

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 501

You Seem Pretty Popular With The Ladies

Charles's POV

Back home, Caroline was playing games with the kids with a loving smile on her face.

They all looked so pure and lovely.

I couldn't help but smile. I sent the kids upstairs before I walked to her side, and embraced her.

"Caroline, it's all over." She hugged me back tightly "Really?" she asked tentatively

"Yes, really" I brushed my fingers against her cheek

It took Caroline some time before she found her voice.

"Charles, you've been asking me the reason why I left a year ago Well, here's the truth: I had a miscarriage at the time"

Though I knew the truth already, my heart still ached when the words came from her lips

"Rons told me all the evil deeds he has done. I'm so sorry. Caroline. It's all my fault."

Guilt almost overwhelmed me and made it hard for me to breathe

I couldn't imagine just how painful it must've been for Caroline, and how miserable she must've felt back then.

She shook her head and began sobbing "Back then, I was so weak. The moment I saw you together with Raina and being intimate with her, I saw her as Rita. It made me think that you still

She was having a hard time talking because of all the sobbing. I held her tighter and tighter, and my heart ached for her.

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"I'm sorry, Caroline. All of it happened because I failed to take good care of you. I'm sorry that you had to go through that."

"None of it was your fault. It was me who failed to trust you enough. Moreover, Raina bribed Boris to inject me with an abortient. Our poor child didn't even get the chance to

see the light of the world," Caroline replied through gritted teeth. Her eyes were filled with anger and sorrow.

I gently caressed her back to comfort her. "It's over now. Caroline, so many misunderstandings have happened between us and all of it has led to us being apart for so long. From now on, and until the end of our days together, let's trust each other more, okay?"

"Okay."

Caroline cried even harder, and she wrapped her arms around my neck.

I could feel her tears rolling down on my neck. My heart ached for her. I patted her back and said, "Caroline, I promise you, we're going to have a better future together."

"You're right. We will." She nodded in agreement,

After a long time, Caroline finally managed to calm down.

I wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "You're just like a little cat with a smudged little face." Caroline stared daggers at me. "You're the cat!" she countered.

I had to nod at her and reply. "Well, I guess I am a male cat, and you're female one. We're destined for each other, I see."

"Charles!" Caroline exclaimed.

I combed her hair back and gave her a smile. "Caroline, come home with me to the Moore mansion. Our kids and I want to live with you every single day of our lives."

"You still haven't asked for my father's permission! He's not going to let it happen," Caroline responded adamantly

"Edward will know the truth soon. One way or another, I'm going to make him cast aside all of his prejudices against me." I answered.

"My dad isn't an easy man to convince. You'll have to put in a lot more effort than that," she countered.

"I intend to."

No matter the cost, I would never let her go again,

I looked down and interlocked our fingers together. A smile subconsciously formed on my lips. Caroline nestled in my arms and said, "Dad's birthday is coming up. Why don't you make some preparations for it?"

“Great idea. I should probably think about it carefully.”

This was the first time that I would try to impress my future father-in-law.

“Dad is picky, so you’re going to have to prepare everything in great detail, and you have to be sincere. Otherwise, he’s just not going to accept it,” Caroline replied with a smile.

After pondering on it, I asked, “What does your father even like? I’ll try to make some arrangements in advance.”

“Charles, you’ll have to make all of the preparations yourself to show your sincerity.” I could see Caroline’s eyes lighting up with hope and glee. Her gaze was like a ray of light shining into my heart, and I couldn’t help but smile at her. Suddenly, she looked down and seemed to be dispirited.

“Charles, how is Grandma doing? Does she still not remember me?”

I planted a kiss on Caroline’s forehead and decided to explain the truth to her.

“Grandma pretended not to remember you, because when she woke up, she happened to hear Samantha talking on the phone. If Grandma didn’t pretend to be confused, that woman might’ve done something bad to her, and you.” Caroline’s eyes widened in shock.

“So, you’re saying that Grandma doesn’t have a memory disorder? Now I get why she was acting really weird that day.”

“It’s really all just a misunderstanding. Grandma loves you with all her heart, and her love will never change.”

