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## Bye My Irresistible Love Novel Chapter 299 Read Online

Charles's POV:

I could see Scarlett from where I was standing.

"Honey!" she called. I knew that tone so well that I almost blurted my usual response out loud.

But the call wasn't for me anymore. It was now for the man whose arm she grabbed with one hand while holding a beautiful gift box in the other.

She was not calling me. She was calling William.

In the blink of an eye, I felt empty inside.

For a moment, I considered rushing up to Scarlett and asking her if she had really forgotten me. I hadn't seen her in a long time.

She had lost a lot of weight. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail with a white silk ribbon.

The ribbon was intertwined with her dark hair in a loose braid that sat atop her shoulders.

Under her curly eyelashes, her beautiful eyes shone as brightly as stars against a midnight sky. My heart skipped a beat.

"What are you going to buy? Let me come with you," Scarlett said.

She seemed to be very happy as shown by the tender smile on her face and the sweet timbre of her voice.

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William took her hand, returned her smile, and said, "I'm going to buy some essentials for couples if you know what I mean."

The intimacy between them was like vinegar to my tongue.

Scarlett burst into laughter, suddenly realizing what William meant. She playfully smacked him in the chest and muttered, "You are so naughty."

If she hadn't said that, I would've forgotten one thing.

A long time ago, I hugged her and said something similar, and she said the same words in the same flirtatious tone.

Hearing her speak that way to another man, I felt like a huge invisible hand just clamped around my throat.

William giggled with her and then towed her to the store he wanted to visit.

Scarlett was still limping a little.

It was obvious that she hadn't fully recovered from her injury.

Their bodies were so close that it made me ball my hands into fists and look away.

I couldn't watch another second of their romantic bliss. I didn't expect that a myriad of feelings would attack me this way upon seeing Scarlett again a year after our separation. I couldn't decide how I truly feel at the moment.

Everything was just welling up inside me all at once.

It took all my physical strength to fight my urge to grab her and take her home. I knew I didn't deserve her.

Her gentle smile and kind heart no longer belonged to me.

Did she really lose her memory? I thought it was possible. Otherwise, how could she take William as her husband? But when I saw her in that news segment, she behaved normally. Also, when I talked to Tracy the other day, I could tell that she was hiding something from

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me. I allowed myself to get lost in my reverie. "Hi, sir. How may I help you today?" a sales clerk approached me and asked. "No, thanks. I'm fine," I said quickly and took another look in Scarlett and William's direction. I took a deep breath and decided to follow them. Scarlett's POV: William took me to a lingerie store that had an ambiance that resembled a cozy coffee shop. Pretty mini crystal chandeliers lined the ceiling and scattered warm yellow light all over the place, making the products look enticing. I looked around and saw all kinds of beautiful, sexy, and daring underwear.

"Pick the ones you like, honey. I'll buy them, and then you can show them to me at home," William whispered in my ear. "What?" "You heard me. Go shop." I grabbed a shopping trolley from nearby and started checking out the store's stuff. For some certain reason, I couldn't help looking outside. "Are you ready?" William asked, walking up to me. "I think so," I answered, whipping my head back to him. He was smiling mischievously at me. "What's wrong?" "Are you sure you want to show me these?" I quickly looked down and found that the items in my trolley were several extremely sexy bras and nightgowns. I swallowed, and my face instantly flushed like a cooked shrimp. I felt like my parents just caught me watching porn in my room. I was so embarrassed that I prayed for the floor to split and swallow me. Looking at the sales clerk who was watching me with an ambiguous grin, I said in a trembling voice, "I'll take these, please." "You have excellent taste, miss. These are our best-selling lingerie," the sales clerk beamed, took over the shopping trolley, and led me to the checkout counter. After paying the bill, I felt someone hold me from behind. I turned my head and caught a glimpse of William's smiling face.

We were so close together, and it made me feel a lot of confusing emotions.

"Are your new lingerie paid for?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Good. Then let's go home. I want to see you in them," William whispered.

"Stop it. We're in a public place,"

I murmured, glancing at the sales clerk who was watching us but pretending she wasn't.

"So what? Am I not allowed to be sweet to my wife in a public place?" William challenged and didn't let go of me. I could feel his hot breath on my neck, but my heartbeat kept its steady pace. "Okay. I hope you're ready to perform when we get home," I said, turned around, and flashed William a crooked smile. "Ready to perform?"

