

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 494

She Was A Nurse

Caroline's POV:

Just as I was about to get off work, Dad came to the company.

A faint smile was tugging at his lips. He must be in a good mood.

"Caroline, I'm here to pick you up," he said lightly.

"I envy you, Dad. You don't even have to go to work," I complained while rubbing my stiff and sore shoulders.

Dad chuckled.

"Well, I've been busy most of my life. I deserve to rest now. I'll soon hand over the entire company to you and enjoy my retirement." I sighed helplessly.

With that, I packed my things up and left the company with my father.

"You know that I'm not as competent as you are."

"I beg to disagree. You've been great. Well, at least you're better than Adam."

Dad shook his head disapprovingly as he spoke.

The smile on my face disappeared at the mention of Adam's name.

Annoyed, I gritted my teeth and muttered, "That man would do whatever it takes to achieve his goal."

"Yes. He's a sucker for overnight success. Just recently, he invested a large sum of money in a project. The profit of that project is high, and so is the risk."

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Dad sighed heavily.

From the look on his face, he doubted that what Adam had done would be a success. I sneered.

"He's so full of himself. Don't worry. I'm sure he'll get the taste of his own medicine one day."

All of a sudden, my phone rang. It was Hugo.

Apparently, Christine had woken up.

“Dad, Hugo just called. He said that Christine is now awake. I want to see her,” I said to my father with an apologetic smile.

“Is it really Christine you want to see and not someone else? since she’s fine, I don’t think it’s necessary for you to see Charles again.”

“Charles is my kids’ father. Even if I don’t want to, we’ll have to see each other one way or another,” I reasoned out.

“I think you should let the kids spend more time with Simon. Maybe they’ll eventually see him as their father.”

“Dad, we were apart for years, but you’re still my dad. Nobody can replace you in my heart. Can’t you see that?”

“What am I gonna do with you, Caroline? You always have plenty of excuses in mind.”

Dad did not say anything more, which made me feel quite uncertain that he was convinced by my excuse.

But it did not matter.

When we arrived at the gate of the hospital, I asked Elena and Carlos to wait for me in the car.

In all honesty, even I was not convinced by my words. My father was right.

It was Charles I wanted to see.

God, I missed him so much.

How I wish I could see, hug, and kiss him.

If only I could stay by his side all the time... With these thoughts in mind, I excitedly pushed the door of the ward open.

However, what I saw next wiped the smile off my face.

Charles and Samantha were sitting on the edge of the bed, holding hands.

Samantha’s face was flushed, and her bright eyes were full of love and adoration.

Lying on the bed, Christine was smiling as she gazed at them.

They looked like a family.

I, however, seemed like an outsider who came to ruin their moment for no reason.

The scene in front of me was so nice and warm, but I felt a bitter taste in my mouth as I looked at it .I was too stunned to say a word.

The silence in the ward was deafening that I could almost hear the sound of my heart breaking “Caroline?”

Charles was the first to react.

He withdrew his hand and stood up from the bed.It was then that I came to my senses.

I wiped the tears on my face, which I did not realize were falling, and coldly said, “Sorry to interrupt.”

Just as I was about to leave, Christine spoke.

“Don’t leave.”

Charles’s POV

Caroline stopped in her tracks and slowly turned around.

Her eyes were slightly red.

Even though she was trying all her might to conceal her disappointment, I could still see it.

My heart ached to see her like that.

Not wanting her to misunderstand what she had seen, I opened my mouth to explain myself.But before I could utter a word, Grandma interrupted me.

“It’s been a while since I woke up, and you just came now.You’re so irresponsible.Do you have no professionalism? Why are you still standing there? Come in,” Grandma grumbled discontentedly.

I looked at her, at a loss for words.

How could she talk to Caroline like that? At the thought of this, I suddenly remembered that she had also mistaken Samantha for her granddaughter-in-law.

At this moment, Caroline walked over to the bed and confusedly asked, "Do you still remember me?"

"Of course. Aren't you my nurse? Come and massage my shoulders. I've been on this bed for so long. My back hurts," Grandma complained.

I rubbed my eyebrows and corrected her, "Grandma, she's not a nurse. She's Caroline."

