

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 483

Sequela

Charles' POV:

We took Grandma to the hospital immediately.

With a low growl, I clenched my fist and smashed it against the wall.

The pain spread from my hand to my heart, and guilt and regret almost drowned me. I could hardly breathe.

"I'm sorry." Caroline's apologetic voice came from behind me.

"It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself."

I went to her immediately and tried to comfort her.

"If something happens to Grandma, I..."

Caroline sobbed as her tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks.

Tutting softly, I wiped her tears away and tried to reassure both Caroline and myself.

"I have invited the best expert in the country to treat Grandma. She will be fine."

Grandma's operation lasted for six hours.

Eventually, the doctor walked out of the operating room and took off his mask.

"Her leg was slightly broken, but the operation was successful."

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After several hours of feeling like I couldn't breathe, the boulder constricting my airways was finally lifted at his news

"But..."

The doctor began and my heart rate skyrocketed at the serious expression on his face.

His eyes found mine and he continued in a grave voice.

"The patient is too old to undergo the craniotomy operation, so the blood clot in her brain can't be removed, and there may be some sequela."

“Sequela? What are the sequela?” Caroline asked nervously.

“It’s hard to say for the time being. It may affect her vision, hearing, physical movements, or she may not even wake up.” My heart jolted.

“Is there nothing else we can try?”

“Well, there is only one person who can probably help her.”

“Who is it?”

“Hugo Neame, the most authoritative brain specialist in France. But I heard that he wouldn’t leave France, so…”

“Perhaps I can have more luck in convincing him,” Caroline said happily.

Caroline’s POV:

Tracy drove me to Dad’s villa after we talked to Grandma’s doctor.

“Caroline, why are you so anxious? What happened?” Dad asked, his voice going high with concern.

“Dad, I need you to contact Hugo and ask him to come to Los Angeles. Christine has a brain injury. He is the only one who can perform the surgery.” I cried, my anxious gaze pleading with him to oblige my request.

“Caroline, you know that Hugo is a stubborn man. Since the accident that caused his wife’s death in Los Angeles, he has been unwilling to return to the states.”

With a rueful grimace, Dad shook his head.

“But last time…”

“The last time Hugo managed to get over his stubbornness long enough to make the trip was because of the favor he owes me for helping him out of a difficult spot.”

“Dad, Christine has always treated me like her own granddaughter. I must save her.”

“You have already paid off what you owed the Moore family. There is no need to have anything to do with them again,” Dad said coldly.

“As long as I can save her, I will promise you anything.”

I pleaded with him, unwilling to give up.

The thought of Grandma in a coma made my heart ache.

“Will you agree to any condition” Dad asked, raising his eye browe.

“Yes.” I nodded firmly for a long while, Dad stayed silent, pondering something

Eventually, he turned to stare me down intently

“Does your promise extend to Charles if i ask you to never see hun again, will you do it? My eyes widened in disbelief and my heart sank. Could I promise him that I would never see Charles again? No, I couldn’t make such a promise.

My mouth wouldn’t even form the words.

Just thinking about it wrenched my heart into a million pieces It was so painful that I could hardly breathe.

But Grandma... I couldn’t let her die because of my own selfish desires.

Biting my lower lip, I suppressed my bitterness at his demand and forced the words out.

“Yes, I promise.I won’t see him again.”

Dad nodded with satisfaction.

“How can you promise him something like that?!”

Tracy snapped, her eyes wide with indignation.

“You should head back.Tell Charles that I will invite Hugo to perform the surgery on Grandma.”

My reply was succinct and devoid of any emotion.

Opening her mouth, Tracy tried to say something but then decided against it.

Without another word, she turned around and left.

Heartbroken, I closed my eyes and comforted myself with the knowledge that I’d made the right decision.

The pain I was feeling right now was inconsequential as long as Grandma recovered.

Her health was the only important thing right now and whatever I had to do to ensure it didn’t matter.

Maybe Charles and I were not meant to be together.

Dad patted me gently on the back and comforted me in a soft voice, "Caroline, you have to start a new life. There are many excellent men around you, such as Simon..."

"Dad, I have no feelings for Simon!" I blurted, finally breaking down.

The dam holding back my tears burst and I fell to the floor, loud, ugly tears racking my frame.

Dad caressed my hair and comforted me silently.

A long while later, I finally ran out of tears.

"Dad, why are you so insistent on pairing me up with Simon?" I asked.

His efforts to make a match between Simon and I were more like a heavy burden for me. It suffocated me and left me with no chance to breathe.

"It's because Simon grew up right in front of me. I know exactly what kind of man he is. If you marry him, I will be rest assured that you are in good hands." Dad sighed.

