

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 486

Kiss

Caroline's POV:

Thanks to the game, the atmosphere suddenly became cheerful.

Soon, several men and women lost the day they all accepted their punishment cheerfully.

Two men even kissed each other.

Charles and Samantha lost in the first round, and everyone began to cheer.

"Kiss! Kiss!"

Samantha seemed both shy and surprised.

But Charles picked up the shot glass and just drank.

Samantha looked disappointed.

In the last round, someone exerted too much force when rotating the bottle.

The bottle spun a little too fast and fell from the table before its rotation was complete.

And it happened to land at my feet.

"How is it? How is it now? Who is it pointing at?"

Everyone was curious about the result.

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My lips thinned as I stared at the unmoving bottle.

"Since it has fallen from the table, then the result of this round doesn't count."

What a coincidence! The mouth of the bottle was pointing at me and the bottom of it was pointing at Charles' foot.

"Of course, it counts. How can it not count? It's you two's turn!"

Everyone cheered and applauded.

“Do you want to drink or kiss?” Someone asked.

My eyes drifted to Charles of their own volition.

Surprisingly, Charles appeared not to care one way or the other. He stared at me calmly, as if the decision lay with me and he was nothing but a bystander.

Everyone’s attention was on me, especially the women.

Most of whom couldn’t disguise their envy. I ducked my head, my face heating up with embarrassment. I coughed a little to hide my discomfort before pouring three shots of liquor.

“I accept the punishment.”

“Really? Why did you let such a good chance go?”

“It’s now or never!”

I turned a deaf ear to their words, took the glass, and drank it decisively.

When I was about to drink the third glass, Samantha said to Charles with a smile, “Charles, you have to drink too.”

Someone passed a bottle of liquor to him.

Charles casually covered his glass with one hand.

“I didn’t say that I accepted the punishment.”

What was that supposed to mean? Everyone stared at him in confusion. I had just poured the third shot into my mouth when I felt a sudden heat behind my neck.

Surprised, I stared up at the face looming over me and found Charles staring at me as he gripped my neck.

Then the face that had so many women swooning inched closer to mine.

My mouth hung open in shock and Charles took advantage of it.

Before I could fully comprehend the situation, Charles was kissing me.

This kiss was not a simple peck like the other participants had shared.

He stuck his tongue into my mouth. I closed my eyes as our tongues dueled with each other.

The liquor, most of which I hadn't swallowed before Charles' surprise kiss, spread across both our tongues and Charles emitted a soft groan at the taste. It was all I could do to hold my breath as his lips devoured me.

"They are kissing like a real couple!"

"Isn't Charles Samantha's new boyfriend? Why is he kissing Caroline instead of Samantha?" Someone whispered.

I didn't know how long we kissed.

This kiss was so great that I felt drunk and I forgot to struggle.

As if he was not satisfied yet, Charles pressed his lips to mine for a long time, but eventually, the kiss came to an end.

Even though the kiss was over, I could still feel Charles' heavy breathing.

My gaze remained glued to the floor and I didn't dare to look at anyone.

Charles' eyes were filled with lust.

Even if I didn't look at them, I could feel it.

I whispered, "I'm leaving."

After this incident, I really didn't want to stay any longer.

Charles grabbed my hand and said, "Let me drive you home."

It didn't occur to me to reject his offer as a wave of dizziness struck me.

"Charles!"

We both ignored Samantha's voice as we walked out.

Once we were in the car, Charles promptly fell asleep, and I spent the entire drive back to Moore mansion staring at his face.

Even though Charles had fallen asleep, his face was drawn, indicating that he must have been very tired.

He shouldn't have drunk so much today.

My phone chose this moment to ring.

In the silent car, the phone's ringtone was harsh.

Charles frowned and muttered a few delirious words as he turned to his other side.

Obviously, the sudden blare from the phone had disrupted his sleep.

I muted the phone immediately before sneaking a glance at the caller ID.

The call was from Simon. I rejected Simon's call and chose not to delve too deep into my decision.

The car stopped at the gate of the Moore mansion.

For a while, I debated on whether I should wake Charles up or not.

While I was still struck with indecision, the man opened his eyes.

With a small groan, he sat up and asked, "Did I fall asleep?"

"Yes."

Sighing, Charles massaged his temple.

He flicked a glance over at me before murmuring wearily, "Mom and dad are in the hospital with Grandma and Grandpa is too old to take care of the children all by himself. You will have to take care of James today. He has a fever and keeps asking for you."