"No, she's a nurse! I'm not senile. How could I not recognize Caroline?" Grandma insisted.

As soon as she said those words, her chest tightened, and she began wheezing.

As I stared at her frail face, I decided not to push her further.

Instead, I agreed with her to get this over with.

"You're right, Grandma. Anyway, you just woke up. You shouldn't let your emotions run high."

I sat on the edge of the bed and gently patted her on the back to calm her down.

Grandma let out a sort and turned to look at Samantha.

"By the way, when are you and Charles going to get married?"

"We'll do our best to get married as soon as we can. So, Grandma, you should get better soon. I want you to be there," Samantha replied with a beaming smile.

She then walked up to me with the brightest smile she could muster.

As if that was not enough, she even held my arm like we were close.

I shook off her hand in disgust.

Meanwhile, Grandma looked at Samantha and continued, "That is my dear granddaughter-in-law. I want to have the soup you've made for me before."

"Sure, Grandma. I'll prepare it for you right away."

Once Samantha was gone, I walked up to Caroline and whispered, "Caroline, Grandma isn't fully conscious yet."

Caroline stared daggers at me and walked out.

"Caroline!"

I felt like my heart was going to burst out of my chest as I stared at her receding figure.

Without thinking, I ran after Caroline. I eventually caught up with her.

And when I did, I grabbed her wrist and pinned her against the wall.

“Caroline, Grandma isn’t fully conscious yet. I apologize to you on her behalf.”

Caroline sneered and tried to break free of my grasp.

“What are you apologizing for? You looked like you were enjoying yourself a while ago. Also, I didn’t expect that you and Samantha are getting married. You should’ve told me that sooner.”

“Caroline, you’ll always be my wife. Don’t you believe my love for you?”

Caroline turned her face away and burst into tears.

“I don’t want to listen to any of your bullshit!”

Her eyes were brimming with tears. It did not take a genius to know that she was very upset by what she had seen.

Yet here she was, stubbornly forcing back her tears. I felt a pang in my heart. I reached out and wiped the tears off her face with my thumb.

“Caroline, you’re beautiful even when you’re jealous.”

Unable to contain my feelings any longer, I cupped her face and kissed her lips.

Caroline put her hand against my chest and pushed me as hard as she could.

Discontented, I slipped my tongue into her mouth while gently stroking the back of her neck.

“You bastard, how could you flirt with some random nurse?!”

An angry rebuke suddenly came from behind. I turned around in surprise.

A few meters away from us, Grandma was leaning against the wall and brandishing her crutch at me.

Before I could regain my senses, Caroline stood between Grandma and me.

Then, suddenly, I saw the crutch flying in our direction.

Thankfully, Grandma missed, and the crutch hit the wall instead I put my arm around Caroline's shoulder and worriedly asked, "Are you hurt?"

Caroline waved her hand, "I'm fine."

I was appalled by what Grandma had just done.

With a deep frown, I turned to her and shouted, "Grandma, what are you doing?!"

"You're dating two girls at the same time. That's unacceptable! You may be my grandson, but I have to teach you a lesson!"

"Grandma, I'm not! Caroline is the only woman I love!"

"Oh? Is it? Still, even if you love this girl, you can't force her to be with you. She didn't even say that she loves you back!"

I turned to look at Caroline, who, for some reason, was biting her lip with her head lowered to the ground.

"See? She's not saying anything. You forced her, didn't you?!"

Grandma raised her crutch and acted as if she was going to hit me again.

"No! Grandma, I love him!"

To my surprise, Caroline stood in front of me with her arms outstretched.

Grandma looked at her incredulously.

"You love him?"

Caroline did not respond, but her blushing face was enough to tell me everything.

What she had just done warmed my heart.

Without a word, I strode forward and held her in my arms.

"You young people just can't see who's really in your heart."

Grandma looked back and forth between the two of us with a meaningful smile. Then, she walked back to the ward with her crutch.

"Grandma is gone. Can you let me go now?" Caroline asked while staring at me with narrowed eyes.

Seeing that I remained unmoved, she stepped on my foot.

Her sharp heel left a mark on my shoe, but I was too stoked to care about it. I just snorted and laughed at her behavior.

