

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 387

I finally got a chance to talk to Scarlett, but Raina kept calling me, which annoyed me out of my

wits. When I hung up on Raina again, Scarlett snapped. "Is your fiancée calling to check on you?" She looked at me coldly, and I instantly panicked. "A good man always answers his fiancée's calls, Mr. Moore. You should talk to Miss Hill. She must be worried about you. I'm leaving now." The moment Scarlett turned around, my passion trumped my reason, and before my brain could sound off the alarms, my body had already moved. I reached out and grabbed Scarlett's wrist. There was only one thought in my mind. 'I can't let her leave me again.' "Scarlett... Please don't go." In a fit of desperation, I lost all control. Scarlett groaned, "Let go of me!" It was not until then that I realized what I had done, and I loosened my grip at once. "Oh, my. I'm sorry. Please listen to me, Scarlett. I have nothing to do with Raina. You have to believe me." Scarlett raised her head and looked at me with mockery in her eyes. "You want others to believe you, but tell me, have you ever trusted anyone?"

"I..."

My retort got stuck in my throat, and I suddenly understood the root of Scarlett's resentment. Although I had lost my memory and forgotten the events of the past six years, I could infer from the words of the people around me how much I had distrusted and hurt Scarlett. I could reasonably ask anyone else to believe me, but I had no right to ask Scarlett to do the same.

"Let's go, Elena." Scarlett turned around and walked away.

This time, I didn't have the courage to ask her to stay any longer. I could only stand still and watch her leave. As the wind blew against my cheek, the feeling of abandonment broke my heart in a million pieces. My phone began to ring again, but I turned a deaf ear to it. "Mr. Moore, it's Mr. Hill," Amy told me. I answered the phone and said expressionlessly, "Hello, Mr. Hill." "Hi, Charles. Are you busy? I hope I'm not bothering you or anything." "No, not at all. What's up?"

"Raina's sick and has been asking for you. I had no choice but to call you. Can you come and see her?"

Why should I care if Raina was ill?

When I was about to refuse, Scarlett's words echoed in my head.

She once mentioned that she had lost a child.

When did Scarlett miscarry? Did Raina have a hand in it?

It was then that I agreed to see Raina. I decided that I'd ask her what happened to Scarlett a year

ago. She'd better have nothing to do with it. Otherwise... "Okay, I'll be there soon." I lowered my eyes to keep the people around me from reading them. Raina's POV: "What did Charles say, Dad? Is he coming?" I looked at my father expectantly. He nodded with a smile, "Yes. He's on his way." "Great!" I couldn't help cheering up. I knew that Charles still had feelings for me. As soon as he heard that I was sick, he agreed to see me. But my mother decided to dump cold water on my enthusiasm and said, "Don't get too excited. Don't forget that there's still a complication named Scarlett standing between you and Charles." My excited heart calmed down in an instant. "I must drive her away!" "I have to remind you, Raina. Don't forget the reason why Scarlett miscarried that year. If Charles finds out what really happened, you're going to be screwed," she told me seriously. Yes, there was a time bomb between myself and Charles. Once Charles learnt the truth about what really happened a year ago, the consequences would be unimaginable. "Have you forgotten? We still have Nancy. We haven't used that pawn yet." I came up with an idea.

Dad's eyes darkened.

He raised his wrist and looked at his watch. "Put it aside for now. The most important thing we need to accomplish right now is to secure a marriage between you and Charles. I have to go. I have an important business meeting I can't be late to. Sweetie, please be a honey-lipped girl and don't lose your

temper. Be nice to Charles. We have to unite our family with theirs through your marriage to Charles as soon as possible.”

“Yes, Dad, I know.” I blushed with shyness. “I can handle it. You and Mom go ahead with your

work.”

After my parents left, I called my maid Bella in. “Hurry up. Put one more layer of powder on my face and lips to make them look even paler.” By the time Charles arrived, I had put on a full face of sickly-looking makeup. I lay in bed weakly as he walked in.

“Hi, Charles. I’m so happy you came.” I pretended to struggle to prop myself up. I winced as if I were in real pain. I thought my acting skills were flawless, but Charles just stood far away from me and looked at me coldly.

“If you don’t feel well, just lie down.” He walked over and sat on the sofa three or four meters away from my bed. “Why are you sitting so far away from me? Can you sit beside me? I want to see you clearly.” I forced a smile. Charles didn’t move. He just lit a cigarette and started smoking as if he didn’t hear me. “Why have you come here if you’re not even going to talk to me?” The smoke that Charles blew through his mouth and nose shrouded him, and he looked like a god that watched all of his creation from the clouds. His blue eyes shone brighter than the most beautiful seas I’d seen in my entire life. Sometimes, I just couldn’t believe how good-looking he was. How could I not be attracted to a man like him? I bit my lip, tears welling up in my eyes. “Are you still mad at me? I didn’t mean to speak ill of Hugo. I just thought that he’s asking too much and...” “That’s enough,” Charles rudely interrupted me and added, “Hugo has saved my grandmother’s life. I won’t allow you or anyone to badmouth him.” He narrowed his eyes at me. I sensibly changed my tone, “He saved Christine? Oh, thank goodness. I’m glad.” “I’ve come here to ask you something,” Charles said in a meaningful tone, his eyes glinting with menace. I suddenly got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. “Miss Wilson said that Scarlett died with her unborn child. Is that true? Did you have anything to do with it?” I got goose bumps all over my body. “Answer me, Raina,” Charles said in a flat tone, but I could feel a perfect

storm brewing underneath his calm face. I felt like I was sitting in front of a volcano that was about to erupt. I clenched my quilt tightly and tried my best to look undisturbed. "I'm sorry, Charles, but I don't know what you're talking about." "Oh?" Charles raised his eyebrows. "Never mind. I'll seek the truth myself. Since you know nothing about it, you're worthless to me. I won't be coming here again. I think it's best if you just give up on your stupid wishful thinking from now on."

Charles put out his cigarette, stood up, and left without hesitation. He didn't even look back to check my reaction to his last remark.