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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 303 by Gorgeous Killer

Scarlett's POV:

Every time I was alone with William, I felt uncomfortable. I knew that he loved me, but I just couldn't love him back. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't force myself to accept his love. When I went back to my room, my two babies were sleeping in their crib.

Every night, before going to bed, I would check their condition several times.

Looking at their pure, innocent faces reminded me of James. The three of them looked exactly like each other.

Each time I looked at the twins, I felt as though I was looking at James' face as an infant, and it broke my heart.

And this awful pain reminded me that James' death was an unforgivable sin that Charles and I committed together.

"Mom! Mom, I'm scared! Help! Help me, please!"

'It's James! That's his voice!' I remarked inwardly.

I fell into an unprecedented panic.

"James? Is that you?" I cried.

"Don't be afraid, my love! Where are you? Mommy's coming! I'll be right there!"

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Desperately, I ran into the depths of the fog. But for some reason, my little angel's voice was drifting further and further away. I looked around, anxious to find him. But sadly, he was nowhere to be found.

All of a sudden, I felt a scathing pain in my ankle, and then I fell into a vast sea. The turbulent tides drowned me and I kept struggling underwater.

Gradually, the water filled my lungs, and the lack of oxygen began to blur my vision.

In a trance, I hallucinated about James.

His little body was motionless, drifting into the cold tides.

And slowly, he sank to the boundless sea before me.

With every ounce of strength I had in my body, I desperately reached for my baby boy and shouted in my heart.

'Somebody save him! God! Please...save my boy!'

"No!" I couldn't remember just how many times I had woken up from a nightmare similar to this one.

As I gasped for air, tears and sweat rolled down my face at the same time.

With trembling hands, I fumbled to turn on the bedside lamp, looking around in a fit of panic.

It wasn't until I saw my twins sleeping soundly in their crib that my overwhelmed heart gradually calmed down.

Now, I was wide awake, so I opened the drawer of the bedside table and took out my laptop to begin working.

At present, I was working for a magazine.

I didn't make much money, but it was enough to keep myself busy.

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When I turned on the computer, the icon for Facebook began to flash.

Upon clicking it, I found a message from Nina.

“Scarlett, why are you still up? Were you having a nightmare again?”

“It’s because you’ve assigned so much work to me. I barely have the time to sleep,” I bantered.

Previously, Nina found me through the periodical office I worked for.

She said that she had opened a small company of her own, and was doing some legal aid work. She hoped that I could help her out.

I began writing some articles for her.

And through this, we maintained contact with each other again.

“Well, you’re a mother of two now. Just consider it as saving for their college fees.”

After chatting with me briefly, Nina went offline. She now had a family, so it was understandable that she had to focus on them.

If we were to continue talking, it would only impose on the time she should be spending with Abner.

The next morning, while I was playing with the twins in the dining room and feeding them, William went downstairs. He approached me, bent down, and gently picked up one of the twins.

“You’re so cute!”

Due to being picked up so suddenly, the boy thought it was a game and he giggled happily.

“Goo, goo, gaa, gaa.”

“Is he trying to speak?” William looked at me and chuckled.

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"Maybe he's just trying to say that he's hungry."

I chuckled as well and took the child from him. As I held the baby in my arms, I couldn't help but reminisce the past.

Charles would also do the same thing back then.

Whenever James made babbling noises, Charles would insist that James was trying to speak.

When that thought crossed my mind, my heart ached because of the familiar pain.

I took a deep breath, barely suppressing it.

After eating breakfast, I saw Tracy standing at the door in a daze. I approached her, smiled at her and asked, "Tracy, what's up?"

Tracy looked back at me, and for some reason she looked hesitant.

"Scarlett, Alice said she wanted to see you."

The smile on my face disappeared at once.

"Tracy, I don't remember Alice anymore, and I don't want to see her. I've lost my memory. Is that clear?"

Having said that, I turned around and walked away.

In the afternoon, I was writing in the study on the second floor when I suddenly heard a knock on the window.

Vigilantly, I walked over to the window and saw Janet the moment I opened it. She was clinging to the windowsill, staring at me with tears in her eyes.

"Scarlett, I'm here to see you!"

"Oh, my God!"

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How did you get there, Janet? It's too dangerous!"I was so scared for her safety that I grabbed Janet's hand and pulled her into the study.

"Scarlett, don't be afraid.I just really wanted to see you.How are your injuries? How have you been doing this past year?"

Janet eyed me up and down, especially focusing on my feet.

It had been over a year since I last saw her.She had grown more mature.

And as I looked at her tearful eyes, my heart was filled with joy.I walked up to her, embraced her, and wiped away her tears.

"You're still as reckless as ever.I'm doing fine, Janet.How about you?"

"I'm fine, too; for the most part, at least."

Janet nodded happily, but then she was saddened by something again.

"Scarlett, this is all my fault! I failed to protect James!"

I stopped caressing her back and sighed.

"It's all in the past now.It's alright, Janet."