“Caroline, are you trying to murder your husband?” I jokingly asked.

“Who? I haven’t agreed to marry you again!”

Caroline retorted, her face red in embarrassment.

With a smile, I stroked her long hair and said, “Caroline, I think you should go home now. It’s getting late. Don’t worry, I’ll stay here and take care of Grandma.”

You should also take care of yourself,”

Caroline replied.

It warmed my heart that she was concerned about me. I nodded at her in response. Once Caroline was far away, I limped towards the ward and went to see Grandma sat on the chair by the bed and asked, “Grandma, can you tell me why you pretended that you didn’t know Caroline? She adores and respects you. Didn’t it occur to you that she might be sad because of what you’ve done?”

Grandma had behaved strangely ever since she woke up. She was not one who would make trouble out of nothing.

There must be a reason why she had put on an act.

“If I didn’t do that, how could she admit that she still loves you?”

It was then that everything made sense.

Just like they said, “veterans are wiser than novices”.

“Oh, Grandma, how kind of you to do that for Caroline and me.”

“Of course. I saw with my own eyes how much you and Caroline love each other. I feel sorry for you two, so I’ll do everything I can to help you get back together. I only have one wish, though. It’s to see you so sweet to each other like you used to.”

“You’ll see that soon, Grandma.”

“By the way, I heard Samantha on the phone earlier today. She said that Caroline had a miscarriage over a year ago. How could that happen? And, why didn’t she tell us about it? Not only that, I think that Samantha was involved in Caroline’s car accident before.”

“Really?” I asked in utter shock.

“Even I find it hard to believe as well. Samantha has been sweet and lovely. But I’m telling you, when she was talking over the phone, she was like a different person. You should watch out for her.”

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We're A Perfect Match

Charles's POV

Once I left the hospital. I drove to Samantha's clinic "Charles, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here? I'm currently making soup for your grandma."

Samantha hurriedly approached me. The fascination and affection in her eyes could not be hidden. Merely seeing it annoyed me. I used to think of Samantha as gentle, considerate, and friendly, so I let Caroline befriend her.

But to my chagrin.

Samantha was actually a sly vixen And I was incredibly ignorant to not notice it at first.

I shined my complex feelings about this whole matter and just put on a smile "Samantha, my grandma just woke up Her brain is probably scrambled right now, which led her to believe that You or someone else I hope it doesn't bother you," I said, Samantha waved her hand in dismissal and chuckled "oh, it's fine! It's my pleasure to help her out"

Then, I sat on the sofa and heaved a sigh Samantha seemed nervous

"Charles, what happened? You look like you're in a bad mood," she said.

"I used to think that Caroline was the best woman in the world, but now I'm not so sure I have no idea since when she began to be so jealous. She keeps fighting with me regardless of the occasion," I complained bitterly as I rubbed my temples

For a moment, Samantha was stunned.

Seconds later, she reluctantly replied, "I don't think Caroline means to do that, I believe she's just doing it because she loves you."

"Love? I don't feel any love from her! The only reason I want her back is because I want the kids to have a mother who loves them. But I can't pretend anymore. I'm tired."

I covered my face and made myself look as dismal as possible. Samantha sat beside me, feeling distressed and holding my hand.

"Charles, Caroline isn't the only woman in the world. If you don't want to be with her, you don't have to!"

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I did my best to hold back my disgust, and I held her hand tightly.

"Samantha, you're so kind and considerate. If only I could marry a woman like you."

"Charles, do you really mean that?" Samantha's affection for me became even more evident in her eyes.

I could tell from her voice that she was becoming more excited with every passing second.

"I... I've actually been in love with you for a long time. I can be a good wife and a good mother to your kids. I just need you to have faith in me, okay?"

Hiding my doubts, I said, "But we just met each other. Samantha, you don't have to comfort me."

"Charles, do you really not remember me? A year ago, a psychopath harassed me and you saved me," Samantha replied anxiously. I had a vague memory of what happened at that time.

"That was you?" I responded.

"Yes!"

Samantha could no longer contain her excitement.

She touched my face and muttered, "Ever since that day, I've been madly in love with you! Charles, just so I could get closer to you and stay by your side, I did so many things."

