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Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 393 by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 393 Revenge

Scarlett's POV: When I finally walked out of the bar, I found Elena waiting for me at the door. She walked up to me, looked at me up and down, and asked worriedly, "Are you okay?" I nodded, "I'm fine."

"I just saw Adam being taken away by the police. Do you think he's going to get back at you in the future?" I flashed her a big smile. "I doubt it. He can barely keep his head above water now." "That's good." Elena put her hand over her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. After getting in the car, I suddenly thought about the three invitations I had gotten.

After thinking for a while, I sent an email to Simon. "Thank you for your invitation, Mr. Felix. I would love for you to be my escort."

I got a reply soon.

"Thank you for your response, Miss Wilson. It'd be my honor to attend the auction with a beautiful lady like you. I look forward to our first meeting."

After that, I put my phone aside. Feeling dizzy because of the wine, I leaned against my seat and closed my eyes for a bit.

"Caroline, I just got the news that Spencer caught in a car accident and was seriously injured," Elena said ominously.

"What?"

I sat up in an instant.

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“He was so badly hurt that he may not be able to walk ever again in his life.” :

I could only stare at Elena as my brain struggled to process the news. How could God allow such a horrible thing to happen to someone as sweet and loyal as Spencer?

“What about Vivian? Does she know what happened to Spencer?” I asked, desperately willing myself to calm down.

“That’s another thing I want to tell you. I found out that Ethan kidnapped Vivian and took her to France. The details are still unknown.” How could that be possible?

I slumped on my seat and pinched the bridge of my nose. My mind imploded into a hot mess. Vivian’s POV: “What are you doing, Ethan?” I stared at the hemp rope that one of the bodyguards was holding and took a step back.

“Take the medicine from her.”

At Ethan’s order, the other bodyguard snatched the medicine I just prepared from my hands. “I heard that Spencer was disabled in a car accident.”

My heart leapt to my throat. I pretended to be shocked by the news. “What did you say?” “Stop acting, Vivian. The reason you changed your mind all of a sudden is that you want to go back to that cripple.

Am I wrong? I won’t let you get what you want. I’d like to see if Spencer would still want a woman who had been sullied by another man.” Ethan put on a hideous, perverted grin that made his face look distorted and crazy.

He took the medicine, licked his lips, and said, “You better pray that this medicine of yours works. Then, we can have a wonderful night.”

The next day, I woke up with a splitting headache.

I lay on the bed naked.

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I felt as if my whole body had been stuck into a meat grinder, and there was a burning pain on my face.

It was the pain that brought to me the humiliating memories of last night. They Mashed through my mind like an awful slide show. 'Get up, get up, you can do it!'

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I bit them down stubbornly. I struggled to slide out of bed and go to the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror, i saw every dreadful mark that Ethan left on my body, My cheeks were red and swollen and burning with pain. There were bruises all over my tender chest together with Ethan's handprint.

My body was covered in scratch marks of varying depths and degree of redness because I was tied up in a hemp rope the entire night. I looked like a worn doll that some savage child ravaged. Tears started streaming down my face. I stepped into the bathtub and let the hot water swallow me, hoping that it would wash away the filth that Ethan mercilessly left on my skin. Lying there in the tub, I felt like I was being suffocated. Ethan's obscene words from last night echoed in my ears. Then I remembered the sticky, disgusting feeling of his tongue all over me, which made me want to vomit. I remembered the humiliation of being kneaded and slapped by Ethan's dirty hands, the pain as the rough hemp rope rubbed against my skin, and the tearing in my private part when Ethan forcibly stuck his fingers into me.

If my medicine had worked, Ethan would've had the time of his life raping me last night. At the last moment, Ethan smashed me to the floor, making all my limbs and bones ache. Seeing that he couldn't get an erection and that he was almost foaming at the mouth with humiliation, I laughed loudly and wildly until I burst into tears. Before my lungs ran out of air, I sat up in the tub and hugged my shins. I was kidnapped and defiled, and the only man I ever truly loved was badly hurt. I felt like someone had dropped an anvil on my heart.

As my eyes burned with a new wave of tears, I put both my hands over my mouth. I sobbed and sobbed quietly until I had no more tears to shed. 'I swear that I will make you pay for what you've made me suffer, Ethan.

I will make you experience so much pain that you'll wish you never laid a finger on me.'

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After that night, I continued to prescribe medicine every day, never mentioning that I was almost raped. One day, I came to Ethan with the medicine I prepared. He sat on his wheelchair and stared at me suspiciously, unwilling to take it.

“Don’t worry. It won’t do me any good to poison you,” I muttered. After hesitating for a bit, Ethan took the pill and swallow it. “There. You’ve taken the medicine. I’ve completed my task.” I lowered my head, afraid that Ethan would catch a glimpse of the excitement I was feeling. Then, I turned around and started heading back downstairs, “Wait.

Do you really not want to be my wife? If you marry me, glory and wealth will be all yours.” Ethan’s tone was full of coquetry and expectation.. After a pause, I jeered, “I’m sorry, but I don’t want to be married to someone with subpar skills in bed.” “You little bitch!”

Ethan roared, but I turned a deaf ear to it. I proceeded downstairs.

As soon as I reached the first floor, I saw Emily sitting on the sofa. The woman was always well-dressed no matter where she was.

She turned to look at me and said, “I heard that your sweetheart was in an accident. Is that true!”

I frowned and stared at her fiercely.

