

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 402 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 402 It's Time To Move On

Charles's POV: I was deeply immersed in my work when I heard a commotion outside.

Then the door to my office slammed open, and Chloe marched in with smoke coming out of her ears and nostrils

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Moore. I told Miss Moore that you were busy, but she insisted on coming in," Amy apologized

looking embarrassed. I rubbed my temples and nodded at Amy, "Don't worry about it. I got it from here. You may go." "Thank you, Mr. Moore," Amy sighed in relief, hurried out, and shut the door behind her. Chloe walked over and took a seat across from me. Then, she snapped, "Why did you block Raina?"

"You barreled through my office door just to ask me that?" | glanced at her indifferently a

Chloe flinched for a second and then said, "Are you still thinking about that bane of a woman?"

"Watch your mouth, Chloe."

I looked her straight in the eye, failing to hide the anger in my voice.

"Charles, it's been a year. It's time for you to move on. You were not happy when you were with Scarlett, so your subconscious chose to forget

the memories that you had with her. Why are you still pining after her? She won't even admit to you that she's your wife. Besides, many other men are after her now. In my opinion, whatever feelings she had for you died out when she disappeared on you." 2 Chloe became more and more emotional as she spoke that she couldn't help standing up.

"Scarlett isn't just some ex-girlfriend to me, Chloe. We have three children together. We have a family, and I will stop-at nothing to bring that family back together." 3

I spoke firmly, but deep in my heart, I didn't have the confidence. Part of me knew that what Chloe said was true.

"Oh, come on, Charles! Wake up! That woman isn't worth your love and affection anymore. Just focus on those who are actually in love with you, like Raina."

Chloe was still persevering to make a match between me and Raina. It seemed that she had been completely brainwashed by that woman. 2

Raina was not someone to be taken lightly. I hated people who schemed against my family, and she was one of those people. "You still haven't taken my word seriously, have you? Raina is not a good person, Chloe. She's evil and manipulative, and you should be able to see through all that. You're a grownup, and you should be careful who you befriend," I persuaded her earnestly. "You're prejudiced against Raina, Charles. She's deeply and sincerely in love with you, and unlike Scarlett, she's willing to do anything for you." Chloe kept making Raina's case and added, "Back when you two haven't divorced yet, Scarlett asked her lover William to prepare a helicopter and planned to elope with him. Don't you remember that?" . When I heard the name William, I felt inexplicably uncomfortable as if someone pierced my heart with a thousand needles. "William? William who?" I asked with a frown.

“William Stevens.” Chloe’s expression and tone revealed her disgust for the man. I searched my memory diligently but came up empty. I couldn’t remember someone named William Stevens at all. Even Richard never mentioned him to me. Suddenly, I felt upset. I didn’t like being kept in the dark, especially about things that involved my wife.

“o home, Chloe. I have a lot of stuff to deal with today. Next time, don’t bother me at work with such trivial matters,” i muttered, focusing on the files on my desk. “But Raina...”

Chloe opened her mouth to say something, but I immediately interrupted her. “Stop it! Never mention her name in front of me ever again, do you understand?” Chloe grunted in dissatisfaction, but she didn’t dare to disobey my orders. Finally, she turned around and stomped out of my office.

After she left, i collapsed on my swivel chair. The name William Stevens kept popping up in my mind.

Who was he?

I took out my phone and started looking him up. The search led me to a Wikipedia page about him. I stared at his photo, and something deep in my memory stirred. The first thing that I thought about after seeing his face was how awesome it would be to punch it. I memorized his face and stored it in my mind. Then, a knock on the door pulled me out of my reverie. “Come in.”

Amy entered my office and said, “Mr. Moore, Miss Wilson has agreed to cooperate with Corey Stanton, and she hopes to sign the contract as soon as possible.” Great, my plan had worked. Completely forgetting about William, I told Amy, “Perfect. Schedule the contract signing at the soonest possible time. Also, remind Corey to keep my involvement under

wraps. I don't want him to give out even the slightest hint that I have a hand in the cooperation. Got it?"

