

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 305

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Spencer's POV:

"Who is it??" I asked angrily.

The knocking stopped, and the door suddenly opened and closed. For a moment, I was stunned at the sight of the person who entered.

"What are you doing here?"

"If I hadn't come, you'd only stir up more trouble!" Gemma, my mother, reckoned with her face as white as a sheet.

"What... What's the matter?" I knew very well why she had come here, but I feigned ignorance.

"Did you marry Vivian behind my back?" My mother asked without beating around the bush.

"Yes, I did," I answered frankly.

When it came to Vivian, I was honest and upfront.

"You bastard!" My mother slapped me across the face.

The pain radiated from my cheek to my entire face, but I remained unfazed.

"If slapping me will make you feel better, go on. Slap me again. I promise I won't dodge."

Being slapped was nothing. I would endure it as long as my mother would not make things difficult for my wife.

"Spencer, why are you so stubborn? That woman doesn't deserve you!!" My mother spat while pointing at my nose and looking at me with utter disappointment.

"Who says I don't deserve him?" a familiar voice chimed in.

Vivian had pushed the door open and walked into the room gracefully. She was wearing a suit, and a thin chain hung around her neck. Moreover, her long hair was tied up in a tight and neat bun. She had light and delicate makeup, which made her look capable yet, at the same time, charming. My mother became even more enraged when she saw Vivian.

"Spencer, if you look closely, you'll see that some people are uneducated and ill-bred. They even eavesdrop on other people's conversation!"

"Why would I do that?" Vivian walked up to me and caressed the part of my face that my mother had slapped.

"Does it hurt?" I shook my head, pulled her to my side, and wrapped my arms around her waist.

"You woman, stop being pretentious!" My mother bellowed, infuriated.

"If you think that you've succeeded in your plan, think again.

You may have my son wrapped around your finger so that you can take advantage of our wealth and property, but you can't fool me."

Vivian snuggled up to me and replied, "I don't care about your property. Spencer and I really love each other."

My mother raised her hand to slap Vivian, but I quickly grabbed her wrist. "Mom, aren't you satisfied yet? You just hit your son. And now, you want to hit your daughter-in-law?" My mother shook off my hand, her chest heaving violently. She stared at me with a fierce gaze and said with a hint of regret, "How could I have such a disappointing son like you?" "I just want to be with the woman I love." "She's just an ordinary woman! After spending some time with her, you'll eventually realize your worth. I'm telling you, you can't be with her. She'll only lower your level." I remained unmoved and just continued to turn a deaf ear to her dissatisfaction. "That's none of your business." "Fine. You leave me with no choice. Divorce Vivian, or forget that I'm your mother." My mother gave me an ultimatum. Without waiting for my response, she left in a huff and slammed the door behind her. Once my mother was gone, I hugged Vivian tightly and reassured her, "Don't let my mother's words get into you. I will never divorce you." Vivian smiled sweetly at me. "I trust You." At this moment, Charles suddenly stood up from his seat and rushed out. Before he could step out, I grabbed his arm and asked, "Charles, what's wrong?" "James may still be alive," he whispered. Scarlett's POV: "James, James!" I jolted awake. My forehead was beaded with sweat, and I was short of breath. I had a nightmare again. I dreamed of the accident that had happened over a year ago. In my dream, I was running desperately away from Rita. She looked horrible, and the malice in her eyes brought a shiver down my spine. While she was chasing me, she shouted, "Scarlett, if you want your child to live, you should atone for your sins!" Meanwhile, James was in her hands, crying. "Mom, Mom!" Tears streamed down my face. I tightly clutched the bedsheet and wondered when my nightmares would come to an end. I turned my head and looked at the crib next to me. Jerry and Jason were sleeping soundly. Their angel-like faces somehow eased my anguish.

Their existence was like a faint light in the darkness.

When I felt that I could no longer hold on anymore, they made me push forward, regardless of my exhausted body and soul.

But what about little James? His soul was probably drifting across the deep sea—lonely and helpless. He must be terrified.

At the thought of this, my sleepiness vanished in an instant, and tears fell down my cheeks one after another like pearls with a broken thread.

Sadly, I could only cry in silence.

Once I got ahold of myself, I got out and went to the kitchen.

The darkness felt like a tidal wave that was about to engulf me.

A sense of helplessness surged into my heart again.

I squatted in the corner of the kitchen, held my knees, and quietly sobbed until I almost ran out of breath.

A year had passed since the incident.

But every time I remembered James's death, it still hurt the same.

It felt like a sword pierced my heart over and over again.

It took me a while before I felt that I had no tears left to cry.

I supported myself on the kitchen counter, tried my best to stand up, and wiped the tears off my face.

