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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 295 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 295 A Relationship For The Purpose Of Marriage

#### William's POV:

Spencer punched the man, and the latter almost staggered backwards to the ground. 'Is this what a love triangle is? Well, I must say... this is amusing.' My phone vibrated in my pocket, so I took it out. "Try not to drink too much, okay? And come home early." Her kind reminder warmed my heart and put a smile on my face. "Okay," I replied.

Today, when I left home, I told Scarlett that I was just having a business dinner. I didn't mention who I was meeting with. Music was blasting in the background, but the crowd suddenly quieted down. Out of curiosity, I put my phone away and looked downstairs. A man in a tailored black suit appeared.. The light was shining down on his face, accentuating his already impeccable facial features. Because of his noble, yet standoffish presence, people were too afraid to look directly at him.

His long, narrow eyes were as cold as ice. There was no doubt about it. It was Charles. The second he looked up, he immediately saw me. Not long after, he went upstairs. Inside a private room on the second floor, we sat face to face. Neither of us took the initiative to speak. As Charles sat beneath the light, I saw the aggression in his deep, dark eyes. "I thought you're not coming today," I said, breaking the silence. "Spencer told me that you wanted to speak to me." Charles didn't beat around the bush. "That's right. Because I think it's necessary to tell you the truth," I replied.

Spencer's POV: Steven wasn't fast enough to avoid my punch, and I was able to bash his face in. At once, he covered his face and screamed in pain. "Spencer, are you crazy?" Vivian exclaimed. She stood in front of Steven, spreading her arms wide and glaring at me. "Fight

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back if you can!" I yelled at Steven. "Shut the fuck up, Spencer!" Having said that, Vivian turned her attention to Steven and examined his injury while whispering something in his ear. Not long after, Steven glanced at me before he left.

I wanted to tackle him down and hit him one more time, but Vivian stopped me. "Spencer, what do you want? Are you trying to prove something?" "It's nothing. I just don't like him, okay?" "You're a psychopath!" Vivian cursed me while striking me with her fists. I didn't attempt to avoid her attack, and as a result, I took several blows to my chest. It was a little painful, but I was willing to endure it. "Stop it," I said. "Be quiet." A moment later, I grabbed Vivian's arm and led her to a corner. I pointed to a private room upstairs and said, "Charles is in there, negotiating with William." "Really?

That's not going to stop me from beating you up!" Vivian attempted to hit me again, but this time, I caught her hand and held it firmly. "That's enough. Let's go to my room." Still holding her hand, I dragged her upstairs. Upon our arrival in my room, I closed the door. Vivian shook off my hand immediately. "Don't you dare hit me again," I warned. "And why not?" she asked, raising her fist once more. As I looked her beautiful face, my heart melted. "If you want to beat me up, do it here.

I won't try to dodge your punches." I was willing to compromise, because after all, she was a woman and her punches barely fazed me. To my surprise, her eyes welled up with tears. She then turned her back to me and said, "I don't want to hit you anymore." "Why not?" When I heard her sobbing, my heart ached. I walked up to her, and turned her towards me. Vivian looked down and pushed me away. "Don't get so close to me!" "Why are you crying?

Do you feel sorry for that man? Are you getting serious with him?" I asked through gritted teeth. My anger was ignited at once. I pinched her chin, forcing her to look me in the eye. Her eyes were filled with tears, and seeing her like this made my heart ache once more. "Yes. I'm heartbroken for him." I couldn't stand to hear her words, for every word that came out of her mouth was like a dagger jabbing into my heart. "Heartbroken?" I was furious at this point. 'How could she say that she's heartbroken for that man? This is humiliating for me!' I exclaimed inwardly.

"Steven is my boyfriend. Am I not allowed to feel sorry for him?" The angrier I appeared, the more she became unwilling to back down. She was staring at me with determination. "You take back your words," I said. Anger slowly overcame my heart. At this moment, my mind

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was filled with a crazy idea; I wanted to take Vivian home, and lock her up, so that no other man would be able to touch her for the rest of her life. 'Vivian belongs to me. Whoever tries to touch her deserves death!' I was glaring at Vivian, but she was smiling at me. "Why on earth would I take back those words? I'm going to marry Steven as soon as I leave this room. Oh, don't worry. I'll invite you to our wedding."

