

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer

Chapter 491

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I Feel Terrible

Caroline's POV:

I furtively scanned the crowd for Charles, but I couldn't see him anywhere.

My hesitation lasted for seconds before I gave in and finally answered the call.

"Hello."

No one answered.

Heavy breathing was the only thing I heard, the sound ensnaring my senses in its trap.

Thousands of words welled up in my heart.

In the end, all I asked was, "Charles, what can I do for you?"

"Sorry, wrong number."

The asinine reply was all I got after several seconds of silence.

Disappointed, I muttered, "In that case, bye."

"Bye," he answered.

For a small eternity, I waited with bated breath for him to say something, but when I realized he had no intention of speaking, I hung up and walked out of the banquet hall.

I was so lost in my jumbled thoughts that I failed to watch where I was going and bumped into a waiter who happened to be carrying several glasses of wine.

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The tray in his hand fell and all the glasses of wine toppled over, drenching my dress.

“I’m sorry, Miss.Are you okay?” the waiter asked anxiously.

“I am fine.” I replied quickly, quelling his stream of apologies.

My cheeks heated with embarrassment as I accepted a tissue from him and began wiping the wine stain.

The commotion we made drew Simon’s attention.

He excused himself from the group he was in and hurried over to me.

“Are you hurt?” he asked with concern..

“No, it’s just that my dress is stained.I have a spare one. Don’t worry.”

The waiter then led me into a room I could change in after I fetched my spare dress in the car.

The room was awash in darkness and I was unable to find the light switch anywhere.

With a soft click, the door closed behind me and I abandoned my search for the light switch in favor of getting out of my wet dress.

Just then, there was a slight rustling sound from somewhere behind me.

Was there anyone else in this room? Lips pursing, I turned around slowly with a frown, but I couldn’t see anything.

However, I had definitely heard a sound that could only have been made by another human.

“Who is there?” I asked cautiously

There was no verbal answer to my question, but I was able to make out the shape of a man smoking a cigarette on the sofa in the corner.

The cigarette burn was bright in the darkness. I nearly smacked myself in the head for my carelessness.

In my haste to get out of the dress, I hadn't bothered to make sure the room was empty before disrobing.

The man in the corner stayed silent and continued smoking, but suddenly the light came on.

My eyes had gotten used to the darkness of the room and the sudden brightness blinded me for a second.

Out of habit, I squinted until my eyes had once again adjusted to the light.

Now able to see properly, I turned to the figure on the sofa and I was left speechless at the man's identity.

My initial thought was that it was some playboy but I was wrong.

The man smoking in the dark turned out to be none other than Charles. I continued staring at him in shocked silence.

Through the clouds of smoke he puffed up, Charles stared back at me.

It was impossible to put to words the myriad of thoughts flashing through our eyes.

The smoke from Charles' cigarette filled the air.

Finally, he broke the silence.

"Are you not cold?"

His question snapped me back to attention and that was when I realized that I was standing in front of him half naked.

My face flamed and I hastily grabbed at the rest of my dress, trying to cover myself.

Frantically, I scanned the room and couldn't find even a cubicle I could change in.

Damn it! Eventually, I had no choice but to turn to Charles awkwardly.

"Please turn around." He said nothing for a while and simply stared at me.

After a few seconds of tense silence, he stood up and went out to the balcony.

The moon reflected starkly on his figure.

He stood still, his back straight.

For a while, I did nothing but stare at him, lost in my thoughts.

Eventually, I was able to snap out of it and returned my attention to what I should be doing.

As quickly as possible, I changed from my wet dress to my spare one.

But my bout of embarrassing episodes were not over yet.

The new dress was strapless and was meant to be laced up on the back.

The dress was designed in such a way that the person wearing the dress would need someone else to lace them up.

It was an unfortunate predicament I discovered only after I had put on the dress.

So now, I was stuck in a dilemma. I couldn't go out half naked, but I didn't have anyone I could ask for help....

"Do you need any help?"

Charles' low and seductive baritone purred from behind me.

I shook my head in denial.