“If you’re smart, you’re going to give up on Spencer and seize the chance to be with Ethan. A wise woman always knows when to cut her losses,”

Emily said in a tone that made me want to slap her.

I averted my gaze, hoping to hide the raging anger that would surely reflect in my eyes. I walked to the kettle and

pulled out two mugs. I made two cups of tea and laced one of them with something,

“Do you think I’m the same as you? That once a man goes useless on me, I’ll just discard him without hesitation?”

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I raised my eyebrows and handed the laced cup of tea to Emily. She took the cup willingly. "Did Ethan say anything to you recently?" Emily asked with the cup of tea in her hand.

"He asked me to be his wife. He also promised that he would give me glory and wealth," I answered indifferently. "It seems that he doesn't know you're still in love with your recently crippled ex," Emily commented, grasping the cup tightly and looking a little nervous. I smiled, leaned in, and whispered in her ear, "Nonsense. I don't love Spencer anymore. I only love glory and wealth. I also have an interest in the Johnson family fortune." "Really? Well, you don't deserve it," Emily snickered and took a sip of her tea.

Then, she set down the cup on the table

She patted me on the shoulder and warned me in a threatening tone, "Forget your inordinate ambitions, Vivian. Whether you like it or not, you're on my side. You can only take what I give you. Don't dream that you can get what Ethan has promised you."

After saying that, she stood up and left.

Looking at her back, I suddenly called to her, "Mom." Emily stopped and turned to look at me in confusion.

"I have something to tell you.

Come to my room, will you?" She narrowed her eyes at me, and I saw a hint of suspicion in her eyes. After a few moments of indecision, she finally went to my bedroom like I asked. I heaved a sigh of relief and looked up at the clock in the living room. I was right on schedule. I took the cups to the kitchen and washed them carefully. Making sure no one was around, I took a tiny fruit knife and hid it in my sleeve.

It would be a case of kill or cure.

When I went to my room and opened the door, I found Emily sitting on my bed and smoking.

"What took you so long?" she snapped, her face full of impatience. "I washed up in the kitchen. I cleaned the cups we used. We don't want to be inconsiderate to their next users, do we?" I replied. Emily wasn't alone in my bedroom. The two bodyguards who were with Ethan last time were there with her, and the moment I walked in, the one holding a rope walked toward me.

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I stared at him and felt numb. Since arriving in France, I had spent my nights tied up in ropes. I struggled and resisted in the beginning, but eventually, I got so used to it that I didn't even feel it anymore. "Stop. You can tie her up after we finish talking," Emily ordered the bodyguard in a low voice.

"No, go right ahead. Just have them tie me up now. I don't want to delay their work," I beamed. Emily sneered, "You scornful little girl. Fine. Now that you've asked for it, go on, tie her up."

I stood still and let the two bodyguards tie me up. "Get out. I need to speak with my daughter."

After tying me up, the bodyguards walked out without saying a word, leaving me and Emily alone in the room.

"It's so embarrassing to see you like this," Emily said, looking at me contemptuously. "Yes, it is quite embarrassing," I shrugged. "You shouldn't have been so stubborn."

If you had listened to me and chosen Ethan, we wouldn't have ended up like this," Emily said regretfully. "Really?" I asked with a smile.

Emily blew a puff of smoke in the air. She stared at me with misty eyes that were suddenly full of nostalgic fondness. "Your character is really similar to mine when I was younger."

I didn't say anything.

Awkward silence descended upon the room.

"Your father died not long ago," Emily said abruptly.

I lowered my head and stared blankly at the floor, not knowing what to say.

My father?

I already forgot that I once had one. I thought they had already lost contact.

Emily put out the cigarette and asked, "What do you want to say to me?"

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"How did he die?" I murmured.

"He died of an incurable disease."

Emily's eyes were still misty, but no tears rolled down her cheeks.

I tried my best to recall my father's face, but I failed.

My heart was empty and numb like it was trapped in a block of ice.

Emily looked sad and lost in thought.

Then, she stood up and started to leave.

"Stay with me for a little while, will you?" I pleaded.

Emily turned to look at me, closed her eyes for a moment, and then acquiesced to my request. She sat back on the

edge of my bed.

Eventually, the drug I put in Emily's cup of tea kicked in. She dozed off and passed out on my bed.

cu.

I slipped the fruit knife down my sleeve and started cutting the ropes.

When I got free, I stood up and carefully checked on Emily

She was in deep sleep with an abnormal flush on her face. I breathed a sigh of relief, turned off the light, and hid behind the curtains.

Then, I waited quietly for the second protagonist of the play.

Late at night, while Emily groaned weakly in bed, Ethan came in

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He staggered into my bedroom.

The next second, he gasped, quickly took off his pajamas, and threw himself in bed beside Emily.

In the dark, Emily asked in a hoarse voice, "Who's there?"

"It's just me, baby. You are mine tonight." Then came Emily's high-pitched moans and Ethan's grunts of pleasure. The moonlight shining in through the window illuminated their naked, intertwined bodies. The aphrodisiac I dosed them with worked very well. Watching the exciting scene unfold before me, I felt my heart settle into a calm that I hadn't experienced in a long time.

The pinhole camera hidden at the head of the bed was recording everything. My plan had succeeded.

When Emily and Ethan were finally done, I stepped out from behind the curtains. They were so exhausted that they

had fallen asleep right away.

'Didn't I tell you I'd make you pay for the pain you'd caused me, Ethan?' I took the camera away, left my bedroom, and disappeared into the night.

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