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William backfired, paused for a moment, and added, "You know damn well that I'm always ready."

All of a sudden, scenes that should've been blurry images in my brain flashed through my mind in high definition. I shook my head, and they disappeared in an instant.

The next moment, I wasn't in the mood anymore to act all lovey-dovey with William.

"I just gave birth to twins. You're going to have to hold your horses, Mr. Always Ready."

"But I've already held my horses for months," William whined, still enjoying the acting.

The sales clerk packed my purchases in a glossy paper bag, handed it to me, and commented with admiration, "You two are so sweet. Actually, you only need to wait forty days after delivery to resume your sex life."

"But I had a Cesarean section."

"Oh? Well, in that case, you should take at least three months to fully recover."

Looking at the concerned and gossipy expression on the sales clerk's face, I could only think about leaving the store as soon as I could.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the end of the conversation.

William whipped his head at me and complained, "Three months? I still have a month left to suffer?"

"Don't talk nonsense. We're done here. Let's go,"

I snapped and nudged William to leave.

My wife is a shy person," William smiled at the sales clerk, put his hand on the small of my back, and walked me out of the lingerie shop. "What are we having for dinner tonight?" I changed the subject on purpose. "Do I have the final say?" William looked down at me with a smile on his face. "Fine. I'll allow it." "Really? I can decide?" "Sure." "Will you be my woman?" "Okay." As soon as I finished speaking, I suddenly realized what just happened. "William!" He tricked me! I tried to break away from his arms, but he just held on more tightly. William

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laughed. "You already said yes.No backing out now.You have to keep your word." I snapped at him, "Stop messing around!" "I'm not messing around. Why? Don't you want to be my woman?" As he spoke, he lowered his head and attempted to kiss me.I suppressed the impulse to push him away.

Instead, I just turned away. "I already told you. This is a public place.Let's just go home first." William's face turned a little gloomy, but he quickly pulled himself together. "Very well.I'm really looking forward to tonight." Not long after we walked out of the shop, William suddenly swept me off my feet and carried me in his arms.I was so Startled that I almost full-on screamed. Good thing I was able to cover my mouth. "What are you doing? Put me down." "You're not yet fully healed. You can't be on your feet for too long," William said, refusing to set me down. Feeling helpless, I wrapped my arms around his neck and whispered, "That's enough. You can stop acting now." William didn't say a word. He just smiled and continued to walk out of the mall with me in his arms.

## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 300 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 300

Charles' POV:

As I watched Scarlett and William be intimate, I realized that it was more difficult to accept than I had ever imagined.The following day, I went back to Los Angeles, frustrated and defeated.

"Charles, have you seen Scarlett?" my mother asked while we were having dinner.

I paused and acted as though nothing had happened.

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“No.”

“No? Then why did you go to Kitsap?”

“I attended a summit there, and I also went to Spencer’s new bar, Swarm of Stars, for its opening ceremony.”

While I was speaking, I cut my steak into bite-sized pieces, slowly putting them into my mouth one after the other. But for some reason, I could barely taste them. My mother frowned at me.

Obviously, she wasn’t pleased to hear my answer.

She took away my plate and asked, “Your father said that he saw a female reporter who was reporting a typhoon on live TV. She looked exactly like Scarlett, and she’s in Kitsap. Didn’t you even think of seeing her?”

After a moment of silence, I put down my cutleries and stared back at her.

“Mon, Scarlett is suffering from amnesia. She’s forgotten about all of us.”

“What? Amnesia?”

My mother’s eyes widened in horror.

The plate in her hand fell to the ground, shattering into pieces, and the pieces of steak were scattered all over the floor.

Some of the sauce splashed onto my white shirt, leaving a tough stain.

Hurriedly, she pulled out the chair beside me, and sat down.

“Charles, what happened to Scarlett? How and why did she lose her memory?”

“Well, according to the doctor, the experience was so traumatizing for her that she chose to forget the painful experience subconsciously,” I replied.

“How...how could it be?” My mother stared at me in disbelief.

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"Mom, never mention her again. And don't disturb her life anymore. She's fine now and she doesn't need us to ruin her peaceful life."

