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Bye My Irresistible Love Novel Chapter 297 Read Online

Charles's POV:

"Charles, I just saw Scarlett. She's in this hospital right now. She took the elevator to the tenth floor."

Hearing this, I instantly sprang up from bed. I took a deep breath, willing myself to calm down.

Scarlett was here! She came here! But...the tenth floor? That wasn't where I was.

Hadn't she come to see me? A sense of loss surged up in my heart, but the next moment, I was drowned in worry. Why had she come to the hospital? Was she hurt? Had she not yet recovered from her leg injury? The image of her bloodstained legs flashed in my mind.

I shook my head, jumped out of bed, and yanked out the infusion needle. I ran to the tenth floor, and by the time I got there, I was out of breath.

Spencer rushed over to me.

"Where is she?"

"I have no idea."

We looked around but didn't find any signs of Scarlett.

In the end, Spencer decided to ask the receptionist.

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"Hello, have you seen two women come up just now?"

"No, sir. I'm sorry. Several women had passed by here. Who are you looking for?" the receptionist answered, eyeing the women standing nearby.

Spencer followed her gaze.

"Not those women. The one we're looking for is very beautiful," he blurted out with a serious look on his face.

The women nearby heard him and flashed him a hostile look. I felt so embarrassed for him that I wanted to disappear.

But despite our efforts, we weren't able to find Scarlett.

"I'm sorry I lost her, Charles," Spencer apologized.

"Are you sure you saw her? Maybe it wasn't her that you saw." I said that not only to comfort my friend but also to comfort myself.

"No, I'm sure it was her. I really saw her. I followed her all the way from William's villa. Although she has lost a lot of weight, her behavior is still the same. I'd recognize her anywhere. Also, Tracy was with her. It had to be Scarlett."

Hearing Spencer's words, I felt my heart break into a million pieces. I walked toward the elevator with my head down.

"Let's just go back."

Scarlett's POV:

It was pitch black outside. The rain was pouring violently and accompanied by howling winds. A typhoon was coming. I was sitting in a hospital lobby, waiting for my X-ray results to come back. My phone suddenly rang, shattering the deafening silence. William was calling. "Hello, William." "Are you on your way home yet, Scarlett? There's a typhoon coming. Please come home as soon as you can. The kids are waiting for you." "Okay, I will."

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After hanging up the phone, I looked at the quiet corridor and felt gloom settle in my heart. Soon, Tracy came over with my report. "I got the results, Scarlett.

Let's go." On our way back to the villa, we happened to pass by the seaside. I saw a group of people anxiously fumbling with all kinds of filming equipment under the torrential rain. They must be reporters or journalists. Only they would be required to work in such bad weather conditions. A strong gust of wind blew, and a nearby billboard snapped out of its bolts, soared into the sky, and then fell on one of the media people.

I could only scream. "Stop the car!" Tracy pulled over immediately and turned to look at me in confusion, "What is it, Scarlett? We can't stay here. It's dangerous. We have to keep going back to the villa." "Someone's hurt. I have to go help." Despite Tracy's dissuasion, I got out of the car and ran toward the reporters. None of them were hurt too badly, but one of them did sustain a wound to the leg that was bleeding profusely. "You're losing too much blood. We need to get you to a hospital," someone exclaimed. "But I have to do a live broadcast." "Tell the TV station to send someone else to take your place."

"It's too late. The live broadcast is about to begin."

Chaos ensued all around us.

I overheard their discussion and asked tentatively, "What if I do the live broadcast for you?"

Charles's POV:

Because of the wind and rain, it was a bit difficult to see the face of the reporter on TV.

But even if the picture was distorted, I could still tell that it was Scarlett.

Her face was pale, and even though the raincoat she was wearing practically swallowed her, it did very little to protect her from the harsh weather.

She was drenched like a wildflower in a storm, but she was still reporting what was happening around her like the excellent reporter that she was.

"Is that Scarlett?"

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Spencer pointed at the TV excitedly. I ignored him and just stared at the screen. I hadn't seen Scarlett for a year.

She seemed to be thinner, and she looked so weak and fragile.

Damn! Didn't William take good care of her?

"Look at her, Charles! Do you think Scarlett really has lost her memory? I bet William's just playing us."

Spencer spoke in an exciting voice.

But I wasn't able to process what he just said. I was too busy staring at the brave woman on my TV screen.

