side while I was in a coma? I wondered. "Didn't you sleep well?"

My heart ached when I saw him at his current state. "I'm fine," Charles replied, touching my head. "For how long have I been unconscious?" I asked. "Over

twenty hours. I was so worried about you," he responded. Then, Charles planted a kiss on my forehead.

"Where are Janet and Tracy? Are they okay?" I recalled the horrific fight that ensued in the bathroom. Just thinking about it made my heart race. "I fired them," Charles said; his face turning grim. "They didn't protect you well enough." "Wait, what? Why did you fire them? You shouldn't have done that, Charles! If it weren't for them, Lucia would've killed me already!"

I was so agitated by his news. Suddenly, I felt a dull pain in my lower abdomen. It was as if the wound was popped open, and I had to stop talking "Fine, fine. I'll do as you say. Just don't move, okay?" Charles panicked. "Then get them back! Now!" Enduring the pain, I squeezed out a few words through gritted teeth.

"You know, when it comes to you, I'm always powerless." Charles' shoulders drooped, making him look helpless. He then went to the balcony to make a phone call. Not long after, Janet and Tracy entered the ward. "Thank you for saving my life," I said to them as I looked them in the eye. "Don't worry, girls.

Charles isn't going to fire you. I won't let him." Both Janet and Tracy still looked guilty and remorseful. Before I could comfort them, Charles cut me off. "Well, you can go out now. If something like that happens again, you already know the

consequences." Janet and Tracy nodded and left the ward in a hurry. Now, only Charles and I were left in the room. Not long after, he tucked me in. "Scarlett, I can't bear to lose you again. From now on, I'm going to protect you my way, and I'm never going to let anyone hurt you again!"

## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 221 by Gorgeous Killer

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Chapter 221 Good Night, My Dear Scarlett

Scarlett's POV: The following morning, when I woke up, Charles was working on some files right beside the bed. Gently, I called his attention. "Charles." He immediately stopped working, rushed to my side, and took care of me. He was so cautious in taking care of me that it made me think I was paralyzed or something.

At noon, I heard a knock on the door. It was Nina. She came in with a bouquet of flowers in hand. "Hi, Scarlett," she muttered. "Nina," I greeted her with a smile. Nina approached the bedside. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she could barely speak, for she was on the brink of sobbing. "How are you feeling now?

Yesterday, you were covered in blood. I was so scared!" cried Nina. "There's no need to worry anymore. I'm fine." I held her hand, gently patting it in an attempt to comfort her. "I was really scared that you might never wake up, and that

you..." My heart sank when she said that. I held Nina's hand tightly, and shook my head at her.

"Stop it, Nina." I glanced over at Charles and saw him sitting on the sofa. He was still reading through some documents, but he looked awfully gloomy. Nina looked at Charles as well and spoke in a hushed voice. "You don't want him to worry about you?" she asked. I winked at her, flashing an innocent smile. Nina sighed at my non-verbal response. "When I opened that door, I was so scared to see Charles first that I almost turned around and just left," she said. "Why are you so afraid of him?"

I asked, visibly confused. With guilt written on her face, Nina whispered to my ear, "Yesterday, after you got stabbed, I was so agitated that I almost had a fight with Charles." Her words warmed my heart and it put a smile on my face. "Oh, Nina... It's okay. I'm sure he knows you're just worried about me like he is," I responded.

Nina breathed a sigh of relief and decided to change the topic. "I saw your bodyguards catch Linda yesterday, but before long, Charles let her go. He's probably worried that his actions might affect your career in the TV station. But I do wonder... how did Charles know that Linda had no prior knowledge of what happened yesterday?"

Upon hearing Nina's question, I was lost in thought. "Considering how Linda got to where she is right now, I'm sure she's not an idiot. Had she known that Lucia wanted to murder me, she wouldn't have allowed her to commit the crime inside the TV station," I answered. Nina nodded in agreement. "Hmm... that does make sense." e

I couldn't help but glance over at Charles again. He was still focused on reading his documents. 'He looks so serious. He has a charm that's enough to make people fall in love with him at first sight. To top it off, he's so considerate of me. He's always thinking of what's best for me,' I thought to myself.

