

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 371

Scarlett's POV: As the sweet-bitter memories between me and Charles flashed through my mind, I could not help but burst into tears, which blurred my sight.

I didn't know how long I've been drowning in my sorrow. In a trance, I heard Charles' voice, and he seemed to be calling my name.

"Scarlett?" Was I imagining it? I curled up on the couch listlessly. "Scarlett?" Sensing his voice sounding so close to my ear, I raised my head and saw the eyes of the man I would never forget. Charles was standing by the door as he took off his coat, put on his slippers, and walked up to me slowly. I could almost hear my heart pounding, but it made me happy. My heart that was dying until a moment ago felt alive all of a sudden.

Charles walked straight to me and sat down on the sofa from across me. I stared at him blankly, unable to figure out whether he was really in front of me or if I was just dreaming. I prayed to God that if I was dreaming, I hope to never wake up from it. "Scarlett? Why are you looking at me like that?" Charles asked, looking away.

"It's him! It is really him!" Staggering to my feet, I stumbled over to him, and held his face with my trembling hands. "Charles, is it really you?" With a frown, he pulled my hands away and asked, "What do you want?"

The moment I felt Charles' warm touch on my skin, I could not control the emotions surging in my heart. I threw myself into his arms, bursting into tears as I held him tightly. "Charles, I knew that you were still alive. This is great!" "Scarlett, calm down." Charles grabbed my hands and pushed me away with a cold look in his eyes. I felt a strange sensation in my heart when I saw how indifferent he was towards me now. "Now sit down calmly so that I can talk to you about the following things." "The following things?" I looked at him in a daze and was forced back to my original position.

Staring at my hair, he frowned and asked, "When did you return from France? And why did you cut your hair so short?" What was he talking about? Why couldn't I understand anything he said? Feeling a little flustered, I jumped up from the sofa. "Charles, do you know where did you come back from?" "I had a small accident and I just came back from the hospital. Do you already know about your mother's situation?" "My mother?" I was more confused. "Don't worry. I will make sure that she gets treatment from the best doctor in the world. She will certainly recover soon," he comforted me.

All of a sudden, I felt dizzy and couldn't see straight. "My mother has been dead for many years now..." Charles looked at me in disbelief while I hurriedly called Richard, "Richard, inform the elders that Charles has come back alive. And get the car ready. We need to take him to the hospital." Even after I hung up, I could still feel my heart pounding. Charles clearly seemed to have lost a big part of his memory. I was not sure how much of his memories he had lost, though. Considering the fact that he mentioned about my mother's illness, I realized that it was something that had happened six years ago. Did he lose memory of the past six years?

"Scarlett, what happened?" Charles asked, staring at me suspiciously. I grabbed his hand and said firmly, "I can't explain to you now. I need you to go to the hospital with me first."

In the car, Charles and I sat in the backseat, while Richard drove.

"Richard? Didn't I ask you to take care of Rita? Why are you taking orders from Scarlett all of a sudden?" Charles snapped with a frown

Richard looked back at me in fear.

I thought that it was ridiculous. Even though Charles had lost his memories, he still remembered Rita.

Charles sneered with a sarcastic look. "Scarlett, I didn't expect you to poach Richard from Rita. I seem to have really underestimated you."

His words shattered my heart in pieces.

"Richard, call Rita right now and inform her that I'm fine," he ordered peremptorily. "Rita is missing," I said in a calm voice.

Charles turned around and glared at me sharply. "What did you say?"

I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down. "Charles, I know that you don't believe me now, but you may have lost your memories, so let's talk about it after we get you checked at the hospital first." Hearing my words, Charles fell silent. Soon, we arrived at the hospital, and I took Charles straight to an authoritative doctor's office. After the CT scan and X-rays were taken, the doctor looked at me seriously. He pointed at the scan and said, "According to the report, I am assuming that Mr. Moore's brain has been injured, and because of that, some of the functional areas are oppressed, causing him to experience temporary memory loss." "If

he has lost his memories, then how does he still remember everything that happened six years ago?" I was in a daze.

The doctor adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and said, "It's called selective amnesia."

"Selective amnesia?"

I repeated his words, and found that Charles had changed his clothes. "Yes. After being through emotional breakdowns or getting hurt in the head, the patient may forget something that they don't want to remember or something that they're trying to escape from. Generally, if a person was strongly stimulated and if that stimulation was unacceptable to them, then they would subconsciously choose to forget it." Charles sat down across the doctor and asked, "Doctor, what's wrong with me?"

The doctor swayed brain scan result in his hand and answered in a serious tone, "Your problem is a little tricky. You should be hospitalized for a while for observation."

Charles took the result from his hand.

"I feel good now, and I don't think I need to be hospitalized."

I gave up the idea of persuading him, turned to the doctor, and asked, "Can he go home in his current state?"

"Yes, but you have to be careful. The moment he starts to feel uncomfortable, you have to bring him back to the hospital." The doctor nodded.

"Thank you." I stood up and looked at Richard, who was waiting aside. "Get the car ready first." I then turned to Charles and smiled. "Let's go."

Although Charles had forgotten a lot of things, I was glad to see that he was still alive. •