

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 393

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.

"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. 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.'

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?"

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.

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 was 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?"

"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.

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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

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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Chapter 394 Scandal

Daniel's POV:

I took the red-eye flight, so I could get home early in the morning.

As soon as I entered the house, the butler came running to me with a look of utter shock. "Mr. Johnson, oh, what a calamity! Please read the news quickly!"

I turned on my phone, and my eyes widened when I saw a piece of shocking news. "Unbelievable! Sex tape gone viral! An incestuous love affair between the heir of the Johnson family and his stepmother? Click this link to read more."

In a fit of anger, I threw my phone on the floor, causing it to break into pieces. Without a word, I stormed into the bedroom with the bodyguards. Just as I had expected, my son was hugging his stepmother in bed, naked.

My blood pressure rose because of what I had seen. I also felt dizzy as if my brain was lacking oxygen. Suddenly, my knees buckled under my weight, causing me to stumble. Fortunately, my men caught me on time. "Someone wake this slut and my unfilial son and tie them up!"

Several bodyguards quickly fetched two basins of cold water and poured them onto the two people on the bed. "Ah!"

Ethan and Emily got up at the same time. Confusion was written all over their faces. It was the latter who first realized what was happening. "Ah!" she screamed in surprise. Ethan looked around to figure out what was happening. When she saw Emily, a look of displeasure appeared on his face. "What the fuck is going on? Why are you in my bed?" Emily went white as a sheet. In a panic, she covered her naked body with the wet quilt. "I'm the one who should be asking you that!" she retorted.

"Enough!" I interjected, "Have you no shame? Get dressed and come to my study!"

About half an hour later, the bodyguards brought Ethan and Emily to the study. I stared at Ethan, who was shame-faced, and Emily, who was as pale as a ghost. As I looked at the two of them, the rage inside me burned even more.

I pointed at Emily and ordered one of my men, "Slap her!"

A bodyguard walked over to her and slapped her across the face.

Emily groaned in pain. That single slap made her face swell in an instant.

"Do it again, and don't stop until I say so." I watched with pleasure as the bodyguard slapped Emily over and over.

Emily's face was now bruised and swollen, and there was blood at the corner of her mouth. Unable to take the slapping anymore, she fell to the floor feebly. "Enough!" I ordered.

The bodyguard stepped aside at once. I shifted my gaze to Ethan, who was watching the scene in front of him with horror. "Father, believe me, I went to see Vivian last night. I don't know how I ended up sleeping with Emily. I have no interest in that old woman at all," Ethan explained anxiously.

I just stared at him in response. Even though he was my only son, I was very disappointed in him.

"Give me a whip," I ordered sternly to my men.

Ethan fell stunned as he immediately realized what was about to go down. He tried to flee. However, the bodyguards

came forward, grabbed him by the shoulders, and forced him to get down on his knees.

"Father! No!"

With a whip in my hand, I slowly made my way toward Ethan. For a fleeting moment, I felt sorry for him. But then, I hardened my heart and began whipping him to my heart's content. The sound of the whip whooshing, along with

Ethan's screams, echoed in the study

I calmed down a little after giving my son a whipping

When I finally threw the whip away, Ethan was lying on the ground and groaning in pain.

I shifted my attention to Emily, who was trembling like leaf

I had doted on this woman for many years. Never in my life did I imagine that she would cheat on me. I was wrong

To think, she cheated on me with my son! The remaining pity in my heart turned into rage. How I wished I could peel off her skin with my bare hands. I grabbed her collar and pulled her up from the ground. "Over the years, I doted on you, gave you shares of my company, and made you the hostess of the family. I even turned a blind eye whenever you messed around with you toy boys. Couldn't you keep your hands to yourself? How dare you seduce my son? Do you want to die?!" "No. I didn't seduce your son. It was Vivian!" She planned this!" Emily explained in a hoarse voice. "Yes. It must be her! She's taking revenge on me. Where is that bitch anyway?" Ethan echoed with a ferocious look on his face.

I let go of Emily and strode toward Ethan. Without warning, I slapped him on the face as hard as I could.

