

# Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 403 by Gorgeous Killer

## Chapter 403 I Want To Get Back Together With You

**Vivian's POV** I was packing my things at home when I got a call from Charles I had planned to stay at the hospital so that I could look after Spencer. Besides, he wouldn't be able to do anything to drive me away "Vivian, Spencer insists on leaving the hospital. He has asked you to pick him up." 'Spencer asked me to pick him up?' I was shocked by this.

"Did he mean it?" I asked.

"Of course. Spencer is a stubborn jackass. Nobody can force him to do something he doesn't want to." Charles sounded like he was chuckling a bit –

I dropped the call, threw my clothes aside, and went to the hospital to pick up Spencer, Upon reaching the door of the ward, I saw him sitting on a wheelchair all alone. He was staring blankly at the scenery outside the window, seemingly lonely. To me, he kind of looked like an abandoned child at this moment. Merely seeing him in this state broke my heart. In the past, this man was so flamboyant and animated, but now... he had to sit on a wheelchair for the rest of his life. The thought of never being able to stand up again must be tearing him apart. Silently, I held back my tears and took a deep breath. I put on a smile, mustered my courage, and approached Spencer, hugging him from behind "Well? Have you finally come around to the idea? I just learned a new massage technique. Do you wanna try it?" I asked. Spencer froze for a moment. Instead of struggling from my embrace, he calmly turned around and said, "Vivian, I want to get back together with you, as husband and wife."

"Are you serious?" I looked into his eyes, visibly surprised.

'What made him change his mind?' I wondered.

"I'm a cripple now, but if you don't think I'm a burden, then please take care of me from now on," Spencer remarked, wearing a face devoid of emotion. He didn't look like he was excited

about getting back together with me. On the contrary, it seemed as though he wanted me to back away from these hardships. 'Does he really think he can get rid of me? No way!' I stroked Spencer's face and said, "It's okay. That's exactly what I want."

The second we got back home, Spencer started to give me a hard time.

As he sat on his wheelchair, he said to me, "You should take care of everything we need in the future. I don't like strangers touching the stuff I use." I was sitting at the door changing my shoes when I heard him. "That can't be done," I answered without even glancing at him. "You can't even do something that trivial? Then, how are you supposed to spend the rest of your life with me? There are so many more things you can and should do in the future!" It seemed like Spencer wanted to start an argument.

I didn't let his words vex me. I just stood up, and grinned at him. "Actually, I have something for you to do."

He fell silent for a moment. I grabbed the handles of the wheelchair, and wheeled him inside the house.

"What are you doing?" Spencer asked, panicking

"We're going back to our room."

I wheeled Spencer into the bedroom. The way he kept looking at me vigilantly was amusing to me. It was hard to resist the urge

to tease him.

Slowly, I leaned closer to his face; my breath, seeping into his face. Within the blink of an eye, the tension rose in the room.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Are you scared that I'll eat you up?" I asked.

"Vivian, stay away from you. I don't have thoughts about you like that right now." Spencer's face turned red as he ducked backwards.

The more he backed away, the more it excited me.

ef hey, I brushed my fingertips against his skin “But I have lots of thoughts about you, honey”

Embarrassed, Spencer grabbed my hand “Vivian, can you please behave yourself?” Lahuckled at his reaction, pulled my hands from his, and stood up while he was watching at me, slack jawed in shock, I throw my underwear at him one after another.

My panties landed on his face. Annoyed, he tossed it right away. The next second, i threw my lacy bra at his face

Unable to bear it any longer, he yelled, “Have you gone mad?” “You may not be able to move your legs, but your hands still work, right?” I asked,

Spencer was stunned

“Come and help me wash my clothes. From now on, you’re the only one allowed to wash my delicates.”

“Vivian, you’re taking things too far!” Spencer looked so hilariously pathetic on his wheelchair with a pile of panties and bras in his hands. Swallowing my laughter, I said to him with a straight face, “This is only just the beginning. You can try to resist it if you can.” I walked over to the wheelchair and wheeled him into the laundry room

The servants in the laundry room were surprised to see me.

“Listen up. From now on, Mr. Patel will wash my delicates himself, and none of you are allowed to help him, got it?” Surprised, the servants exchanged glances before nodding and leaving the room. I picked out my underwear, tossed them to the other side, and turned to Spencer. “Remember, my delicates must be handwashed.” Spencer remained seated on his wheelchair, his face, ashen. It looked like he wanted to tear apart the lacy undies that he had in

his hand

“What the hell are you trying to do?”

“Make you do your part. I have high hopes for you.” I patted him on the shoulder as a form of encouragement. I could see the veins bulging on Spencer’s forehead. Needless to say, he was about to throw a tantrum. It was then that I rolled up my sleeves, exposing the bruises

on my arms. Even after so long, the marks resulting from the hemp ropes remained visible on my body. Spencer was like a balloon that had been poked. All the anger he felt disappeared in an instant. After a long silence, he began washing my delicates, albeit reluctantly. As I watched him curse while trying to figure out how to wash my lacy panties clean without tearing them, I was so delighted. Then, I picked up my phone and texted Richard. "Give me Caroline's number." He quickly sent me a phone number. I sent Caroline a message. "Scarlett, I know it's you. Thank you so much for your help. Someday, if you feel the need to talk to someone, please feel free to come to me. Your loyal friend, Vivian" 1

### Susan's POV

After Rita died, Ellison never came to me again. 1 As time went on, all the savings I had kept were gradually used up. I was reluctant to find a job, but I didn't want to be poor, either. Thus, I began gambling. It was the only way I could think of to make a quick buck and possibly get my old lavish life back. I gambled in various casinos and racetracks, but it seemed as though Lady Luck and fate had abandoned me. Instead of growing my savings, my debts grew because of all the losses I incurred from gambling.

Today was my last chance.

On the racetrack, there were seven horses competing against each other. I stood amidst the stands and shouted, "Come on! Go number five! You can do it!"

As I watched horse number five approach the finish line, I held my breath and hoped for victory.

But the very next second, horse number three ran past the horse I bet on and crossed the finish line first.

"Impossible! This can't be! How could my horse lose? Fuck! I'm going to bet again!" I searched all of the pockets I had and found only a few coins.

'Fuck... I'm screwed.'

I collapsed to the ground, losing all hope. "That's her! Take her down!"

hope 403 I Want To Get Back Together With You Several burly men appeared from behind me. One of them, a man with a scar, pulled me up from the ground, grabbed my hands, and clasped them behind me. "Who are you? Let me go! I demand you let me go!" I screamed in

horror. Another burly man stuck a ball of cloth into my mouth and dragged me away. Nobody in the crowd attempted to help me. They all just stared at the racetrack frantically waiting in anticipation of the winner. Soon, I was taken to a dimly lit room. There, the man with a scar threw me to the ground.

Panicking, I raised my head. Standing in front of me was a middle-aged man in a floral shirt. He was staring daggers at me.

He leaned forward and patted my cheek. "Hey, you must pay your debts. When are you going to pay us what you owe?"

I was so scared that I couldn't move. In a trembling voice, I replied, "L.. I don't have any money left."

"Then, do you have any family?" The look in the man's eyes changed I swallowed hard and replied, "My husband is in jail. And my daughter... she's dead." The man spat on my face, revealing his dirty teeth. "Damned bitch! You're not going to pay, are you?" He clasped my face, looking at me obscenely. He was gripping my face so hard that it felt like he could crush my chin at any moment

"You know... you do look kind of pretty. Since you don't have any money to pay for your debts, you can pay us with your body."

The man then gestured at his subordinates and said, "Take her away."