When I made it back to my room, I passed by William's room and saw a light through the crack of the door.

Had he returned? I hoped he did not see me crying just now.

Over the past year, his love and care weighed me down with guilt.

And he always took me by surprise with some sweet gestures, which I just couldn't bring myself to accept however hard I tried. I went back to bed and stared at the dark ceiling in a daze.

Although I was weak and exhausted, I was not sleepy. Fragments of memories flashed through my mind one after another. Before I knew it, I had drifted to sleep. The next morning, I went downstairs to have breakfast as if nothing had happened. William was waiting for me in the dining room. "Did you sleep well last night?" he asked while looking at me gently. "Not bad. How about you? What time did you get home yesterday?" I deliberately changed the subject, not wanting to be seen through by him. "I got home late. I had a lot of things to deal with at the company. Let's eat, shall we?" It seemed that he did not see me in the kitchen last night. I breathed a sigh of relief and sat down to eat. After breakfast, William turned to me and asked, "The weather is good today. How about we go to

the mall?" "Have you forgotten? We had just gone to the mall a few days ago," I reminded him with a smile. The truth was, I was refusing him euphemistically. I did not feel like going out today. "I think you should go out for a walk every day. You'll get sick if you always stay at home. How about we take the twins out? They can enjoy the sunshine." William brought up the two children as an excuse. Judging from his insistence, he had no intention of giving up. "I don't mind staying at home. Besides, the balcony is spacious. I can tell them stories while basking in the sun," I insisted. "If you say so. By the way, I'm gonna go out for a while. Call me if you need anything." William gave up in the end. As soon as he finished speaking, he stood up and left. Just as I was about to clean up the table, Tracy came running down the stairs with my phone in her hand. "Scarlett, your phone keeps ringing." "Who is it?" I asked with a frown. For some reason, Tracy looked a little flustered and refused to answer me. She just handed me the phone without a word. I took a look at the caller ID and saw that Charles kept calling. Why was he calling me? An inexplicable sense of agitation arose in my heart. I handed the phone back to Tracy and said in a serious tone, "Don't ever answer this person's call."

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Spencer's POV:

"Vivian, do you think James is still alive? Is it possible?"

I put down my cutlery and stared at Vivian. Suddenly, I was no longer in the mood to eat.

"I sincerely hope so. I just couldn't understand the whole thing. Who sent the message to Charles anyway?" Vivian leaned against the back of her seat and tapped her slender fingers on the table.

"I don't know. Charles said the message was from a number he didn't recognize. He's still trying to track down the message's origin."

Back then, Rita took James away and tossed him into the ocean in front of Charles and Scarlett. There was no way that he could've survived.

But could someone have intervened and saved James? Who could that person be? Was it the same one who sent Charles the message? What could he or she possibly want with Charles after keeping James hidden for a whole year? These questions were like puzzles that Vivian and I couldn't wait to solve.

"We should start with some acquaintances," Vivian murmured.

"Acquaintances? Who do you mean?" I looked at her in confusion.

Vivian rolled her eyes at me and retorted, "Those who have schemed against Scarlett before."

That was when it all started making sense to me. I nodded and fished my phone out of my pocket. I dialed Charles's number.

"Charles, start investigating those who hurt Scarlett before. They're the most suspicious."

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the line, and then it went dead.

Charles had hung up. He must have understood what I meant right away.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

When I turned around and saw Vivian's charming face, I couldn't help holding her face and giving her a big kiss on the cheek.

"You are such a smart woman. Charles didn't say anything when I told him to check out those who wronged Scarlett before, but I'm sure he's already hired someone to investigate. We should get updates soon."

Vivian shook off my hands, wrinkled her nose, and wiped her cheek with her hand.

"Compliments are easy. Why don't you give me some real rewards to show your appreciation?" Vivian smiled and extended her palm.

I took her hand and pulled her into my arms. Then, I whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry. I will reward you in bed tonight."

What? No! I'm talking about money! Give me some money!" Vivian moaned and pushed me away. Her eyes gleamed with the kind of mischief that amused and worried me at the same time. Whenever money was mentioned, Vivian got all riled up like a hungry little mouse that just sniffed out cheese. "Fine. I will give you money, you little miser. Your husband has nothing but that." I playfully pinched Vivian's nose, kissed her again, and held her in my arms. "But seriously, though, I really hope James is still alive." Vivian turned somber all of a sudden. "Me, too. He's the only chance for Charles and Scarlett to get back together and start over." After those words left my lips, my heart swelled with infinite expectations. Vivian's POV: At the restaurant, Spencer and I felt happy and content in each other's arms. Suddenly, my phone rang. Gemma was calling. I showed Spencer my phone and chuckled. "Look, someone's rushing to give me money." Spencer laughed and pinched my cheek. "What's that supposed to mean?" "Trust me. Your mother's calling me right now to tell me this," I started, put on a serious expression, and imitated the way Gemma spoke, "You material girl, here's some money. Take it and leave my son alone. He's not someone you can even dream of." My excellent performance made Spencer laugh so hard, he almost fell out of his chair. I picked up the phone and spoke in a voice dripping

