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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 312 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 312 Put On An Act

Scarlett's POV: I was lulling my babies to sleep when, suddenly, my phone rang. In fear that the sound would wake the kids up, I immediately reached out to check it. Someone had messaged me on Facebook / I clicked on the notification to see who it was, but it was anonymous. However, I *knew* that it was Charles. He did not even change his screen name and profile picture. I turned my phone off without even answering his message and then turned around to lie in bed. The twins were sleeping soundly in the crib next to me. They were almost holding hands, and their round faces were flushed. The sight of them made my heart melt.

But the more I gazed at them, the more I saw that they resembled someone. That person was the most outstanding work of God. His dashing eyebrows and starry eyes looked very similar, if not identical, to the twins'.

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The next morning, I awoke to William gently nudging me.

"Scarlett, I have an appointment with Charles later this day. I'm afraid you have to cooperate with me

to make him believe that you've really lost your memory." I thought for a while and then nodded in agreement. Although I did not want to see Charles again, I **knew very well** that he would not let me go if I did not disappoint him. At the thought of this, I got up and started dressing up. I wore a beautiful dress, put on delicate makeup, and forced a smile. I would do what it took to make Charles believe I was happy without him. William and I went to a restaurant for dinner. While I was sitting in the private room, I heard footsteps approaching from outside. It was now time to put on an act. I leaned against William and acted like a

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spoiled woman. "Honey, I don't want to see a man I don't even know." "Relax, darling. It's just a meal." "Still. Why should I have dinner with another man? I'm your wife." William pulled me closer by my waist and held my hand.

"Honey, Mr. Moore thinks that you have an uncanny resemblance with his wife. In fact, he insists that you're his wife. Just have dinner with him, and he'll eventually realize you're not her. Then, everything will be over, and he'll stop bothering you. I'm sorry to put you through this. I promise I'll make it up to you when we get home." "Fine. Just make sure you behave well at home, especially in bed," I retorted with a sweet smile. The footsteps outside stopped. A few seconds later, a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in."

Charles pushed the door open and walked in. When he saw that William and I were very close, he stiffened and reckoned, "It seems that I came at the wrong time." He was wearing a black Armani shirt, and attached to it was the latest Cartier rose brooch. What was more, his hair was sleek. We had not seen each other for a year. And yet, he was still as neat and handsome as the last time. He reminded me of Apollo, the God of the Sun in Roman mythology.

However, it appeared that he had become thinner and tanned. He used to be energetic, but he now seemed glum and depressed. In the past, I could read his thoughts, but not anymore.

My heart, which I presumed dead for more than a year, started beating once again. As I tried my best to suppress the perturbation in my heart, the smile on my face disappeared.

"Darling, is this the man you were talking about?" I asked William. I then turned to look at Charles from head to toe with feigned disgust.

Charles, however, did not seem to care about my attitude. He even walked towards me and asked with a playful smile, "You can get closer to me. That way, you can see me more clearly." He moved closer to me, and I unconsciously leaned back.

I clung to William's arm in bewilderment.

"Stay away from me. I don't want to have dinner with you," I said crossly. William patted my hand comfortingly. "Darling, that's rude. Don't worry. I'm here with you. I won't leave you."

I nodded reluctantly.

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"Are you not mad anymore? Come on. Let's eat now. I don't want to starve you. Charles did not say a word and just stared at William and me with a piercing gaze. I stood up, and, to my surprise, he walked over and pulled up the chair for me. "I don't want to sit on the chair you touched. I want my husband to pull it up for me." Charles's hands, which were on the back of the chair, froze. He then stared at me with his deep eyes, which terrified me.

Fortunately, William helped me out just in time. "Let me do that for you, darling. Now, sit down."

While holding William's arm, I stared daggers at Charles before proceeding to sit on the chair. This was just the beginning. I knew it would not be easy to convince Charles that I had lost my

Charles's POV: Scarlett and William sat close to each other as if no one was around. I could only comfort myself silently. I was certain that this was a show to make me give up. Of course, that would never happen. At this moment, I tried to be as objective as I could so that I would find clues that would prove that Scarlett did not lose her memory. But when I heard her call another man 'honey', I almost lost control of myself. I was green with envy. The waiter served the dishes shortly after. A scrumptious feast was in front of me, yet I had no appetite to eat. "Darling, have some of this cherry foie gras. It's their signature dish." William scooped a spoonful of the said dish and brought it to Scarlett's mouth. "Aww. Honey, you're so sweet."

And when she had swallowed the food, she smiled with satisfaction.

I fell into a trance. Scarlett was a reserved person when I met her. She never showed such a rich expression with other people. It was as if the Scarlett in front of me was a different person.

Could memory loss change a person completely? Scarlett kept talking while we ate. Sometimes, she would ask William to pick up some food for her.

Other times, she would ask him to help her wipe her mouth. It was like she had forgotten I was sitting next to her. But then, I noticed something strange. Scarlett only looked at William and never at me. It seemed that she was averting her gaze on purpose. At this moment, she forked a slice of steak and brought it to William's mouth. "Honey, here, have this steak. It's so delicious!"

"There's someone here," William replied with an awkward smile.

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Scarlett turned to look at me and saw that I had not touched my food. "Don't you like the food I ordered?" she asked with a frown.

"I like it."

"Then why aren't you eating?"

I did not know what to say, so I took a few bites of food to appease her.

Nevertheless, Scarlett appeared dissatisfied. She pouted at William and complained in a hushed voice, "He's not a little boy. Why does he need to be reminded to eat? Our babies can do better than him."

Her words brought a pang to my heart. At the thought of James, my chest tightened, and I felt a lump in my throat. I could not swallow, and I felt like I was going to choke on the meat. I endured it. When I had finally managed to swallow, I wiped my mouth with a napkin,

"May I ask when you two have had babies?" I asked, hoping to catch them in the act.

William smiled and tucked Scarlett's hair behind her ear. "To be honest, we didn't plan on having kids this soon. We wanted to wait until she completely recovered. But, damn. She's so attractive that I couldn't help myself. I actually feel guilty about that matter. Her pregnancy must've been very difficult."

"It's okay, honey. Look at us. We have two lovely children. They make me happy and content." Scarlett nestled in William's arms as she spoke. Anyone who could see them would think that they were a happy couple. I held my glass of wine tighter and tighter. God knew how hard it was to stop myself from pulling Scarlett away from William's arms. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have made love with you when you were still weak," William said while looking into Scarlett's eyes guiltily.

Scarlett brought her index finger to his lips, hushing him. "You're my husband. I would love to satisfy your needs. Or maybe... are you saying that you should've asked someone to help you with that?"

"Of course not. You're the only one I want."

They gazed into each other's eyes and smiled as if nothing else mattered.

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As if their lingering gaze was not enough to torture me, Scarlett said something to rub salt into my wound. "Honey, I'm done. Let's go home now," she coquettishly said in William's arms.

William turned to me and said, "We're going now."

"But I'm not done yet." I took a bite of my food leisurely to buy some time.

"Ah!" Scarlett suddenly screamed and stood up. "I'm sorry. I have to go to the restroom." 3

With her hands on her chest, she ran out of the room.

What was wrong with her?

I stood up as well to follow her. But before I could take a step, William stopped me.

"Don't follow her. She's going to pump some milk. Do you understand?"

Understand? Of course, I did. I was a father.

It just meant that it was time to breastfeed her kids...

My throat tightened at the thought of this. I refused to believe that Scarlett had had babies with William.

Despite his warning, I followed her out of the room.

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