

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 404 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 404 A Perfect Match

Raina's POV During the day of the auction, I was waiting at home for Charles on the edge of my seat in anticipation 1 I kept on fantasizing of going with him to the auction,

I'd wear the evening gown that he bought for me, take his arm, and greet the envious glances *from* countless guests

The more I thought of it, the more excited it made me.

But as time passed by, Charles still didn't arrive, and nobody sent me the dress.

Feeling as though someone had poured cold water all over me, my heart froze. 'Why isn't Charles here yet? Is it possible that Scarlett is pestering him again and he's having a hard time getting rid of her? She already chose to leave. Why on earth did she come back?' . Disappointed and furious, I pinned all the blame on that bitch, Scarlett 2 In a fit of rage, I threw all the accessories resting on the dresser to the ground to vent all of my frustrations. At this moment, my mother opened the door of my room and happened to see me throwing a tantrum. "Raina, what's got you so worked up? Why did you make a big mess in your room?" she asked in surprise. I began to cry and told her the whole story. "Mom, Charles hasn't come to pick me up yet. Do you think he's still mad at me? Or is it just because he didn't buy that dress for me?"

"Raina, I know you're confused, but the only way you can get answers is by going to the auction and asking him directly," Mom suggested. "Even if he doesn't come to pick you up, you can always come with us. Liam and Nancy are already waiting downstairs. You can't lose your composure just because of this trivial matter." a After a moment of contemplation, her advice made sense. All the anger in my heart was gradually dying down.

At my mother's insistence, I rummaged for the necklace that Chloe had given me.

Even though the necklace didn't match my outfit, I still wore it because I wanted to make Charles happy. Scarlett's POV

I put on the evening dress that Simon sent me and began to do my makeup solemnly. 2 "My word, Miss Wilson! You are stunning! I may be a woman, but it's hard not to get attracted to you. You'll captivate every person in the auction with your radiant looks tonight!" Elena was slack jawed in awe, and she was quite lavish with her

compliments of me.

I chuckled at her remarks helplessly and suggested, "Would you like me to do your makeup? I'm not that half-bad with my makeup skills." Elena waved her hands in refusal. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Wilson. I'll have to refuse your offer. I'm not used to such things."

"Alright, I won't force you." I withdrew my hand, albeit reluctantly. At this time, I heard the doorbell ringing from downstairs. "Elena, go open the door and take the box on that table over there to the living room with you. It might prove useful at the auction," I said to her a

Elena nodded in response and took the box downstairs.

Once I was done putting on makeup, I stared at my delicate, charming face in the mirror and smiled with satisfaction.

After a year of meticulous maintenance, my face had looked even more beautiful than before. It was as delicate as a budding

rose.

I was in a good mood. I picked up my windbreaker, draped it over my body, and went downstairs. 1

In the living room, I saw a man sitting on the sofa, seemingly waiting for me.

I shot him a stern gaze.

'He's tall, his facial features are undeniably attractive, and his green eyes could pierce anyone's soul. He looks stable, mature, and he definitely looks like a gentleman,' I thought.

The man stood up and took the initiative to greet me.

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Matcha

“Good evening, Caroline, if I may call you that. I’m Simon Felix. It’s nice to meet you. I apologize if I sound too forward, 6

must say, you are more beautiful than I’d imagined!”

His words put a smile on my face, and I said, “Thank you, Simon. You’re too kind. Anyway, it’s still early. Why don’t we get to know each other first?”

There was very little that I knew about Simon.

Dad never skimmed on compliments each time he mentioned Simon, so I was always curious about this man.

“That’s a great idea!” Simon flashed me a tender smile and said, “My father has been Mr. Wilson’s friend for many years. I, myself, am running a company.” I listened to him intently, and asked questions from time to time. He managed to answer all my questions easily. His answers were solemn, yet humorous. Nobody would feel bored chatting with him. “By the way, I heard that the project on the west coast was postponed. Mr. Wilson is asking me to help out if it’s possible. Just let me know if you need any help,” Simon said sincerely. “Thank you for your kindness. The west coast project has made some progress. I’ll be able to handle this one for the time being But if anything else comes up, I’d be glad to cooperate with you,” I replied, wearing a faint smile. 1 “Sounds great.” Simon nodded, seemingly a little disappointed. 1

It was then that Elena came over and said, “Miss Wilson, Mr. Felix, it’s time to go.”

Just as I stood up, Simon stretched out his arm, ever the gentleman.

I chuckled and took his arm as though it was natural for me.

“Miss Wilson, you and Mr. Felix look like a match made in heaven!” Elena covered her mouth, visibly excited.

Instinctively, I looked up and accidentally met his gaze.

His soulful green eyes captivated me, and somehow, it made me smile. While we were getting in the car, Simon asked, "Caroline, what's your target price for the auction?" "Two billion." I raised two of my fingers. After a brief pause, Simon suggested, "Perhaps you should start at one billion." I shot him a knowing glance and smiled at him again.