Having said that, I stood up and went to the kitchen to grab myself another piece of steak. Then, I went back to my seat, picked up my knife and fork, and continued eating.

The steak had grown cold.

When I cut it, I could see some blood along with the meat's juices. I tried my hardest to suppress my disgust, and chewed the piece of steak in my mouth. Suddenly, my stomach churned seconds after I swallowed it. "Charles, are you okay?" My mother grabbed my hand, visibly concerned. It was then that she noticed something on the back of my hand. "Charles, why is there a pinhole on the back of your hand? Did you get an infusion? Are you sick?" "It's nothing serious. I'm just having some minor stomachaches." I withdrew my hand, looking at her leisurely. "There's nothing to worry about, mom. I just want to eat in peace, okay?" She wanted to say something, but bit back her words. In the end, she just let out a sigh. "Okay. I won't bother you anymore." Spencer's POV: During the evening, I had a special guest, whom I invited to one of the bar's private rooms. "Mrs. Moore, to what do I owe the pleasure?" Beads of sweat formed on my temple as I looked at Alice. She patted the spot on the sofa beside her. "Spencer, come and have a seat next to me. I have something to ask of you." I obliged to her request and sat down beside her, putting my hands on my knees. For some reason, I was feeling flustered by her presence here. "What is she going to ask me? Oh, my God! Is it going to be about Charles and Scarlett?" "There's no need to be so nervous, Spencer. This isn't that big of a deal. I just want to ask you if Scarlett attended the opening ceremony of your new bar in Kitsap the other day." "Scarlett? I heard she's sick. Perhaps that's why she didn't show up."

Alice sat upright and asked, "What happened to her?"

After a moment of hesitation, I answered, "She has amnesia."

I was trying to avoid eye contact with Alice.

"Well, if you didn't see her, who told you that Scarlett had lost her memory?"

"William did," I replied.

Upon hearing William's name, Alice sprang to her feet.

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“How could you believe that knave’s words? He just wants to have Scarlett for himself!”

“Whoa! Mrs.Moore, calm down.We don’t fully believe his words, either,” I responded, trying to appease her.

Alice was breathing heavily.

Clearly, she was infuriated.

“Spencer, give me William’s phone number.I shall speak to him myself!”

“Huh?”

“Since he doesn’t want us to see Scarlett, I’ll pay him a visit,” she replied.

I couldn’t come up with an excuse, so I had to give William’s phone number to Alice.

Fearing that I had caused trouble, I called Charles immediately after.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t answering my calls.

Once Alice had left, I lay down on the sofa, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Spencer? Are you okay? Why do you look so terrible?” Vivian asked as she entered the room. She sat on my lap, wrapping her arms around my neck “Ever since I was a child, I’ve been afraid of Alice.She’s even sterner than my own mother!” I complained to Vivian as I held her tight within my embrace. “Is that so? Looks like I’ll have to ask Alice to teach me how to manipulate you.” Vivian drew circles on my chest with her fingertips. “You’re more than capable of doing that already! You’ve tamed me, haven’t you? Aren’t you satisfied with that yet?” I pressed her onto the sofa and started tickling her. Vivian wriggled back and forth on the sofa, disheveling her clothes and revealing her fair skin.

She smiled at me and said, “Of course, not!” “It’s not enough, huh? What else do you want me to do?” Unable to resist, I nibbled on her cheek, leaving a faint bite mark on it. “Spencer, don’t forget that Gemma doesn’t know that we’ve decided to get married,” she said. “You’re the one who’s stopping me from telling her!” I retorted. All of a sudden, Vivian put her arms around my neck and whispered something in my ear. The moment I heard it, my heart began

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to beat like a snare drum. "Are you serious?" "Of course. Gemma has always wanted to be a grandmother, hasn't she?"

Vivian blew on my ear as if to seduce me. "Let's not waste any time and just have sex already!" As if a switch turned on in my body, I got on top of Vivian on the sofa, taking all of her clothes off immediately. All of a sudden, my phone rang. To be honest, I didn't want to get off Vivian. However, she kicked my lightly, implying that I should answer the phone. Thus, I grabbed her phone and picked up the call. It was from Charles. "Charles, your mom came to me earlier. She asked me about Scarlett's amnesia, and she asked for William's phone number from me. You'd better be careful, bud!" "I see. Thanks for the heads up," he replied.

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