There was no denying that he once hurt me deeply in the past, but it was also true that once he had fallen in love with someone, he would make sure that the woman he fell in love with would be the happiest woman on earth. "You are so smitten by him!" Nina teased. Shyly, I looked away and did my best to maintain my composure.

"No, I'm not! Don't spout nonsense, Nina." "Oh, shut it! Nobody's going to buy that act," Nina snorted in a catty voice. To be honest, her tone amused me. She told me that she still had work to do, so after chatting with me for a while, she left.

At this time, Charles put down the documents he was reading, closed his eyes, and rubbed between his brows before walking towards me. "How is it? Is the problem at work too difficult to deal with?" I asked. It was rare for me to see him so spent Charles shook his head, sat on the edge of the bed, and embraced me.

"I heard you already caught Linda, but you let her go right away. Why'd you do that?" I asked again. "I did it for my sake," he said. His words left me confused.

Charles smiled and kissed me on the cheek. "Linda failed to educate Lucia well, and that was her fault.

I initially wanted her to experience all the pain you've suffered, but I was worried that you'd think I was being too ruthless," he answered. The unexpected answer stunned me. "However, Linda did promise to resign from the TV station.

From now on, she'll never trouble you again," Charles continued as he gently brushed my hair. "She agreed to resign?" "I've got some dirt on her. Whether she likes it or not, she has to agree," he said. I nodded and leaned against Charles' chest in silence.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

The second I answered the phone, I heard William's worried voice,

"Scarlett, I heard that something happened to you. Are you feeling better now?" I glanced at Charles and said, "Much better, actually. Don't worry, Charles is here to take care of me."

"Charles? I don't think he wants to see me right now. I'll visit you after you get discharged from the hospital. Anyway, call me if you need anything!" "Okay, thank you, William."

After my phone call, Charles stared at me and asked, "Do you have some sort of personal relationship with William? Why is he always contacting you whenever it's outside of working hours?"

After a moment of pondering, I answered, "We don't really contact each other that much. He just called me because he heard I was injured, and he wanted to express his concern. That's all." "There's one thing I haven't told you yet, but I think you should know," said Charles.

"What is it?"

"It's true that you look a lot like William's sister. However, his sister donated her organs after her death, and her heart was transplanted to Rita." Upon hearing what Charles said, I froze. "Is that true?" "Absolutely. Don't you think it's strange? So many TV stations have contacted William, but why did he choose to work with you of all people? He's aware that you're acquainted with Rita, but he's keeping you in the dark about the heart transplant."

Charles' voice was frigid, and it made my body tremble. As I recalled all the details of my interactions with William, I realized how creepy they were. "You shouldn't think about him anymore." Charles held my face with his warm hands. Once I had gathered my composure, I saw his face inches away from my.

Then, his lips formed a frown. "It makes me jealous," he added. I was amused by that statement. It was then that Charles stood up, picked up the food and fed me a spoonful of soup. "Since you're a patient right now, you should behave yourself and eat more," he said. I obliged to his command.

For a whole week, Charles almost never left my ward. He would work beside me in the daytime, and he'd sleep on the sofa at night. According to the weather forecast, it would rain heavily tonight. Thus, I asked the nurse to bring over a thick blanket and put it on the sofa.

"You are so sweet, Scarlett," Charles said, appearing to be touched by my gesture. Slowly, I closed my eyes and smiled as I shrank into my comforter. "Turn off the light, Charles. Good night." With a flick of the switch, the light was turned off. Now, only the sound of pouring rain outside the window could be heard.

Suddenly, a part of the bed sank. I soon realized that Charles had lay beside me on the bed with his arms around me.

"Charles?" I didn't anticipate that he'd suddenly get on the bed and hold me in his arms. I didn't know what to do about it.

Charles didn't respond to my call. I could hear his steady heartbeat from this distance. "Charles, what are you doing? I'm a patient, remember?" I said, sounding quite nervous. The sound of Charles' hushed laughter made me feel uneasy. "I know, Scarlett. I'm not going to do anything to you. What are you even thinking about?" He was always teasing me with such words, and they never failed to make me blush.