"You should have told me earlier." I reprimanded him in a sharp tone.

Without another word, I opened the door and tried to alight from the car.

But then I noticed that Charles was making no such move.

"Are you not going to stay with the children?"

"I still have another social engagement."

The statement had my brows furrowing in displeasure.

"If I could, I would spend the rest of the day with you and our children. But business is not that simple. Thousands of employees, both at the head office and our branches are all counting on me."

He didn't have to explain further for me to understand his point.

Once, for the sake of work, I had to drink even though I had a fever and had to spend the entire night throwing up.

And my responsibilities weren't as enormous as that of Charles who happened to be the CEO of an international group

"Don't worry. I will take good care of James. When I entered the gate, James ran out to greet me, "Mommy!"

My face split in a wide smile as I bent to a knee and opened my arms to accept the hug.

Once I had him in my arms, I checked his temperature with my fingers.

"Let me see if you're still having a fever."

The little boy wrapped his arms around my neck and asked, "Didn't Dad come back with you?"

"No. He is very busy."

James snorted, "I've made up my mind. I don't want to talk to him."

"What's wrong?"

"It's all his fault. He made you angry so that I didn't get to see you for so long."

The statement had my mind flashing back to Charles' tired and drawn face. I put James on my lap and took the soup from the servant, Zoey.

While feeding him, I tried to explain the situation to James.

"Even if you are angry with Dad, you can't ignore him. It's not only Dad's fault if Mom and Dad fight."

"Does Mom make mistakes too? But Dad said it was all his fault and Mom was always right."

James tilted his head, confused. Did Charles say that to the kids? I was surprised.

When did Charles become so... reasonable?

"Mommy is not always right."

James was more confused, "Mom, you seem to be defending Dad. You don't like him, do you? Why do you put in a good word for him now?"

What? Did I? I was stunned for a moment.

The thought left me speechless for a moment.

Looking at the innocent look in James 'eyes, I shook my head quickly.

“No, I don't like him, and I'm not defending him.”

It felt like I was trying to convince myself.

After taking the medicine, James was much better.

But when I was about to leave, he started crying.

Seeing how upset he was and knowing he was still ill, I didn't have the heart to leave him alone in such condition. I was able to stop his flow of tears by promising to spend the night.

James was young but smart.

“Mom, go to take a shower! You must sleep with me tonight!”

Was he afraid that I would break my promise? I was in a dilemma.

But I had to comfort him first. I could leave after he fell asleep.

After taking a shower, James said at once, “Mom, come and sleep.”

With a small nod, I obliged James.

I just wanted to wait for him to fall asleep before leaving but when I held the little boy in my arms and rested my head in the pillow, my eyes closed for a second and before I knew it, I was sound asleep.

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**Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 487**

## She Put Her Hand Into His Pajamas

Charles' POV:

It was midnight by the time I went home from my social engagements.

The house was eerily quiet tonight.

After taking a shower, I went to the children's room.

The nightlight was on.

On the bed, James was nestling in Caroline's arms.

Caroline, on the other hand, was bent like a shrimp as she held her son in her arms.

Her soft, long hair was scattered on the pillow, revealing her charming face.

Both were lousy sleepers, so most of the quilt had now fallen to the ground.

Upon seeing them together like that, I was lost in thought for a moment. I lifted the quilt and lay beside Caroline.

Then, I stretched out my arm, so that she could rest her head on it.

Caroline turned around and leaned towards me; her hands, fumbling around for something.

I held her hand right when she put it underneath my pajamas.

My body felt tense and I began breathing heavily. People claimed that those who huddled themselves up while sleeping lacked a sense of security.

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And it seemed as though Caroline wasn't an exception.

Thus, I pulled her closer towards me.

Fortunately, she didn't struggle.

She just fumbled beneath my pajamas until her soft hands were wrapped around my waist.

The muscles in my waist tensed up, and it felt like my lower body was on fire.

Just then, the phone on the bedside vibrated.

Considering it was the middle of a quiet night, it was hard to ignore it.

It was Caroline's phone.

I grabbed it from the table and saw Simon's name flickering on the screen.

Even until now, he was still pestering Caroline.

'Looks like my warning last time didn't faze him'

Caroline groaned in her sleep.

The frown on her face made it seem like she was woken up by the noise.

Thus, I asked her, "Someone is calling you. Would you like to answer it?"

"You answer it for me," she said in a lazy voice, and then drifted into dreamland again.

I answered the call and put the phone near my ear.