Janet wiped her eyes carelessly.

"Scarlett, I'm here to deliver a message from Mrs.Moore.She said that she wishes to apologize to you on behalf of the entire Moore family."

I let go of her and stared outside the window.

"Stop it.They don't need to apologize to me.Honestly, I think this is fate."

In reality, I believed that this whole twisted nightmare that happened was my fault, because I failed to protect my son.

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Losing James was God's punishment for me.

"Please tell Alice that I don't remember anything, and I sincerely hope that she won't blame herself anymore."

"Ever since James' death, Christine has been in poor health. She's been on bed rest most of the time and she always misses you."

Upon hearing about Christine's recent condition, I fell silent. It seemed that James' death was also devastating for her.

My heart ached for her.

"Scarlett, why don't you drop by and pay them a visit? Ever since Mr. Moore lost you and James, he's been having a difficult time. He's no longer the man he used to be."

Janet looked at me with hopeful eyes.

"Really?" I recalled the day when I saw Charles in the mall, and it made me a little upset.

'Is he really having a hard time?' I wondered.

"In the past year, he's been numbing himself with alcohol." Janet looked worried when she said that, but all I could feel was anger.

"He deserves it, doesn't he?" I stared at Janet with a sardonic smile.

"If it weren't for him, something that horrible wouldn't have happened to James!" I shouted, bursting with fury.

Tears streamed down my face. It had been over a year, yet I still couldn't let go of my hatred for Charles. My tears seemed to have worried Janet.

"Sorry, Scarlett...I won't mention him again," she said.

After trying to calm myself down, I said in a gentle voice, "Janet, you should go now. I can never be together with Charles again since the moment James died. Please tell them that

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I've lost my memory, and now I have twin babies with William. Tell them they're not even a month old yet."

"But, I..."

Janet wanted to speak, but I interrupted her, visibly dejected.

"Janet, please...do this for me. All I want is to live a peaceful life now."

As she looked into my eyes blankly, she finally nodded, albeit reluctantly.

## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 304 by Gorgeous Killer

Charles' POV:

My mother had been in Kitsap for several days, yet she still didn't want to come home. Meanwhile, I was at home, sitting on the sofa when I decided to give her a call.

"Mom, why haven't you come back yet?"

"I haven't seen Scarlett yet. I won't come home until I do."

She sounded really disappointed.

"Mom, it won't do you good to be there. Just come home, okay?" I suggested, rubbing my temples in frustration.

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Suddenly, my heart was overcome with stress.

“Let me just wait a little longer. Please,” she replied.

“Her leg hasn’t recovered yet. I don’t think she’ll go out anytime soon. You won’t have a chance to see her,” I replied, attempting to persuade her.

“Fine. I’ll be home soon.”

My mother sounded like she was down in the dumps. But once I heard her agree, I hung up the phone and went to the tennis court.

Lately, I’d been dealing with lots of problems, and I really needed some time to relax.

David and Spencer were already there, waiting for me. I approached them and said, “Spencer, play with me first.”

“Sure, buddy.”

Spencer went to the opposite side of the court and shouted, “Charles, go easy on me, okay?”

I didn’t heed his request. I went to the service area, stretching my limbs.

Then, I threw the ball high into the air, and smashed it downwards in a swift yet decisive manner.

“Charles, take it easy! I haven’t even warmed up yet!” Spencer shouted.

Right after he finished the sentence, the next ball was already hurtling towards him at a fierce momentum.

Spencer barely rallied it back, and I easily returned the ball.

Within just three rounds, he admitted defeat.

“That’s it! I’m done. I need a break. David, I’m tagging out. You play with him instead!”

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We both turned our attention to David, only to find a girl in a short skirt standing beside him and waving at us.

"Spencer!" the girl shouted.

"Nicole? What are you doing here?"

Spencer strode out of the court and headed to the rest area. I followed him out.

"I'm playing tennis with my friends over there. I noticed you were here, too, so I came to say hello."

"Oh, I see. Well, go back to your game then," Spencer replied impatiently.

Obviously, he wanted Nicole to get out of here at once.

"Are you free tonight? Wanna have drink with me?" But Nicole refused to give up.

"Sorry, but I have an appointment tonight," replied Spencer.

"Do you mind if I come with you?"

I couldn't help but look at Nicole from head to toe after hearing that response. What a dense girl she was!

"I do mind. And I'll have you know that I'm a married man now. My wife doesn't like it when I hang out with other women," Spencer responded, visibly annoyed.

"Wait, you're married?" Nicole was surprised, and so was I.

"Yes, and you know her. It's Vivian."

"What? How is that possible? I don't believe it! You're lying to me, aren't you?" Nicole's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Well, believe it or not, I don't care." Spencer shrugged.

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"How could this be?"

Nicole bit her lower lip as tears welled up in her eyes. It looked like she was about to break into tears.

"Don't cry. You look ugly when you cry."

Even after seeing her so disheartened, Spencer remained tough.

