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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 358 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 358 Windfall

Scarlett's POV: The car soon arrived at the hotel. Charles was the first to disembark from the car. Meanwhile, I was sitting in the backseat, staring out the window and looking at the gate surrounded by media personnel. And as I looked at them all, I felt reluctant to leave the car.

Most of the guests today were celebrities, some of whom I'd only seem on the news before.

I wondered if I could actually handle being at an occasion such as this one.

The following moment, the car's door opened up and a hand reached out to me from outside. Seeing it made my heart skip a

beat.

"Come, hold my hand and be careful on your way out."

Charles was standing right in front of me with his back towards the light. His hand was suspended in midair, and he wore a stoic expression. Reporters and paparazzi were squeezing their way past each other, and moving in on us like hounds. Fortunately, the bodyguards stopped them before they could get any closer. The only thing visible in Charles' eyes from the start until the very end was my reflection.

'This is a show... It's just theatrics.'

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Gradually, I calmed down and held Charles' hand. He gripped my hand the moment I touched his, and shielded my head with his

other hand.

While I was holding his hand, I showed up in front of everyone wearing a bright smile, and I nodded at the media personnel as a

greeting.

"Charles, Scarlett, you're finally here. I've been standing her for too long that my legs have started to hurt. Come on! Help me greet our guests. Lawrence and I will go inside and say hello to the other guests."

Alice waved at us and welcomed us warmly. Upon our arrival at the gate, she held Lawrence's arm and they walked into the hall, leaving me and Charles staring at each other.

"Please, do her this favor. After all, it's Grandpa's birthday. As part of the younger generation, it's our duty to welcome the guests," Charles whispered in my ear.

Indeed, it was my duty to welcome guests for Michael.

I didn't object to the task at hand and stayed outside in the cold breeze along with Charles to greet the guests.

But I soon regretted this decision. As time went by, more and more guests arrived. I was merely nodding and smiling at them, but those were enough to exhaust me. My shoulders had grown numb, and my legs became stiff because of how cold it was.

Spencer and Vivian arrived late. She was wearing a dark blue strapless evening dress, which matched his blue velvet suit quite

well.

"Honey, we're here!" Vivian greeted me.

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“Spencer, bro, come here.” Charles beckoned Spencer to come closer, visibly upset. “Why on earth are you late?”

“Uh... well... Bro. I can’t get into specifics, but it’s something between couples.” Spencer elbowed Charles gently; his face turning

red.

I noticed that the veins on Charles’ temple were about to pop.

“Scarlett won’t be able to stand out here for too long. Help me entertain the guests,” Charles commanded Spencer.

Afterwards, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over me before putting his hand on my waist. The coat he put on me smelled of sandalwood. The scent wafted into my nose and it made me feel dizzy. His arm on my waist felt powerful. I couldn’t break free from his grasp, so I had to walk on with him.

When we entered the banquet hall, I finally felt warmer.

Charles led me through the crowded hall and into the presidential suite upstairs. There, I sat on the sofa wearily, letting out a

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sigh of relief.

Suddenly, he took off my high-heeled shoes. When his warm fingers touched my cold ankles, I quickly retracted my feet as though

they had been scalded by hot water. “What are you doing?” I asked, visibly flummoxed. Charles took out a pair of sneakers from the shoe cabinet. “It won’t be good for your ankles to wear high heels for too long.

Change into these shoes. They’re more comfortable,” he said.

“What? Absolutely not!”

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Evening dress and sneakers? Who would wear like that at the party like tonight? I don't want to look like a fool in public!

"Just hurry up! The elders will be here soon to urge us to go downstairs." Charles held the sneakers towards me while looking

directly into my eyes. I curled up on the sofa, refusing him in silence. "Your ankles must feel numb from the cold. It's gonna hurt and you won't be able to sleep for the rest of the night." Charles' face turned grim. "I don't care! I'm not going to wear those," I retorted, crossing my legs. "Since you're not willing to wear them yourself, I'll have to help you." Charles got down on one knee, grabbed my ankle, and straightened out my leg.

"No! Charles, let me go!"

The pain coming from my ankle made me want to struggle. "Stop moving! If you keep moving, I'm going to kiss you," he warned. "How dare you?" I shot him a glare. "Oh, you think I won't do it? Resist again and I'll do something even worse. Try me!" "God, this hoodlum! He's impossible!" I remarked inwardly. Charles had always been a man of his word, so I dared not act rashly again. My only choice was to let him put the sneakers on for me.

I remained seated on the sofa, feeling so resentful that I wanted to throw my high-heeled shoes at his face.

Finally, Charles was done putting on the sneakers for me, and he even put some warm patches on my legs.

At this moment, I was wearing his black coat, a gorgeous evening dress, a pair of sneakers, and several warm patches on my leg. I braced myself in preparation to go downstairs with him.

In the hall, Grandpa was already giving a speech onstage. The moment he saw me and Charles coming down, his eyes lit up.

"Thank you all for coming to my birthday party today. Originally, I didn't want to host such a grand party. But recently, the Moore family has gained two new members, so I felt the need to invite you all to this party to share with my joy." While he was giving an impassioned speech onstage, Grandpa waved at me and said, "Scarlett, come here, darling. You've made such great contributions to our family!"

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All of a sudden, all eyes were on me. I pinched the corner of my coat, feeling awkward.

‘This is all Charles’ fault! I probably look really awful right now.’

Faced with everyone’s surprised gazes, Charles put his arm around my waist and walked with me towards Grandpa.

“My granddaughter-in-law, Scarlett, is the only reason why the Moore family is able to have new members. Thus, I’ve decided to give her the real estate project the Moore Group is about to develop in the South as a gift.”

The audience burst into an uproar and thunderous applause.

Everyone was so amazed by the incredibly generous gift that Michael bestowed upon me. They cast envious gazes at me. Meanwhile, I was still trying to process what was going on.

“Charles, what did Grandpa mean by that?” I asked Charles in confusion.

Calmly, he looked into my eyes and whispered to my ear, “It’s just a gift from the elders. Nothing to be worked up about.” “Did you know about this?”

– Chapter 358 Windfall “Of course, I did. This is the project that I’ve been recently working on,” he responded. 1. “Are you crazy?”

I was slack-jawed in awe. Icey once told me that the new project Charles was handling was worth at least ten billion dollars.

“Scarlett, the Moore family isn’t lacking in money,” he said. His casual tone made me feel like he didn’t give a multi-billion dollar project as a gift, and instead just gave out a dollar to a beggar on the roadside. 3

It was a windfall worth ten billion dollars. Anyone would be confused and amazed at the same time. 2 I clutched my purse and remembered that there was a document inside that still needed Charles’ signature.

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