Amy nodded, "Yes, Mr. Moore. Consider it done." Everything was settled now, and I couldn't help smiling. "I haven't seen you so happy and relaxed in a long time, Mr. Moore. I'm glad to see you in a good place," Amy commented I suddenly felt a little embarrassed. I cleared my throat and said sternly, "Thank you. Now hurry up and get things done."

After Amy left, I got a call from Spencer. "Hey, man. I'm going to be discharged from the hospital." "Really? so soon?" I had some doubts.

"Don't tell my mother, okay? And also you-know-who." I was stunned for a moment and then smiled, "Right. I see. You mean Vivian, right? Don't worry. I'll let her know right away."

Liam's POV:

I had been working overtime for the project on the west coast lately. One morning, I went to Dad's office to discuss the project with him. When I was about to walk in, the door swung open and Raina stormed out. She looked quite upset. "Hi, Raina," I greeted her. But she just brushed past me and didn't look back

I shook my head helplessly and then walked into Dad's office. When I came in, my father was sitting in his chair. His eyes were closed, and he was rubbing his temples wearily.

I handed him the project plan and joked, "So, I ran into your precious adopted daughter on my way in. She was practically foaming at the mouth with rage. What was it this time?" Dad took the project plan, glared at me, and replied in a sulky tone, "It's about her wedding. She's

forcing me to find a way to get Charles to marry her, but the collaboration between the Moore Group and the Hill Group is almost done.

I told her to wait and have more patience. She snapped and marched right out.”

I frowned, feeling extremely dissatisfied with Raina.

She was just an adopted daughter, but she had been acting like she was the crown princess of the family.

“Dad, you know I hate being the one to remind you of the difficult stuff, but I’m all you have. Cut Raina off already, or she’s going to destroy the Hill Group.” “What makes you say that?” Dad asked hesitantly I answered, “The woman is trouble. I’ve suffered a setback because of her sister Rita once before, and I’m telling you, Raina is way worse than Rita. She’s more arrogant and domineering and has no sense of propriety. Sooner or later, she will be our family’s downfall.” I really hoped that my father could see through Raina’s true colors and get rid of her before it was too late.

Dad frowned, shook his head, and said, “At this point, it has become impossible for me to cut her off. I have raised

her and given her everything that I have because I have a plan. Anyway, we can worry about Raina later. For now, we should get your wedding done.” . I was silent at the mention of my wedding. Dad sighed, “Son, I won’t force you to get married if you really don’t want to, but you have to deal with Nancy yourself.” “Yeah, I got it, Dad.”

Now it was my turn to have a headache.

Dad looked at the project plan I handed over just now and then seriously instructed me, “I won’t interfere in your private life, but you must not screw up this land auction. Otherwise, you will bring shame on our entire family.” . “Don’t worry, Dad. I know what I’m doing,” I said confidently. After briefly exchanging a few words about other matters regarding the project, I left my father’s office with a heavy heart.

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Chapter 403 I Want To Get Back Together With You

Vivian’s POV I was packing my things at home when I got a call from Charles I had planned to stay at the hospital so that I could look after Spencer. Besides, he wouldn’t be able to do anything to drive me away “Vivian, Spencer insists on leaving the hospital. He has asked you to pick him up.” “Spencer asked me to pick him up?” I was shocked by this.

“Did he mean it?” I asked.

“Of course. Spencer is a stubborn jackass. Nobody can force him to do something he doesn’t want to.” Charles sounded like he was chuckling a bit –

I dropped the call, threw my clothes aside, and went to the hospital to pick up Spencer, Upon reaching the door of the ward, I saw him sitting on a wheelchair all alone. He was staring blankly at the scenery outside the window, seemingly lonely. To me, he kind of looked like an abandoned child at this moment. Merely seeing him in this state broke my heart. In the past, this man was so flamboyant and animated, but now... he had to sit on a wheelchair for the rest of his life. The thought

of never being able to stand up again must be tearing him apart. Silently, I held back my tears and took a deep breath. I put on a smile, mustered my courage, and approached Spencer, hugging him from behind “Well? Have you finally come around to the idea? I just learned a new massage technique. Do you wanna try it?” I asked. Spencer froze for a moment. Instead of struggling from my embrace, he calmly turned around and said, “Vivian, I want to get back together with you, as husband and wife.”