Upon hearing that, Nicole glared at us and stormed away without another word.

After she had left, David and I approached Spencer.

"Since when did you get married?" I asked.

"Two days ago," Spencer said casually.

"What the hell, man? Getting married is a big thing! Why didn't you tell me and David about it?" I asked.

"Well, we've been busy with our own affairs recently. Besides, I don't think it's too late to announce it tonight, is it?" Spencer flashed me a smile.

I grinned back at Spencer.

Honestly, I was delighted to know that my best friend could marry the woman he loved.

"Anyway...no more talking, Charles. Break time is over! Let's get back to playing tennis, shall we?"

"Alright."

After playing tennis for quite some time, we decided to go to Mint Bar. And as soon as we sat down, Spencer said, "Order whatever you want. It's my treat. Oh, by the way, Vivian will be here too."

"Sounds great!" David picked up the menu and began to order.

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Meanwhile, I took out a cigarette and lit it.

“You’ve been smoking more often recently.”

David put the menu aside and continued, “You weren’t like this before, Charles. What happened?”

Instead of responding, I just continued smoking.

Spencer chuckled at David and remarked, “Only Scarlett can make him this upset.”

At the mention of her name, I frowned and took a deep drag on my cigarette.

“That’s none of your business.”

Spencer realized that he had made a gaffe, so he clammed up.

“You shouldn’t smoke so much. It’s not good for your health,” David said with a smile, trying to ease this awkward tension.

“You’re no better than me.”

I turned to David, asking him if he would like to have a cigarette. He waved his hands at me and replied, “I’ve quit smoking.”

“You’ve quit smoking? Are you and Icey preparing for pregnancy?” I asked.

Dead silence ensued in the room again.

After taking a drag on the cigarette, I fell into contemplation. It wasn’t until I felt the cinder of the cigarette reach my fingers that I came to my senses.

Not a second later, I put out the cigarette b\*\*t on the ashtray. Ever since Scarlett left, I had been depressed. I was smoking all the time, and I felt like I was going to break down.

“Fine. I’ll have one.”

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After a long time, David broke the silence.

"I implore you not to smoke, dude. You shouldn't smoke if you and your wife are preparing for pregnancy," I replied, trying to dissuade him.

"Have you ordered the wine?" I asked.

I put the cigarette aside, thinking that it wouldn't help me.

"Yup. Oh, by the way, didn't Alice go to Kitsap? Did she manage to see Scarlett?"

"Nope. And even if she did, it's useless. Scarlett doesn't remember us anymore," I said listlessly.

But inside, my heart ached.

David and Spencer lowered their gazes and fell silent until the waiter brought in our liquor.

"Forget that. Let's just drink, shall we?"

Spencer opened the bottle and poured us each a glass. I raised my glass and gulped the whole thing down.

The burning sensation in my stomach coursed through my body, but even then, alcohol couldn't paralyze my heartache.

"This must be true suffering" I thought to myself.

"Charles, don't drink so fast," Spencer remarked.

I turned a deaf ear to his reminder. I wanted to get drunk and to lose my mind. But even as I drowned myself in alcohol, it did not stop my heart from feeling pain.

"I saw someone that day," David continued.

"And who might it be?" asked Spencer.

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“Susan.” David put on a straight face.

Surprised, Spencer asked, “Susan? You mean Rita’s mother? What about her?”

Their conversation piqued my interest, so I gave David my attention.

“She’s now the mistress of a private hospital’s director,” he remarked.

“Hang on.How did she become a mistress at such an old age? Man, whoever that guy is, he’s got pretty low standards,” said Spencer.

All of a sudden, my phone rang.

When I saw that it was William, I didn’t want to answer it.

“William? Why is that a\*\*\*\*\*e calling you again?”

Spencer leaned over and appeared to be pissed off.

Still, I didn’t answer the phone.

Unable to remain calm, Spencer answered the call for me and put it on speaker mode.

“Hey, what the hell do you want this time, William?” he shouted.

“Oh, hey, Spencer! Could you kindly remind Charles to file a divorce already?” said William.

“That’s none of your d\*\*n business,” said Spencer.

“If he’s deliberately delaying the divorce, I’m afraid we won’t be able to keep the news from the children anymore,” said William.

Annoyed by William’s sarcasm, Spencer growled, “I’m warning you, William.Stop this nonsense!”

“I’m not talking nonsense.Scarlett and I have two kids now.I’m actually doing this for his own good.Anyway, just tell Charles to think it over.Bye.”

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William sounded calm and collected throughout the phone call.

“Hey, hey, hey! Who do you think you are?”

Spencer was about to lose his cool. He immediately grabbed my phone and started hurling curses at William.

“That’s enough, Spencer,” I responded.

“Charles, are we seriously just going to let this happen?”

Spencer seemed unreconciled.

“William has gone too far!” David echoed.

“Now is not the time for that. Sit down and drink,”

I remarked, trying to calm them down. All of a sudden, someone pounded on the door of the private room from outside.

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