She had always acted so prim and proper. I had never seen her act this unhinged before. I held her wrist, leaned closer to her lips, and said, "Really? What kind of things have you done? Tell me, sweetie."

"I asked my assistant to tamper with the brakes of Caroline's car. Then, I saved her, so we could become friends. Honestly, I don't want to be friends with her. I just want to understand why you love her. A bitch like that doesn't deserve your love," Samantha said through gritted teeth.

I nodded in agreement.

"You're right. Caroline has always been so indifferent to me. I've done so much for her, but she's never given me anything back. She just enjoys the benefits of my love without giving back."

"I understand your pain, Charles. As long as Caroline disappears, you'll be able to live in peace!"

Samantha wrapped her arms around my neck. She leaned against my chest and rubbed her cheek against it. Enduring my disgust of her, I said affectionately.

"You've done so much for me, and yet I know nothing about you, Samantha, I owe you so much."

Right after I said that, she placed her finger on my lips and shushed me.

"Charles, I did all of this willingly."

She took out a photo album and handed it to me.

She brushed her fingers against the photos, her eyes, turning crazy and obsessed

"Charles, all of these photos were taken in secret by one of my men. Whenever you're not by my side, I just stare at these photos."

The moment I saw the pictures, I was too shocked to utter a word, and cold sweat ran down my back.

My initial assumption was that Samantha had feelings for me, but I didn't expect her to be this obsessed already. We'd known each other for quite some time now, but I never noticed any of this

"Samantha, I. I'm touched. I didn't expect that you love me this much,"

I said, holding her hand, "Oh, Charles! I'm so glad to hear you say that I'll do anything for you in a heartbeat."

Suddenly, Samantha sprang to her feet and took off her dress.

Her face was flushed, and her eyes were burning with fiery love. Just before her red lips could touch mine, I stood up from the sofa and shouted, "Samantha, I will never love a lunatic like you. My answer is and always will be 'no!'"

Samantha's eyes widened in disbelief.

"What is the matter with you, Charles?"

It was then that I showed her the recorder

"Caroline is the only one I love! Samantha, if I were you, I'd turn myself in to the police as soon as possible, or else I will never let you live this down," I answered.

All of a sudden, she took a ring from her pocket and slipped it onto her ring finger.

"No! This isn't possible! Charles, can't you see? We're a perfect match! That bitch, Caroline, doesn't deserve you. I'm the only one who's qualified to be by your side. Just me!"

She threw herself at me, screaming wildly, and sobbing like a lunatic.

However, she gained no sympathy or pity from me.

And when I saw the ring on her finger, I got even angrier.

"That ring belongs to Caroline. You don't deserve to have it!" I pressed her against the wall and took off the ring.

Samantha struggled desperately as tears streamed down from her eyes.

"No! Don't take off my ring! It's mine! I'm your bride, Charles. We're gonna be married soon! Even Christine wishes us happiness!"

I scoffed at her and tightened my grip on the ring.

"Caroline is the only bride I want. Just patiently wait until you go to jail, you maniac. I will never forgive anyone who hurts my Caroline!"

After letting Samantha go, I walked away.

She struggled to get up from the ground and shouted hysterically, "Even if I let Caroline go, Boris won't! He's getting closer and closer to you! He's coming for you all!"

I stopped in my tracks and asked, "What did you say?"

“If I can’t be with you, Caroline won’t either!”

Having said that, Samantha slammed the door at me.

An ominous feeling arose in my heart. I quickly sent Richard a message.

“Send more people to keep an eye on Samantha. She’s a psychopath!”

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 496

Being Kidnapped

Caroline’s POV

The moment I woke up, silence greeted me.

I couldn’t see anything for my eyes were covered with a black cloth, and my mouth was sealed with tape as well. All I could remember was that when I left the hospital, a man wearing a baseball cap entered the elevator with me. Once I reached the underground parking lot, someone behind me covered my mouth and nose with a cloth.

A pungent odor made me faint.

“So I was kidnapped”

I strained almost every nerve in my body when I realized that fact. I tried my best to not panic.

For only when I could stay calm would I be able to think of a way to escape.

Based on what I could feel, it seemed like I was lying on a bed. I could feel a soft quilt on me. I dared not move. I just listened to the sounds coming from outside in silence.