"Caroline, where are you right now?" Simon asked over the phone.

I didn't respond.

"Caroline, Edward said that you promised him to never see Charles again. Is that true?"

Simon continued.

then that I understood something. I now realized that this was the reason why Caroline hadn't been answering my calls during the past few days.

She didn't even show up during Grandma's surgery.

"I know you still love Charles, Caroline, but he's a bastard. He doesn't even understand you! All he'll ever do is hurt you. Know that I'm willing to wait until you finally change your mind, Caroline."

"She's asleep right now. Give her another call tomorrow."

I decided to cut him off because I was sick of hearing him talk of how much he loved Caroline.

A long silence ensued on the other end of the line.



“Who are you?” Simon growled.

“The bastard you just mentioned.”

Having said that, I disconnected from the call.

The room fell into silence once more.

Caroline’s POV:

The next morning, I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling. I was confused as to where I was at this moment.

I turned over and found that the side of the bed next to me was empty.

Then it came to me that I was in James’ room in the Moore mansion.

‘Why did James get up so early?’ I wondered.

After getting up, I went to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth.

The toiletries I used before were still there.

They were neatly placed on the washbasin, as though I still lived in this house.

Once I was done washing up, I changed my clothes and went downstairs.

Down in the dining room, Zoey was preparing breakfast.

She put a plate of food in front of me and said, “Have some breakfast, Mrs. Moore.”

Zoey was a new maid here.

Even though Charles and I had already separated, each time I was here, she would call me Mrs. Moore.

None of the other members of the Moore family corrected her, so I never bothered to correct her either.

“Where are the kids?” I asked.

“Tracy took James to see a doctor, while Janet and Richard took the twins out for a day of fun. Mr. Moore went to work, but it seems like he caught a cold, so he didn’t have any appetite for breakfast,” answered Zoey.

“Did Charles come back last night?”

Only then did it dawn on me that I indeed heard Charles' voice last night.

'Wasn't it just a dream?' I wondered.

'Did he actually sleep next to me last night?'

"Yes, ma'am. He came out of the children's room this morning."

My face was burning up and I could tell that it was so red.

Last night, I slept so soundly that I wasn't even aware that Charles was lying beside me.

After eating breakfast, I went home and changed my clothes.

This morning, a bidding was going to happen at the Moore Group's building.

There were only seven companies that would participate in the bidding, so the first round of the bidding finished swiftly.

Soon, the representatives of each company left one after another.

While we were waiting for the elevator, the door of the CEO's exclusive elevator nearby opened up.

"Mrs. Moore." I looked over and saw that it was Amy who greeted me.

She was Charles' capable assistant, so everyone greeted her warmly.

"Would you mind staying for a little bit longer, ma'am?" Amy said to me through the crowd.

I nodded and asked, "Sure. What's up?"

"Since you're already here, why don't you go upstairs and talk to Mr. Moore?" said Amy.

I was taken aback by Amy's request. I pondered on it for a moment, and eventually shook my head.

"I think it's best that I don't. It's not a good idea."

"Mr. Moore has a fever right now, ma'am. He's been upstairs throughout the whole morning and refused to go to the hospital. It worries me that he will have a pneumonia. Currently, he's still working on some documents, and I can't persuade him to see a doctor."

My heart stopped. Thereafter, we took the exclusive elevator upstairs.

At this moment, nobody else was on the top floor.

It was eerily quiet up here.

While I was standing outside the office, I thought for a moment before knocking on the door tentatively.

It remained silent inside.

Right after I knocked, the door was opened slightly.

It turned out that it had been left unlocked. I peered through the crack of the door.

Inside the spacious office, Charles was leaning against the swivel chair.

The chair was faced towards the window with its back to me.

From where I was standing, I could only see the back of Charles' head and I couldn't see his expression. I stood at the door, staring blankly at him for a good few seconds.

As I looked at him, I felt conflicted. I had made myself believe that I could move on, but in reality, I was just deceiving myself.

Even after everything that happened, I was still concerned about him. I pushed the door open and strutted into the office.

The sound of my high heels resonated throughout the room. I did my best to walk as lightly as possible, but the clacking of the heels echoed nonetheless.

Charles seemed unbothered by the sounds, which led me to believe that he was asleep.

Not in the mood to look around his office, I approached him directly.

He was indeed asleep.

But my heart sank when I saw that his face was abnormally red.

Even as he slept, his eyebrows were still knitted together, and there was a thin layer of sweat on the tip of his nose.

