

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 396

POV Richard and I flew back to Los Angeles via Moore family's private plane. As soon as I got out of the airport, I went to the hospital. I couldn't wait to see Spencer. But when I entered the ward, I saw him talking and laughing with a woman I'd never seen before. All the joy and longing I had felt turned into anger, causing me to kick the woman's leg as hard as I could "Get out! Who on earth let you in?" "Who are you?" The woman rubbed her leg, visibly in pain and displeased.

"Me? I'm Spencer's wife. Who the fuck are you? Why are you acting like you're so close to my husband?" I asked, staring at her arrogantly. Spencer caressed the woman's hair and spoke to her in a gentle voice. "She's no longer my wife. We're divorced." 1 The way he acted so affectionate towards her made it seem like they were a loving couple. "Vivian, she's Freya, the woman my mom introduced to me. I'm going to marry her." Spencer smiled at me.

Astonished and enraged, I gritted my teeth while glaring at him. It had only been a few weeks since we'd gotten divorced, and he was seeing another woman. 'How could he do this to me?' He whispered something to Freya's ear and wore a mysterious smile. "Don't forget our agreement." "Spencer, are you really going to marry her?" I asked as tears fell from my eyes. "Of course! Do you think I'd still want a woman who's been fooling around with another man?" Spencer was looking at me as though he was disgusted of me. His gaze was like a sharp blade, jabbing into my heart. It felt like my heart was being strangled by a pair of invisible hands, and the pain almost suffocated me.

Richard said that I was Spencer's only motivation to live on, and the same was true for me; Spencer was, and remained, the only reason for me to continue living

But now that I struggled to come back to him, he was telling me that he no longer wanted me.

And so... I left the ward, feeling only bitterness and anger.

As I watched Vivian walk away, my heart was torn apart. I never knew that heartbreak could be

painful enough to suffocate someone.

I was certain that she must be devastated right now, but I had lost the privilege to hold her in my

arms and comfort her.

A Clean Break Later, David walked into my ward and said to me, "Spencer, do not do something you'll regret. You're not going to marry Freya anyway." "I will!" I replied in a fit of rage.

Having heard my response, he sighed and left the ward.

If I didn't marry Freya, Vivian might never give up on me.

To my surprise, Vivian suddenly returned. The anger on her face was gone, and she looked surprisingly calm.

She stood in front of me, slowly unbuttoning her shirt.

"Spencer, look at me carefully. That bastard, Ethan, has been torturing me every single day. My life has become a living hell. If it weren't for you, I would've killed myself by now!" Vivian's eyes were filled with pain and despair. I stared at every scar on her body and it fueled rage inside me. I clenched my fists and thought, 'Ethan, you beast! How could you treat Vivian like this?' I tried my best to stop myself from embracing Vivian and averted my gaze from her. "Spencer, are you sure you don't want me anymore?" she asked in a choked voice. "I'm certain." I turned my face away from her again, pretending to be indifferent.

The hope in Vivian's eyes gradually faded, and only disappointment was left in the end.

With that, she buttoned up her shirt again. “Had i known this would happen, I would’ve rather died with those two monsters.” Vivian chuckled with self-mockery and left without looking back. When I saw the desperation on her face, my facade almost broke. I clenched my fists tightly and watched as she disappeared from my sight outside the ward. The extreme pain coming from my chest made it hard for me to breathe. Freya shouted at me, “Spencer, this is too much! You know how much Vivian loves you. Why did you have to push her away?”

“You don’t get it, do you? I don’t deserve her anymore! She deserves a much better man.” I shook my head, chuckling with self-mockery.

If I were to continue being with Vivian, I’d only be a burden to her. I didn’t have the heart to be that selfish.

“You’re right. I don’t get it. But I think that whatever you’re doing right now will only hurt her more,” Freya replied.

During the afternoon, Charles came. As soon as he entered my room, he growled, “Spencer, are you fucking insane? You pushed her away after saving her life? That’s beyond cruel! If you were going to do this in the first place, you never should’ve saved her!”

“I’m not the one who saved Vivian. You’re the one who persuaded me to get her back!” I said stubbornly.

“I have nothing to do with Vivian. If it weren’t for you, I would never save a woman irrelevant to my life for no apparent reason,” Charles responded flatly. I

pursed my lips and fell silent. "Spencer, what you did will only drive her to the edge of desperation, and soon, your relationship will become irreparable. My only hope is that you won't regret your decision someday." After casting me a look of disappointment, Charles left the ward. I forced a smile as my heart was filled with bitterness.

'I already know that. But I don't have any other choice.' The next morning, David walked into the ward, seemingly relaxed and happy. Surprised, I asked him, "Why do you look so perky?" "Guess what news I heard?" he asked. "Tch! Never mind." I lost my interest and lay back on the bed. David chuckled at my reaction. "Spencer, you're still as impatient as before. The news is about Ethan."

"Ethan? Is he coming?" I bolted upright on the bed. "No, but I heard that he had four of his ribs broken, and his penis is just as broken." David laughed as though he was gloating.