Something that resembled hope sparked in my heart, and it produced a single ember that started a wildfire inside of me.

Scarlett still remembered how much she loved her career.

If that was the case, would she remember how much she loved me? I half-smiled at the idea, and the fire inside me just grew and grew. The typhoon came and went quickly.

I was worried about Scarlett, so I invited Tracy to Swarms of Stars. "Hey, boss." I looked up at her. She didn't change much in the past year. She was still so formal and cautious in front of me. "Am I still your boss?" Tracy lowered her head and didn't answer. "Does Scarlett know that you're here to see me?" Tracy looked up at me and pressed her lips together in a thin line. She bit her lip and replied, "No, she doesn't." I stood up and walked to the window. Looking at the scenery outside, I couldn't help sighing. "Is she all right?" "She has almost recovered."

We went to the hospital yesterday for a reexamination. The doctor said that she was on the right track to full recuperation and that she would be fine as long as she followed up every six months." Hearing this, I felt relieved. "Has she mentioned me during the past year?" I looked forward to Tracy's answer like a child yearning for some sweet treats. "No, she hasn't," Tracy muttered, keeping her head down. I was stunned for a moment, but I decided

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that I wasn't hurt by her reply. I turned around, approached her slowly, and stared at her.
"Look at me, Tracy."

Hearing this, Tracy raised her head and looked at me timidly. "William said that Scarlett had lost her memory. Is that true?" Tracy took one step back and nodded. "Ye-yes, that's um...that's true. Scarlett really has lost her memory." Then, she lowered her head and nervously continued, "Scarlett and William have been together for a year now, and they're new parents to the twins. Scarlett seems happy and content." I didn't say anything. I just looked at Tracy. Her words might say one thing, but the nervous look on her face told an entirely different story. Even though she assured me again and again that Scarlett was with William, my intuition told me that she was lying.

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Spencer's POV:

I leaned against the wall of the corridor and took a drag on my cigarette.

When I was done smoking, I saw Tracy walk out of the room.

"Finished?" I asked, straightening up.

"Yes," Tracy muttered and went downstairs in a hurry.

She seemed a bit flustered.

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I didn't stop her. I just took a peek inside and saw Charles standing quietly by the window.

He probably didn't get what he wanted to know from Tracy.

I was about to go inside to comfort him, but I heard a noise behind me. I turned around and found Vivian staring at me.

She was wearing a crop top and a short skirt, which were enough to derail my train of thought. She looked so sexy that I had to shake my head to keep the naughty images away.

"I saw Tracy on my way here. She seemed upset and in a rush. What happened?" she asked.

I pointed at Charles, hinting at Vivian to keep her voice down. She immediately stopped talking and looked inside.

Then, she whispered, "What did Charles find out? Anything game-changing?"

"Game-changing? What do you mean?" I asked curiously.

"Someone's lie is about to be ripped apart. Want to bet?"

Vivian muttered with a wild glint in her eye. She really knew how to keep me on the edge.

"Bet on what? I need more context. Stop teasing," I backfired.

She said firmly, "I bet Scarlett didn't lose her memory at all."

"Then you already lost the bet before it even started. She'd already given birth to the twins, remember?"

I countered and folded my arms over my chest.

"Then let's bet who the father of the babies is," Vivian insisted.

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“Do you even understand how a bet works, Vivian? We already know that William is the father,”

I scoffed, getting a little tired of the pointless charade.

Though I didn't want to believe it either, I just couldn't prove that William was lying about it.

“Spencer, you've known me for a long time. How can you still think I'm being silly about something serious?”

Vivian groaned and hit me hard on the head.

I winced in pain and then rolled my eyes at her.

Fine. Context, please.” “Like I said, Scarlett didn't really lose her memory, and if she still remembers everything from her past life, then there's no way she'd have slept with William. We both know she's only in love with one man. Therefore, the twins are really Charles's.” As Vivian spoke, her eyes shone with the kind of passion and excitement that drew me to her. She looked even more attractive when she was pumped up, and I was obsessed. “You're right. That's entirely possible. She must've been pregnant already when they split up,” I conceded.