"But love can't be forced."

"Caroline, why do you dislike Simon so much? Didn't he do well enough?" Dad asked in confusion.

"Simon is a good man, but I just don't love him," I said firmly. A marriage without love would not be a happy one.

Now that I had made up my mind, I shouldn't give Simon any hope.

Otherwise, it would only hurt him more deeply. Dad sighed helplessly, "Simon is also a poor young man. As a matter of fact, I have something to do with the death of his father, Eason."

My eyes widened in disbelief.

"You're kidding, aren't you?"

Dad shook his head before explaining with a sad smile.

"Eason and I were good friends. But then we fought over a business deal. Eason hired kidnappers to ambush me at the airport."

"How could he do something like that to you?"

Absently, Dad patted me on the shoulder and continued with his tale.

“Eason’s driver, Ken, was afraid that he will be implicated if this kidnapping was exposed, so he told me about Eason’s plan in advance. It was thanks to his tip that I was able to avoid it and changed the date of my flight.”

“Then how did Eason die?” I asked with a furrowed brow.

Dad’s silence spoke volumes and a horrible thought occurred to me.

Immediately, I banished the insane thought.

If Dad had really killed Eason, then why did he raise and treat Simon like his own son?

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The Truth

Caroline’s POV

“The kidnapers didn’t see me. They were probably worried that Eason wouldn’t pay them, so they kidnapped him instead and called me for the ransom. I’ve already sent someone to give them the ransom, and I’ve already called the police,” Dad explained.

“What happened after that? Did Eason get rescued?” I asked.

My father let out a sigh, seemingly feeling guilty, “Later on, the police and the kidnapers engaged in a shootout. They accidentally hit a gasoline tank on the ship. By the time I found Eason, he was dying, blown up and burnt beyond recognition. I sent him to the hospital at once, but he still didn’t make it.”

The scene of an explosion as a fierce battle commenced flashed through my mind. It must’ve been bloody and tragic.

Just thinking about it made all the hair on my body stand on end.

"I may be angry that he set me up, but I've never thought of killing him. I've been feeling regret over it all these years. If I hadn't called the police at the time, perhaps the accident could've been avoided," said my father.

"Dad, it's not your fault. Eason knew the identity of those kidnappers. Even if you didn't call the police, they would probably kill him in order to silence him," I said, trying to comfort him.

if Ken hadn't tipped my father off, he would've died by now.

Merely thinking of the possibility made my heart ache.

"Caroline, do not let Simon know about this. Eason has always been a role model to him. Just let him believe that his father is a good man," Dad remarked.

Though I felt conflicted, I still nodded in agreement.

"Simon is innocent. My lips are sealed, Dad."

Dad brushed my hair, staring at me with concerned eyes.

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"Take a warm shower and get some rest, my darling."

Only then did I realize that my clothes were sopping wet again.

I pulled the jacket over my shoulders and asked anxiously, "Dad, do you think Hugo will agree to save Christine?"

"I've already made my promise to you, and I don't intend to break it, Caroline. Just stay at home and wait for my news, okay?"

Dad responded.

"Okay." I nodded obediently.

"Caroline, remember, you promised me that you'll never see Charles again. Make sure that you keep your promise," Dad said before leaving.

I tried my best to push down the pain in my heart and nodded, albeit reluctantly.

"I will."

'As long as Hugo cures Grandma, every sacrifice I made will be worth it' I comforted myself in silence.

Samantha's POV:

While I was rummaging through Raina's belongings, I eventually found a cellphone. I turned it on and a message popped up.

"Raina, I'm back. When can we meet? If you don't transfer the money to my account, I'll expose your secret to the public!"

The message was sent from an unknown number.

'Who could this person be? What other secrets could Raina be hiding?' I scheduled an appointment with the mystery person three days from today, 'As the saying goes, curiosity kills the cat. But what if it's a good surprise?' I wondered.

Soon, the appointed day arrived.

"Doris, meet up with a person for me, and remember, keep the line open," I said to my assistant the moment we arrived at the appointed location.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll take care of it,"

Doris answered before putting her phone into her pocket I went to a nearby cafe, carefully listening to their conversation

"Who are you? Where's Raina?" the man asked in surprise.

"Raina is currently busy with something, so she can't come here. She has asked me to meet with you,"

Doris explained

"I've never heard Raina mention you before. How can I be sure that you're telling the truth?"

The man sounded very skeptical

"It doesn't matter if you believe me or not. I'm just here to give you the money," said Doris.

The man fell silent for a moment, but he eventually let down his guard. It turned out that this man's name was Boris.

He was a doctor.

A year ago, Raina had bribed him. He drugged Caroline's injection, causing her to have a miscarriage.