with sarcasm. "Hi, Mom. So, so glad you called. How are you?" "Mom? How dare you address me like that?" "Well, I'm married to your son, which makes me your daughter-in-law and you my mother-in-law. I'm just trying to be respectful." We weren't even two minutes into the phone call, and Gemma was already letting out her exasperated sighs. "Whatever. Meet me at Queen's Cafe this morning, ten o'clock. We need to talk."

Okay. I'd love to bond with you, Mom. I'll be there on time. See you. Bye."

After hanging up the phone, I turned around and saw Spencer sitting next to me and eating like he didn't have a care in the world.

He was quite relaxed.

All of a sudden, I felt depressed.

"Aren't you afraid that your mother will really hand me a big, fat check and then command me to leave you?"

"Are you going to take the money and leave me?" Spencer looked up at me.

"What if I am?" I challenged and looked him dead in the eye.

He just stared at me and continued chewing his food.

We let the question just hang there awkwardly, like a mistletoe in June.

At ten o'clock sharp, I walked through Queen's Cafe's doors.

Gemma was already inside and sitting at a table.

"How dare you make me, an elder, wait for you? Have you forgotten all your family education?" Gemma said contemptuously, eyeing me with way more intensity than necessary.

"I'm sorry. I grew up in an orphanage. Nobody gave me family education. You'll have to forgive me."

Her authoritarian manner didn't bother me in the slightest. I pulled out the chair opposite her and sat down.

Gemma clicked her tongue and drove straight to the point.

"How much money is it going to take for you to leave my son!"

"Leave your son? Why should I leave my husband? We haven't even had our honeymoon yet." I said that on purpose to piss Gemma off.

As expected, she was immediately wound up. She smashed her cup on the table, and coffee splashed everywhere. I waved to the waiter unhurriedly. "Hi. My mother-in-law spilled some coffee. Can you clean it up, please? Also, I'd like a glass of water. Thank you." Gemma stared at me fiercely as if she was going to slap me the moment the waiter stepped away. "I don't believe that you and my son are happy together and deeply in love. Just cut the crap and name your damn price." I wiped the mocking expression off my face and stared straight into my mother-in-law's eyes. "I don't want money. I just want to be with Spencer." "Nonsense! Who do you think you are? What makes you think you're worthy of someone like Spencer?" "Spencer is in love with me, and I'm the only one he wants. You can't separate us. I understand that our marriage is difficult for you to accept, but we would really appreciate your blessing." Gemma scoffed. "I have never met a woman as shameless as you." "Well, compared to you, I still have a lot to learn." "You little..." The waiter came back with my glass of water and inadvertently cut off Gemma mid sentence. Suddenly, I was back in the mood to mess with her. I smirked and asked, "Do you want to know why I didn't get my caffeine fix today?" Gemma frowned. "Because I haven't been feeling all that well lately. I think I may be pregnant," I said calmly. Gemma's face turned white as bone. She stared at me with wide eyes. She looked like she was going to faint any minute. "But I'm not sure yet. I haven't taken a pregnancy test. I suffered a miscarriage once before, and I broke up with your son over it. When I started dating another man, he got so jealous that he proposed to me, I really went for it and tied the knot. We haven't been able to keep our hands off each other since we got hitched. Spencer's sexual appetite can be overwhelming sometimes. That's why I think it's really likely that I'm already carrying our first child." "Shut up!" Gemma rose from her seat and shot me a death glare. I believed that if she hadn't spilled her coffee earlier, she would've thrown it in my face. "Okay. We'll just have to wait and see." In this confrontation, Gemma lost and I won.

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Chapter 307 Dig A Grave

After Gemma left in a hurry, I paid for the bill before leaving the cafe. And just as I walked out the door, I ran into Susan. Seemingly ignoring me, she walked past me and entered Queen's Cafe. Obviously, she didn't recognize who I was. I stopped in my tracks and stared at her back. A thought dawned on me. 'Susan is Rita's mother. Does she have anything to do with James' death?

If James is really still alive, maybe she's the one who hid James in secret?'

My gut was telling me that this guess was correct, so I decided to follow Susan. Perhaps I might be able to find some useful clues.

Soon, she came out of the cafe. A black Santana stopped in front of her and she got in.

I started my car and followed her secretly. After a while, the black Santana drove into a community.