His body was trembling slightly. He appeared to be feeling cold.

My heart skipped a beat when I put my hand on his forehead.

'He's burning up!' I thought, fearing for his safety.

“Charles, wake up.”

I patted him on the shoulder, but he didn't even flinch. I squatted down and whispered in his ear, “Charles? Charles! Wake up!”

Suddenly, I felt a warm hand grabbing my hand on his shoulder.

The next moment, he pulled me down to sit on his lap. I was shocked.

‘Is he awake?’ I wondered.

I tried to push him away and stand up.

However, Charles was holding my waist too tightly and he prevented me from getting up.

“Honey, don't move,” he said in a hoarse yet gentle voice.

His eyes remained closed.

His gentleness made me want to cry.

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## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 488

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 488

Tell Him Never To Call You Again

Caroline's POV:

I couldn't tell if he was awake or asleep, so I asked, “Are you awake?”

“Yep,” Charles replied in a nasal voice.

He paused for a moment until he slowly opened his eyes.

It was obvious that he was feeling very uncomfortable.

Charles' eyes were a bit misty, which made him look befuddled.

Even so, he still smiled at me the moment he saw me.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

My heart ached for him.

Instead of answering his question, I said, "You have a fever, Charles. You should go to the hospital."

He didn't respond to my suggestion and just chuckled at me.

I felt really bad for him, and I was worried for his health. And when he smiled at me, I got annoyed a little.

"Charles, you're burning up. How can you laugh at a time like this? Why don't you go to a doctor? Are you a child or something?"

"Fine... fine. I'm going to the hospital right away," he said.

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I was actually surprised that he obeyed me.

It made me wonder why Amy was unsuccessful in convincing him.

Out of the blue, Charles added, "But you have to come with me."

For a moment, I didn't know how to respond.

Then, I said to him, "Just take Amy with you. She's really worried about you."

"Aren't you worried about me too?"

Charles was looking at me like he wanted to see through me.

In all honesty, I was sad about this. I would be lying if I said that I wasn't worried about him.

"I'm gonna tell Amy to come in here and take you to the hospital," I said.

Just as I was about to stand up, he asked, "Did Edward prohibit you from ever seeing me again?"

"Huh?"

I was confused by the sudden change of the subject.

Charles leaned against the back of the chair, gazing into my very soul.

"Simon said it over the phone last night."

Only then did it dawn on me that Charles was the one who answered Simon's call for me last night.

Now I understood why I saw the call log this morning but didn't remember talking to him at all.

"Dad wants me to get together with Simon." I decided to just tell Charles the truth.

"Tell him never to call you in the middle of the night again. It'll cause a misunderstanding," said Charles.

"It's fine. I'll explain what happened last night to Simon," I answered.

"I meant for myself."

Charles locked eyes with me and added, "I might misunderstand your relationship with him."

His words moved me, but I couldn't say anything for a time.

Just then, we heard a knock on the door. I gathered my composure and stood up from his lap.

“Come in,” Charles commanded.

Amy opened the door and walked in.

She was staring at me with curiosity.

Clearly, she was asking if I had convinced Charles to go to the hospital. I nodded in response, causing her to sigh with relief.

“Get the car ready,”

Charles ordered while closing the folder on the desk.

Amy nodded in response before walking out of the office.

Then, I followed Charles into the elevator.

It looked like he was getting more and more uncomfortable by the minute. He was rubbing his temples from time to time.

“Are you okay?” I asked, unable to resist it any longer.

Charles glanced over at me and asked, “Do I look okay?”

“Do you feel dizzy?” I asked back.

“A little,” he said.

I moved closer towards him and suggested, “If you’re feeling dizzy, come lean on my shoulder.”

Charles didn’t respond.

Confused, I turned my gaze towards him and saw that his reddened face was right before my eyes.

He then turned around, putting one hand on the wall of the elevator and locking me between the wall and his muscular chest.

Before I could say a word, he raised my chin using his fingers and kissed me passionately.

The warmth of his lips almost incinerated my reasoning.

My body trembled with pleasure.

Instinctively, I tightened my grip on my purse.

Charles was adept at this stuff.

He could easily make me lose my mind. I tried my best to remain sane and put my hand on his shoulder, intending to push him away.

But before I could do so, he started kissing me softer little by little.

And the warmth of his lips became even hotter.

“This isn’t right. Something is definitely wrong!” The following moment, his lips slid away from mine.

Not a second later, Charles fell forward.

“Charles!”