“No, thanks.” Charles ignored my refusal of his help.

He put out the cigarette and walked towards me. His long legs ate up the distance between us in a few steps.

I could do nothing but stare up at him.

The room was well lit and nothing was in the dark.

But then Charles stalked closer to me and his body loomed over me, his shadow blocking out the light.

Our bodies were so close that our breaths intertwined and each time I inhaled, I breathed in the scent of nicotine.

Breathing the same air was a very alluring and powerful aphrodisiac.

“Turn around,” Charles ordered gruffly.

Dazed, all I could do was blink up at him.

Charles took matters into his own hands and turned me around by the shoulders.

Slowly, Charles gathered my hair and pushed it over my shoulder so he could have a clear view of my back.

Long fingers swept over my skin, and the heat made me tremble.

Subconsciously, I turned away from his touch but he held both of my hands captive.

He pushed me against the wall and dragged both of my hands above my head.

My face was flush against the wall and Charles' body heat directly behind me.

Something about being trapped in this position made me feel nervous. I struggled to get free but Charles wouldn't let me go

“Do you feel good?”

Charles' seductive purr drawled right inside my ear and I shivered. His voice was hoarse and deep, and I could tell just from the tenor that Charles was feeling as conflicted as I was.

A frown marred my face as I cocked my head in confusion.

“What?” Charles let go of my hands and turned me to face him.

This position was even more intimate as Charles' hand encircled my lower back, pushing me deeper into him.

The heat of his palm made my legs feel a little weak.

My face flamed a deep red and I couldn't help but shout, “Charles!”

My mind went blank. I couldn't think of anything else, so I could only call his name again and again.

Charles pinched my chin, using his hold on me to stop my flow of words.

He swallowed hard.

After a beat of silence, he asked hoarsely, “Do you feel good when I dance with other women?”

Why was he asking me such a question? He wasn't trying to rub it in, was he? I was stunned.

Hot tears rushed to my eyes at his question. I twisted my head to the side so he wouldn't see how his words affected me.

But Charles didn't let go of my chin.

He looked into my eyes and said, “I... I feel terrible.”

Again, I was left floored by his words.

But before I could say anything, he continued, "You shouldn't have come to me holding Simon's hand!"

I bit my lip, not knowing what to say.

The blatant anguish in his eyes made my heart twinge with a corresponding pain.

A good-looking man would always get more sympathy.

Clenching my fists tightly, I tried to suppress the urge to smooth out his frown.

"That statement is out of line, Charles."

"Of course it is. I know we are divorced, so I don't have the right to demand anything from you," Charles snapped in a tight tone, his eyes turning forlorn.

It was hard to imagine that such a high-spirited and charming man could also become so frustrated and incapable of forming the right words to express himself.

I was touched, but I tried to be rational.

"Since you know it, you should let go of me now."

I had no choice but to make myself as indifferent as possible and rational when I faced him.

However, my rationality went out the window when he suddenly kissed me.

I trembled.

Instinctively, I took a step back from his kiss.

But with my back against the wall, there was nowhere could go.

The best I could do was to turn my head to avoid the kiss.

If I was firing on all cylinders, then I would have remembered to push him away from me.

But I couldn't do it.

He didn't flinch when he failed to kiss me.

Instead, he bent over and tried to kiss me again.

This kiss was not urgent.

On the contrary, it was more like a test. He seemed to be observing my reaction.

I found myself unable to dodge at all. I tilted my head and tried to avoid him, but his lips followed mine closely.

He kissed me and sucked my lips.

Again, I dodged him.

But this time it didn't look like I was trying to hide from him anymore, but more like I was playing a flirting game with him.

We panted loudly, our breaths unsteady.

"Caroline, are you here?"

Simon's voice suddenly called from outside the room, startling the both of us.

A short knock followed his words.

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I Know You're In There

Caroline's POV:

I was shocked.

Suddenly, I was pulled back to my senses.

Nervously, I looked into Charles' eyes. His face was grim and his brows were knitted together.

"Caroline!"

Simon knocked on the door again; harder this time. I wanted to answer him.

