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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 369 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 369 Plane Crash

**Scarlett's POV:** The first night after Charles had left, i tossed and turned in bed all night long. Our argument a few days ago was still fresh in my memory as if it had just happened yesterday. Restless, I sat up and picked up my phone to check the time. It was already four o'clock in the morning, yet here I was, still wide

awake.

While I was scrolling through my newsfeed, a headline caught my attention. I read through it and found that the plane N873GK bound for BL had crashed at one o'clock this morning. The rescue team had confirmed that thirty-five people had died in the crash..

My phone slipped from my hand upon reading this. My mind went blank for a moment, and I felt as though I had been struck by lightning Wasn't N873GK the flight Charles had taken? It couldn't be. It was impossible!

A sinking feeling emerged in my heart. Well, thanks to this, I snapped back to reality. Where was the remote *control*? There must have been a mistake! I jumped out of bed and fumbled for the remote control with trembling hands. It was on the sofa. As soon as I saw it, I picked it up and turned the TV on.

The news anchor was broadcasting the tragedy with a heavy heart. As she spoke, the number of deaths increased by the minute. And now, the death toll had climbed to 105.

Shell-shocked, I sat motionless on the sofa while staring at the TV screen with lifeless eyes. The rising death toll numbed my

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heart.

But what I was worried about the most was that God would pronounce Charles's death the next second. If that moment came, my heart and soul would die with him. 2

I lived like a walking dead in the following week. There was still no news about Charles until now. We had no idea if he was still alive.

My reason told me that there was no hope that he would return, but I forced myself to believe in the minuscule possibility that

he was just out there. As I saw with my own eyes that the Moore family had turned upside down overnight. When Grandpa and Grandma heard that Charles's plane had crashed, their blood pressure spiked, which caused them to faint. Fortunately, they were rushed to the hospital in time. Alice's face bathed in tears every day, and there were deep and dark circles under her eyes. Only Lawrence managed to remain calm and composed among the whole family.

A few days later, I decided to move back to the Moore mansion with the kids.

One day, Richard came back at last.

I immediately walked up to him and eagerly asked, "How's the investigation going?" "I'm sorry, Mrs. Moore. I still haven't got any news about Mr. Moore."

All of a sudden, a loud noise came from the door. I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a young and beautiful woman.

"Scarlett, you're a fucking bane. You're the one who should have died!"

I stood petrified on the spot as a huge Hermes bag closed in on me, along with an array of insults. Before I could even react,

Richard strode in front of me at a lightning speed and protected me from being hit by the bag. It was only then that I saw the woman's face. She looked like Charles, but her features were softer and feminine. She was like a thorny rose, fierce yet delicate. "Chloe?" I uttered in surprise.

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This woman was Charles's sister, the only daughter of the Moore family, Chloe Moore.

"Shut up! You don't deserve to call my name! If it weren't for you, our family wouldn't have gotten into trouble one after another!"

The more Chloe spoke, the more enraged she became. In a fit of anger, she rushed over to hit me, but Richard jumped to his feet and grabbed her hand. "Miss Moore, please calm down," he urged. "Who are you? How dare you stop me?! Go away!" Chloe bellowed while glaring at Richard. However, Richard remained unmoved. He just stood in front of me like a loyal knight and calmly explained, "Before Mr. Moore went on a business trip, he ordered me not to let anyone hurt Mrs. Moore. I'm just following his order." Chloe looked at him from head to toe with utter disdain and sneered. "You should know that this woman got Charles killed. You should kill her instead of defending her! This woman brings nothing but misfortune. Not only her own parents died because of her, but she also brought disaster to our family. I want her to pay for my brother's life!" Her vicious words echoed in the living room, and all I could do was stand there in a daze.

Was I really a bane?

Did I really cause those misfortunes? Remorse washed over me because of what Chloe had just said.

"Miss Moore, the search and rescue haven't stopped yet. Mr. Moore can still be alive," Richard reminded.

"Bullshit! If Charles is still alive, where is he? Answer me! Where is my brother?" Chloe fired back with tears streaming down her face I heaved a heavy sigh and said in a low and weak voice, "Let her go, Richard."

Richard looked at me worriedly, but he did not question my order. The moment he released Chloe's hand, she rushed to me and slapped me. "Mrs. Moore!" Richard exclaimed.

Before I knew it, there was a searing pain on one side of my face. Chloe had slapped me. And judging from the pain, she did not hold back. My face must be red and swollen right now. : Chloe raised her hand again to slap me for the second time, but Richard stopped her. "Enough!" She shook off his hand and took two steps back. "Scarlett, let's wait and see. If anything happens to my brother, I will make you pay," she warned through gritted teeth. I just looked at Chloe, who was hysterical and fuming with anger, and said nothing. It was time for

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me to leave. Without a word, I turned around and went upstairs to pack my things. I finished packing about an hour later. When I went down, I saw Alice and Chloe on the sofa, hugging each other. They both had tears in their eyes, most probably from grieving for their lost loved one. When Alice saw me, she stood up and asked, "Scarlett, why are you leaving?" "... I want to move back to Garden Street for the time being. Please let me know if you get any news about Charles." "Scarlett, you don't have to—" | "Mom, don't ask her to stay," Chloe interjected. "She'd better get out of here. And don't let her take the kids. They belong to the Moore family." Alice looked at Chloe with a disapproving look. "Chloe, don't be so rude to Scarlett..." "Mom, don't you think she has done enough harm to our family?" Chloe pouted and acted like a spoiled child. Meanwhile, Alice avoided eye contact with me in embarrassment. I endured the pain and forced a smile. "It's okay. I won't bring the kids. Just please let me know if they cry and call for me." With tearful eyes, Alice nodded understandingly. "Thank you, Scarlett." Just as I was about to go out with my luggage in tow, Janet followed me. "You should go back, Janet," I said before I walked out of the door. "Scarlett..." Janet protested. "Please? Just think that you're looking after the children for me." Janet's eyes turned red. As she saw that I would not budge, she lowered her head and finally agreed. "Okay." Janet's POV

After Scarlett left, I kept my promise and took good care of her three children.

But without their mother, they would cry for a long time before they fell asleep

James was a little older, so he was sensible. Jerry and Jason, however, were not. They were still babies, after all. My heart ached

every time I saw them in the swaddle, crying until their voices became hoarse,

I had made up my mind. One day, when I saw Lawrence walk into the study, I followed him and blocked his way.

"Mr. Moore, please let me take the kids to see Scarlett. They haven't seen their mother for a long time. They wouldn't stop crying every night."

I looked at Lawrence expectantly, hopeful that he would agree for the sake of the children. Just as I had anticipated, Lawrence sighed and nodded in agreement. "You're right. Kids shouldn't be separated from their mothers for too long."

I was ecstatic that he had agreed to my request.

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“Thank you very much. Scarlett and the kids will appreciate it,” I replied, too excited to speak with utmost politeness

Lawrence waved his hand in response and added, “Please tell Scarlett that if she needs anything, she can come to me at any time.” Without a word, I looked into his deep and wise eyes, bowed deeply, and turned to leave..

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