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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 305 by Gorgeous Killer

### Chapter 305-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."

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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.”

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

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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.

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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."

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

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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.

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