Subconsciously, I looked at his face. "I wasn't thinking of anything! Go back to the sofa! I've already prepared a thick blanket for you!" Gradually, my eyes adapted to the darkness. Charles' countenance was a bit blurry, but I could see him staring right at me with fascinated eyes in the pitch black room.

"Please, just once." Charles' words were vague, but it didn't fail to make me fantasize of obscene things "No," I replied. "Scarlett, I don't want to lose you." Charles inched even closer towards me. We were so close to each other that I could feel his breath on me. Neither of us spoke for a few moments. Charles was the first one to break his silence, as though he could no longer stifle his lust. Soon, I felt him kissing me.

But shortly afterwards, he restrained himself and just gently rubbed his lips with mine. His voice was hoarse and tantalizing. "I've been taking care of you for so many days, but you won't even allow me to sleep on the same bed with you. You're so cruel!" I bit his lower lip and took the opportunity to move away.

"Go ahead and ask the hospital staff to replace the sofa with a bed," I argued. Obviously, my answer didn't satisfy Charles. He clicked his tongue, pinched my chin and kissed me once more. Suddenly, he plunged his tongue into my mouth and intertwined it with mine. Within the blink of an eye, I became so immersed in our passionate kiss that I almost felt like the faint sound of pouring rain had disappeared. Instinctively, my body clung to him as if I was longing for more.

His lips moved down to my collarbone, sending a tingle down my spine. The darkness of the room heightened my senses. I suppressed my moan, tightening my grip on Charles' neck. I could feel his lips and tongue traveling down my body. The following moment, he suddenly stopped what he was doing.

Charles tidied up my clothes and embraced me once more. The sound of his voice was particularly enchanting this time. "I think it's time for you to sleep," he said. I creased my eyebrows at him and pinched his waist as hard as I could. Effortlessly, Charles restrained my hand and kissed it.

"Good night, my dear Scarlett," he muttered. I scoffed at him and replied, "Good night." As I leaned against Charles' chest, listening to his heartbeat, I didn't feel sleepy at all. I thought of Lucia's psychotic face that day, and soon, my mind wandered. Her behavior was so irrational and extreme. And I would even say it was abnormal. Or maybe it was just because I didn't Lucia that well.

Just like I didn't know my parents well.

Our family used to be warm and harmonious, but it turned out that my life was beautiful, just because my parents were protecting me. They used themselves as shields to protect me from the

darkness of reality. I loved them with all my heart, but I didn't know them very well. I still couldn't understand why my father chose to jump off the building when Nate blackmailed him with some nude photos. There were still many other solutions, but my dad used his tragic death to protect us for one last time.

And after that, my family was torn apart. My mother soon passed away, leaving me all alone in this cold, cruel world. Even until now, I still couldn't figure out the reason all of this was happening to me.

## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 222 by Gorgeous Killer

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**Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 222 by Gorgeous Killer**

Scarlett's POV: I was unsure as to when I fell asleep last night. When I woke up again, the pouring rain outside had stopped. However, the sky hadn't brightened yet. Oddly, Charles was nowhere to be seen. Only Janet was there, leaning against the sofa as she rested. As soon as I sat up, Janet stood up as well and approached me.

"It's still early. Don't you want to sleep a little longer?" I shook my head and asked, "Where's Charles?" Janet flashed me a clueless look, just as puzzled as I was. "He told me to come here, and then went out. He didn't say where he was going." Her reply made my spirits sink and I immediately felt depressed.

I switched on my phone, and saw that Spencer and Nina had sent me their birthday wishes around midnight. Apparently, today was my birthday! "I've forgotten it completely." Sighing, I smiled to myself and replied to the wishes one by one. Just then, a knock on the door grabbed my attention. Janet swiftly

went to open the door. "Scarlett, are you awake?" The door opened to reveal Tracy, who walked in with a paper bag which she raised for me to see.

"Breakfast is ready." I took the bag from her and opened it. Inside was another dry sandwich. I slumped back on my bed, disappointment coursing through my veins. For some reason, I was suddenly craving milk and cereal. Tracy studied my reaction and asked carefully, "You don't like it? What do you want to eat? I'll buy it for you now." "It's fine." I shook my head, feeling listless. I didn't intend to make Tracy go out again. After a while, I sat up from the bed and grabbed the sandwich. "Why are you eating this?"