“Are you serious?” I looked into his eyes, visibly surprised.

“What made him change his mind?” I wondered.

“I’m a cripple now, but if you don’t think I’m a burden, then please take care of me from now on,” Spencer remarked, wearing a face devoid of emotion. He didn’t look like he was excited about getting back together with me. On the contrary, it seemed as though he wanted me to back away from these hardships. “Does he really think he can get rid of me? No way!” I stroked Spencer’s face and said, “It’s okay. That’s exactly what I want.”

The second we got back home, Spencer started to give me a hard time.

As he sat on his wheelchair, he said to me, “You should take care of everything we need in the future. I don’t like strangers touching the stuff I use.” I was sitting at the door changing my shoes when I heard him. “That can’t be done,” I answered without even glancing at him. “You can’t even do something that trivial? Then, how are you supposed to spend the rest of your life with me? There are so many more things you can and should do in the future!” It seemed like Spencer wanted to start an argument.

I didn't let his words vex me. I just stood up, and grinned at him.
"Actually, I have something for you to do."

He fell silent for a moment. I grabbed the handles of the wheelchair, and wheeled him inside the house.

"What are you doing?" Spencer asked, panicking

"We're going back to our room."

I wheeled Spencer into the bedroom. The way he kept looking at me vigilantly was amusing to me. It was hard to resist the urge

to tease him.

Slowly, I leaned closer to his face; my breath, seeping into his face. Within the blink of an eye, the tension rose in the room.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Are you scared that I'll eat you up?" I asked.

"Vivian, stay away from me. I don't have thoughts about you like that right now." Spencer's face turned red as he ducked backwards.

The more he backed away, the more it excited me.

Well hey, I brushed my fingertips against his skin. "But I have lots of thoughts about you, honey"

Embarrassed, Spencer grabbed my hand. "Vivian, can you please behave yourself?" Laughed at his reaction, pulled my hands from his, and stood up while he was watching at me, slack jawed in shock, I throw my underwear at him one after another.

My panties landed on his face. Annoyed, he tossed it right away. The next second, I threw my lacy bra at his face

Unable to bear it any longer, he yelled, "Have you gone mad?" "You may not be able to move your legs, but your hands still work, right?" I asked,

Spencer was stunned

"Come and help me wash my clothes. From now on, you're the only one allowed to wash my delicates."

"Vivian, you're taking things too far!" Spencer looked so hilariously pathetic on his wheelchair with a pile of panties and bras in his hands. Swallowing my laughter, I said to him with a straight face, "This is only just the beginning. You can try to resist it if you can." I walked over to the wheelchair and wheeled him into the laundry room

The servants in the laundry room were surprised to see me.

"Listen up. From now on, Mr. Patel will wash my delicates himself, and none of you are allowed to help him, got it?" Surprised, the servants exchanged glances before nodding and leaving the room. I picked out my underwear, tossed them to the other side, and turned to Spencer.

"Remember, my delicates must be handwashed." Spencer remained seated on his wheelchair, his face, ashen. It looked like he wanted to tear apart the lacy undies that he had in

his hand

"What the hell are you trying to do?"