But then, Charles held my neck.

This time, he seemed to have lost his patience. He no longer wanted to tease me by kissing me.

As if to show ownership of me, he kissed me overbearingly. I tried to protest, but Charles swallowed all the words I wanted to say.

He was kissing me hard and passionately. I felt as though he intended to swallow me whole.

"Say something, Caroline. I know you're in there!" Simon said impatiently.

Charles' kiss was so fierce that I almost lost my breath. I gripped his shirt, trying to push him away.

"Stop," I pleaded as soon as I had the chance to breathe.

Charles put his hand on my hips, drawing me closer towards him.

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His rock-hard dick made me feel like my body was on fire.

Charles' handsome face was so close to mine that it looked surreal beneath the light.

The lust in his eyes made him look like a beast, ready to escape from its cage.

My heart raced.

"Caroline, are you okay?" Simon said from outside the door, sounding very worried.

Having heard his voice, Charles exerted more force on my hips. He nibbled on my ear, breathing into it on purpose.

Seductively, he said, "Do you want my help answering him?"

I grasped his shirt with both hands and shook my head.

"You... don't do it."

Charles lifted the hemline of my dress. He rubbed his cock against my pubis over and over.

With every passing second, our breathing became heavier.

I wanted to speak up, but in the end, all I could muster were moans of pleasure.

Charles growled, clutching my ass as he lifted me up.

Thereafter, he threw me onto the sofa ever so gently.

He then approached me with one hand pressing on the sofa.

One of his legs landed on the ground, and the other knelt right between my legs.

He then spread my legs apart. Because of what we were doing, my clothes had become disheveled.

Slowly, Charles slid his hands into my clothes and began fingering me.

My body tensed up even more.

The movement of his fingers almost made me scream.

Outside the door, the knocks sounded more anxious than the last ones. I had to bite my lower lip just to keep myself from screaming.

“Good girl. Now relax...”

Charles’ husky voice resonated in my ears.

It was filled with so much affection.

Soon, lust intoxicated me and I was powerless against it.

I opened my eyes, entranced by the sight of the man in front of me, who was tortured by lust as well.

Tears welled up in my eyes as I cried out. I had no idea why I suddenly gave into my carnal desires.

Seconds later, I found myself unzipping his pants.

Thereafter, his penis was exposed.

He groaned, lifted me up, and kissed me even harder.

I could tell that he was no longer able to contain his lust.

His gentleness from earlier had turned into a violent passion. He penetrated me, swinging his hips back and forth.

I felt as though light was flashing before my eyes.

The pleasure of his cock inside of me was shattering my sanity.

For a moment, I even forgot that Simon was standing outside the door.

Indeed, I had forgotten. I had forgotten my promise to my father that I would never see Charles again. I had forgotten that I promised Simon that I'd give him a chance.

And I had forgotten that I told Charles that we should never see each other again.

All I could remember now was Charles.

This charming man was all I could think of.

Like a puppet, I swayed to his movements, drowned in his world of lust.

Inch by inch, I sank, unable to extricate myself from him.

Outside the door, Simon no longer made any sound.

The smell of hormones caused by sex pervaded in the air. I was completely wet.

Even after we finished, my body was still trembling.

Gradually, my lust dissipated and I finally came to my senses. I was kind of upset. I was annoyed that I couldn't stand by my principles, and all reason would go out the door when it came to Charles.

He, on the other hand, seemed to be in a good mood.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

The faint smile in his eyes made him look like a charming fox.

"You're very good at tempting women," I said.

If he weren't, I never would've thrown my reasoning aside for him over and over.

Charles seemed to be amused.

He ran his fingers down my back, making me tremble and feel weak. His eyes lit up even more.

“Nah... it’s just that you can’t resist my temptation.”

Blushing, I sat up from his legs and straightened my dress.

Charles put his hands behind my back and tied the straps of my dress for me. I shot him a glance before turning my head away in embarrassment.

“I, um... I’m going home.”

Charles didn’t say anything. He just held me tighter. I fell silent for a time and tried to remove his hands from my waist.