Charles's voice could be heard, surprising me and everyone in the room. Startled, I turned to look at the direction of his voice. Charles stood before me, with a thermos bottle and a box in his hands. He walked towards me and immediately snatched the sandwich away from my hand. Then, he leveled a displeased frown at Janet and Tracy. "Who bought it?" Tracy stood frozen, nervous, her face filled with panic. "I did."

"Do you think it's appropriate for a patient who hasn't recovered to have a sandwich for breakfast? Take it away now!" Charles's voice was as cold as a freezing tundra. At his command, Tracy hurriedly stuffed the sandwich back into the bag, and then scurried out of the room with Janet quickly. "You're being too fierce..."

I furrowed my brows at Charles, disapproving. I didn't like the callous way he treated them. In return, Charles glared at me and pinched my cheek lightly. "And you're too lenient. They have a salary, so they have to do their job well." I was about to slap Charles's hand away from me, but he dodged with ease. Since I had failed, I could only

glare sulkily at him. "Stop pinching my face all the time!" Charles nodded, smiling, unperturbed by my angry outburst. He opened the thermos bottle, and as he did so, a soothing fragrance seeped into my nose and caught my attention.

"Warm milk?" I was pleasantly surprised.

Charles poured the milk into the bowl of breakfast cereal before handing it to me carefully. "Have a taste."

I took the bowl of warm milk and cereal and held it in my hands happily, and asked, "How did you know that I wanted to eat this? Do you read people's mind?" Charles raised his eyebrows at me, and smiled brightly. "I thought you might like it, so I steamed the milk and grabbed a box of your favorite breakfast cereal."

Charles' POV:

Scarlett stared at me, dazed and confused. Her surprised expression was adorable.

I placed a spoon in her hand, and then gently rubbed her nose. "Eat it quickly before it gets cold." Scarlett nodded, and immediately lowered her head to take

a mouthful of her breakfast. "It's delicious! You're a really good cook, Mr. Moore." "Of course." I accepted her praise smugly, feeling proud of myself. When I saw how much she enjoyed the breakfast I had prepared for her, I felt that it was all worth it. "Scarlett..."

I wanted to take this opportunity to wish her happy birthday. "What is it?" Scarlett looked at me in confusion. She stuck out her pink tongue, and licked the corner of her lips.

Her innocent action drove my lower body into excitement. All of a sudden, my throat suddenly went dry. I wanted to speak, but I couldn't manage to say anything. I hurriedly calmed myself down and rose from my seat to take another box, in which there were assorted fruit slices. "I prepared this myself."

Scarlett stared at me again, as though she couldn't believe her eyes. "Thank you. It's so thoughtful of you to prepare all these for me!" My hand fell gently beside the wound in her abdomen. "Does it still hurt?" "Of course it hurts!" Instantly, Scarlett cast a warning glare at me. "So don't touch me." Recalling what happened last night, I felt wronged. "But... I just hugged you and kissed you. I didn't do anything else." Just as I spoke, a small cough came from the door.

"I didn't expect Mr. Moore to be so considerate," the doctor at the door joked with a smile, looking at the two of us warmly. Scarlett greeted the doctor and nurses with a smile of her own. "It's my duty to take care of my wife," I replied politely. Scarlett flashed the doctor and the nurses a sheepish grin, rather shy. Then she turned to me, gnashing her teeth at me in annoyance. "Shut up already!"

The doctor performed several check-ups on Scarlett before announcing, "She's recovering very well. She could be discharged in a few more days if nothing goes wrong." After that was done, the doctor left. Scarlett whipped out her phone, her face shimmering with excitement. "I have to tell Nina about this!"

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She dialed Nina, and the two chatted happily for an hour.

After she hung up, I took a seat next to her and held her in my arms. "Do you like to chat with Nina that much?"

"Well, we're friends." Having finished her chat, Scarlett was in high spirits. I flashed her a sulky look, feeling rather down. "We're a couple. You can talk to me." Scarlett was stunned at my response. "Aren't you busy?"

The doctor said that I'm doing fine. You don't have to stay with me all the time. You should get back to work." Her words made me even more upset. "Are you driving me out? Is it so that Nina can accompany you?"