I got off my car, intending to follow her in. However, the security guard stopped me, so all I could do was follow Susan's car with my gaze until it disappeared from my sight.

"Sir, can't you make an exception just this once? That was my aunt who came in just now."

"Sorry, ma'am. But nobody is allowed to enter the premises of this neighborhood aside from its residents."

In the end, I decided to leave. And when I got back to my car, another unexpected person showed up. "Richard, what are you doing here?" I asked. I was surprised that he showed up here all of a sudden.

He approached me and asked, "Were you following Susan?" I nodded and replied, "I have a hunch that she had something to do with James' death."

Richard was Charles' confidant, so I told him my suspicion.

"I've already surveyed this place before. There's nothing special about it. Well, aside from the fact that this is where Susan secretly meets up with her lover, Ellison Blunt."

"What happened to that house she used to live in?" I asked. "It's been sold," he responded.

"Sold?"

"Yes, all of her assets have been disposed of." Confused, I asked, "Why did she liquidate all her assets? Is she short on cash? The Lively Group might've gone bankrupt, but I'm sure Susan still has a lot of cash in hand."

I couldn't understand the information I had just been told.

"You're right to be dubious. I've been following Susan around, and she's frequenting upscale places as of late. It's not like she's short on cash. It really is suspicious that she disposed all her assets in a hurry," Richard murmured. "Richard, I have a bad feeling about this. You need to keep a close eye on Susan. I suspect that..."

Richard's POV:

Before Vivian could finish her sentence, a horrible thought flashed through my mind. 'Is it possible that Rita is still alive?'

***** In the evening, I knocked on Janet's door.

Upon seeing me, she was surprised. "Richard, what brings you here?" she asked.

"Come with me. I'm taking you somewhere," I answered.

"Where are we going?" she responded.

"To the cemetery," I said.

"Wait, what? Why there?"

"We're going to dig a grave."

"Shit!"

Janet's eyes widened in horror as she looked around, visibly panicking.

"Have you gone mad?"

"I have a hunch, and I need to verify it myself," I said. "Is it that important?" "Yes. Very important," I answered.

Janet fell silent for a while. She then looked me in the eye, seemingly having made up her mind.

"Let's go then," she said.

It was eerily quiet in the cemetery at night. I entered its premises along with Janet.

There were numerous tombstones on the ground, casting ominous shadows beneath the moonlight. Aside from the bats hanging on the branches and exuding creepy gazes with their eyes, only Janet and I were in the cemetery. Janet looked around in fear with a flash light in hand. Accidentally, she bumped into my back and shrieked.

"AHHHHHH!"

"Be careful." I rubbed my back, alleviating the pain.

Janet nodded at me; her face had turned pale. This was the first time I had seen someone as fearless as her this scared. Through the help of a flashlight, I soon found Rita's grave. Then, I handed Janet a shovel. "Let's start digging," I said.

Janet exclaimed. "What's up? Are you scared?" I shot her a glance, trying to goad her. "I am not afraid of anything! You've slept with her before. And since you're willing to defile her grave by digging it up, I shouldn't be scared, either!"

Having said that, Janet lifted her shovel with eyes brimming with determination. I couldn't resist the urge to laugh at her. And when she saw how I reacted, she glared at me.

"Anyway, let's get started," I said, putting on a straight face. After slowly digging it up, we finally finished excavating Rita's tomb. And at the very bottom, we saw a coffin. I swallowed before opening the coffin's lid. Inside it, there was a black dress lying in silence. However, there wasn't any corpse. "My hunch was right," I remarked "What on earth is going on? Where is Rita's body?" Janet covered her mouth in surprise. "Is Rita still alive?"

I stood up and dusted myself. "Something interesting is about to happen. William has promised Scarlett that he's not going to let Rita live. That's why Scarlett was willing to leave with him. But now

Janet and I exchanged glances and saw the anger in each other's eyes. We just left right away, and didn't even bother to put the coffin back to where it was. The following morning, I told Charles about it. Even after hearing the news, he didn't seem surprised. He just looked at me and Janet, expressionless like always "Is the coffin really empty?" "Yes, sir," I answered respectfully. "Good job finding that out. Now, figure out who hid James as soon as possible!" Charles commanded. "Right away, sir!" Janet and I answered at the same time. We then went to look for James together. All of a sudden, I remembered Vivian's words and felt that it was necessary to tell her about our discovery.

Thus, I took out my phone and sent her a message. "Rita's grave is empty. It's very likely that she's still alive." Inside the car, Janet leaned over and said to me, "I just told Tracy about what we found out, and asked her to inform Scarlett." Janet looked very proud of herself. "William kept something this big from Scarlett. I want to see how he's going to explain this whole farce!" she added. I nodded in agreement. "You're right. It's worth digging the tomb at midnight. Now, that asshole, William is screwed!"

