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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 241

Chapter 241 The Hero Saved The Beauty

Spencer's POV: "Are you certain?" I asked, looking at Richard with confusion. He nodded in response. "It's all true." Upon hearing his answer, I creased my eyebrows and felt a splitting headache. "I don't get it, man. Why did Justin take Vivian to the Johnson residence?" Charles turned his attention towards me. "Spencer, I think Vivian looks like someone we know."

I was perplexed as to why he brought that up all of a sudden. "And who could that be?" I asked.

"The hostess of the Johnson family, Emily Johnson," he answered. "Wait a second. You mean Ethan's stepmother, Emily Johnson?" Charles patted me on the shoulder. "I seem to recall that Emily had a daughter with her ex husband before she married into the Johnson family." I understood what he meant, and I looked at him with a wide-eyed gaze. "Are you saying that Vivian might be Emily's daughter?" Vivian had never told me about her true identity before. And I never once thought that she'd have anything to do with the Johnson family.

That family's business was currently in big trouble. And it worried me that it might affect Vivian, too. "Scarlett, when did Vivian get picked up?" Charles' voice jolted me back to reality. After a brief silence, Scarlett answered, "Around nine in the morning, I think." With a straight face, Charles shot me a glance! "Spencer, we need to hurry. The longer we wait, the more likely it is that Vivian will be in danger." I turned to the door, but I couldn't bring myself to move towards it, for I was feeling conflicted. "Vivian was willing to get in the car, right? Maybe she did it for the money.

If I go there, I might end up spoiling her plan," I said. All of a sudden, I felt someone hit me on the back heavily. When I turned to look at who did it, I saw that it was Scarlett. She was

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glaring at me and her nostrils were practically flaring. "You idiot!" she shouted. "If Vivian went into the car willingly, would she have asked me for help? And if you keep on hesitating like that, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your miserable life!" Before I could respond, I saw that Scarlett was intending to hit me again. Fortunately, Charles came to stop her. In a soft voice, he said, "Hey, Scarlett, be careful not to hurt your hand."

I was staring at them in a daze, but in my mind, images of Vivian's face kept flashing. 'If something happens to her, I can never forgive myself.' I didn't dare to think of what might happen to her, and decided to run out of the place at once. Soon, I arrived at the Johnson family's mansion along with numerous bodyguards. "What are you people doing here? Go away!" The guard was vigilantly looking at us through the iron gate.

With a stern face, I issued the command. My men carried out my order and rushed forward.

They easily scaled the gate and subdued the guard. And while the guard was screaming, my men managed to open the gate. Once we were on the other side of the gate, I entered the house and rushed into the living room. Meanwhile, my men scattered throughout the premises of the Johnson residence to look for Vivian. The servants of the Johnson household screamed and ran away in fear of us. Moments later, I found Vivian's phone on the stairway.

Quickly, I went up the stairs. Upstairs, I heard a familiar and faint voice coming from behind a half-closed room. "Help me," the voice groaned. My heart skipped a beat as I kicked the door open.

The loud noise startled the person on the bed, causing him to bolt upright, followed by his angry voice. "Do you want to die? How dare you disturb me?" It was Ethan, the eldest son of the Johnson family. I shot the man a cold glance. His upper body was naked, and his trousers were already half open.

The exposed underwear beneath the pants were bulging up, and it made me feel sick to see it.

Most importantly, the woman half-naked on the bed and visibly in pain was Vivian.

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She was lying weakly on the bed, with tears in her barely opened eyes. "Spencer... help me," she muttered. All the remaining rationality I had disappeared without a trace.

I roared at the top of my lungs, charged forward, and kicked Ethan's chest with all my might. "Argh!" Ethan bellowed as he flung towards the wall and then fell to the floor. Upon impact, he wheezed and whined like a wounded dog. Showing no mercy, I mounted him and began pounding on his ugly face.