Or... Are there other men who would accompany you?" "Don't be ridiculous!" Scarlett retorted, rolling her eyes. "I won't leave until you're fully discharged from the hospital."

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Chapter 223 A Birthday Gift I Dare Not Accept

Charles' POV:

"Charles, you've accompanied me for a long time. You really don't have to do this." Scarlett frowned at me, looking hesitant. Her discomfort was obvious. "Besides, i can get out of bed and walk unaided. I don't need too much care anymore."

Despite her words, I pressed her down to the bed and tucked her in patiently.

Scarlett replied to my gesture with a blank look. I studied her gaze affectionately, and gave her a gentle kiss on her cheek. "Scarlett, I don't want to be separated from you anymore." Scarlett opened her lips to reply, but in the end, she didn't make a sound. Then, she flashed me a sweet smile that melted my heart.

"You sleep for a while, alright? I'm going for a smoke." As soon as I exited the ward, Janet approached me quickly and said in a low voice, "Rita's here, but Richard stopped her. He didn't allow her to get close to the ward." She pointed to the elevator right after. My eyes turned to the direction she pointed at. What I saw next startled me. Before, Rita often dressed herself in the image of a pure and virginal girl, innocent and untainted.

Today, however, her face was caked with heavy makeup, and she wore skin-tight clothes that left little to the imagination, giving me the impression of a cheap call girl. "Charles!" Rita waved coyly at me, sending me a flattering smile. "I'm not here to bother you, really! Linda was the one who asked me to see you on her behalf."

Richard was standing in front of Rita, a wary look on his face. I glanced at him, to which he immediately nodded and made way for me. Without sparing a glance at Rita, I spun on my heel and made way to the French window at the end of the corridor. I refused to let Scarlett to be affected by Rita, not even the slightest. With a flick of the switch, the lighter in my hands lit up the cigarette clamped between my lips.

"So... How's Scarlett?" Rita's voice came from behind me. I took a brief drag, and then blew out the smoke. Only then did I reply icily, "That has nothing to do with you."

"Look, Linda's innocent. She was dragged down by her stupid niece. But I know you'll never be soft on them, just like how you treated me." Rita's voice grew louder as she inched closer to me. Her tone became soft and coquettish,

repulsively so. "Actually... I just came up with an excuse to see you today. Haven't you ever missed me these days, Charles?"

I stood and watched quietly as Rita stretched out her hands towards me, about to wrap them around my waist. Just as she almost touched me, I flicked the cigarette butt. Instantly, the ash and sparks fell on her arm and burned her skin slightly.

Rita hissed from the pain. Alarmed, she staggered back immediately. .

"Stay away from me." I shot her an icy glare that could freeze hell over. I could no longer restrain the disgust growing inside me. Seeing her face alone made me close to retching violently. "The Lively Group is over. Keep making trouble, Rita, and no one will be able to protect you."

Rita covered her scalded arm, trembling, her eyes filled with fear and horror. She was so frightened, she couldn't say anything. "Tell Linda to behave herself if she wants to stay in this city." I was no longer in the mood to smoke, so I stubbed out the cigarette on the trash can and then dumped it inside. "You'd better stop making trouble in the future. If there's something wrong with your heart, you'll really end up dead."

"Charles, I..." My warnings weren't enough, as it seemed, for Rita still refused to give up.

Impatient, I shot her another glare. "Leave now, or I'll have the bodyguards throw you out of the hospital."

With that, Rita stopped abruptly and left in a hurry, fleeing like a frightened rat.

I was standing in a draught, and let the wind blow off the smell of smoke on my body before returning to Scarlett's ward.

Scarlett lay on the bed, her eyes were closed, her curly hair falling loose on the pillow. Her face was so fair and beautiful, it mesmerized me. But it was obvious that she wasn't asleep, and that her eyeballs were still rolling around under her eyelids.

I couldn't help but smile. Amused, I bent over to kiss her. I asked her vaguely, "Are you Sleeping Beauty?" Sleeping Beauty snapped her eyes open, startled, and quickly pushed me away. "You're the one who told me to get some sleep. Why are you bothering me again?" "Sorry, I can't help it." "Charles!" But Scarlett's angry outburst faded away when someone knocked on the door. Janet entered, with a large bouquet of bright roses in her arms. She handed the bouquet to Scarlett. "Scarlett, someone sent you the flowers."