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Chapter 308 Investigation

Scarlett's POV: When I came out of the bathroom, I found Tracy staring at her smartphone, eyes wide as saucers. Out of curiosity, I asked, "What are you looking at?"

Tracy looked at me; her face had turned pale. "Janet told me to tell you that she and Richard dug up Rita's grave at midnight yesterday and found that Rita's coffin was empty,"

My heart skipped a beat. 'How is it empty? Is that damned murderer, Rita, still alive?' I exclaimed inwardly.

With a blank stare, I looked at Tracy. "So, you've been communicating with Janet behind my back, huh?"

"Yes. And I'm sorry about that, Scarlett. I forgot to tell you." Tracy put her phone away, lowering her gaze. I could tell she must be feeling guilty.

Just then, her phone rang. It sounded particularly ominous amidst our silence.

Tracy looked at me, too afraid to glance at her phone.

"Just go ahead and read it," I said calmly.

She then took out her phone from her pocket and read the contents of the message. The following second, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets. Upon seeing her reaction, I asked, "What's wrong?"

With trembling lips, she said, "Scarlett, Janet told me that someone sent a message to Charles, saying that James is still alive." My heart skipped a beat and my ears began to buzz. Right now, all I could think of was that James was still alive. The sentence echoed throughout my mind repeatedly. "Show it to me!"

I grabbed Tracy's phone and read Janet's message over and over. 'My little angel is still alive!' Joy overwhelmed my heart, and I was unable to restrain my emotions any longer. But at the back of my mind, I thought that what Janet said was merely a beautiful bubble, and it would soon be broken the second I touch it.

My heart was racing so fast, and my chest was heaving up and down. "Tracy, I need to make a phone call. Do you mind going out first?"

Once Tracy had left, I closed the door and immediately called Janet. "Janet, I heard

from Tracy that someone sent Charles a message, saying that James is still alive. Is this true?" "It is," she replied. Upon hearing her confirm the news, I could no longer bottle

up my excitement. "Have you figured out who sent it?" I asked anxiously.

"Not yet, but Mr. Moore has a plan already," she answered.

"What's his plan?" "He's investigating everyone who has a grudge against you. And I believe we'll be hearing good news soon. Scarlett, I'm gonna need you to calm down, okay?" "Okay, I get it. Call me as soon as you hear any news." I nodded repeatedly as tears of joy rolled down my cheeks.

"Of course. Oh, by the way... you need to be wary of William. It's very likely that Rita is still alive," Janet remarked

"Got it." With that, I ended the phone call. My heart was beating faster and faster by the second as though it would leap from my chest.

At long last, I had the courage to recall the day that James was killed. And now that I was looking back at it, I never fully confirmed if the child was actually James or not. 'Maybe it wasn't James!' When that thought crossed my mind, I felt much better.

Even though that child was innocent, I was glad that my baby was still alive.

I used to think that I'd be depressed for the rest of my life, but this news was like a miracle; injecting new vitality into my lifeless world. Suddenly, I heard a gentle knock on the door. William opened it and came in. The second I laid eyes upon him, I remembered Janet's warning, so I composed myself and acted as though nothing had happened. "What's up?" I asked. "Breakfast is ready. Let's go downstairs and eat," he said. William's smile was as gentle as ever. But now, seeing it was giving me the creeps.

Though he had been looking after me this past year because I was injured and later found pregnant, it was clear to both of us that we didn't fully trust each other. And now that I had heard that Rita was likely to be alive, I was even more certain that the man in front of me was hiding something from me. "Scarlett, are you okay? You seem to be thinking about something." William waved his hand in front of me, trying to catch my attention. "I'm fine. Let's just have breakfast." Having said that, I walked out of the door. I had only taken a few steps outside the room when I felt like I needed to make things clear to him. Somehow, I wanted to believe that he wasn't that kind of person.

Thus, I told him, "William, I just heard something funny." "Oh, really? Tell me!" William replied, visibly amused. "Someone told me that Rita is still alive," I responded. The smile on his face disappeared. William's POV:

When Scarlett told me that Rita was still alive, I was stupefied.

"Why aren't you saying anything? I want to hear your explanation," Scarlett asked after a few moments of silence.

Gradually, I gathered my composure. "Tracy should've told you already that I asked someone to take out the heart that originally belonged to my sister from Rita's body. She can't still be alive after that, can she?"

Scarlett nodded and said, "Even so, what guarantee do I have that you didn't arrange a new heart for Rita?" "You are assuming too much! Do you really think that it's easy to get a heart transplant?" he responded. At this point, I was starting to get emotional. "To an ordinary person, it might be difficult. But for someone like you? It's possible!" Scarlett locked her eyes on me. Her gaze somehow frightened me, so I looked down to avert my eyes from her.