Thereafter, Raina hid Boris in a villa in Puerto Rico.

And every month, she paid him.

Over the past two months, Boris hadn't been receiving any money.

Sensing that something was wrong, he left Puerto Rico and went back to LA. He had been trying to call Raina, but she wasn't answering him.

Because of this discover, I was so delighted that I couldn't hide my smile.

"God is on my side. He even sent this brilliant chess piece to me! Caroline would never even think that Raina is the reason she had a miscarriage" I thought.

"Doris, give the money to Boris and arrange a residence for him. Make sure to tell him not to tell anyone about this."

After returning to the clinic, Doris asked tentatively, "Samantha, what are you planning to do?"

"What else would I be planning? I'm going to take advantage of the situation. It's best if I could just get rid of her for good this time," I sneered.

Boris was a man who was willing to do just about anything for the right price.

One day, I would replace Caroline in Charles' heart.

By then, his embrace would belong to me, and me alone. I truly believed that the day would come soon.

Just then, my phone rang.

It was from Charles.

Feeling nervous and surprised, I answered, "Charles? I thought you'd never want to talk to me again. I'm sorry about the coat. I didn't expect that Caroline would misunderstand you because of it. I'm truly sorry."

I tried my best to sound apologetic. I had put the sexy black lace underwear into the pocket of the coat on purpose. I wanted to use it to remind Charles that I had plump buttocks, and that I was just as sexy as Caroline.

In all honesty, I didn't expect Caroline to see it. It was quite a pleasant surprise.

However, I couldn't let Charles be aware of my ambition now.

My plan was to make him fall in love with me out of his own volition.

On the day that he called to question me about the matter, I explained to him in tears that it was an accident.

I made up a story, saying that I met some friends in the bar and lost a bet with them in a drinking game that night after he got drunk, so I accepted the punishment and took off my underpants.

Truthfully, I just hid my underwear into the pocket of my coat out of a whim.

I didn't expect it to cause quite a stir! Charles was still fuming, but he didn't blame me for what happened anymore.

After all, the sound of my voice was quite convincing that I was innocent, "If you want to make it up to me, help me ask Caroline out,"

Charles bargained anxiously.

'Does this mean that Caroline doesn't want to see Charles now? Ha! I must've driven quite a wedge between them. They might even end up having a serious fight. Things are going much smoother than I thought'

"I'll give it a try, but I can't guarantee that she'll agree," I answered.

"I know you can do it," Charles said firmly.

"Got it. I'll talk to her," I said

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I've Fallén In Love With Charles

Charles' POV:

Grandma's operation was successful. I believed that she would soon regain consciousness.

But ever since that fateful day, I hadn't seen Caroline again, and I couldn't get through to her.

from the inside.....I was starting to get anxious.

My migraines had becoming more and more frequent these past few days.

The stabbing pain broke my nerves, and it felt like my brain was being cracked from the inside.

I really wanted to see Caroline, so I'd asked Samantha to make up an excuse to ask her out for me.

While I was driving, my phone rang.

It was from Corey.

"Charles, Adam Wilson wants to broker a partnership with me."

I pondered for a moment and replied, "Tell him that you agree to work with him. Let's see what he's planning to do."

Perhaps pent up by failing to frame Caroline last time, Adam could no longer remain calm.

That bastard was always a big threat to her.

The only way I could feel relieved was to get rid of that asshole for good.

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Caroline's POV:

During the afternoon, I went to Samantha's clinic for a follow-up consultation.

"Caroline, you're here!" Samantha greeted me warmly.

I nodded and gave her a smile.

Upon seeing the coat that used to be in the backseat of Charles' car was now on her chair, my heart stopped.

Conflicted, I asked, "Samantha, that coat..."

She smiled back at me and explained, "I accidentally left it in Charles' car that night. He said that he likes seeing me wear this coat."

Bitterness filled my heart.

I tried to remain casual about it and just said, "You seem to have a good relationship with him."

"Well, we do get along fine," she answered.

Not long after, I sat on the sofa.

"Does Charles think along the same lines?" I asked.

Samantha sat across me. She had a beautiful oval face and bright eyes.

Unlike those pretty yet flighty women, she was well-mannered and classy.

Today, she was wearing a professional outfit.

She wore a white shirt and a tight black skirt, which accentuated her already incredible figure.

The way she sat made her look even sexier.

It was then that I remembered the lace underwear I saw in the backseat of Charles' car that day.

'It probably looks good on her. And Charles probably likes it too' I thought with disdain.

“Caroline, you seem to be avoiding Charles lately. Would you like to talk about it?”

I took a deep breath first and said, “I promised my dad that I wouldn’t meet with Charles again.”