All of a sudden, Charles pressed me against him once more.

He lowered his head, gazing into my eyes.

“Baby, unless you agree to remarry me, I’m never gonna let you go. And I won’t allow you to be with another man, either, so you’d best prepare yourself!”

Every word that came out of his mouth was striking.

Charles’ POV:

I was glad that I had completely recovered from my cold.

For me, Caroline’s body worked so much better than any medicine.

“This is the second generation of intelligent robot developed by our company. It has human-like skin, and an iris recognition system. It is able to have simple daily conversations with people, play chess like normal people, and it has a deep learning algorithm.”

I was sitting on the sofa, watching the news report on TV.

Just then, Corey sent me a message.

“Charles, have you seen the news? Everything is going well, and the market value of our company is skyrocketing!”

I smiled with satisfaction and replied, "Keep an eye on Adam. He's not going to let go of such a profitable project that easily."

That afternoon, I received Adam's additional investment just as I had expected.

From what I could tell, the money he was about to invest was all of his fortune.

People who were at a dead end usually seized every opportunity available to them. It was kind of like grasping the last glimmer of hope they had.

However, this fool had no idea that this glimmer of hope could turn into a nightmare and destroy his life at any moment

The phone rang.

It was from the hospital.

"Your grandmother has woken up!"

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You Got The Wrong Person

Samantha's POV:

I went to Christine's ward at the hospital to pay her a visit.

There, I found Alice standing outside the door. I walked over to greet her with a smile.

"Alice, I'm here to visit Christine."

"Samantha, you came." Alice forced a smile.

"How is Christine doing?" I asked.

“She still hasn’t woken up yet. The doctor said that the operation was a success, but he also said that it’s going to take a while before she regains consciousness,” Alice answered.

“Don’t worry, Alice. Christine is a strong woman. Pretty soon, she’ll be up and about before we know it!” I said, attempting to comfort her.

Alice nodded in agreement.

“You’re right. She will be okay.”

“Alice, is it okay if I go inside and see her?” I asked while handing her the gift I had brought.

“I’m sure she will be happy to know that you care about her so much.” Needless to say, Alice was on the brink of tears.

“Why isn’t Caroline here? I heard that she’s the reason Christine fell down. She must be feeling guilty right now...” I muttered.

“What?”

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Alice was shocked.

Clearly, she didn’t know anything about this. It seemed that Charles had concealed the truth to protect Caroline’s name. I patted Alice on the shoulder and tried to appease her again.

“Maybe there’s been some sort of misunderstanding. I don’t think Caroline would do something like that on purpose. Alice, you should go home and get some rest. I’ll look after Christine for the time being.”

The dark circles under her eyes made it clear that Alice was already exhausted. I could tell that it had been long since she had a good night’s sleep.

Alice hesitated for a moment before she finally nodded.

“Thank you. I’ll take you up on that offer,” she said.

Once Alice had left, the smile on my face dissipated. I pushed the door open and walked into the ward.

Inside, I shot Christine a cold glance.

“You old fool! I hope you never wake up again, so that Charles and Caroline never reconcile!”

As I stared at the oxygen mask on her face, a sinister idea dawned on me.

‘If Christine dies, Caroline will be considered her killer!’ My hands trembled as I reached for the mask.

Just then, my phone rang. It was from my assistant, Doris.

“Hello? What do you want?” I asked impatiently.

“Boris is coming back for money again,” Doris replied anxiously.

I frowned and scoffed, “What money? Tell him that he shouldn’t push his luck just because he’s mildly useful to me. If word gets out that he induced Caroline’s miscarriage a year ago, he will suffer!”

After a moment of silence, Doris replied, “He said that if we don’t pay him, he’s going to tell everyone that you bribed him.”

I tightened my grip on my phone and roared, “That greedy bastard! How dare he blackmail me?”

It took me a few moments to finally gather my composure.

“Doris, give him some more money and warn him that he should behave himself for the coming days.”

“Yes, ma’am. I’ll arrange that right away.”