Unfortunately, she had figured out some of the secrets that I dared not tell anyone. All this time, I thought that if I stayed with her long enough to dispel her worry

ies, I could make her accept me.; But I didn't expect that in the end, everything I had done would backfire.

'Charles must've done this! What did that imbecile tell Scarlett?' As that thought crossed my mind, I met Scarlett's gaze and said in a firm voice, "I swear to you that if I arranged for another heart transplant for Rita, I'm willing to lose everything I have now!" Scarlett just looked at me intently, unresponsive. "Please, believe me. I would never lie to you!" "I see. Let's go then." With a faint smile on her face, Scarlett turned around and went downstairs. I knew that she still had doubts about me, but I shouldn't push her too hard. Otherwise, things could spiral out of control for me. And so, after breakfast, I excused myself. I told her that I had something to deal with in the company and left the villa right away. Along the way, I received a call from Tom, the housekeeper. "What is it?" I asked. "Sir, after you left, I saw Scarlett whispering something to Tracy. But they avoided me, so I couldn't hear anything they said," answered Tom. "Just keep an eye on them. And call me if anything happens." After hanging up the phone, I punched the steering wheel heavily. "Fuck!"

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Chapter 309 Susan's Secret

Richard's POV

I had been following Susan these past few days. She stayed home all day every day and only went out for grocery shopping. So far, I had gotten nothing useful.

Feeling a bit defeated and useless, I reported to Charles.

Charles ordered, "Find a way to sneak into Susan's house tonight and look for more clues."

"Yes, sir."

I decided to get someone to help, so I called Janet. "Janet, I need your help with something. I'll pick you up at ten o'clock tonight."

"What's up?"

"We'll do something big tonight."

"All right then. I'll see you tonight."

After hanging up with Janet, I went home to get some rest so that I would be fully charged for tonight's mission. At ten o'clock, I arrived at Janet's doorstep. She was waiting for me at the door. Her long black hair was tied up into a ponytail. She was dressed in simple clothes and a pair of black boots. She was looking around vigilantly with her beautiful eyes. Seeing my car, she walked toward me.

When I got off the car, she asked me, "Are we going to raid somebody's tomb again tonight?"

"No. We're going to break into Susan's house. I promise you will be safe," I replied and patted her gently on the shoulder. "Okay. I'm good as long as you don't take me to a cemetery," she chuckled and heaved a sigh of relief. She looked like she had just taken a shower. I could smell the fragrance of her body lotion, and it turned me on a little bit. I wrapped my arm around her waist and leaned in to give her a kiss.

After kissing for a few minutes, I let go. Janet was blushing. She pushed me away playfully and got in the car. I jumped in the driver's seat and gunned the engine. While I drove, Janet looked out the passenger side window. I gave her a peck on the cheek while she wasn't looking. She smelled so good, it was driving me insane. "Focus on driving, please."

"Yes, ma'am." I refocused on the road while taking Janet's hand in mine. Suddenly, all the annoyance and disappointment of the past few days vanished into thin air. Half an hour later, we arrived near Susan's house. Using some high-powered binoculars, I observed what was going on in her home. Susan was alone in the living room. "Do you see her? What's she doing?" Janet asked.

"Yes. She's in the living room. Let's wait until she falls asleep. Then we'll break in," I replied and put down the binoculars. Then, I made myself comfortable in my seat and gripped the steering wheel. We were going to be here for a while.

"So, what should we do now? What about we chat for a bit?" Janet started, seeming a little uneasy.

I turned to her and said, "Sure."

"How about we start with you and Rita?" Janet broached curiously.

"I don't want to talk about her," I snapped and knitted my brows. "Please," Janet insisted. "Janet, Rita is in the past. Don't mention her anymore. You're my present and future," I promised her solemnly.

"Very well then. I won't mention her anymore." "I think I'm going to have to punish you for bringing her up," I smirked and stuck a finger under Janet's chin. She stared at me as I

got closer and closer to her. Then, our lips locked once again. When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw were Janet's dark eyes that said more than her mouth ever could. I bit my lip. Sometimes, I just couldn't believe how addicted I was to her.

I wanted to kiss her again, but she stopped me. "Control yourself, Richard. We're working."

I exhaled loudly and decided to give up. Ten minutes later, the light in Susan's bedroom finally went out. We waited for a while before we made our move. Once we were inside the house, I took out some gloves and handed a pair to Janet. We searched the living room thoroughly but didn't find anything useful. I gestured at Janet to check out Susan's room on the second floor.