"Who is it?" Scarlett looked at me, puzzled.

"I don't know." Janet shook her head, before exiting, leaving Scarlett and I alone in the ward. I pulled a long face and asked Scarlett seriously, "You really don't know which admirer of yours sent you these flowers?" Scarlett flashed me an

innocent, clueless look. She took out a folded card from the bouquet and handed it to me. "I really don't. Help me check it." I said nothing, and stared at her for a long time.

Scarlett blinked her long and thick eyelashes, still clueless, but the nervousness in her was evident. However, it seemed she was sincere when she told me she didn't know. "Let me have a look." I suppressed my smile, and unfolded the card. When I saw the contents, I frowned. "You deal with the flowers," Scarlett said casually, and shrank back into the quilt. "Don't you want to know who sent it?" "No, I don't."

However, I kept insisting, and put the card in front of her to see. "Have a look first." Scarlett, disgruntled, relented and slowly unfolded the card. Her uneasy eyes were soon filled with anger. I immediately picked up the roses as my shield. "Charles! Are you kidding me? You're the one who sent the flowers!

How dare you make fun of me?" Her voice became choked with angry sobs. "You... you bastard!" She quickly snatched the roses away from me, fuming. As she did so, I could see her face clearly. She was frowning angrily, but there were tears welling up in the corners of her eyes. "I'm sorry, Scarlett. I asked Amy to book the flowers a few days ago.

I only remembered just now. So I decided to just tease you a little." I immediately apologized and hurriedly wiped her tears with a tissue. "If you don't like it, I'll throw it away right now."

"No way!" Scarlett was defiant and protected the roses from me, holding them tightly.

"So, do you like it?" At this, she snorted and rolled her eyes at me. "Find a vase for me." That made me so happy, I called Richard and told him to send several vases to the ward.

There were so many roses that all the vases were full. The flowers' warm color was reminiscent of a burning fire, making Scarlett's face glow. She looked much more energetic. Scarlett requested that I place the roses at every corner of the ward. When I was done, the atmosphere in the ward seemed much warmer and more cheerful.

"There are only flowers... Don't you have any other gifts for me?" Scarlett asked expectantly.

Scarlett's POV:

When I asked this, Charles fell into silence.

I clenched the quilt and bit my lips subconsciously. His warm fingers suddenly touched my lips. That startled me, so I looked up in astonishment and met his deep-set eyes. "Don't bite yourself. Don't you feel pain?" "It doesn't hurt at all." I turned sideways, upset. "Also, it's none of your business."

Charles said with an affectionate smile, "How could I not prepare you a gift? But, I'm actually afraid you won't accept this gift." His vague words made me curious. I stared at him blankly and asked, "What is it? What is it that wouldn't dare to accept?" Charles approached me slowly, his thick eyebrows dashing, his eyes sparkling like a starry sky.

Standing so close to me, his handsome features were even more prominent. His slightly rough fingers touched my face along the neck line, and he slowly uttered in my ear, "Me. The gift is me. I'll be yours forever." I felt like my face was being scalded by his heat, and immediately turned limp and numb. This strange feeling rushed up inside me with violent momentum, but on the outside, I tried

Embarrassed, I grabbed the quilt and tried to control my emotions. However, Charles didn't give me a chance to hide and pressed his lips on mine. Our kiss was so passionate, messy saliva drooled out from the corner of our lips. Our loving gazes met and the temperature in the room seemed to rise.

My body grew warm. However, the feeling vanished as someone knocked on the door. "Mr. Moore." Richard's voice came from outside the ward, interrupting us. Charles let go of me, but even as he was no longer holding me, I didn't move. Charles raised his eyebrows, desire coloring his eyes, "Scarlett, could it be that you're unwilling to let me go?"

"Do you want to continue?" Startled, I immediately loosened my grip. I hurriedly lied, "No! Go and do your job!" Charles sent me a charming smile and kissed me softly on my lips. "Wait for me." After Charles left, the ward fell into silence. 'Why is Richard looking for Charles?'

Immediately, I found myself feeling nervous.