

# Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 405 by Gorgeous Killer

## Chapter 405 Throw The Dress Away

**Raina's POV** After getting out of the car, I looked around the place with both excitement and apprehension.

Dad looked at Nancy with a kind smile and said, "Nancy, I'll take you and Liam in. But I'll greet some business

partners first before I formally introduce you to everyone." Nancy nodded shyly in response. "Okay. Thank you, Mr. Hill." She was a little shy. This was the first time she would attend a formal occasion as Liam's fiancée, after all. I, however, had something else in mind. Instead of going in with them, I stood by the entrance and said, "You guys go ahead. I'll stay here for a bit and wait for Charles." "Raina, the guests here are rich and influential. Do me some favor and, for once, stop being so stubborn," Mom advised worriedly. "Don't worry, Mom. I know what I'm doing," I assured her.

Mom must have figured that nothing would change my mind, so she followed Dad and the others with a helpless sigh.

I looked around the venue to look for Charles. To my disappointment, he was nowhere in sight. Although I was crestfallen, I did not forget who I was. I forced a smile and greeted the guests politely. Many people looked happy to see me. "Miss Hill, you look stunning," a guest said. "Your outfit is amazing!" another praised. They did not hold back on their compliments, which satisfied my vanity.

So many people were fascinated by me. For sure, Charles would be no exception.

God must have read my mind. At this very moment, Charles's car came into view. My eyes lit up in delight. With a beaming smile, I hurried to greet him. Charles's car drove straight to

the entrance of the lobby of the five-star hotel, in which the auction was being held. There were celebrities and businessmen everywhere.

No wonder they adorned the already luxurious hotel to make it even more lavish. Charles got out of the car a few moments later and instantly attracted the attention of many. He was wearing a perfectly tailored black suit, making him appear taller and more sophisticated. Even if he was wearing a cold expression, his temperament captivated the hearts of the women. Holding the hem of my skirt in my hand, I trotted up to him to hold his hand. "Charles, you're finally here!" However, Charles avoided my touch with apparent disgust. "Don't touch me," he coldly said. My smile froze, and my outstretched hand stopped in midair. Nevertheless, I was not discouraged. I still approached him and complained about my grievances. "Charles, why did you block me? I couldn't get in touch with you." "There's no reason for us to get in touch," he replied crossly. His tone was indifferent, and repugnance flashed across his eyes.

"Charles, how could you say that?" I asked, my lips trembling in disbelief.

I had done so much for him, hoping he would at least give him a second look. 1

But when he did, his icy cold gaze brought a chill all over my body.

At this very moment, a car stopped in front of me and Charles.

It went dangerously close to me that I almost got hit

Rage coursed through my body, destroying the last piece of my sanity

"Are you fucking blind?! Do you have an idea where you are? You almost hit me with your car. *Come out and*

apologize!" The guests in the area turned around to watch us when they heard the commotion. The door of the car slowly opened. Everyone held their breaths to see who it was. To everyone's astonishment, a dazzling woman got out of the car. Her face resembled a goddess. What was more, her skin was pearly white, and her eyes were as bright as the stars. Her elegant evening dress perfectly set off her hour-glass figure. She was feminine yet bold and fierce. Everyone fell silent as they gazed at her beauty. The guests could not help but stare at her, unable to resist her charm. "She's so gorgeous!" a guest exclaimed. "How can a woman be so beautiful and perfect? She's flawless!" another cried out. "Who is

she? Why haven't I seen her before?" I felt as though my blood had coagulated when I heard the incessant compliments around me.

Scarlett?

What was she doing here? How could she grab everyone's attention the instant she appeared?

Those who complimented me on being beautiful were now looking at Scarlett with admiration.

Even Charles was stunned because of her. His deep eyes, which had looked at me with distaste, were now gazing at Scarlett with affection. Jealousy, hatred, and resentment surged toward me all at once. I could only grit my teeth to stop myself from throwing a fit.