We went upstairs and carefully cracked Susan's bedroom door.

After observing for a few minutes, I found that Susan was deep in slumber and possibly entangled in a nightmare. While asleep, she kept saying, "Rita, where are you? I miss you so much."

Janet and I waited a few more moments before entering Susan's room.

I pointed at the cabinet beside Susan's bed and asked Janet to check it out. Between the two of us, she was the one who could go in and out of Susan's room without making any sort of noise.

Janet glared at me, entered the room unnaturally quietly, and opened the drawer. Then, she waved at

At this time, Susan rolled over. Startled, Janet hugged the floor and didn't dare to get up until she was sure that it was safe. I struggled to hold back my laughter. After making sure that Susan was still completely out, I got Janet out of there.

When we walked out of Susan's room, I found another room on the second floor. It should be the

study. Janet and I raided it for quite a while. All we found that was interesting was a black phone. "Let's go. We've got something now," I whispered and quickly led Janet out of the house.

When we were safe and sound inside the car, Janet put her hand over her chest and heaved a big sigh

of relief. "Thank goodness we didn't get caught."

I wanted to check the phone, but it wouldn't turn on. I supposed it was out of power.

I connected the phone to a charger, and after a few minutes, its screen finally lit up.

Chapter 30 Satens Sect However, my hopes got immediately squashed the moment the phone asked for a password, Janet clicked her tongue and said, "We've hit a wall. How could we possibly know the password?" "Let me think," I muttered. After thinking for a while. I input a string of numbers and was able to unlock the phone "What did you enter? Rita's birthday? You actually remember her birthday?" Janet looked at me curiously

"Yes. But it doesn't mean anything. Don't think too much," I hurried to comfort her.

"I know, but I'm still a little unhappy," she admitted and curled her lips.

I held her hand and said softly, "Don't be like that. Your birthday is my phone's password."

Janet rolled her eyes and pulled her hand away. Before she could turn away, I caught a glimpse of a smile on her lips. Shaking my head, I pulled up the phone's recent messages. The inbox was *empty*.

Then, I took out my phone and dialed the number that messaged Charles before. The black phone in my hand didn't ring.

After that, I checked out the phone's photos and finally got something. Most of the pictures were taken in awkward and unusual angles, and the subjects were a man and a woman I didn't recognize. I handed the phone to Janet. She shook her head and said, "I've never seen those two people in my life. I can tell that they may be a couple or something, but other than that, nothing jumps out."

"I'll get someone to look into it," I said and sent the photos to a friend of mine who specialized in IT. I asked him if he could find a way to identify the man and the woman in the photos.

"There. Now we'll just have to wait for my friend to get back to us."

"Okay."

At this time, I noticed that Janet was a little down. I gently touched her hair and asked, "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"I hope we find James alive and well soon. I'm getting a little tired of watching Scarlett cry."

I stretched out my arm and put it around her shoulder. "You're a good friend for sticking around for Scarlett. Don't worry, we will find James, and Charles

and Scarlett will get their happy ending." "Okay," Janet nodded and flashed me a weak smile.

After a few moments, my phone vibrated. I got a new message.

Charles's POV:

It was late at night. I was sitting in the living room of the Moore mansion and drinking alone.

Then, Richard walked in.

"I got some information."

"Lay it on me." "We found a mobile phone in Susan's house, and it's full of photos that look like they were taken secretly. I asked someone to identify the people in the photos. The woman in the photos is Ava Blunt, Ellison Blunt's wife. The same Ellison that Susan is having an affair with. The man in the photo is Ava's lover. Ava once had a child with the said man." I put down my glass, raised my eyebrows, and repeated, "Once had a child?" "Yes. That little boy has been missing for a long time. He disappeared around the same time James went missing." I leaned against the sofa and said thoughtfully, "That's ambiguous. I want to be sure. Find out the specific time that boy went missing and then report to me." "Yes, sir."

After Richard left, I was once again lost in thought.

if James was still alive, would Scarlett and I be able to get back together?

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 310

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Chapter 310 Reunion

Ellison's POV: I called Susan and asked her to meet me at the cafe today. I had been waiting for her for quite a while now, but she still had not arrived. Just when I was about to dial her number, the door of the cafe opened. Susan walked in with an inexplicable expression. Her hair was in a mess, and she looked a little panicky. She strode over to me the instant she saw me.

"What happened?" I asked with concern.

