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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 308 by Gorgeous Killer

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?"

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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.

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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.

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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 worries, 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!" s

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