Caroline’s POV

Just then, the doorbell rang, interrupting my intimate moment with Charles. When Elena went to open the door, my father marched in, visibly angry.

“Caroline, are you okay?” I jogged Charles so that I could be free of his arms. My face blushed as I tidied up my messy clothes.

“Dad, do you know everything now?”

Charles stood up, still as calm as ever. He gave my father a nod and said, “Good day, Mr. Wilson.”

My dad didn't even look at him. Instead, he walked up to me and asked, "Why didn't you tell me that something that big has happened to you? Elena, what the hell were you doing? Do I not pay you enough?"

Elena lowered her head in shame, walking towards Edward and visibly afraid.

"I'm sorry, sir! It's all my fault."

"You're fired! And tell Carlos that he doesn't need to wait outside the villa. You're both fired!"

This was the first time that I had seen my father this livid. I hurried to his side and explained, "Dad, no! I'm the one who asked Elena and Carlos to wait for me in the car. They were just following my orders."

"Mr. Wilson, I humbly apologize. It was I who put Caroline in danger," Charles chimed in.

My father finally looked at him and asked, "Oh, you did, huh?" His gaze was as sharp as knives.

"Samantha wanted to get revenge on me," said Charles.

My father's face turned grim; clearly, he was infuriated.

He sat on the sofa and said, "Mr. Moore, you seem pretty popular with the ladies."

"Mr. Wilson, I've done so many horrible things in the past, but from now on..."

"Stop," said my father, putting his hand up.

"There's no more future for you. If you didn't have three kids with my daughter, you wouldn't have had anything to do with Caroline! Yes, I'm old-fashioned and stubborn, and I can't let go of the past. But it's for the sake of the children that I maintain my etiquette. There's no need for you to say anything else."

The atmosphere seemed to become tense.

Since I didn't want them to argue, I tried to smooth things over. "Dad, Charles got me some coffee that was air freighted from Cuba, I'm going to make a cup for you."

Fortunately, my dad didn't refuse. Thereafter, I took Charles to the kitchen.

"Charles, please don't get mad. Dad is just worried about me." I told him.

"Yup. I totally get it." Charles grinned from ear to ear.

“I’ve mentally prepared myself for this moment.”

Once I had brewed the coffee, I put the cup of coffee on the tea table in front of my dad. However, he didn’t seem to have any intention of drinking it.

At this time, James came downstairs and threw himself into his Grandpa’s arms.

“Grandpa, are you here to see me?” he exclaimed with glee. No longer frowning, my father gave the boy a smile.

“Of course, I did, little man! I missed you so much.”

“Grandpa, we’re here too!” Jerry and Jason threw themselves into the old man’s arms, causing the latter to laugh heartily.

“Well, if there’s nothing else, please leave, Mr. Moore. The kids will be staying here for a few days.”

Clearly, my dad was trying to drive Charles away.

“But, it’s already time for dinner. Why don’t we let him...” Just before I could finish my sentence, Dad glared at me.

“Caroline, do not forget how much pain this man has brought you,” he said.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Wilson. From this day forward, I’ll do everything in my power to make up for my mistakes.” Charles turned around and was about to leave.

But then, James got out of his Grandpa’s embrace and held his father’s hand. “Dad, aren’t you going to have dinner with us?”

Charles patted the boy’s head. “Grandpa is not in the mood. I’ll come back another day, son.”

James pursed his lips in displeasure. He ran back to the old man and said, “Grandpa, I want to be with Mom and Dad.”

This time, my dad said nothing more. He would never refuse a request from James.

Charles’ proud expression made it seem like he had won this battle. He then volunteered to help in the kitchen.

To my surprise, dinner was actually lovely. Charles was busy all night long, so he barely had anything to eat.

After eating dinner, he said goodbye to my father and left.

I wondered why he left so soon and without hesitation.

Unexpectedly, someone knocked on my door in the middle of the night. Once I opened the door, it turned out that

Charles had returned.

He pinned me against the door, and I cupped his cheeks. "You haven't eaten much tonight. Do you want me to cook something for you?"