"Someone broke into my house yesterday," Susan answered with heavy breaths. It seemed that she was still in a state of shock. "What? Who was it?" A dreadful feeling washed over me upon hearing her response. "I don't know. I have no cameras in my house. When I woke up this morning, I found that many things in my house had been moved. That person must have rummaged through my house while I was sleeping. I was scared shitless." "Is there anything missing?" "Only my old phone. Still, I'm scared. What if it happens again and, this time, they'll do something worse?" Susan patted her chest in trepidation. "Don't worry. I'll send someone to install surveillance cameras and anti-theft locks in your house later." "Thank you. I really want to know who that person was, though." "Maybe it's Ava. She has long wanted to find fault with me." I clenched my fists in disdain. Good thing I did not go to Susan's house yesterday, or else Ava would have found evidence of my affair. "Will you two really divorce?" Susan queried. She felt a little better at the mention of the divorce. I reached out and held her hand comfortingly. "Yes, honey. I will divorce Ava, and that's final. But that's not the only thing I'll do. I'll also make sure that she leaves without a penny." I was not stupid. I knew very well what Ava had done behind my back in the past few years. She even had a child with another man. The audacity of that woman! Of course, I would not let her take my property away. Susan caressed the back of my hand and assured me, "Honey, I won't leave you."

I took her hand and planted a kiss on it. "Thank you for always being by my side."

A few moments later, Susan and I went to her house. I went upstairs and checked every corner. I would have someone install surveillance cameras here first thing tomorrow. All of a sudden, I heard violent knocks on the door downstairs. I had a bad feeling that something was about to happen.

I rushed out of the room and ran to the second flight of the stairs. But before I could walk down the

stairs, Susan was already at the door.

"Susan, don't open the door!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

However, it was too late. Susan's scream rang in my ears, and she vanished into thin air. 1

My heart missed a beat, and my blood ran cold. Without wasting any second, I took out my phone and dialed 911. I reported what had happened the instant the call connected. "Hello. My friend was kidnapped. The location is..."

I figured that I should not stay here. But just as I pushed the door open, several tall men who were

standing outside looked at me with a cunning smile

My intuition told me that something worse was yet to come. Just as I was about to call for help, a man suddenly covered my mouth with one hand and strangled me with the other.

I could not breathe, and I was starting to feel lightheaded. The next thing I knew, *everything went black* Scarlett's POV:

While I was working on the draft in the study, someone knocked on the door. I turned around and saw William enter.

"What's the matter?"

"Scarlett, I want to take you somewhere," William answered. Judging from his solemn expression, I had a rough idea about what was about to happen. Tears welled up in my eyes at the thought of this. William drove me to a place I had never been before. Although I was not familiar with the scenery along the way, I already knew where he was taking me. The car stopped beside a villa. William opened the door and helped me get off. "I have been keeping you in the dark before. I said I had something important to deal with in the company. In fact, I came here all the time."

William took me to the gate of the villa. When he opened the door, I saw the one whom I had been missing day and night. I ran into the room quickly, and complex emotions surged up in my heart. I cried again. But this time it was not because of the guilt and self-blame after the nightmare, but the tears of joy after our reunion.

"James, Mommy is here." James was sitting on a kid's chair. When he heard my voice, he raised his head and looked at me. He had changed since the last time I saw him. Right now, he was wearing a red coat with golden fur on the hem. He looked as handsome and cute as how I remembered him. At first, he just blinked in confusion. But then, his eyes slowly widened when he recognized me. "Mommy!" I held him tightly in my arms. "James, I missed you so much," I sobbed, my eyes brimming with tears. "Mommy, don't cry." James reached out and wiped the tears off my face. "I'm not crying." All of a sudden, my phone rang. With James in one hand, I took out my phone with the other. It was Charles.

I hung up on him without a second thought. But after two seconds, he called me again. I was hesitant at first, but I decided to answer him in the end. I signaled William to take care of James, and then I walked to the corner to answer the call.

"Scarlett, James is still alive. I'm certain William is hiding him. 1

Be careful, Scarlett. I'm on my way to Kitsap." "Who are you? I don't understand what you're talking about." I tried my best to be cold to Charles, but tears were steaming down my face.

"Scarlett, please don't do this to me. James is still alive. Isn't that great news?"

Chapter 310 Reunion Sorry. You dialed the wrong number." I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. I was afraid that I would not be able to put up an act anymore if Charles said one more word. His voice made me want to rush to him and cry in his arms. William walked over with James and asked with concern, "Did Charles call you just now?" I turned around and wiped my tears away. "Yes," I answered in a low voice. I could not let James see the pitiful look on my face. "So... what are you going to do?" "William, nothing will change. I won't blame you," I answered while looking into his eyes. I had made up my mind "Thank you." William looked a little surprised. It seemed that he did not expect something like this from me. "James, let's go home!" I took my son over and pressed my cheek against his chubby little face. For me, all that mattered was that I was with my little angel again. As for the other things, I did not want to think about them anymore, nor would I let them bother me again.

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