

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 481

The Underwear

Charles' POV:

The bathrobe was askew.

Caroline's delicate body in all of her curvy glory as well as the bewitching sight between her legs was laid bare for my greedy eyes. She was delicate yet so alluring that I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Under my bewitched gaze, her skin and cheeks turned red with embarrassment and lust.

Reverently, I held her breasts in my hand, weighing the soft mounds.

"Charles, stop it."

Her words told me to stop, but her body urged me on, her eyes shining bright with the lust she was trying not to feel. In fact, her soft refusal came out as more of a moan.

"Are you really sure you want me to stop?" I asked just before I kissed her.

"No... But the kids..."

Caroline's voice was shaky, most of her words nothing but long moans.

"Grandma will take care of them. Don't be nervous. Relax."

Done with the conversation, I sucked on her earlobe gently before turning my attention to the beautiful mounds of flesh beckoning me.

Bending my head, I took one nipple into my mouth, suckling as I palmed her left breast.

"Charles... I can't stand it anymore..."

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"Beg me." I slowed down on purpose.

"Please."

Caroline stared at me beneath her lashes, giving me a come hither look. I wasn't sure she was aware she was making

“Dad, are you drinking milk from mom’s breast?”

A confused but childish voice asked from behind me.

The sound was soft, barely above a whisper.

But at this very moment, it might as well have been a bomb.

With a jerk, I released the nipple I was currently worrying with my teeth and quickly covered Caroline with the night robe.

“Go back to your room and sleep!” I snapped, ordering my son out of the room.

This brat!

How dare he barge in here and ruin the intimate moment my wife and I were sharing?

“But it’s not yet time for bed. Mom said we will be spending the night at her house and tomorrow we will eat lots of desserts,” James replied, confused as to why I was ordering him to go to sleep.

“Mommy isn’t leaving. Now, go back to your room and play with your younger brothers!” I growled, my patience running out, Caroline lay on the sofa and dared not to move.

“Okay.”

Finally, the door closed behind him.

Expelling a breath of relief, I turned to Caroline so we could pick up from where we stopped, but she pushed me away angrily

“Bastard! Bastard!” she repeated over and over, cursing me out as she tied her night robe angrily.

Still fuming, she swiped her clothes off the floor and marched out of the room.

The hazy cloud of anger she was in blinded her to anything else but the need to leave the room.

So much so that she didn’t notice that her underwear was still on the floor.

“Caroline, wait...” I began, trying to draw her attention to the forgotten item, but she cut in ruthlessly.

“Shut up! I’m leaving!”

“But I’m afraid you can’t leave now...”

Again, I tried to tell her, but the angry woman wouldn’t let me say one full sentence.

“Enough! I don’t want to hear another word from you. I’m leaving and that’s final!”

And with that declaration, Caroline turned and ran out of the room like a frightened rabbit.

Caroline’s POV:

I rushed into the bathroom and took off the nightgown.

In the mirror, I could see that most of my body was still red until now.

The place where Charles sucked was still red and slightly swollen.

The tips of my ears turned hot as I blushed fiercely.

Lowering my lashes, I hastily wore my bra and found my shirt in the dryer.

Only when I was decent could I look at my reflection in the mirror.

When I turned to my pile of clothes to take out my panties, I was left mystified.

My underwear was missing.

Where could it be? Over and over, I checked through my clothes and even the dryer and the laundry basket in its entirety, but I couldn’t find it.

Did I leave it in the bedroom? No wonder Charles had been absolutely certain I couldn’t leave.

What the hell was he planning to do with it? Once again, I put on Charles’ nightgown and tied the knot firmly.

When I got to the master bedroom, I knocked politely and waited for him to open the door.

Some time later, I heard the sounds of unhurried footsteps just before the door was opened.

A small towel wrapped around his waist was the only thing covering his nakedness.

Obviously, Charles had just been in the shower.

'Damn it!' I cursed silently as I appreciated the view against my will.

He had long but muscly legs, a thick chest but not so heavily muscled like a gym rat.

Even his natural pheromone was making me restless.

A few minutes ago, I had been spitting mad, but right now, I couldn't help but feel my anger thawing a little as I basked in the magnificence of his body.

At least now I understood why so many women kept chasing after him.

Not only did he have an impeccable family background, he also had to be physically mesmerizing as well.

"What's up?"

Charles whispered with a raised brow, his eyes shining with undisguised interest.

Stretching my hand out imperatively, I demanded, "Please give it back to me."

"What are you talking about?" he asked flippantly as he turned away from me and walked into the dressing room.

"Why don't you come in first?"