Now, the last bits of rationality in my mind was broken. Enraged, I kissed her violently, sealing her lips with mine. With eyes widened in horror, Vivian struggled to push me away. "Stop moving and just let me kiss you!" I wrapped one of my arms behind her neck, held her fists with my other hand, and continued kissing her. In such close proximity, I could feel the warmth of her breath on my face. Vivian struggled to break free from my grip, but I refused to let her go. "Move again and I'll bite you," I warned. But my warning didn't work. She just kept on trying to escape me. I bit her tongue with minimal strength, but she still groaned in pain. The sound of her voice was so bewitching

that I couldn't stop myself anymore. Lust overcame me as I pushed Vivian to the bed. "Vivian, do you love me?" I asked seriously. "No." She turned her face away from me. "Are you sure?" I asked again, a little disappointed by her answer. "I once loved you, but now that spark is gone." Even until now, she wouldn't look at me. I felt so jealous that I kissed her again and practically pinned her to the bed. She was unable to stop me and escape, so she just gave up on struggling. However, she turned her head to the side again, unwilling to compromise.

Displeased, I turned her face to me. I stared into her eyes and said, "Vivian, look at me. I want to be with you." "Will it be a serious relationship for the purpose of marriage?" she asked back. "It will be," I muttered. Vivian's eyes lit up with glee. "In that case, let's try dating for three months first. After that time and you realize that you don't want to marry me, we can just break up," she suggested. "Sounds like a plan," I replied. Upon hearing my response, Vivian finally relaxed. I chuckled at her and bantered, "Why have I not realized that you can be so troublesome?"

"Is that so? Then let me go!" "Not a chance," I said. I bent over and continued, "I'm already horny, but you're asking me to let you go. It seems that you really don't know men very well." Our anger turned to lust. Soon, our bodies intertwined and we indulged ourselves in pleasure. "Spencer!" she moaned.

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"I'm coming." My breath became heavier. I unzipped her dress and pulled off her coat. I could feel my temperature rising from seeing her exposed body. I was just like any other man; unable to escape a woman's charm. While we were making out and fondling each other, one of us accidentally bumped into the light switch, causing the room to turn dark. At the same time, Vivian let out a pleased

moan. The sound of her moan made me wild.

There was no doubt about it; Vivian and I were compatible when it came to sex.

It was another crazy night.

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### **Chapter 296 Good News Charles's POV:**

In the private room, I picked up my glass and smiled at William sardonically. "Just say it." "Relax. Why are you in such a hurry? Anyway, I have something to show you." William unhurriedly fished out his phone from his pocket with his slender fingers and added, "It's time to put an end to your delusion."

An end? What did he mean by that? Perplexed, I looked into William's eyes for a moment and then grabbed his phone. A photo of two newborn babies was displayed on the screen. They were sleeping peacefully, and their tiny bodies were snuggling up to each other. Because of the camera angle, their red lips and rosy cheeks looked a hundred times more charming. "These twins are my children with Scarlett. They're adorable, aren't they?"

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William's words struck me like thunder. "What did you say?" I asked, flabbergasted. "Scarlett lost her memory and is regarding me as her husband. And as you can see, we have children now, so..." William looked straight into my eyes and continued, "Divorce her." My mind went blank. When William said the last sentence, I felt as though a thousand arrows pierced through my heart all at once. Truth be told, I had mentally prepared myself when I entered the room and saw the ring on William's finger. However, I did not expect that the reality was far crueler than I had imagined.

"I want to see her," I replied. That was all I wanted right now and the only thought I had in mind. William frowned in disapproval. "Again, Scarlett lost her memory. She can't even remember her name. What's the point of seeing her?" "William, do you know the saying 'seeing is believing'?" I asked with a sneer. What a joke! How could I believe this bastard?

Scarlett loved me with all her heart. How could she forget about me and have children with another man just like that? "I'm afraid you can't see her. She has just given birth, so she's still very weak. I will take her out once she recovers, but I want you out of her sight." William spoke so resolutely as if there was no way his words could be bent. I clenched the glass in my hand in anger and frustration. "The doctor said that Scarlett has selective amnesia because of a traumatic event that

happened to her. She didn't want to remember the past. Needless to say, she doesn't remember you, the whole Moore family, and even James's death. Charles, don't you understand? You will only bring her pain and despair." William's words brought an excruciating pain all over my body. "Charles, that's all I want to say. I hope you keep your promise. Don't disturb her life. Please set her free. That will be a relief for the three of us." William drank up the wine in his glass and then stood up to bid farewell.