There were other people in this room with me. I could hear the sound of a chair moving.

Then, someone opened the door. A person walked into the room.

The beating of my heart swayed to the sound of unhurried footsteps approaching me.

Soon, I felt someone raise my chin and touch my face.

The smell of a pungent, warm breath sprayed onto my face. I turned my head to avoid it and struggled violently.

Unfortunately, my whole body was tied up and my mouth was sealed.

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No matter how much I struggled, it would all be in vain.

“Oh, you’re awake so soon? Don’t worry, little lady. I’ll untie you later.”

The voice was from a man. It sounded familiar, but I couldn’t remember where I had heard it from.

Suddenly, the black cloth covering my eyes was removed.

Light appeared before my eyes.

It was dazzling, so I had to close my eyes. I tried to move, causing me to fall off the bed. I accidentally hit my head on the floor, and the pain made me feel dizzy. The man picked me up and threw me back to the bed.

He then leaned closer towards me.

When I finally adapted to the light in the room, I saw the man’s face.

“Long time no see, Caroline.”

It was Boris, the wretched doctor who gave me a surgery a year ago while I was having a miscarriage.

He tore off the tape that sealed my mouth, “Boris? Why did you kidnap me? What do you intend to do?” I asked.

“Honey, slow down! You have so many questions that I don’t even know which one to answer first.”

Boris’ face was so close to mine. I could only turn my face away from him just to avoid him.

“Then tell me what it is that you want. If you agree to let me go, I’ll do my best to meet your demands.” I tried my best to calm down and negotiate with him.

“Meet my demands?” Boris sneered.

"I want one billion dollars. You think you can give me that?"

He paused for a moment and continued, "A year ago, I lost a lot of money because of gambling, and I ended up with a mountain of debt. Raina came to me and gave me some money in exchange for making you miscarry. Though I know you're just a victim in all of this, I had to agree. If I don't pay my creditors back, they're going to break one of my arms. So, during my time as your attending doctor, I added something to the medicine that was injected into your system."

'So... this was the truth of my miscarriage, huh?'

Boris touched my cheek and said in a guilty voice, "Caroline, I've been a doctor for over a decade. I've witnessed the birth and recovery of countless children. Never have I imagined that I'd kill one. I thought that as long as I could pay my debt and stayed far away, this whole matter would be over. In my heart, I still believed that if I could work for a different hospital, I could start anew and become a good doctor again."

"You're the devil!" I snarled, wanting to tear him apart.

"This is all Charles' fault! He had asked his men to investigate my crime. Look at me! I can't show up anywhere, let alone work in any hospital. All I can do is hole up somewhere like a fucking mouse! Charles ruined my God-forsaken life!"

The more Boris spoke, the more riled up he became. Suddenly, he smirked and pinched my chin.

"I wonder how Charles would feel if I fuck the woman he loves the most. Do you think he'll be in more pain than I am?"

His perverted eyes fell on my body.

Panicking, I began to struggle yet again.

"If you dare touch me, Charles will make sure you rot in hell!" I growled.

"Oh, don't worry, honey. You're going to meet him pretty soon."

Having said that, he took out his phone and made the call. When the call connected, I heard Charles ask, "Who is this?"

Just as I was about to cry for help, Boris covered my mouth.

"Charles, if you want to see Caroline alive, bring one billion dollars to meet me at eight in the evening. I will send you the address. Don't play any tricks, otherwise..."

Boris stopped mid sentence and removed his hand from my mouth

“Charles!” I shouted.

With that, Boris ended the call. He then put his phone aside and stared at me.

Based on the obscene look in his eyes, I could tell what he wanted to do. I shrank back, and shouted, “Don’t come any closer!”

Grinning from ear to ear, he came closer to me and tore my clothes apart.

“Hush now. I’m going to satisfy you even more than Charles.”

Fear overcame my heart. I kicked down the glass beside the bed, causing it to fall to the ground and shatter.

“Boris, focus on the money first!”

Samantha suddenly opened the door, interrupting Boris.

It was then that I realized that she was in cahoots with this monster! Samantha walked over, raising her chin proudly.