I wrapped my hands around his waist to support him.

It seemed that he had passed out.

Soon, the elevator reached the garage.

When the elevator door finally opened, I saw that Amy was already waiting outside.

She was also shocked to see that I was holding Charles up.



“He passed out. Take him to the hospital at once!” I said anxiously.

Amy and I hobbled Charles into the car and let him lie flat on the backseat.

Once Amy was sure that Charles was settled down on the seat, she said to me, “Mrs. Moore, please take the front seat.”

I pondered for a second and shook my head.

“You need to take him to the hospital now. I’m not going.”

Amy nodded in response before heading into the car. I was really worried and I wanted to say something.

But in the end, I couldn’t say a word.

I just watched as the car turned to a corner, leave the parking lot, and completely disappear from my sight. I stood there for a time until I finally decided to walk out of the garage, dragging my feet.

That night, I was having a hard time falling asleep.

The thought of Charles’ frail appearance during the day made me feel worried about him.

Finally, I got up and left the house quietly without waking Elena up.

As I stood in front of the inpatient building of the hospital, I felt a little timid.

Just then, my phone rang.

“Where are you?”

Charles’ voice was hoarse, and it sounded much gentler in the quietness of the night.

“Downstairs of the hospital,” I answered.

“Come on in. I’m in room 2009.”

Then, he hung up the phone.

Soon, I reached the ward. I knocked first before entering.

But to my surprise, there was nobody inside.

'Isn't he supposed to be here?' I took a look around, but he was nowhere to be found.

"If I hadn't called you, you're not going to come up here, are you?"

I suddenly heard Charles' voice from behind me.

Startled, I turned around at once. He was wearing a hospital gown. He had his hands in his pockets, looking down at me with a gloomy expression.

"Where have you been hiding?" I asked.

"I've been on the balcony this whole time," Charles said, gesturing towards the direction of the balcony.

'Now I get it' I remarked inwardly.

It was dark outside, so I didn't notice him from where I was standing inside the room.

Upon seeing how worn he was, my heart broke.

"What happened to you? Is it serious? What did the doctor say? How long will you be staying in the hospital?"

Charles chuckled at me.

"Whoa, take it easy! You've got so many questions. Which one would you like me to answer first?"

I looked back at him and suggested, "Answer them in order one by one."

But then, he just smiled at me and didn't answer.

Instead, he took a step closer towards me. He towered over me, causing me to feel nervous.

I wanted to back away, but the door was right behind me, closed.

There was no room for me to retreat.

Thus, I straightened myself, and looked him dead in the eye.

“Why are you standing so close to me?”

Charles was staring right at me.

His eyes were like a gigantic net, trapping me and making it difficult for me to breathe.

“Who are you to me? Why should I even answer your questions?”

His words were like a hammer, driving a mighty nail to my chest.

As I looked into his eyes, I felt only bitterness.

In the end, I averted my gaze from him.

I pursed my lips and said, “In that case, I’m leaving.”

I turned around and reached for the doorknob, attempting to leave.

But the second I made a move, he held my waist. I was shocked.

The very next second, he carried me and threw me onto the bed behind us.

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# Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer

## Chapter 489

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 489

He's So Tempting

Caroline's POV:

Charles leaned over, put a hand on my waist, and stared into my eyes. He combed back the strands of hair on the corner of my lips, gently brushing his fingers on my cheek.

His fingertips warmed not just my skin, but also my heart.

By now, my eyelashes were quivering.

But the more I indulged in this feeling, the sadder I felt.

"You seem like you're perfectly fine. You don't seem like there's anything wrong with you," I said in a trembling voice.

"So if I'm fine, you're just going to listen to Edward and never see me again, is that it?" he argued.

I turned my face away and said nothing.

It was then that Charles forced me to look at him and kissed me. I could feel that his body temperature was much higher than mine.

He was really warm.

I was shocked by this.

Then, I put my hands on his shoulders, intending to push him away.

But the next second, I found myself putting my hand down his shirt.

He chuckled; his breath, becoming unsteady.

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“Do you wanna do it?”

The sound of his voice was simply tempting.

‘He’s so tempting!’ I thought as I ran my hands along his chest.

And just as I had expected, it was very warm.

His body temperature was higher than normal.

Needless to say, he still had a fever.

“If you want to do it now, I’m afraid we’ll have to go someplace else.”

Charles heaved a heavy breath, easily lifting me from the bed.

He held my buttocks and wrapped my legs around his waist.

