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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 306 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 306-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."

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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.

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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.

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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?”

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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 and 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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