In a sarcastic tone, she said, “Caroline, you are so effing beautiful. You’re just like a pretty little princess! You have a rich father, and a handsome husband—oh, wait! Ex-husband. Aside from that, you also have countless pursuers. You’re infuriated that you got kidnapped by me today, are you?”

I looked into her eyes and said, “Samantha, I thought we were friends!”

“Friends? You really thought I was your friend? You already have everything. If I stay by your side, I’ll end up being your foil and nothing more. As long as you’re here, Charles will never care about me. It’s fucking unfair!”

Samantha cursed, and then she slapped me right across the face.

The force of her slap caused me to stumble to the ground.

A shard of glass pierced my body. I secretly picked up a shard of glass and hid it in my sleeve.

“It’s a pity that you’ll disappear from the face of the earth after today. Since I can’t be with Charles, neither can you.”

Samantha squatted down, staring at me with complacency in her eyes.

“Samantha, why do you covet something that doesn’t belong to you? You can pursue your own love!”

While I was speaking to them, my hands were moving behind my back.

I used the shard of glass that I hid to cut the hemp rope tying my wrists little by little. Before Charles could appear, I had to buy as much time as possible, I was certain that he'd come to save me But before that, I had to protect myself.

“Samantha, you're an incredible therapist You're kind, considerate, and generous. And besides, you're really beautiful! But do you know why Charles doesn't like you?”

I could feel that Samantha's mood had changed for a moment !

“It's because...”

I tried my best to pique her interest with my words.

By now, my palms were sweating to the brim.

However, she interrupted me

“Shut the hell up! I don't wanna know!”

Samantha stood up, smirked, and said to Boris, “Didn't you want to fuck her for a long time? She's all yours.”

Her words left me shocked and scared.

My heart began racing. The hemp rope tying my hands together was half-broken, but it was still not enough for me to remove it.

When Samantha left my side, Boris came to me and towered over me.

Every passing second, I felt more and more nervous.

I tried to break away from the hemp rope, but I failed.

‘What am I supposed to do now? Is there really nothing I can do?’

At this time, Boris began touching me all over my body.

With great interest, Samantha took out her phone and began recording the whole thing. I head-butted Boris' stomach to stop him.

“Go the fuck away! Don't touch me!”

At long last, I had broken the hemp rope. I quickly untied the rope on my feet.

When Boris pounced on me again, I kicked his crotch, got up, and ran towards the door.

However, someone grabbed my hair from behind.

My scalp hurt so much and I was dragged to the ground.

Boris got on top of me, stared down at me, and gritted his teeth.

“Bitch, you still have the nerve to run away? I’ll kill you!”

Meanwhile, Samantha was standing beside when she said, “Hurry the fuck up, Boris. Don’t forget what we agreed upon.”

“Yeah, I won’t. As long as I kill this bitch and get the one billion dollars that I asked for, everything that happened today has nothing to do with you.”

Boris unbuckled his belt and came close to me, wearing a devilish grin.

“No!” I shook my head in desperation, and tears began to blur my vision.

Charles’ POV:

Elena called me and told me that Caroline was missing. She had already left the hospital, but Elena didn’t see her in the underground parking lot

“Damn! Something must’ve happened to Caroline!” I thought as I hung up the phone.

I asked Richard to gather all the security footage around the hospital and near Caroline’s villa. While I was waiting for any report, I felt desperate and anxious. I was worried that something bad might happen to Caroline.

It frightened me that if I were even a second later, I would lose her forever.

Soon, Richard sent the security footage to me, along with a woman.

It was Doris, Samantha’s assistant.

“Where is Samantha? What are they planning to do with Caroline?”

Like an enraged lion, I grabbed Doris by the collar and interrogated her.

Frightened by me, Doris said in a trembling voice, “Samantha said that she intends to erase Caroline from existence, and then she drove away alone. That’s all I know!”

She then knelt on the ground and added, "She had been asking me to give money to a doctor named Boris and to hide him. I'm guessing this has something to do with him. That's all the information I have, Mr. Moore. Please... forgive me."

Fueled by rage, I kicked her away.

'No wonder I can't find Boris! Samantha was behind this whole farce all along!'