While kissing my lips, he said, “Shall we go to the balcony?”

“No.”

I was practically gasping for breath because of how good he was at kissing.

Aside from that, his penis was rubbing against my vagina. I couldn’t help but think of what happened on the deck of the cruise ship that night.

“Charles,” I moaned as my voice trailed off.

My hands had become wet with his hot sweat.

His muscular pecs were heaving along with his irregular breathing.

“Would you rather do it in bed?”

Charles' eyes was just like mine, filled with lust and affection. He grazed his palms on my body, caressing me fondly.

"Is that the only thing you ever think of?" I said, managing to finish my sentence.

"This is my first reaction whenever I see you. Besides, you're the one who made the first move," he countered.

My throat was parched and my tongue felt scorched.

My body was much too sensitive to his every move.

Beads of sweat slid down from my forehead to the tip of my nose.

Just before it could fall off my nose, he licked it away.

It was so erotic, Unable to stand the temptation any longer, I pulled my hand out of his clothes.

"You misunderstood me," I said in a shaky voice.

"Misunderstood what?" Charles replied, putting his hand into my clothes.

Hurriedly, I grabbed his hand through my clothes and said, "You are burning up."

"I am burning up for you, you know," he bantered.

The way he smiled made me feel like I was melting. He fondled my breasts over and over.

The sensation was so incredible that my toes instinctively curled up. I barely had any strength left to support myself.

All I could do now was to hold his arms to prevent muse slipping down.

"Stop it, Charles. You're burning up. We should call the doctor in."

He chuckled at my response and said, "You know what? You seem like you're also burning up. Your face is red and your body is hot."

'He's making fun of me! I'm just worried about him and he's teasing me!' I thought.

Annoyed by his behavior, I gritted my teeth and bit his shoulder.

"Don't touch me! Put me down!"

"Don't you want me to recover as soon as possible?"

Instead of letting me go, Charles sat down on the sofa while still carrying me. He held my waist with one hand, and his other hand was on my breast.

I wanted to deny it, but the thought of his frail appearance in the elevator, my heart softened.

"Of course, I do! I want you to stay strong. I hope you won't get sick, that you won't fall down, and that nobody hurts you."

Charles' eyes were filled with affection.

He held the back of my neck and replied, "Caroline, you still love me, don't you?"

My heart was practically melting, but I didn't respond.

Just then, the door of the room was pushed open.

When the nurse came in and saw what we were doing, she was taken by surprise. She was frozen for a moment and went out right away.

I hurriedly removed Charles' hands from me and got up from his lap.

He, on the other hand, seemed to be in a chipper mood. He just sat there, smiling at me.

Because of his fever, he easily grew tired and weak.

The way his eyes lit up when he laughed made me less worried about him.

“Stop laughing, you idiot. You’re sick, remember? What on earth are you laughing at?”

I was starting to get pissed.

Despite my warning, he laughed even harder.

“Jeez, you’re so bossy that you won’t even allow me to laugh.”

I wasn’t in the mood to flirt with him anymore, so I just got up and opened the door.

Even though I had mentally prepared myself for this, the nurse’s knowing stare still made me feel ashamed of myself.

“He has a fever. It looks serious,” I told her.

“I’ll have a look at him,” she answered.

The nurse checked Charles’ temperature and told him to lie on the bed.

After putting an intravenous drip on him, she left the ward.

I pulled out a chair and sat down next to the bed.

While intently looking at him, I asked, “Do you know what Samantha is thinking of you?”

“I’m not interested in other people’s thoughts,” Charles answered.

He turned around and looked back at me.

“I’d rather know your thoughts. Yours is the only opinion I care about.”

His gaze was deep; almost soul-piercing.

The way he was looking at me made me feel like he could see right through me.

My heart began racing.



“Since you’ve already read my mind, I guess there’s no need to talk about it.” Charles chuckled.

“Is that so?”

I didn’t answer.

“Are you sure about that?” he asked again; his eyes, lighting up with glee.

Still, I just looked at him in silence.

Finally, Charles stopped teasing me.

“Fine.Let’s talk about Samantha.”

“Can’t you see that she likes you?” I asked directly.

“For real?”

Charles shook his head.

“I never noticed that.”

“She left her panties in your car, for God’s sake! Isn’t that enough for you to notice it?” I responded.

Charles pointed at the dining table and said, “There are way too many women who show their affection to me on a daily basis.Look over there.All those soups on the table.They’re all sent here by the female employees in my company.If I have to pay attention to every woman trying to please me, I’m going to have migraines all day long.”