All of a sudden, someone let out a gasp and broke the deafening silence. "I've met her before. She's the ex-wife of the President of the Moore Group!" Upon hearing this, everyone looked at me and Charles with an inexplicable gaze. "Nonsense! That's Miss Caroline Wilson from the Wilson family. If you ask me, Miss Wilson is a thousand times better than Miss Hill in terms of appearance and family background. Even a fool knows who to choose!" someone bleated. The guests who heard that chuckled and nodded in agreement. "Although Miss Hill is beautiful, she is indeed slightly inferior to Miss Wilson. If I were Mr. Moore, I would never divorce my wife for her."

I felt like I was on the verge of breaking down, In what way was I inferior to Scarlett? What qualifications did she have to compare with me? Did she think that changing her identity into the daughter of the Wilson family was enough to erase her evil deeds? I tried my best to calm myself down with a forced smile, I came forward to greet Scarlett as if nothing had happened. "Miss Wilson, I didn't expect to see you here." "I didn't expect that either. It looks like I have to bring some air freshener with me next time," she replied with implication. "What do you mean?". "You heard me. Well, I have this trait where I feel sick when I see people I don't like." Scarlett covered her mouth and nose and looked at me as if I reek.

"Say that again!" I exhorted while glaring at her. Scarlett snorted. "What if I don't want to?"

My hatred for her overwhelmed me. How I wished I could rush to her and tear her smile with my bare hands.

i cast an aggrieved look at Charles in hopes he would take my side. However, he was busy staring at Scarlett and did

not even spare me a glance. "Caroline, you're here." He walked up to Scarlett, his eyes full of yearning. I stomped my feet in frustration. Before he could get near her, I grabbed his sleeve and complained, "Charles, I almost got hit by her car! Why don't you take me to the lounge so I could rest?" I could not let him and Scarlett have an opportunity to be alone together. Otherwise, all my plans would be in vain. "Let go of me." Charles yanked his sleeve from my arm and explained to Scarlett, "Believe me, I have nothing to do with Raina. Please don't misunderstand what you've seen." Scarlett turned a deaf ear to his explanation and just eyed my neck for long while. The look in her eyes made my hair stand on end. "Miss Hill, your necklace is beautiful, but it doesn't look like it belongs to you." I unconsciously clutched the said necklace and looked at Charles. His cold gaze fell on my neck

"That necklace belongs to our family. How did you get that?"

His voice, although monotone, terrified the shit out of me. "Charles, I can explain!"

Charles ignored my plea and ordered in a deep voice, "Take that off!" I blinked in confusion. "Charles, how could you be so rude?" You mother was the one who gave me this necklace. By the way, where's the dress you've bought for me? Did you forget to ask someone to deliver it?" As if on cue, Scarlett waved her hand, and Elena hurriedly brought out a gift box. Scarlett slowly opened the box, carelessly took the blue evening dress inside, and handed it to me. "Miss Hill, are you talking about this?"

"Why—why is this dress here with you?" I stammered, my eyes wide in shock. "Why don't you ask Mr. Moore." Scarlett's cunning smile widened, and mockery could be seen in her eyes. As I stared at the evening dress in question, my confidence burst like a bubble. I clench my hands into fists as jealousy and resentment entwined my heart like poisonous vines. At this moment, I glared at Scarlett viciously as if there were poisonous snakes in my eyes that would crawl out and kill her. If looks could kill, she would have been dead. Charles's POV:

I lowered my eyes, feeling dejected. "Caroline, you can throw it away if you don't like it." Without missing a beat, Scarlett turned to her assistant and ordered, "Elena, get rid of this dress for me." Elena obediently took the dress and walked toward the bin without hesitation.

Scarlett's indifference brought a pang to my heart. Although I had anticipated that she would not wear the dress I had sent, I was still disappointed when I saw it with my own eyes. To think, she even ordered to throw it as if it was just trash.

When I had first laid my eyes on the dress, I knew in an instant that nobody was more suitable for it than her.

For days, I would fantasize about what she would look like wearing it.

Sadly, she did not wear it in the end. She even attended the auction arm in arm with a man I had never met.

As I stared at the two of them, I felt like a sharp knife was ripping my heart open. • I looked at the man next to her with a scrutinizing gaze,

His eyes were not as bright as mine.

He was not as tall as me. Although he seemed like a gentleman, he did not look sincere at all. What did this man have that I did not?

Scarlett's taste had become worse.