Just when I was about to use all the connections I had to look for Caroline, I received a call from Boris.

He asked me to drop off a billion dollars in cash to a designated location, and threatened me that Caroline would die if I didn't give in to his demands. I immediately asked someone to pinpoint the IP address of Boris' phone.

"Bring me my helicopter. Everyone, let's go! We're going to save Caroline," I commanded.

Caroline, please wait for me. I'm going to bring you home!

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I'm Coming To Save You

Caroline's POV:

My hands were tied up again.

But this time, it was a lot more snug. I think Boris was trying to cut off my blood circulation or something. Unfortunately, I had little strength left to resist him.

Once again, I was blindfolded by a black cloth, "Stop pretending, bitch! Even though you are not a virgin, you have a hot figure. I don't mind sleeping with you."

Boris drawled, a malevolent smile in his voice.

Suddenly, Boris picked me up and threw me on the bed.

I landed with a terrified shout and bounced twice before I felt another presence on the bed. The pervert began groping me, his hands caressing my body roughly.

Terror, unlike anything I ever felt before gripped me

“Let go of me! Don’t touch me!” I yelled at the top of my lungs, horror choking me even as I tried to fight off his repulsive touch.

Boris leaned over and kissed my face, ears, and neck.

With terror still surging through my veins, I sought him off in the only way I could think of.

Turning my head, I bit any part of him I could reach with every strength I had.

“Ah!” Bons screamed.

But my joy at his cry of agony was short lived.

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Before I could take in a breath, my head snapped to the side, my ears ringing from pain.

With a vicious thud, my head smacked against the wall and my vision swam behind the blindfold, the pain snatching my breath away. The pain radiated from my head down to every part of my body and I trembled, frozen to the spot.

It felt like my life force was seeping out with the blood dripping down my forehead.

Soon, I began fading, my limbs getting heavier.

All of a sudden, I heard a loud crash as something heavy fell to the ground.

Even though my consciousness was fading away, I began to struggle when someone grabbed my wrists.

Blinded by the cloth as I was, my other senses were heightened and so was my fear. I fought with everything I had in me, kicking and clawing at whatever body part I could make contact with.

The rope tightened on my wrists, blood circulation now surely cut off and soon, the rope was sure to cut through my skin as well, but I didn’t stop fighting “Caroline, stop struggling. It’s me. I’m here to save you.”

That was Charles' voice! Was I hallucinating? My heart beat thunderously as I froze. The black cloth covering my eyes was untied and I raised my head up to see my rescuer. It was Charles. It was Charles!

Shrieking, I threw myself into his arms.

Even though I was so relieved and happy to see him, I couldn't help hitting his chest with my fists over and over.

"Why are you so late? Couldn't you have made a sound or said something? I thought you were that pervert!"

Now that I was safe, it hit me just how close to being assaulted I was.

The fear and terror all coalesced into loud, ugly tears as I clung to Charles.

Minutes ago, I had been scared to death, and that terror was not showing any signs of receding even though I have been saved from my captor.

Charles hugged me tightly.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

Maybe it was shock or perhaps relief, but I became paralysed.

I leaned against Charles' chest and couldn't move a muscle. His shoulders were wide, his embrace was warm, and his arms were strong. I felt inexplicably safe when I was leaning against him. Eventually, Charles disengaged our embrace long enough to help me untie the rope on my wrists.

When I was free of the ropes, I found that my wrists were scraped raw and swollen, but thankfully I wasn't seriously injured. I struggled to get up, but Charles didn't let go of me.

Instead, he held me more tightly.

Snug in his warm embrace and surrounded by his unique musk, I found that the urgency to get up had disappeared. Charles crushed me to him so tightly that there wasn't a wisp of space between us.

It felt like Charles was trying to tell me with his body language that he would never let me go.

The small measure of control I had on my emotions crumpled.

Turning my face into his shoulder, I held on to him and cried my eyes out.

“Charles...”

“Don’t be afraid I’m here.”

His voice was soft, but somehow I got courage from it.

A figure ran into the room and I saw light reflecting against the metal in her hand.

Instinctively, I pushed Charles away even as I shouted, “Charles, watch out!”

Samantha was going to stab me with a knife in her hand.