No! There was no way I was going back into the bedroom.

Besides, I just saw Charles head into the walk-in closet.

I waited outside for a while, but he didn't come out.

There was nothing else I could do but follow him. I found Charles just as he wore his pants and zipped up.

Immediately, I turned my back to him even as my face flamed.

"I only came to take it back."

"Not a problem, but first, you have to tell me what I have taken from you."

Charles's nonchalant voice was muffled by the shirt he was in the process of wearing.

"Don't mess with me. You know exactly what I'm talking about."

He simply stared back at me, unmoved.

My anger flared again and I snapped at him.

“Do you have some kind of fetish for collecting women’s underwear? If that’s the case, I’ll buy you a dozen pair next time.”

Instead of getting angry, Charles lips spread in a smug smile.

Lips curving into an impish smile, Charles growled, “If I happen to have such a kink, then I’m only interested in yours. Are you going to give your underwear to me?”

His bright smile didn’t change at his crude words.

It would appear that the man didn’t have a single shy bone in his body, nor did he feel any shame.

“You pervert!”

I yelled again because I had no other words I could use to scold him, Shrugging.

Charles buttoned up his shirt.

When he was done, his unruffled gaze returned to mine.

“It’s on our bed.” I whirled around and stormed out of the walk-in closet.

Sure enough, I saw my underpants on the gray quilt.

Quickly, I grabbed it and dashed out of the bedroom, not even stopping to say anything more to him. Just before I reached the door, his voice announced from behind me.

“You should be more careful and ensure you don’t leave anything behind next time.”

Next time? There would be no ‘next time’ because I have learnt my lesson! I went back to the bathroom and put on all my clothes. I didn’t know what was wrong with me.

How could I lose all my composure in front of him? While I was lost in thoughts, someone knocked on the door.

Smoothing my expression into something more approachable, I went to open the door.

On the other side was Grandma.

Smiling blandly, Christine said quietly, “Caroline, it’s raining quite heavily. Why don’t you stay and have dinner with us?”

“No, thanks. I’d better go back.”

“The kids and I are supposed to be the only ones at home today. Charles’ return isn’t part of the plan. He has a business dinner tonight and will leave soon. Can’t you stay and keep us company?”

I hesitated for a long time but eventually I agreed to stay.

When we got downstairs, the children were already at the table.

James waved at me and said, “Mom, come here.”

I had already started walking towards him when I saw Charles settling into his seat.

Coming to a complete stop, I glared Charles with a small frown.

“Don’t you have a business dinner to get to?”

“It’s got canceled.”

Charles’ reply was flippant as he smirked at me.

James handed the pudding to Charles and said, “Dad, taste the pudding. Mom brought it here. It’s sweet!”

“Okay, let me have a taste.”

Charles scooped up a mouthful of dessert, tasted it carefully, and said, “It’s really sweet. Only kids like these desserts.”

My brows furrowed as I tried in vain not to feel offended.

Was he making fun of me? However, there was no mockery in his tone. It sounded like he was indulging a child.

“No! Daddy is the child!” James protested.

I couldn’t help but laugh.

“James is right.”

Charles put down the spoon and asked leisurely, “Why am I a child?”

“You still drink Mommy’s milk. I saw it just now! So you are a child!” James declared loudly

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Another Misunderstanding

Caroline's POV:

I was drinking milk when I heard James' words.

My face turned the deepest shade of red and a violent fit of coughing shook my frame as my milk went down the wrong way. The servant and Grandma burst into laughter.

Jerry and Jason stared at the adults in confusion, their minds unable to comprehend what was happening.

Charles took one look at me before turning his attention to the servant.

"Get Mrs. Moore a glass of water."

Whirling around immediately, the servant left to do his bidding "Mom, did I say something wrong?"

James asked innocently, his eyes wide with confusion"

"Silent," Charles thundered.

Instead of staying silent, James opened his mouth to say something.

Afraid that he would say something shocking once again, I quickly spooned some pudding and stuffed it into his mouth.

"Dad is right. If you keep talking, I won't take you to the dessert tasting party."

James swallowed the pudding, pouted, and mumbled, "Mom, why are you supporting Dad?"

Reflexively, I glanced at Charles before turning my face away as a blush heated my cheeks.

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The truth was, I was not supporting Charles. I was simply helping myself. I spent the rest of dinner feeling awkward and unable to look anyone in the eye.

James' comment had been innocent, but it was not enough to lift the humiliation that was covering me like a blanket. I felt so humiliated that I didn't want to stay in the house a moment longer.

Once the debacle that was dinner was over, I hurried the kids, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

"I can drive you home. I actually still need to go back to the company."