"Make you do your part. I have high hopes for you." I patted him on the shoulder as a form of encouragement. I could see the veins bulging on

Spencer's forehead. Needless to say, he was about to throw a tantrum. It was then that I rolled up my sleeves, exposing the bruises on my arms. Even after so long, the marks resulting from the hemp ropes remained visible on my body. Spencer was like a balloon that had been poked. All the anger he felt disappeared in an instant. After a long silence, he began washing my delicates, albeit reluctantly. As I watched him curse while trying to figure out how to wash my lacy panties clean without tearing them, I was so delighted. Then, I picked up my phone and texted Richard. "Give me Caroline's number." He quickly sent me a phone number. I sent Caroline a message. "Scarlett, I know it's you. Thank you so much for your help. Someday, if you feel the need to talk to someone, please feel free to come to me. Your loyal friend, Vivian" 1

Susan's POV

After Rita died, Ellison never came to me again. 1 As time went on, all the savings I had kept were gradually used up. I was reluctant to find a job, but I didn't want to be poor, either. Thus, I began gambling. It was the only way I could think of to make a quick buck and possibly get my old lavish life back. I gambled in various casinos and racetracks, but it seemed as though Lady Luck and fate had abandoned me. Instead of growing my savings, my debts grew because of all the losses I incurred from gambling.

Today was my last chance.

On the racetrack, there were seven horses competing against each other. I stood amidst the stands and shouted, "Come on! Go number five! You can do it!"

As I watched horse number five approach the finish line, I held my breath and hoped for victory.

But the very next second, horse number three ran past the horse I bet on and crossed the finish line first.

“Impossible! This can’t be! How could my horse lose? Fuck! I’m going to bet again!” I searched all of the pockets I had and found only a few coins.

‘Fuck... I’m screwed.’

I collapsed to the ground, losing all hope. “That’s her! Take her down!”

hope 403 I Want To Get Back Together With You Several burly men appeared from behind me. One of them, a man with a scar, pulled me up from the ground, grabbed my hands, and clasped them behind me “Who are you? Let me go! I demand you let me go!” I screamed in horror. Another burly man stuck a ball of cloth into my mouth and dragged me away. Nobody in the crowd attempted to help me. They all just stared at the racetrack frantically waiting in anticipation of the winner. Soon, I was taken to a dimly lit room. There, the man with a scar threw me to the ground.

Panicking, I raised my head. Standing in front of me was a middle-aged man in a floral shirt. He was staring daggers at me.

He leaned forward and patted my cheek. “Hey, you must pay your debts. When are you going to pay us what you owe?”

I was so scared that I couldn’t move. In a trembling voice, I replied, “L.. I don’t have any money left.”

“Then, do you have any family?” The look in the man’s eyes changed I swallowed hard and replied, “My husband is in jail. And my daughter... she’s dead.” The man spat on my face, revealing his dirty teeth.

“Damned bitch! You’re not going to pay, are you?” He clasped my face, looking at me obscenely. He was gripping my face so hard that it felt like he could crush my chin at any moment

“You know... you do look kind of pretty. Since you don’t have any money to pay for your debts, you can pay us with your body.”

The man then gestured at his subordinates and said, “Take her away.”

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Chapter 404 A Perfect Match

Raina’s POV During the day of the auction, I was waiting at home for Charles on the edge of my seat in anticipation 1 I kept on fantasizing of going with him to the auction,

I’d wear the evening gown that he bought for me, take his arm, and greet the envious glances from countless guests

The more I thought of it, the more excited it made me.

But as time passed by, Charles still didn’t arrive, and nobody sent me the dress.

Feeling as though someone had poured cold water all over me, my heart froze. ‘Why isn’t Charles here yet? Is it possible that Scarlett is pestering him again and he’s having a hard time getting rid of her? She already chose to leave. Why on earth did she come back?’ . Disappointed and furious, I pinned all the blame on that bitch, Scarlett 2 In a fit of rage, I

threw all the accessories resting on the dresser to the ground to vent all of my frustrations. At this moment, my mother opened the door of my room and happened to see me throwing a tantrum. “Raina, what’s got you so worked up? Why did you make a big mess in your room?” she asked in surprise. I began to cry and told her the whole story. “Mom, Charles hasn’t come to pick me up yet. Do you think he’s still mad at me? Or is it just because he didn’t buy that dress for me?”