Just as fast as I had pushed him, Charles turned on his heel and got in Samantha’s way.

She tried to stab him but he got hold of her hand.

He twisted it viciously and I heard something snap

“Ah!”

Samantha shrieked, her face painted with agony.

She let go of the knife and Charles caught it before the knife fell to the floor. Judging by the pain on her face, I was guessing that Charles just broke her wrist.

Several bodyguards rushed into the room and Charles pushed Samantha to the ground, not far from the bodyguards who immediately detained her.

“Dispose of her.”

Charles ordered menacingly.

After giving the chilling order, Charles turned around and came to me. He pulled me to my feet and kissed my forehead.

“Caroline, let’s go home.” I nodded.

Charles’ POV:

After Caroline’s injuries had been treated in the hospital, I drove her home. The day’s events must have worn her out because she fell asleep in the car. She was still fast asleep when we arrived at the villa.

I alighted the car before walking to her side and carried her out of the car. Even when I tucked her into bed, Caroline was still asleep.

Unfortunately, her sleep wasn't a very peaceful one. She kept turning and muttering under her breath, a frown on her face.

A strand of hair fell on her nose and lush lips.

She was as beautiful as an angel. I just couldn't help myself.

Slowly, I reached out and tucked the strands of hair behind her ear. Then I moved my attention to her lips.

They were so soft and delicate that I couldn't help but lower my head to kiss her. Caroline suddenly woke up and shouted in panic.

"My child! They killed my child!"

"Don't be afraid. I will make them pay for what they've done." I assured her firmly as I used my body to stop her frantic struggle.

As gently as I could, I comforted her and rubbed her back in soothing circles.

Over and over again, I murmured tender words into her hair, using a tone I never knew I was capable of. Soon, Caroline was lulled to sleep again.

I laid her back on the bed and pulled the duvet up to her neck before leaving

Take good care of her. If anything happens to her again, then I won't let you see the next sunrise. And it won't matter to me that you work for Edward,"

I threatened Elena, staring her down.

"I'm sorry. It's my fault."

Elena muttered dejectedly and lowered her head.

I didn't feel an ounce of sympathy for her. Certain that my threat was well understood, I stalked out of the villa and drove to the police station. Boris and Samantha had been detained for questioning. I wouldn't let go of anyone who hurt Caroline! Richard was waiting for me at the gate of the police station.

"Mr Moore, Boris refused to say anything when we first questioned him. I asked our people to do something to make him talk.

But the only thing he has said is that it was Samantha who planned it all."

“Make him confess by all means!” I snapped.

“What about the other one?” I asked once I was able to calm down.

“Samantha is insane.”

Insane? What a coincidence! Samantha was locked up in a separate detention room.

When we entered her cell, I saw her sitting on the ground with a dull look, staring into space.

“Samantha, don’t you have anything you want to say to me?”

She turned her face in my direction only after I had spoken. It would seem that Samantha hadn’t noticed our presence until I spoke.

Once she saw me, she began laughing and then crying.

Samantha appeared to be really insane, but I was far from convinced.

“Do you think you can be acquitted as long as you pretend to be insane? I am afraid you don’t know me well. Maybe I should show you what I can do.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong! I didn’t!”

Samantha waved her arms excitedly at me.

Then she suddenly quieted down and gave me a creepy smile. I was not interested in her acting anymore.

“Richard, go and find all her family members. Bring them all to me!”

“No! You are a devil! You are a devil!”

Samantha’s face suddenly turned pale as she screamed at me.

All at once, her cries stopped and she rushed at me, But Richard intercepted her before she ever got close to me.

He held her arm behind her back as a doctor and some nurses rushed into the room.

They were able to hold her still long enough for the doctor to inject her with the tranquilizer

“I’ll kill you! Caroline! Caroline!”

Samantha screamed hysterically.

The doctor ordered the nurse to give her one more injection to calm her down once it became obvious that the first dose of tranquilizer wasn't having any effect on her.

Without any hesitation, the nurse injected Samantha with another lethal dose.

In less than thirty seconds, Samantha went limp and became completely quiet.

Before leaving, I told Richard, "Since she is insane, send her to a psychiatric hospital. Don't let her out again."

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