

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 395

Vivian's POV: I scaled the walls of the villa and ran across the empty road. Soon, a car pulled over beside me and the driver rolled down the window. 'It's Richard!' My eyes widened in surprise. "What are you doing here?" "Spencer asked me to pick you up. He can't really come himself right now," Richard explained. 'It's Spencer... Merely hearing his name made my heart ache. "Get in the car. We need to get the hell out of here first, or else we'll get caught," said Richard. I knew that those people weren't going to let me escape so easily.

They would probably catch up with me if I tarried here any longer. Thus, I opened the door to the passenger seat and got in the car. "Richard, how is Spencer?" I asked worriedly. Ever since I heard that Spencer had a car accident, I had been worrying about him every day. "His legs were badly injured. He almost had them amputated. Fortunately, the doctors managed to keep his legs intact. But... he can't walk anymore," Richard responded, sounding melancholic. "How... how could this be?" I cried. My heart bled for Spencer. 'He's such a proud man.

What has he been experiencing these past few days?' I asked inwardly. "Vivian, he's been waiting for you. You're the only motivation he has to live," Richard replied in a heavy tone, and then he sighed. Tears blurred my vision and my heart was broken. "Can you tell me why you divorced Spencer all of a sudden, Vivian?" Richard asked tentatively. I wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and explained, "After my miscarriage, it damaged my uterus, causing it to become more difficult for me to conceive again. I just don't want to be a burden to Spencer." Richard fell silent for a while and shook his head. "Actually, you don't have to do this. It will only make him feel guiltier." I touched my flat belly, and it invoked feelings of bitterness. Raina's POV:

At breakfast, Dad mentioned the auction, "Dad, are you going to attend the auction?" I asked. My dad nodded in response. Feeling distressed over it, I lowered my head and pursed my lips. "I don't think Charles wants me there," I

remarked. Ever since Scarlett's return, Charles had been giving me the cold shoulder.

'What's so good about Scarlett? Why can't he just move on from her?' As I gritted my teeth, sadness and indignation flared up in my eyes. "Raina, you need to fight for your happiness. Only when you cater to his pleasure can you win him over," said my mother. My eyes lit up when I understood what she meant.

After eating breakfast, I called Chloe and invited her to go shopping with me.

She was glad to accept my invitation. While we were shopping, I casually mentioned the auction. "Are you going to the auction?" Chloe's eyes lit up with excitement as we entered a store. "Raina, my brother loves this brand of clothing the best. Let's go inside, so you can choose one!" "Thank you so much, Chloe!" I was pleasantly surprised that things went much smoother than I had expected, and I was excited about that. "Hello, Miss Moore!" the sales clerk greeted Chloe warmly. Chloe gestured her hand towards me and said, "This is my brother's fiancée, Miss Raina Hill."

The sales clerk seemed delighted to meet me when she heard what Chloe said, and she flashed me a bright smile. "A few days ago, Mr. Moore came by our shop and ordered a limited edition dress. He said that it was for his wife. Well, I guess it turns out that he had it prepared for you, Miss Hill." I was so surprised and my heart was filled with joy upon hearing that. 'Did Charles buy me an evening dress? Yes! He finally showed his care for me. Does this mean he'll definitely invite me to the auction?'

When I locked eyes with the sales clerk, I was mildly abashed. "Raina, my brother is so considerate. He even prepared a dress for you! How sweet of him," Chloe remarked proudly. "I guess you're going to be my sister-in-law officially pretty soon," she added. My heart was pounding and my eyes displayed just how joyous I felt. "Well, since Charles has already bought you a dress, why don't you just choose a pair of shoes and some accessories to match the dress?" Chloe suggested. 1

I nodded with excitement. This time, I wanted to seize the opportunity. Charles' POV:

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After work, I went back to the Moore mansion to accompany the children. Ever since Scarlett left, James had often been asking where his mother had gone.

I wasn't sure how to answer the question, so I just told him that his mom was out of town.

At this time, my phone rang, interrupting my thoughts. It was from Richard. He said that he had successfully retrieved Vivian. I breathed a sigh of relief. Once the phone call had ended, James suddenly looked up at me. "Dad, I know that Mom is back. I want to see her," he said. 1 "How did you know that? Who told you?" I asked, staring at my son in surprise. "Nobody did. I just noticed how you're smiling more often lately. I'm sure something is fishy about that!" James gave me a knowing look, making it seem as though he had seen through everything. 1 I chuckled helplessly at his remark. But in truth, my heart was overcome by bitterness. "James, I also want your mom to come back, but she doesn't want to come back right now."

At the moment, Scarlett was like a hedgehog. Each time I tried to get close to her, she would brandish her thorns against me. I could tell that her hatred was far beyond what I had initially imagined. "This is all your fault. You shouldn't have hurt Mom like that!" James scoffed, his eyes filled with disappointment. Even though he was young, he was certainly wise beyond his years. My heart ached. 'I deserve this. I've hurt Scarlett too much in the past.' "Mom won't come back until you apologize!"

James put his hands to his chin and analyzed the situation. "Mom may not want to see you, but she's definitely willing to see me. I suggest you arrange a meeting for us as soon as you can! Once I make her happy, I'll put in a good word for you, Dad!" 2 The solemnity of James' face made him look like a sophisticated adult. However, his face was youthful, and his voice was just as youthful. He didn't sound mature at all. On the contrary, he sounded so adorable.

I smiled at him, dotingly rubbing his little head. “Fine... I’ll wait for you to put in a good word for me. I’ll arrange a meeting for you and Mommy as soon as your great-grandma is discharged from the hospital, okay?” Then, I carried James and giggled.