"I've gotta go. Scarlett doesn't know I've gone to meet you. She thinks that it's just an ordinary dinner party, and she advised me not to drink too much." After saying that, he took out his phone and showed me her message. After William left, a deafening silence fell in the room. The message I had just seen kept flashing through my mind.

I was heartbroken that I could hardly breathe. Scarlett used to tell me not to drink too much. Sadly, her tenderness and concern now belonged to another man. All of a sudden, I tasted blood in my throat. I clenched my glass tighter and tried hard to suppress the discomfort in

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my stomach. I wanted to drown myself in alcohol to ease the pain. But when I raised my glass to my mouth, I suddenly collapsed. My stomach churned as guilt and regret swept over me. I put down the glass and ran out of the private room. But just after taking a few steps, my vision began to blur, and I coughed up blood. The next thing I knew, I had fallen to the cold, hard floor.

For a moment, I felt as if I had traveled through time. I saw two helpless figures in front of me. One was covered in blood, and I could only watch as the other fell into the sea.

They were my wife and son. If only I did not hold back and killed Rita, would things end up differently? Would my Scarlett and James be saved?

With that, everything turned black.

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I awoke the next day. I looked around to see where I was and realized that I was lying in the hospital. A storm was brewing, and the strong wind was blowing violently outside the window. A few moments later, heavy rain poured down. Seeing that I was finally awake, Spencer leaned against the window and asked, "Charles, why don't we take Scarlett back by force?" "Take her back? For what? To hurt her more?" I retorted. "But Scarlett doesn't remember anything, does she? You can just take her back and make it up to her for the rest of your life." I struggled to sit up. Suddenly, the memory of when I held Scarlett in my arms crossed my mind. I could never forget the look of disappointment on her face when she looked me in the eye.

I closed my eyes and said with all my might, "I don't deserve her anymore." Scarlett must have hated me so much to the point that she had chosen to forget all of us. I had lost the right to be with her. Spencer opened his mouth to refute my words, but it seemed that words stuck in his throat. He was silent for a while, before he finally found the words to say "Charles, Vivian said that William might be lying. Scarlett having amnesia might not be true, and the children you've seen might not exist." A sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth, but I said nothing.

I could tell that William loved Scarlett. A man would do anything to make his beloved woman his. I knew it very well because I was like that. If Scarlett really lost her memory, William would take advantage of the opportunity to make love with her. Because, if she gave

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birth to his child, she would belong to William forever. "Charles, think about it. It's just been a year since...

well, William said Scarlett had just given birth. You do the math. She was badly injured at that time. How could William have sex with her? If he did, wouldn't he be worse than a beast? The way I look at it, William is just deceiving you so that you'd divorce Scarlett." The word "divorce" brought a pang to my heart again. But... Spencer might be right. What if what William had said was only a lie? At this realization, I finally got the courage to fight. 2 "Spencer, I want you to find a person for me."

Spencer's POV:

I drove to William's villa and parked my car in an inconspicuous location. After a long while, a black SUV drove out. I followed it at once. The SUV arrived at the underground parking lot of the hospital where Charles was. Tracy got out, followed by a thin woman in a beige windbreaker and a beret. 2 Wait a minute. Was that Scarlett?

Didn't William say that she was very weak? If that was the case, what was she doing here? The woman said something to Tracy, and then the two entered the elevator. After staring at the woman for a moment, I was certain that it was Scarlett. I could not be wrong. The way the woman walked was exactly like hers. With that, I got out of the car and followed the two women. But before I got close, my phone

rang.

The sound alerted the women. They looked in my direction warily, so I immediately hid behind a pillar before they could see me. My heart almost leaped out of my throat. 1 "Fuck! Why did you have to call me right now?!" "What the hell is wrong with you?" Vivian asked lazily. "I saw Scarlett just now." "What?!" "Yes. I'm sure it's her." "Where are you now?" "I'm at the hospital where Charles is admitted."

The call ended as soon as I finished speaking, but I remained in a daze. Could it be that Scarlett had found out that Charles was ill, so she came to visit him? Yes. That woman must be Scarlett. She loved Charles so much. It was impossible that she would not care about him. So when she found out that he fainted, she went to the hospital as fast as she could. This just proved that she still loved him. I had to call Charles right now and tell him about the good news.

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