He tilted his face to kiss my hand, and replied in a husky voice. "I'm not hungry. But I do want to sleep with you."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and leaned against his chest.

Although Charles was trying to stifle his moans, tension was rising in the air.

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There Was A Woman By His Side

Caroline's POV

Nina and I went gift shopping for Dad's birthday at the mall. A white male shirt in a designer brand shop struck my fancy

Even though picking out a gift for Dad was my main reason for coming to the mall, my mind was stuck on Charles. Most of his shirts were of this simple style and color

But Charles exuded a certain charm when he wore these simple clothes that was simply hard to put into words Nina smiled and nudged me with her elbow.

"Hey! What are you thinking about?" I shook my head, a small smile overtaking my face as well.

"Nothing."

Instead of querying me further, Nina took the shirt from my hands and inspected it.

"This shirt is for young men. Hmm, it doesn't appear to me like you're shopping for Edward's gift." Nina taunted with an impish smile. My eyes narrowed and I took the shirt back from her.

"So what? Is there a rule that says I can only buy clothes for my father?"

"Who swore that she would never go back to that man?"

"It's definitely not me!"

"Tut-tut "

Nina poked each side of my cheeks with her index finger.

"There is a name written on your face now!"

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"What?" I stuttered, my eyebrows creasing in confusion.

"Charles Moore!"

Nina hooted loudly, her voice attracting the attention of the shop assistants.

They stopped and stared at us, curiosity shining in their eyes. Not only was the name Nina just yelled at the top of her lungs very famous, but this shopping mall was owned by the Moore Group.

Flushing, I slapped Nina's hand away and muttered, "Stop making fun of me."

The smile vanished and a somber air replaced the expression on her face.

"You should think this through. I doubt Edward will accept your relationship with Charles."

That was true. Even though Dad allowed Charles to stay for dinner the other day, it was obvious that he still disapproved of my continued involvement with Charles.

"I understand your point. But let's forget it. So tell me, what have you been up to recently?" I chirped, doing my best to turn the attention away from my relationship issues. The somber expression was still on her face, but now, there was an added tinge of depression to her aura.

"Abner travelled abroad for a training program. One night, I called him."

The way she paused clued me in to the fact that something was wrong.

“And then?”

“The local time was early in the morning,” Nina sighed.

“There was a woman by his side.” I was surprised.

“Did you make a video call? Did you see her? Even if there was a woman by his side, it didn’t necessarily mean anything”

“If you call Charles at small hours and hear another woman calling him darling affectionately, can you remain calm?”

Fair point. It was easy to analyze such a sensitive matter as long as you were an observer.

“Nina, I don’t know how to console you. My own relationship is in a rough phase right now. But I do understand how you feel. As complicated as everything is. I know that I can’t let Charles go. Even the idea that another woman might take my place in his heart makes my heart ache. He has told me that he loves me. That means he has to love me for the rest of our lives. I refuse to accept anything less. And I certainly won’t give him the chance to walk away either.”

Nina shuffled closer and rested her head on my shoulder.

“Since it has come to this, I have no choice but to keep smiling even when I feel like breaking down in tears. Maybe when I smile, I will forget my sorrows.”

After picking out a gift for Dad, Nina and I went to the cinema. Several times throughout the movie, her phone beeped with incoming texts and Nina was quick to reply each text.

I was pretty certain she had no idea what the movie was about, since she spent pretty much the entire time with her eyes glued to her phone. Once the movie was over and we left the theater, Nina’s expression turned gloomy.

“What’s wrong?”

I was worried about my friend. Nina simply shook her head and said nothing

Simon’s POV

I was lying on the sofa feeling sorry for myself, my phone in my hands as I debated calling Caroline

The last time we spoke was when she left the party unannounced.

Each day that went by without seeing her was torture for me, but I didn't have the courage to look for her.

The fear of rejection kept me rooted to my house. As long as I hadn't spoken to her, then I wouldn't be rejected once again. Then she wouldn't stare at me with those cold and hostile eyes. Suddenly, my phone rang. I sat up on the sofa and stared at the screen with a hopeful smile.