"Ethan, you piece of shit! Go to hell!" "Fuck!" Ethan cursed. He had barely gotten the curse out of his mouth when I pummeled him with my fists, and the words turned into muffled screaming. With reckless abandon, I vented all my anger on Ethan by beating the crap out of him. And with every hit, my rage only became more intense. I didn't stop until I realized that Ethan had lost consciousness.

It was then that I went to Vivian's side. "Vivian, I'm so sorry. Forgive me... I should've come earlier..." My body trembled as I stood at the bedside, having no courage to even look her in the eye. "I'm so glad that you're here." The sound of Vivian's voice was choked by her sobbing. My heart felt so painful that I could hardly keep myself standing. I did my best to stifle my emotions, wrapped Vivian in a blanket, and carefully lifted her up. "I'm taking you out of here this instant." Then, I planted a kiss on her cheek, accidentally kissing some of her tears.

They tasted bitter on my tongue. Vivian didn't respond, and her head drooped as she lost consciousness. Startled, I gently placed her down to examine her breathing. Once I was certain that she just fainted, I breathed a sigh of relief. However, my heart was still racing. When I walked out of the room with Vivian in my arms, I saw a beautiful woman heading towards me. Her face looked so much like Vivian's. As her eyes met mine, anger appeared on her face and she began marching towards me, seemingly ready for a confrontation. "Who the hell are you?"

And how dare you break into the Johnson family's household? Put Vivian down!" My face turned grim, and my voice became cold. "Vivian is my woman. Who do you think you are to question me like that?" "I am her mother!" she countered. "Prove it," I sneered. While Emily was stunned, I walked past her. "How could a mother hurt her own daughter? You're probably lying!" "Stop!" Emily shouted from behind me. I turned a deaf ear to her and just kept on walking downstairs. But as soon as I got to the door, I found that all my men had been subdued by the guards of the Johnson household.

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“Let go of Vivian! Otherwise, none of you will be able to leave here alive!” Emily’s voice was drawing closer and closer, and it was even more arrogant than before. As soon as I turned around, she was taken aback by my daunting expression. “You there! Come over here and protect me,” she commanded. However, the only response she got were screams of horror. Following the harrowing sound, I turned around and saw that Richard had stormed the place with a group of men.

They had incapacitated all of the guards there. After straightening his collar, Richard said, “Mr. Moore was worried that you might not be able to handle things over here yourself, so he asked me to bring some men over to help out.” “Thanks,” I said, giving him a nod. I ignored Emily despite her incessant screaming and left the Johnson mansion, still carrying Vivian in my arms. Soon, the car arrived at the bar. I took Vivian back to the room, gently placing her on the bed.

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The blanket accidentally slipped down, revealing her delicate collarbone. I asked one of the waitresses to help Vivian change her clothes, and then I went out to call Charles. “So, what happened, man?” he asked. “I’ve brought Vivian back to the bar. Thanks for the help, Charles,” I answered. I really meant that. If Richard had brought his people to help me, they would’ve subdued me already, and kept me and Vivian in the house. “No problem, man. Scarlett is the one you should thank. She was worried you might not be able to handle it on your own. After all, the Johnson family probably has a lot of men on their payroll.”

“Scarlett is so considerate. Please thank her for me.” Charles scoffed and said, “My wife should be considerate towards me, and me alone.” “It’s because you’re too pathetic that Scarlett has to worry about you.” Upon hearing his remark, I furrowed my brows. “Charles, can you stop being so jealous, dude?” Before I could even finish my sentence, the call was already over. When I heard he hang up, I let out an exasperated sigh.

“Ever since he made up with Scarlett, he’s become more narrow-minded than ever. He even got jealous that I wanted to thank Scarlett, jeez!” Soon, the door opened and the waitress came out quietly. “Sir, I’ve finished changing her clothes,” she said. “Thanks. I’ll give you a bonus this month.” After that, the waitress thanked me with glee in her eyes, and left at once.

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I stared at the door, hesitating to go in. I even had to deceive myself by making up an excuse to go in. Once I had gathered enough courage, I opened the door and entered. "I have to check if the waitress actually put on her clothes probably," I told myself.

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