“So... your relationship is officially over, huh?” she asked.

Her words left me stunned.

Are Charles and I really over?’ I had asked myself the same question over and over.

Still, I didn’t know how to answer it.

Thus, I just told Samantha, “Maybe.”

“In that case, I have something to tell you, Caroline.”

Samantha stood up, sat next to me, and held my hand.

“I’ve fallen in love with Charles.I’m hoping that I can get your blessing, Caroline.”

This time, my mind went blank.

Not only was Samantha my therapist, she was also my savior.I had always regarded her as a close friend.

‘Should I give her my blessing?’ I wondered.

I had no idea that when or how I left Samantha’s clinic.

But by the time I gathered my composure, she and I were already sitting in a private room of a bar.

There were other men and women in the room, and I knew none of them.

Based on how they interacted with Samantha, they seemed to be her friends,
“Samantha, I hear that your new boyfriend will be coming tonight.Is it true?”

“Samantha’s other pursuers are going to cry out of jealousy.”

“You know, I do wonder what sort of man was able to win Sam’s heart.”

“Oh, stop it, guys! He hasn’t even acknowledged me as his girlfriend yet.”

Samantha appeared to be delighted.

Meanwhile, I was just sitting in a corner, drinking some beverages.

Having heard their conversation, I was confused.

‘Samantha’s new boyfriend? She just told me that she’s fallen in love with Charles. How could she have a new boyfriend already?’ Just then, the door opened from outside.

“Charles!”

Samantha sprang to her feet and approached him.

Everyone else stood up as well. I turned my gaze towards the man as well.

The bright light inside the room illuminated him.

Even though he was just wearing a plain white shirt, he still looked charming.

Charles was simply excellent.

The second he showed up, he already captivated everyone’s attention.

Even the girls who were singing stopped what they were doing and surrounded him.

“Is he Samantha’s new boyfriend?”

“Whoa! He’s so good-looking!”

Charles swept his eyes across everyone’s faces until his eyes met mine.

Subconsciously, I averted my gaze from him.

It turned out that Samantha's new boyfriend was Charles. I didn't even say hello to him. I just continued drinking in silence.

A girl next to me nudged me with her elbow and asked, "Why don't you say hello to him?"

"I don't know the guy," I replied lightly.

"Everyone, let's enjoy the night, shall we?" Samantha told everyone to sit down and then she turned to Charles.

"Charles, why don't you sit next to me?" she asked.

I lowered my gaze and stared at the floor.

All of a sudden, a pair of black leather shoes appeared before my eyes.

Even without looking up, I knew it was Charles.

For a moment, I felt awkward.

"Bro, do you mind if I sit here?"

Though Charles sounded laidback, people found it hard to refuse him.

The young man sitting on my right moved aside and said, "Of course, bro. Go ahead."

"Thank you," Charles replied.

There were so many empty seats, but he had to sit next to me.

Samantha was the protagonist of the night, and Charles was the deuteragonist.

Everyone toasted him and wanted to talk to him.

With every passing moment, more and more people approached him.

Later on, it became even more crowded.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Guys, can we squeeze over there a little?"

Thereafter, I found myself squeezed tightly next to Charles.

The dress I wore today wasn't short, but while I was sitting down, the hemline of the dress had been pulled up above my knees, revealing my snow-white thighs.

At this moment, Charles' hand was casually resting on his long legs.

The girl next to me accidentally pushed me, causing the back of Charles' hand to brush against my thigh.

My whole body froze.

I felt as though the part of my skin that he touched was burning.

But it seemed like Charles was completely unaware of what happened and was just listening to the people next to him.

I'd been dreading to move his hand away, but I restrained myself, for I didn't want to touch him at all.

I wanted to stand up and change seats, but before I could even get up, Charles leaned over to grab a glass of wine on the table in front of me.

He was so close to me that I could feel his breath.

Even while he was sitting in a place like this, his fragrant natural aroma lingered.

It smelled so clean and fresh.

If I were to move even an inch forward, the tip of my nose would brush against his face.

I could even sense that many of the women present were looking at me with envy, including Samantha.

“Just sitting here chatting is kinda boring, isn’t it? Let’s play a game!” someone suggested.

“Let’s play spin the bottle, shall we?” I nose Right after I heard the name of the game, I understood what was about to happen.

It was a naughty game.

“The two people who gets pointed at by the bottle have to kiss.Of course, if anyone refuses to accept the kiss, he or she can choose another form of punishment.That person will have to drink three shots of liquor in a row!”

The girl who proposed the game seemed really excited.The rest of the party were riled up.

“Remember, nobody is allowed to quit.Charles, you have to play with us!” said another woman.

Based on my understanding of this man

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