All of a sudden, I was filled with joy and hope. If Vivian was right about Scarlett not losing her memories to begin with, then Charles could get back together with her and be happy again. That was great. I was prepared to give anything to chase away that cloud of depression that had been following Charles around since Scarlett left. “But even if the twins are Charles's, it's still going to be hard for them to get back together,” Vivian sighed heavily and added, “Scarlett may still be grieving James's loss. Even if she makes up with Charles, it'll still take a lot of time and work to get over the untimely demise of their firstborn.

We better not celebrate too early. We have a long way to go.” Vivian's words sobered me up. The spirit of joy and hope that had just engulfed me vanished into thin air, leaving me with a feeling of dread and exhaustion. Vivian gently patted me on the shoulder and said, “Life is full of surprises. Maybe we just need to let fate run its course for now and hope for the best. Maybe the tides will turn in our favor.” “You're right.

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Life is indeed full of surprises. With that being said, do you think we should seize the day today?" I thought out loud. I looked at Vivian affectionately and waited for her response. "Is that a weird sort of proposal, Spencer?" Vivian chuckled, but her little laugh wasn't able to conceal the nervousness in her voice. I walked over to her and whispered in her ear, "Let's get married. How about that?" "Are you serious?" Vivian beamed, stood on tiptoe, and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I have never been more serious about anything in my entire life," I replied, wrapped my arms around her waist, and pulled her close. "Okay.I'm in.Let's get hitched," she said with an excited and determined look in her eyes. "About time," someone interjected. I turned and saw Charles behind us. "How long have you been standing there?" I asked, a bit embarrassed.

I let go of Vivian and lowered my head, refusing to meet Charles's gaze.

"A while.You two should really learn to keep your voices down," Charles replied and then went downstairs.

I felt my face turn red hot as he left.

William's POV:

I was reading the paper in the living room.

Tracy returned alone, her eyes darting everywhere and her face white as bone.

Did she have something to hide from me? I waved at her and asked her to go upstairs with me.

In my study, I eyed her carefully and asked, "Are you just coming home from somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet with Charles?"

"Yes, sir, I did," Tracy said directly, which told me that she was being honest.

"What did he want?" I asked.

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I wanted to understand Charles's motivations.

"He...He wanted to know something about Scarlett,"

Tracy answered, glanced at me, and then lowered her head immediately afterward.

"What did he want to know?" I pressed.

"He asked about Scarlett's memory loss and her new babies.I told him everything you taught me to say,"

Tracy explained with a hint of impatience in her tone.

As usual, although it was obvious that she didn't like me, she wasn't hostile toward me.

"If you told him what I told you to tell him, then why are you acting all guilty?"

I'm not acting all guilty," she began to stammer. "You must have revealed something else to Charles." "No, I didn't" Tracy said defensively and took two steps back. She shook her head and stubbornly stood her ground. "Go downstairs and practice the story I told you to tell in front of the mirror.I want you to be careful not to let out the truth in front of anyone." "Yes, sir." With that, Tracy turned around and left the study.I came to the nursery to see the twins.I found them awake in their cribs and quietly sucking on their thumbs. It had been two months since they were born. Their little faces were soft, pink, and dimpled. Sometimes, I couldn't believe how cute they were. I walked to their cribs, looked at them dotingly, and said, "Hello, Jerry and Jason. That man has come to Kitsap.Do you think I should tell your mother?"

The twins looked at me, put their thumbs out of their mouths, and cooed. I returned their adorable smiles. "It seems that it's unnecessary to tell Scarlett about Charles's arrival," I mused. The babies didn't seem to disagree. Later, I took Scarlett shopping. After hopping from store to store for a while, we entered a shoe shop. Scarlett picked up a pair of pink baby shoes and beamed, "Look at these, William. Don't you think they're so cute?" "Yes, they're cute, but you have two sons," I reminded her. "But I really like this pair of shoes.Can I buy it?"

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Scarlett insisted, staring dotingly at the baby shoes. She obviously liked them very much. "All right. Go ahead," I folded. I found it extremely difficult to say no to her. I looked at her affectionately, but she turned her head and avoided my gaze. supposed she still couldn't accept me. I sighed and looked away, only to see a familiar figure. "Take your time. Buy whatever you want, okay? I'll just step outside for a minute," I told Scarlett. "Okay." I walked out of the store quickly and looked around, but I didn't see the familiar figure again. Did I make a mistake? "Honey!" I suddenly heard Scarlett's voice from behind. She sounded affectionate, which was unusual for me, but it still stirred up ripples in my heart. Was she calling me?

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