Charles went downstairs with the car keys and led the kids out.

The cool evening breeze cooled some of the heat in my cheeks.

Staring at the backs of Charles and the kids, a lump lodged in my throat.

On several occasions, this exact scene had appeared in my dreams.

And every single time I had woken up in bed alone, there was nothing but the wistfulness of my dreams to keep me company, and I felt empty.

There was no warm embrace and sweet morning kiss from Charles, nor the joyful laughter of the children.

What greeted me was only dead silence.

"Mommy, hurry up!" James suddenly ran back and grabbed my hand, pulling me forward.

His hands were little in mine, but soft and so full of warmth.

The warmth seemed to flow from his hand into mine before rushing up to envelop my heart.

Charles stopped and waited for us.

As soon as we walked over, he pulled my hand out of James' and held it tightly.

This hand was bigger than mine, neither was it soft, but it was just as full of warmth. I stared up into his deep eyes that were staring down at me with undisguised tenderness.

Oh, how I wished we could stay like this forever.

“Mommy, why do you keep staring at Daddy? Is there something on his face?” James asked curiously ! The curious question snapped me out of dreamland back into reality rudely.

Flushing.

I averted my eyes as my ears turned red again.

Floundering, I looked around in confusion, unsure of what to do with myself.

My obsession with Charles had just been discovered by James.

What could be more embarrassing than this? In order to escape from the two of them, I hurriedly opened the door, planning to get in.

But I stopped short when I noticed a pink coat on the back seat.

Obviously, it belonged to a woman.

A faint smell of perfume wafted off the coat.

The smell was familiar, but I couldn't immediately place where I first came into contact with this particular perfume.

When I picked up the coat, something dropped out of the pocket.

It was a woman's underwear! “Charles, are you really interested in collecting women's underwear?” I sneered

Charles leaned over to take a closer look.

After a moment of silence, he said hesitantly, “This is Samantha's coat. I was drunk in the bar that day. She...”

“I don't want to know what happened between you and her after you got drunk!” I snapped, trying my best to sound unconcerned.

The thought had a mocking smile pulling at my lips.

What right did I have to be bothered by the presence of another woman's underwear in his car? I had divorced him, hadn't I? He had the right to sleep with another woman, didn't he? What's more, he was drunk.

Wasn't it common to make mistakes when under the influence of alcohol? All my rational reasoning failed to stop my chest from getting stuffy as angry tears stung my eyes.

“You should send her coat and underwear back as soon as you can. You never know, something might happen again when you two meet up.”

Damn! Why did I sound so jealous?!

“Kids, get out of the car. Your father has something important he needs to sort out.”

Without another word, I alighted the car and started helping each child out of the car.

The servants arrived as I was helping them out.

With a small nod, I indicated that they should take the kids back into the house first.

“Caroline, let me explain!”

“There’s no point. I already know what you are going to say. You are about to tell me it was a misunderstanding, isn’t that right? The nude photo of you and Raina was a misunderstanding. Now I found Samantha’s underpants in your car and you are going to tell me that it is also a misunderstanding, aren’t you?”

With an annoyed growl, I pushed at Charles’ chest before turning around and running away.

But I didn’t get very far before Charles caught up to me.

He grasped both my arms and forcefully dragged me into the villa.

The noise alerted Grandma and she hurried out of the kitchen to investigate.

“Why did you return so soon? Did something happen?”

“Nothing is wrong, Grandma. Caroline has misunderstood a few things and I need to explain it to her.”

Charles dragged me upstairs. He locked the door and threw me onto the bed.

My anger at his actions knew no bounds.

Growling as hot tears welled up in my eyes, I grasped everything within my reach and flung it at him.

Be it the jars, bottles or even the lamp on the bedside table, nothing was spared.

“Caroline, why don’t you trust me? Just because you saw a coat, you decided that I’ve slept with another woman! Just so you know, I am a very, very picky man. I don’t just

pick up random women! And more importantly, you are the only one I want to sleep with! ... Fuck!"

Charles' words were a continuous yell. He trailed off as he seemed to run out of steam.

Just to show him exactly what I thought of his words, I grabbed the glass on the bedside table and threw it at his forehead.

The glass grazed his face as it hit the door with a thump.

Then it crashed on the floor.

"Ah!"

Someone shouted outside the door.

My heart missed a beat.

It was Grandma's voice!

"Oh my God! She fell down the stairs!"

The servant's scream came from outside.

"Grandma!"

Charles's face also changed.

We both ran for the door at the same time.

When I got out of the bedroom, I found Grandma lying under the staircase, her head covered in blood.

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