“Raina, I know you’re confused, but the only way you can get answers is by going to the auction and asking him directly,” Mom suggested. “Even if he doesn’t come to pick you up, you can always come with us. Liam and Nancy are already waiting downstairs. You can’t lose your composure just because of this trivial matter.” After a moment of contemplation, her advice made sense. All the anger in my heart was gradually dying down.

At my mother’s insistence, I rummaged for the necklace that Chloe had given me.

Even though the necklace didn’t match my outfit, I still wore it because I wanted to make Charles happy. Scarlett’s POV

I put on the evening dress that Simon sent me and began to do my makeup solemnly. 2 “My word, Miss Wilson! You are stunning! I may be a woman, but it’s hard not to get attracted to you. You’ll captivate every person in the auction with your radiant looks tonight!” Elena was slack jawed in awe, and she was quite lavish with her

compliments of me.

I chuckled at her remarks helplessly and suggested, “Would you like me to do your makeup? I’m not that half-bad with my makeup skills.”

Elena waved her hands in refusal. “Oh, I’m sorry, Miss Wilson. I’ll have to refuse your offer. I’m not used to such things.”

“Alright, I won’t force you.” I withdrew my hand, albeit reluctantly. At this time, I heard the doorbell ringing from downstairs. “Elena, go open the door and take the box on that table over there to the living room with you. It might prove useful at the auction,” I said to her a

Elena nodded in response and took the box downstairs.

Once I was done putting on makeup, I stared at my delicate, charming face in the mirror and smiled with satisfaction.

After a year of meticulous maintenance, my face had looked even more beautiful than before. It was as delicate as a budding

rose.

I was in a good mood. I picked up my windbreaker, draped it over my body, and went downstairs. 1

In the living room, I saw a man sitting on the sofa, seemingly waiting for me.

I shot him a stern gaze.

‘He’s tall, his facial features are undeniably attractive, and his green eyes could pierce anyone’s soul. He looks stable, mature, and he definitely looks like a gentleman,’ I thought.

The man stood up and took the initiative to greet me.

A

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Matcha

“Good evening, Caroline, if I may call you that. I’m Simon Felix. It’s nice to meet you. I apologize if I sound too forward, 6

must say, you are more beautiful than I’d imagined!”

His words put a smile on my face, and I said, “Thank you, Simon. You’re too kind. Anyway, it’s still early. Why don’t we get to know each other first?”

There was very little that I knew about Simon.

Dad never skimmed on compliments each time he mentioned Simon, so I was always curious about this man.

“That’s a great idea!” Simon flashed me a tender smile and said, “My father has been Mr. Wilson’s friend for many years. I, myself, am running a company.” I listened to him intently, and asked questions from time to time. He managed to answer all my questions easily. His answers were solemn, yet humorous. Nobody would feel bored chatting with him. “By the way, I heard that the project on the west coast was postponed. Mr. Wilson is asking me to help out if it’s possible. Just let me know if you need any help,” Simon said sincerely. “Thank you for your kindness. The west coast project has made some progress. I’ll be able to handle this one for the time being. But if anything else comes up, I’d be glad to cooperate with you,” I replied, wearing a faint smile. 1 “Sounds great.” Simon nodded, seemingly a little disappointed. 1

It was then that Elena came over and said, “Miss Wilson, Mr. Felix, it’s time to go.”

Just as I stood up, Simon stretched out his arm, ever the gentleman.

I chuckled and took his arm as though it was natural for me.

“Miss Wilson, you and Mr. Felix look like a match made in heaven!”

Elena covered her mouth, visibly excited.

Instinctively, I looked up and accidentally met his gaze.

His soulful green eyes captivated me, and somehow, it made me smile.

While we were getting in the car, Simon asked, “Caroline, what’s your target price for the auction?” “Two billion.” I raised two of my fingers.

After a brief pause, Simon suggested, “Perhaps you should start at one billion.” I shot him a knowing glance and smiled at him again.