

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 503

Earthquake

Olivia's POV

Edward returned home, looking sullen "Edward, what happened? Did someone make you angry?" I asked tentatively as I approached him.

Through gritted teeth, he said, "What's so good about Charles? Why can't Caroline forget that guy?"

He was breathing heavily and he was pressing his hands against his chest.

Thus, I hurriedly comforted him.

"Implore you to stop trying to prevent Caroline from being with Charles. It worries me that he'll take revenge against you."

"Bah! If he dares to do that, I will kill him!" Edward's face turned grim.

The hatred in his eyes was frightening, 'You won't live for long, old man!' I thought.

Despite my hatred for him, I pretended as though I truly worried about him. I poured some hallucinogenic into a glass of vodka in secret and handed the glass to Edward.

"You look exhausted, Edward. Here, have a glass of vodka," I said.

Edward took the glass from me and drank the vodka down.

Then, I helped him lie down on his bed.

His anger had all but dissipated now.

At the same time, his breathing became heavier and heavier, and his face turned livid.

This chapter is provided by . Visit for daily update.

'Great! My plan is progressing'

After making sure that Edward fell asleep, I left the bedroom quietly.

That evening, I went to his study in search of useful information.

To my surprise, I found a flash drive in the middle of a stack of books. I took my laptop with me downstairs and got in the car. I was shocked by what I heard in the recording that the flash drive contained.

It turned out that there was a far worse reason for the death of Simon's father! However, I couldn't let Simon know about it yet.

After pondering on the matter, I decided to redo the recording.

Caroline's POV:

Dad invited many friends to his birthday party.

As one of my presents for him, I personally baked a big cake for him.

Once we had finished eating dinner, I took out the gift I bought for him and gave it to him.

"Dad, this is my birthday gift for you!"

Suddenly, Olivia took the bag and opened it.

"Huh? Why are there two shirts inside this?"

She took out the shirts from the shopping bag.

Aside from the black shirt that I bought for my father, there was another one in white.

"Oh, no! I forgot to take out the shirt that I bought for Charles!"

"Why did you buy the two shirts?"

Dad looked at me with a smile "Hal Take a look at this white shirt.

It's obviously not your size, and the style is for young people,"

Olivia remarked loudly.

I glared at her, took the white shirt from her hand, and stashed it into the empty shopping bag. Determined not to let the topic go, Olivia asked, "Caroline, did you buy that shirt for Charles?"

My father's face turned grim.

I could tell that he had something to say, but he decided not to say it. Just then, my phone rang. I took it out and saw Charles' name on the screen. Out of curiosity, Olivia leaned over to check my phone.

I covered the screen with my hand and walked to the balcony. I didn't answer the phone until it rang two more times,

"Hey." I greeted.

"I want to see you," Charles said over the phone.

I glanced back at the living room, feeling a little awkward.

"Now?"

"I'm right outside your house! Come on out," he answered.

I was surprised by what he said.

"You're at my house?"

I looked downstairs, and just as I had thought, there was a black sports car parked under a tree amidst the darkness.

The light was turned off, so it would've been difficult to find if I weren't looking carefully enough.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him.

"Just come out, will you?" he replied, "But..."

"Either you come out, or I'm going in."

Charles chuckled and added, "I know that today is your dad's birthday. Since I'm already here, why don't ...?"

"No, wait! I'll come out and meet you there," I quickly replied.

I didn't want to piss off my dad on his birthday.

Thus, I went back to the living room and picked up the shopping bag on the sofa.

Dad approached me and asked, "Are you leaving? I haven't even cut the cake yet!"

"No, uh... I'll just go out for some fresh air."

Feeling awkward, I cleared my throat and said, "My friend is downstairs."

By this point, I was too embarrassed to look my dad in the eye, so I just opened the door and left the house. Upon getting closer, I saw Charles sitting in the driver's seat.

He had lowered the seat, and he was half-collapsed in it.

One of his arms was covering his eyes.

There was very little light outside.

Somehow, I felt that there was something bothering Charles, I started to wonder what had happened to him.

Worried, I bent over and knocked on the car window.

However, he lay there for a while as if he didn't hear me. Keeping my composure, I knocked on the window again until finally, Charles put his hand down and opened his eyes.

We stared at each other through the window.

The way he stared at me showed complex emotions in his eyes.

When I took a step back, Charles finally opened the door and got out of the car.

"It's really late. Why are you here?" I asked, surprised of his arrival. Leaning against the car, Charles squinted at me and asked, "That's some welcome. Are you not happy to see me?"

"That's not it." I looked back, and said worriedly, "I just don't want Dad to find out and get mad at you."

Charles looked at me again.

The dim moonlight shone on his face like a thin layer of mist covering his charming eyes.

For some reason, he was acting mysterious tonight. I couldn't figure out what he was thinking at the moment.

"So what?" Charles asked listlessly.

When I looked into his eyes, I felt bad.

Ignoring the question, I handed him the shopping bag.

“This is for you,” I told him.

Charles took my gift and opened it.

“It’s your Dad’s birthday. Why are you giving me a gift?”

“When I was shopping the other day, I saw this shirt. I figured it would look great on you, so I decided to buy it,” I answered.

Charles looked at me as if he wanted to see through me.

All of a sudden, he pulled me into his arms.

I tried to break free, but he clasped the back of my neck and held me even tighter.

“Don’t move,” he whispered to my ear.

“I came out here just so I could hug you for a while.”

The sound of his voice was particularly charming at night.

Suddenly, Charles kissed me passionately.

After a long time, I pushed him away and said, “I need to go, Charles. The kids are waiting for me.”

At last, Charles let go of me.

“Okay. I’ll watch you go in before I leave.”

“Wait! Why don’t you let the kids take some cake with them before you take them back to the Moore mansion?” I suggested.

“Sure! In that case, I’ll be waiting out here.”

When I returned to the house, I found the guests clinking their goblets and chatting happily in the brightly lit living room.

Then, I noticed Simon standing on the balcony.

My heart skipped a beat.

‘Did he see me and Charles downstairs just now?’ I wondered.

I walked up to Simon and muttered, “Would you like to talk to me?”

“Of course.”

Thereafter, I took him to a relatively quiet place and hesitated on initiating the conversation.

“Caroline, just tell me what you’re thinking.”

A bitter smile appeared on Simon’s lips.

“Look, Simon, I know what you want, but I’m sorry. I don’t have any feelings for you. I’ve never thought of you as nothing more than just a friend,” I confessed.

“Caroline, didn’t you say that you’d give me a chance?” he answered.

Having heard his response, I felt even guiltier.

Biting the bullet, I explained, “I’m sorry. It was my caginess to get back the custody of my kids at the time that led me to use you.”

Simon pressed his lips and fell silent.

An awkward silence ensued between us.

My stomach was churning from all the guilt I felt.

Just when I thought that he’d be mad at me, he actually maintained his usual composure.

“Thank you for telling me the truth, Caroline. But that doesn’t mean I’m giving up!” he said determinedly..

“Simon...”

Just then, the ground began to shake violently.

Upon seeing the flickering chandelier above my head and hearing the screams coming from the living room, my heart sank.

It was an earthquake.

And the magnitude wasn’t weak.

I stumbled to the ground, sweating and panicking because of the situation.

When I managed to stand up, Simon was already gone.

Avoid other websites because I am the only one who worked hard. I'm providing the translated version of the novel: When His Eyes Open. If You guys interested to read this novel then follow this website ". Also Please bookmark this page to get next update or join Telegram to touch with me. Thank you