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# Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 329 by Gorgeous Killer

## Chapter 329 Put The Ring Back

Scarlett's POV: As I lay on the bed, recalling everything that had happened, I felt my heart ache. I felt like a fool for hurting myself for a man. Just then, Spencer and Vivian walked into the ward, looking anxious. But their appearance made me really happy.

Charles had ordered Richard to guard the ward so that I would not try to escape. I felt like a bird that was trapped

in a cage. Sitting up from the bed, I greeted them with a smile. "Scarlett, how are you doing? It's only been a while since I last saw you, but you look so pale!" Vivian was really anxious as she held my hand. "Don't worry. I'm feeling much better now," I replied with a faint smile, hiding the truth. Although I did everything I could to make her not worry, she seemed to have figured it out. "Scarlett, you should take care of yourself." With a worried expression, she patted me on the shoulder to comfort

Feeling the bitterness in my heart, I could not help but shake my head and cry. I was the only one who knew that as long as I continued to stay with Charles, I would never be happy. Vivian reached out and wiped my tears away with a pitiful look. "You have suffered a lot! Would you like me to call some friends to teach Charles a lesson? I swear that he would get beaten to a pulp!" Vivian clenched her fist in anger as she said those words. Although

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Spencer remained silent, it was obvious that he was acquiescing in her suggestion. When I saw how they were all riled up to avenge me, I could not help but chuckle. "Charles has gone too far! How could he treat you so badly?"

Scarlett, don't feel sad because of him. He doesn't deserve your love." Seeing how worried I was, Vivian thought that I was still not able to let go of Charles, and that was the reason she was trying to comfort me. Shaking my head with a bitter smile, I explained, "It's not that I cannot live without him. It's just that he is not willing to let go of me." I could not help but feel desperate when I thought of the way Charles treated me. "Spencer, can you step outside for a bit? I want to talk to her alone." Hearing Vivian's words, Spencer nodded and left.

Vivian grabbed my hand and said, "Scarlett, pull yourself together. You have three children, and you need to think about them. What do you think will happen to them if you're not around?" I felt worse at the mention of my children. Tracy had informed me that Charles had already found out that he was the twins' father. He would certainly try to take them away from me, just like he had done with James. Now, I had nothing, and there was no meaning to my life. As soon as Vivian helped me lie down on the bed, tears began to roll down my cheeks. Noticing that I was feeling depressed, she let out a sigh and changed the topic. I gradually calmed down and fell asleep. By the time I woke up again, it was dark outside. And I saw Charles leaning against the window. Seeing that I was awake, he walked up to me. I closed my eyes, not wanting to see him.

PUC The Killy back A few moments later, I suddenly felt a ring on my finger.,

Needless to say, Charles must have put it on my finger while I was asleep. I remembered that I had thrown the ring away that day. How did he find it? Looking at the ring, I suddenly recalled him telling me that he had never loved me. As I suppressed the pain in my heart, I felt the urge to take off the ring. "Scarlett, don't take off the ring!" Charles stopped me. I struggled, but he held me tightly. "Charles, what do you want?" I could not understand why he was insisting that I wear the ring when he already told me that he had never loved me.

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However, it was also clear to me that he was unwilling to let go. I had no choice but to give up and cry after seeing how stubborn he was.

“Scarlett, I don’t like it when you bite your lip. It feels like you’re inviting me to kiss you.”

When he saw me crying, he suddenly grabbed my face and kissed my lips. His lips were as soft and warm as I remembered, but instead of the joy I always felt from his kisses, I could only feel sad now. Using all my strength, I pushed him away, and slapped him. “Don’t touch me again!” Charles took a few steps back. He seemed to be broken-hearted. “Please get out! I don’t want to see you ever again!” I roared. “Scarlett, please let me take care of you. I promise that I won’t touch you again.” Charles softened his tone as he took a step towards me. “Get out! I don’t ever want to see you again! And take the ring back! It means nothing to me!” With that, I took off the ring and threw it at him.

It hit him in the forehead before it fell to the ground. He bent down and picked it up with a painful look in his eyes. “I...” He seemed to want to say something, but I was not willing to listen to him at all, so I covered my ears and buried my face in my knees. Charles and I could not go back to the way we had been in the past. Did he really think that he could pretend like nothing happened as long as he put the ring back on my finger? Charles’ POV: I walked out of the ward with a heavy heart, gripping the ring tightly in my hand.

I did not expect Scarlett to resist my touch so fiercely. Recalling her cold gaze, I could not help but feel sad. I smiled bitterly, and said something to Richard before I drove to the Moore mansion. As soon as I walked in, I immediately approached the twins. Since they were seeing me for the first time, they seemed to be very curious about me. They resembled me a lot, and looking at their cute faces, I could not help but feel guilty. I hated myself for not trusting Scarlett, and for asking someone to kidnap the children, which ruined her hopes to

live.

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I caressed the kids affectionately and played with them for a while. “Charles, we already know that you are the twins’ father.” My mother patted me on the shoulder, pitying me. “Charles, do you know their names?” She looked at the kids affectionately as she played with them. “Their names are Jerry and Jason,” I said. “But which one is Jerry? And which one is Jason?” She was curious. Looking at the kids in front of me, I felt a little frustrated. Although I was their father, I could not tell them apart.

– “He is Jerry! The kids are wearing small bracelets with their names engraved,” Grandma reminded me when she saw that I was not able to answer my mother’s question. “So you are Jerry.” I quickly raised the baby’s hand, observed carefully, and found that his name was indeed carved on his bracelet I read the children’s name gently, feeling a wave of mixed feelings in my heart.

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