All the anger bottled up in my heart finally bubbled up to the surface.

I shouted, “Don’t screw it up this time! You screwed up last time so Caroline survived the car crash, and now that bitch is still around Charles!”

I swore a few more times until the anger that I had stifled finally subsided.

When I finally gathered my composure, I let out a sigh and said, “Sorry, Doris. I didn’t intend to be mean to you. My inability to control my anger has caused me to vent my anger on you. And for that, I apologize.”

I frowned, feeling regretful.

Doris had been with me for as long as I could remember, I shouldn’t have yelled at her like that.

"I'm sorry, Samantha. I won't screw it up this time," she said.

After the phone call, I took a deep breath to calm myself.

The moment I look up, I saw that Christine had opened her eyes, causing me to be startled.

Suddenly, my heart raced. I swallowed the lump in my throat and asked tentatively, "Christine, since when did you wake up?"

She just stared at me in silence; her chest, heaving up and down.

Suddenly, anxiety overcame me.

'Did Christine hear what I just said? Oh, no... This is bad. She might tell Charles!' I clenched my phone, staring at Christine's oxygen mask again.

'If she dies, nobody will know about my secret. I won't allow anyone to ruin my relationship with Charles!' Just then, the door opened from behind me.

A nurse entered the room.

When she saw that Christine had opened her eyes, she was filled with glee.

"You're awake!"

The nurse ran out of the ward before I could stop her.

Not long after, a group of doctors and nurses arrived.

They all surrounded Christine, and I was left with no more chance to take action.

About an hour later, Charles came in. He was wearing a delicate hand-stitched suit, which made him look even more handsome and noble than before.

Despite feeling uneasy, I still gathered my courage to approach him.

"Charles, you're here."

To my surprise, he just gave me a nod and quickly went to the bedside.

"Grandma, you're finally awake! How do you feel?"

Charles sat by the bed; his eyes were filled with worry.

Christine held his hand.

Meanwhile, I held my breath, clenching my fists as my palms began to sweat.

'Fuck... Did Christine hear anything I said?'

Just as I was trying to figure out how to deal with it, Christine said to me, "My beloved granddaughter-in-law is here! Come here, darling. Oh... you're such a good girl."

For a moment, I was stunned. I glanced at the direction of the door to check if anyone had come in.

It made me wonder if Christine was calling for Caroline.

But to my surprise, there was no one there.

"Dear, what are you still standing there for? I've been unconscious for far too long. You must've been really scared, huh? Come here, dear! Let me have a good look at you."

Christine beckoned me to come to her with soft, loving eyes.

Another absurd idea formed in my head.

'Wait a second... is it possible that Christine has mistaken me for Caroline? This is great! Gosh, even God is helping me!' I hid my joy and excitement and briskly went to the bed.

"Grandma!" I exclaimed with glee.

"There you are, my darling! You're such a good girl."

Christine took my hand and put it into Charles' hand. His palm felt wide and dry, and there were several thin calluses on his finger pulps.

My hand was much smaller than his, and it could be completely wrapped by his.

The warmth of his palm was like a surge of electric current, rushing straight to my heart.

Seconds later, I found that my heart was beating like a drum.

I looked up, hopeful and eager to show him all the affection I had for him.

But then, I found that Charles was frowning.

All I could see in his eyes was indifference, It felt like a bucket of ice-cold water had been emptied over my head.

Slowly, the smile on my face disappeared and disappointment overcame me.

Christine stared at my face and Charles' back and forth.

Worriedly, she said, "Are you two fighting? Listen, sweetie, Charles is a bit careless sometimes. There are times that he doesn't notice how you feel for him. But even so, I hope that you can be more forgiving of him."

"Grandma, she's not your granddaughter-in-law. You got the wrong person," Charles grunted.

I held his hand, and gave Christine a comforting glance.

"Don't worry, Grandma. We're going to be fine."

Christine's knitted brows relaxed as she said, "My dearest granddaughter-in-law is much more sensible than my brat of a grandson!"

Her words made me blush and I glanced over at Charles shyly.

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