

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 397

Charles' POV: I left the hospital with a heavy heart. I just didn't want Spencer to make the same mistakes I did. 'He and Vivian love each other with all their hearts. Why is he pushing her away?' Back then, if I hadn't hurt Scarlett deeply, she would've been willing to give me a chance to atone for my sins now. Annoyed, I loosened my tie and drove back to the company. Upon my arrival, Amy handed me some documents about the Ecological Park project on the west coast. "Mr. Moore, this project has been shelved for three years, and it has only recently been restarted. This is Miss Wilson's first official project after returning home." "I want a stake in this project. On, but... make sure not to put down an investment under my name. File it with another person's name," I commanded. Despite my reluctance to admit it, Scarlett clearly didn't want to have anything to do with me. If she were to find out that I got involved in this project, she'd surely be furious. I pursed my lips, feeling only bitterness.

"Got it, sir. I'll do that right away." Amy nodded in response, and then she went to the door. "Amy, hold on," I said. She paused, looking back at me. "I've asked you to send Miss Wilson the evening gown and the pictures of the kids a few days ago. Have you sent them already?" I asked with a frown. "Yes, sir. But Miss Wilson has yet to respond," Amy answered cautiously. Upon hearing that, I felt lost and powerless. "Sir, there are only three days left until the auction. Would you like me to find you another companion for the evening?" asked Amy. "That's not necessary.

"You can go back to work now," I said, still frowning. Silence ensued in my office again. I took a deep breath and lit up a cigarette. The white smoke spread out, blurring my vision. All of a sudden, I saw Scarlett's indifferent face in front of my eyes. Gradually, my eyes turned red. 'Scarlett, what on earth must I do to gain your forgiveness?' It took me a while, but I finally managed to put those thoughts aside and pick up the phone to call Richard. "Richard, have you found Boris' whereabouts?" I asked him. "Not yet. It seems like he's disappeared from the face of the earth." It kind of sounded like

Richard was annoyed.

“There’s something fishy about that guy. Otherwise, why would he suddenly disappear? Keep

looking for him, Richard. No matter where the bastard hides, find him!” I ordered sternly.

After hanging up the phone, my head started to ache again.

I tried to recall the details of the day Scarlett disappeared from the hospital. Something must’ve happened on that day.

The memories of the day were like scattered fragments in my mind, when I tried to capture them,

they disappeared without a trace.

And the more I tried to recall it, the more my head felt like it was about to explode. Once Charles had left, I called Raina immediately. “Raina, Charles has left. You can come over now.” After the phone call, I spoke to my mother.

“Mom, Raina is coming for a visit. I know you don’t like her, but she loves my brother, so be nice to her when she comes by, okay?” I took my mother’s hand and tried to persuade her.

“How could you let that woman come to our house? Charles will get angry if he finds out about this!” Mom’s eyes widened in shock. “Just think about it, Mom. Charles and Scarlett have been divorced for so long. Do you want him to be alone for the rest of his life?” I countered. Charles was my mother’s weakness. I was certain she didn’t want to see him die alone.

All the things I said must’ve hit her sore spot.

“Of course, I want Charles to move on sooner. But I’m worried he’ll get mad at us if we insist on setting him up with Raina like this.” Mom seemed worried, but she didn’t look as firm as before. “Mom, Charles adores you. How could he get mad at you? As long as you will it, he’ll definitely agree in the end,” I said firmly. Seeing that she still seemed hesitant, I added, “Can you really bear to watch him hurt himself over Scarlett again and again?”

The mere thought of that woman made me feel disgusted. In the end, my mom reluctantly agreed to it. Now that I had her consent, I was happy. A smug smile appeared on my lips. ‘Scarlett doesn’t deserve Charles! I will never allow that woman to step foot in the Moore mansion ever again! Besides, Raina is clearly the best choice for my brother. She loves him, she has a decent family background, and most importantly, she obeys me.’⁴ All of a sudden; I heard a commotion outside. I went out to have a look and found Raina being stopped outside the gate by one of the guards. She looked really humiliated.

“She is my friend. Let her in this instance!” I commanded.

“My apologies, ma’am, but Mr. Moore has specifically ordered that Miss Hill is not allowed to come in,” the guard explained. My face turned grim upon hearing that.

Convince Alice “What if I insist on inviting her in?” The bodyguard pursed his lips and fell silent. Seemingly having heard the commotion, Mom came out of the house. “What’s going on here?” she asked. Raina’s eyes were red and tears were falling from them.. Her pretty face made her look even more pitiful while crying. Mom’s heart softened upon seeing Raina’s face. She hurriedly said, “Please, come in. This guard can be ignorant at times. Try not to take it to heart.” After I brought Raina into the living room, I halted Tracy. “Tracy, bring the twins here,” I said to her. She seemed reluctant to do it.

The anger I had managed to suppress finally broke out, causing me to raise my voice. “What? Am I not allowed to give you orders? Believe it or not, I can and will ask my brother to fire you!” Mom patted me on the shoulder as if to reassure me. Then she turn to Tracy and said, “Tracy, go upstairs and take care of James, will you? Leave the twins here. I’ll take care of them.” This time, Tracy agreed to give the twins to my mother. ¹ She then glared at Raina before going upstairs. Raina, on the other hand, smiled at the twins and gestured to me using her eyes. I understood what she meant, so I said to my mother, “Mom, let’s go prepare some fruits for Raina.”

After a moment of hesitation, Mom placed the twins in their stroller. While preparing fruits, I whispered to her, “Mom, what do you think of Raina?” Mom pondered for a moment and then she nodded. “I think she’s okay; at least, she’s much better than that harlot, Rita.”² Her eyes were filled with disgust upon mentioning Rita’s name.