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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 381 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 381 Unfriendly Visitors

Scarlett's POV: The pain coming from my waist gradually disappeared, but I still looked haggard. | I glanced at Christine's ward number before leaving the hospital in silence.

In the car, I called Edward. "Dad, can you tell Hugo that I want his help right now? I heard that Christine isn't feeling well." As I leaned against the seat, I felt powerless. Even though I hated Charles with every fiber of my being, I could never ignore the fact that Christine was ill. She had always treated me as though I was her own granddaughter. Thus, when I heard she was ill, I felt anxious. My sudden departure must've been hard for Christine, but I had no choice at the time. * Elena could tell what was on my mind, so she patted my shoulder in an attempt to comfort me. "Christine is a good person. You said that she's always been kind to you, right? God will bless her. She'll recover soon." "I agree.

Christine is a strong and gentle woman," I concurred, putting on a smile. Christine's loving appearance appeared in my mind, and it brought a sliver of warmth to my heart. "Caroline, you are also strong and kind," Elena replied. "I'm strong, but I am not kind; at least not anymore. Some say that good people are often taken advantage of by bad ones. If that saying is true, then I'd rather be one of the bad ones. I'll become more evil than any one of them. I'll trample them underfoot and make them eat their own shit!" A wry smile appeared on my lips, and my eyes were filled with sadness, hatred, and resentment for all who had wronged me.

Elena frowned, visibly disgusted. I was amused by her reaction. "Do you feel sick because of what I said? What those people did to me was beyond disgusting. Their black hearts are dirtier than the shittiest mires in existence." The smile on my face gradually disappeared, and my face turned cold. I could never forget how Charles used my children to blackmail me

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just to satisfy his carnal desire. He loved Rita, a devil woman who almost killed James. And now, he was going to marry Raina. •

All of these things were incredibly disgusting. Now that I had returned, I was determined to put a stop to certain people's good days. 'As long as I'm alive, I will haunt them to ends of the earth!' I promised myself.

Soon, we arrived at West Bank Manor.

This was the villa that Edward bought for me. It was the best property available along the west coast. There were many guards stationed within and outside the villa, so it was well-secured. The second I got out of the car, I saw Nancy. I hadn't seen this bitch in a long time. She was wearing a white dress, stomping her way towards me with a snarl on her ugly mug. "Scarlett, is that really you? You're really back?" Nancy stood before me, eyeing me up and down before scoffing at my face. 3 "You suddenly disappeared a year ago. I thought you were dead! What a pity! You must've heard that Charles is going to marry Raina now. If I can't have him, neither can you!"

"At the very least, Charles and I used to be married. But what about you? Even though he and I are no longer in a relationship, you still have a rival in love, and it's now Raina." It was so funny for me to see Nancy acting as though she was shrewd. She shot me a glare, raising her hand and intending to slap my face. But before she could even do that, Elena came just in time to grab her wrist. Nancy struggled to break free *from* Elena's grasp. and in the end, she accidentally slapped herself. Nancy was stupefied. Not a second later, a red palm print on her face was seen. I leaned against the car, crossing my arms. "My dear Miss Wood, why did you just slap yourself? Is this some sort of new greeting?" There was a triumphant smile on my

face as I said those words to her. "How dare you hit me, Scarlett? Don't you know who I am now?" Enraged, Nancy *covered her face*. "Miss Wood, you are blaming me for something I didn't do! I've been standing here the *whole time*. *Weren't you the one who hit yourself* earlier? I mean, just look at your own hand! It's as red as your face. That's called an *equal opposite reaction*. *Have you not learned physics in high school?*" I retorted, scoffing at her.

As I looked at her arrogant face, my heart sank when I realized something.

"How cowardly was I to let myself be bullied by this stupid bitch?"

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“You bitch!” Nancy was rendered speechless and her face turned red with rage.

I could sense her hatred from the way she was looking at me. “If you want to cause trouble for me, you should go home and read some more books first,” Having said that, I began to walk away. “Scarlett, why did you even return? Just because you’re back, that doesn’t mean Charles will want you again. He and Raina are in love! You’re the other woman now!” Nancy shouted from behind me. I could tell that she was irked by my attitude. I walked onward without looking back. ‘The other woman? Me? This is just ridiculous! Did she forget how she tried to seduce Charles while we were still married? How dare she accuse me of being the other woman of my marriage with my husband?’ I remarked inwardly. Raina’s POV: *

During the evening, a heavy downpour of rain began pouring. Because of that, many of the guests were stranded on the road. The banquet couldn’t go on any longer with Charles being there, so we had to conclude the party earlier than scheduled. In my attempt to catch up with Charles, I accidentally sprained my ankle and had to limp-walk home. The second my feet entered the premises of the house, I began shouting curses. “This is all that Scarlett’s fault! She ruined my birthday party! Why didn’t she die?” “Hey, Raina! Keep your voice down, will you? You shouldn’t speak ill of Miss Wilson in public. I’m sure you understand the consequences of doing so, right?” My father warned sternly. “Miss Wilson, you say? She’s a fraud!” I countered.

When I thought of how Charles pushed me away and chose Scarlett, I felt resentful.

“Raina, are you sure you didn’t mistake Miss Wilson for someone else?” my mother asked with a frowned, seemingly conflicted.

“Well, of course! Even if I made a mistake, Charles never would. They’ve been married for so many years. He’ll be able recognize

her from a mile away!” I retorted angrily.

“If what you’re saying is true, then this is a tough nut to crack,” said my father. “Do you think we’ll get into trouble? Why are you so afraid of Scarlett?” I really couldn’t understand why he seemed apprehensive.

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"I'm not scared of her. I'm scared of her backer, the Wilson family. Scarlett returned so suddenly, as the daughter of the Wilson family even. I'm sure that she came here with bad intentions in mind." My father sighed, visibly concerned.

Confused, I frowned and asked, "Do you think she's coming for us?"

"You should not have offended her. Because of the Wilson's Group ambition to conquer the business world, they have set up a branch in Los Angeles in a short span of time. I'm afraid we'll be having a hard time in the future."

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