"She's gone! How could that woman fool you over and over again? Now, the whole world thinks that you two are having an affair. How am I supposed to face others now?" "Honey..." Emily hugged my legs and sobbed, "Trust me. I was set up. How could I betray you?" I just watched her acting with a sneer at the corners of my mouth. There was no pity in my heart, only disgust. "Get her out of here," I ordered through gritted teeth. "Yes, Mr. Johnson." The bodyguards walked forward and dragged Emily out of the study. My head ached after dealing with my treacherous wife, so I sat on my swivel chair to rest.

Meanwhile, Ethan stood in front of me as though he had something to say.

I felt a myriad of emotions as I stared at the heir I had been cultivating for years.

Could it be that the Johnson family was not destined to have a successor?

At this moment, I sighed heavily and asked, "Do you know why you're still alive?"

"Because I'm the only son of the Johnson family," Ethan answered under his breath.

It turned out that he was aware that he was the only hope of the Johnson family.

Furious, I slapped him yet again. "Then why don't you learn? How could you let that woman have you in the palm of her hands? You played with fire, and you ended up burning yourself. What the hell are we supposed to do now?"

Ethan covered his face and bellowed, "Just kill both of them!"

I was taken aback by his response. What a despicable son he was! I stared at him with disdain. "Those two only want the property of the Johnson family anyway. Their deaths are not to be regretted," Ethan explained with a sneer.

"Then what have you done for this family?" "I..." Ethan opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out of it. "I've been married to Emily for so many years. Do you seriously think that I only treat her as a plaything?" Ethan lowered his head. "No, I—" "Then how could you sleep with her?!" My heart was broken. Emily and I had been married for decades. I loved her. How dare this bastard suggest that I

should kill the woman I loved?

"What's done is done. There's nothing we can do about it anymore." Ethan paused for a few seconds and then added.

"There must've been something wrong with the medicine Vivian gave yesterday." "What about Emily? Was she drugged, too?"

"I think so." Ethan suddenly pounded on the table and exclaimed, "Damn it! We were all set up by that woman!"

I sighed deeply. "Ethan, forget Vivian. You're no match for her." "That's all the more reason why I have to kill her," Ethan retorted.

"It's easy for you to say that. Just to remind you, you're not the only one who's searching for her. I'm sure someone will come and ask for her soon." "Are you talking about that cripple_Spencer?" Ethan asked crossly. Judging from the look on his face, he did not take my words seriously.

"He may be a cripple, but he's not dead. Once he finds out that you kidnapped Vivian, he'll come for you." "I would rather kill that bitch than hand her over to Spencer. If I can't have her, nobody else can!" Ethan roared with a crazy look on his face. I could only stare at him blankly and wonder where I had gone wrong. Could I really hand the Johnson family over to him? Scarlett's POV:

I stood in front of the wardrobe as I chose the evening dress I would wear in the auction.

While I was busy trying out dresses, Elena stormed in and exclaimed, "Oh my God! Caroline, check your Twitter. Ethan and Emily's sex tape was uploaded!" Without missing a beat, I threw the dress in my hand and picked up my phone. I was pleased. It seemed that my camera had come in handy. This could only mean one thing—Vivian's plan was a

success.

I smiled knowingly. "Good job, Elena. Vivian must've escaped seeing that their video is now out there. Let's leave the rest to Spencer." Elena sighed. "Caroline, you haven't changed at all. You're still so kind."

I froze. Was I really kind?

I did not think so. After what I had gone through, my heart was now as hard as a stone. I shook my head and explained, "Elena, don't think too highly of me. I helped Vivian because she and Spencer are my friends. I don't want anything to happen to them."

"I know. You're just being in denial," Elena mumbled.

"Whatever. Anyway, let's choose which dress I should wear in the action first."

I shifted the topic. As I spoke, I opened the red box in front of me excitedly. I received this at the same time I received Charles's present. At first, I thought it was from him. But when I opened the box, I saw a note which read, "Miss Wilson, please forgive me for my rudeness. Please accept this present as a peace offering. I believe that this would look good on you. Simon."

Under the note was a dark green V-neck slip dress. The design was simple, but it was elegant. Its close-fitting design would show the curve of the woman who would wear this. Gentleman as he was, Simon also prepared a set of pearl jewelry that would match the gown perfectly. "Aww. Simon is so thoughtful. Caroline, are you going to give him a chance?" Elena teasingly asked. .

I gazed at the green gown Simon had sent and the blue one from Charles. Which should I choose! 2