I followed his gaze and saw rows of thermos bottles, rendering me completely speechless.

‘God, he really is a prince charming, isn’t he?’ I exclaimed inwardly.

“You’re quite popular to women, aren’t you?” I sighed.

“Well, I gotta say, you’re worse than them in this kind of stuff. You should learn from them,” he countered.

I pouted.

“There are so many women who care about you. Seems like it’s not necessary for me to be here.”

Charles gave me a knowing glance and replied, “That’s not what I meant. You can give me something that others can’t, such as...”

“Stop it. I’m being serious.”

I interrupted him before he could finish his sentence.

“Since you don’t like Samantha, don’t give her any false hopes, lest she misunderstands you and fantasizes more about you.”

I paused for a moment and thought of how intoxicated Samantha was of him.

It made me worried.

“From what I could see, she’s deeply in love with you. I’m afraid that she’s going to end up getting hurt.”

Feeling helpless, Charles asked, “What sort of signal have I given her?”

“I don’t know, but Samantha thinks you like her back,” I answered.

“That’s an easy problem to solve.”

Charles looked at me solemnly.

“Let’s remarry. It’s the easiest way to make her stop her fantasies.”

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## **Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 490**

Rivals In Love

Caroline's POV:

I was absent-minded the whole day.

Last night, Charles had proposed to me. He wanted to get remarried.

In the afternoon, during the meeting, I still couldn't focus and was frequently lost in thought.

Elena also sensed that something was wrong with me.

She asked with concern while we were alone, "Caroline, are you okay?"

I came to my senses and nodded.

"I am fine. I just didn't sleep well last night."

Sleep had been the furthest thing from my mind after indulging in marathon sex with Charles all night.

At the end of the work day, I walked out of the elevator only to be accosted by a tall man with a very grave expression. Despite his grave expression, his voice was smooth and deferential when he greeted me.

"Hello, Miss Wilson."

My brows furrowed in confusion as I stared at him.

"Who are you?"

"This is Carlos Graham, the new bodyguard I hired for you. In the future, he will be responsible for your safety at night, so that you won't be unaccompanied when you need to leave the house at night. Elena is becoming more and more incompetent."

This chapter is provided by . Visit for daily update.

Dad declared firmly as he walked over to us.

Damn it! How did Dad find out? My head lowered as guilt turned my cheeks a deep red.

"I'm sorry. It was indeed my fault,"

Elena explained apologetically. I tried to pretend to be innocent.

"Dad, I couldn't fall asleep last night. I just went out for a walk."

"Really? And then you walked to the hospital 12 miles away, didn't you?"

"Sorry, Dad."

Deciding a subject change was in order, I announced, "Your birthday is coming up soon and I want to arrange a grand party for you. Have you decided on what you want as a gift?"

A wistful sigh escaped dad.

"Caroline, the only gift I want is for you to live a happy life, but not with Charles."

"Let's not talk about it for the time being. How about making another wish?"

"Well, I want you to attend a party in my stead tonight. I'm feeling a little under the weather, so I've decided to go home and rest."

"What party?"

"It's a jewelry exposition. Some of my old friends will also attend it. Please go to see them for me. Simon will go with you."

I frowned slightly.

To be honest, I didn't want to see Simon for the time being.

"Don't refuse it, sweetheart. The Wilson Group will be handed over to you sooner or later, but only if you are with Simon."

Dad declared in a grave tone.

At night.

As expected, Simon came to pick me up. He was dressed in a formal suit.

"Caroline, you look gorgeous today."

"Thank you. Let's go."

We didn't mention the phone call Charles answered for me that night.

Although I was curious about what Charles and Simon had discussed, I hadn't asked.

Needless to say whatever two rivals in love discussed would be anything but nice.

The party was held in a big three-floor villa in the suburb.

When we arrived, the lights were all on.

My arm was around Simon's as we walked in.

Simon turned to look at me and said, "Caroline, I heard from your father that you once studied jewelry design abroad."

"Yes, but it was many years ago. I was studying in France at that time."

Once, Rita had declared that I couldn't differentiate between natural gemstones and artificial ones.

The mocking words had been uttered right in front of Charles.

Later, I had studied jewelry design so I could do this and even outdo her.

My lips pursed at the unpleasant memory.

The past was a needle that stabbed my heart each time I thought of it.

"Simon, you are here!"

A middle-aged man walked toward us.

"Hello, Dan."

Simon called pleasantly, walking over to him, my arm still clasped in his.