My hope was dashed the moment I saw the name flashing across my phone's screen.

It wasn't Caroline, but Vanessa.

"Hello?"

"Simon, help me..."

Vanessa's frightened and trembling voice whispered through the receiver, accompanied by a burst of sobs. The palpable fear in her tone twisted my stomach in knots.

"Vanessa, what happened?"

Silence was my only answer. I had to check my phone before realizing that Vanessa had hung up on me.

Immediately, I redialed her number, but it wasn't connecting.

Did something happen to her? The thought was a kick in the guts and I dashed off the sofa. I only had the presence of mind to pick up my coat and car keys as I rushed towards Vanessa's house.

"Vanessa, are you at home? Are you okay?" I asked anxiously as I banged the door.

A servant then opened the door and ushered me in.

"Where is Vanessa? Where is she now?" When there was no sign of Vanessa, I turned my anxious gaze on the servant.

"Mr. Felix, please follow me," the servant requested as he gestured for me to follow him. Swiftly, the servant turned on his heel and led me to the living room.

As soon as I entered the living room, my eyes unerringly sought out Vanessa. I found her on the carpet beside a sofa, safe and unharmed. There were several bottles of wine and two goblets in front of her.

"Simon, you are here." Vanessa tittered happily, a drunk smile on her face.

“Didn’t you call for help just now? You actually led me to believe you were in danger! But in the end, it turns out you only lied to me so you could deceive me into coming to your house.” Anger at her deceit surged through me and I gritted my teeth

Vanessa got to her feet unsteadily, a beseeching look on her face.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to deceive you. The truth is that I wanted to see you. I’ve sent several messages, but you didn’t reply any of them. This was the only way I could think of to make you come see me. I really wanted to see you,” Vanessa retorted in a low voice.

She lowered her head, a defeated air permeating off her, but I couldn’t find it in me to feel sorry for her.

“Vanessa, don’t be unreasonable,” I snapped irritably.

“I’m not! I just feel sorry for you and I don’t want you to suffer alone.” I pinched my nose, willing myself to stay calm.

“I don’t know what you are talking about. I have to go now.”

Since the call for help had been nothing but a ruse, I had no business staying here.

“Simon, if you are facing any difficulties, then you should open up to me. I might be able to help you. Then you won’t have to force yourself to love Caroline,” Vanessa slurred, a delirious smile on her face.

“I’m not forcing myself to love Caroline. You are mistaken,” I muttered, glowering at the drunken mess on the carpet

“Really? In that case, you should see this,” Vanessa declared cryptically before throwing a printed document at me.

I caught the document before it fell to the floor and raked a dismissive glance over it.

A shocked gasp left my mouth when I read the contents of the document.

This document was full of information about my father’s death.

Reflexively, I crumpled the paper in my fist as a shudder racked my body.

“Did you investigate me? What the hell do you want to do?” my question was a low growl. Unfazed by my anger, Vanessa propped her chin up with her palm and gazed at me contemplatively.

"I think the reason you approached Caroline is because you want to find out the truth behind your father's death. Isn't that right?"

My lips thinned in displeasure, but I couldn't refute her claims.

My incessant chasing after Caroline was because I had ulterior motives.

"Simon, you are using Caroline."

It wasn't a question this time, but a self-assured declaration.

"You are right, but I have no other choice." I smiled bitterly.

My father's death had always been a knot in my heart, and it wouldn't be unraveled until I knew the truth about his death.

The only way I could find out the truth was if I had Caroline's help.

Vanessa prowled towards me until she was standing right in front of me.

In a flash, her arms were around my neck and her body flush against me.

"Simon, you have another choice. You can be with me instead of chasing after Caroline. It's clear as day that she doesn't want you. But I want you and I will certainly be of more help to you than Caroline," Vanessa whispered in my ear.

A chill ran down my back at the innuendo in her words.

"What do you mean by that statement? Do you know something?"

Vanessa shook her head, held my face, and kissed me on the lips.

"Simon, I'm in love with you. No matter what you want to do, I'm willing to help you."

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