The man who was apparently named Dan seemed to be a bit floored when he saw me.

A small smile graced his lips and he asked, "Is she the fiancée you spoke of?"

Fiancée? Just as I was about to deny it, Simon placed his hand across my shoulder, a silent request for me to hold my peace. He made a small humming sound in answer to Dan's question.

I had no idea why Simon didn't set Dan straight, but I went along with it and greeted Dan politely.

After Dan left, I took a glass of cocktail from a waiter passing by.

“Caroline!”

A familiar voice called loudly. I turned around and saw Nina trotting towards me in a beautiful dress and high heels.

“Hi, Nina.”

Nina was surprised to see Simon beside me.

“Did you come together?”

“I’m Caroline’s escort tonight,” Simon replied.

Nina suddenly frowned and whispered in my ear, “But I saw Charles here just now.”

Charles was also here? Before I was fully aware of it, my head was already turning in several directions, scanning the crowd for his face.

A few seconds later, I caught sight of a tall figure staring at me from a distance.

The moment he arrived was a bit of a mystery to me.

Perhaps he had arrived before Simon and I and I hadn’t noticed him until Nina’s statement. Charles stood in the crowd, holding a glass of wine.

Even though the men and women around him were all older, he didn’t appear to feel inferior to them.

Charles was such a dazzling man that he outshined the light.

Most of the women’s eyes were focused on him, following his every move with rapt attention.

Instead of paying attention to any of the countless women clamoring for his attention, his entire focus was on me.

Just as I was about to look away from him, Charles turned away from me first and began discussing something with the people around him.

Simon also saw Charles. He raised his glass and suddenly held my hand.

“Let’s say hello to him.”

By the time I came to my senses, Simon had already led me to Charles.

Simon greeted the others and then shook hands with Charles, "Mr. Moore, long time no see."

Charles clasped his hand back and said indifferently, "We talked on the phone only two days ago, didn't we? Since our arms were still linked, I could feel it when Simon stiffened. The atmosphere turned a little uncomfortable at their stare off."

"Simon, who is this beautiful lady next to you?"

A bald man asked.

"She is Caroline Wilson. I'm pursuing her."

Simon wrapped his arm around my waist.

"You have good taste. Miss Wilson is a good match for you."

"Excuse me."

A low voice suddenly interrupted his compliment.

Charles nodded stiffly at no one in particular before turning on his heel and walking away, "Mr. Moore seems unhappy all of a sudden."

"Really?"

"Did anyone say something that offended him?"

They looked at each other in confusion.

A tall lady invited Charles to dance when he got to the center of the dance floor.

With a smile, he obliged her request.

They danced to the melodious music. He was elegant and handsome, much like a prince in a fairy tale. His dance partner was equally beautiful and delicate.

They made the perfect picture and their dance scene was straight out of a movie scene.

I gulped down my cocktail.

But the only thing I could taste was the bitterness of the alcohol.

Silently, I shook Simon's hand off and walked away from the crowd.

For some reason, the party was getting boring and I just wanted to find somewhere quiet to stay.

Nina and I went to the backyard of the villa and sat on a bench.

We both turned our faces to the night sky, staring at the stars.

Under the bright moonlight, the backyard looked a little bleak.

Something weighed heavily on my mind and it made me feel weary and tired.

“Caroline, as your friend, I don’t want you to always be immersed in the pain of the past. If there is someone who can heal your heart, why don’t you give him a chance?”

Nina broke the silence.

“I know. I just can’t see my heart clearly yet.”

We sat in the backyard for a long time until Abner came over.

“Why are you here? Nina, don’t forget that you are my partner.”

“Abner, I’m comforting Caroline. Can’t you just dance with another girl? There are so many pretty girls at the party. With your charm, you can certainly find a new partner.”

Abner walked over and pinched Nina’s face.

“Why do you like to push your husband into another woman’s arms so much?”

“Hey! Honey!”

Nina couldn’t get rid of him no matter what she tried.

Eventually, she turned to me with an apologetic smile.

“Caroline, I’ll come to you later.”

I smiled faintly, “Go ahead.”

It was getting cold in the yard but I didn’t feel like going inside just yet.

A while later, I finally decided to brave the banquet hall once more.

Simon was talking with a group of people and had no time to pay attention to me.

I decided this was the perfect time to make my exit.



At this moment, my phone rang.

I took my phone out of my handbag and was stunned when I saw the name flickering across the screen. It turned out to be Charles.

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