

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 511

Sympathy Is The Beginning Of Love

Nevaeh's POV:

After dinner, a bodyguard came to pick up Caroline.

"We are the only ones left in the house. Now you can tell me what you want."

Charles' tone was indifferent when he spoke to me.

Silently, I rolled up my sleeves, revealing the hideous scars and bruises.

"Except for my arms, I have more scars like this all over my body."

My voice wavered, revealing my fear.

"My husband runs a nightclub and he is very violent. Each time something makes him unhappy, he makes himself feel better by turning me into a punching bag. About a month ago, he became addicted to gambling and lost a lot of money. To make some of the money he lost back, he asked me to do a striptease for his guests and I refused, so he beat me up. I ended up being hospitalized due to the severe injuries I suffered."

With a cry, I threw myself at Charles.

"You have to help me Charles. It was very difficult for me to escape him and I know I won't make it out alive if he ever finds me. I can't go back to that living hell. Please say you will help me."

Almost immediately, Charles pushed me away from him none too gently.

"You can stay in Los Angeles for now. I'll see what I can do about this." His reply was gruff.

"Thank you, Charles."

I beamed at him, relief swamping me.

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When Charles turned away from me, I couldn't help laughing quietly.

I wasn't even bothered that Charles wasn't very receptive of me right now.

It would all change soon because I knew for a fact that sympathy was the beginning of love.

Caroline's POV

When I got home, I was completely distracted.

The only thing I could concentrate on was the scene I witnessed as the driver drove me home.

In the rearview mirror, I saw Charles and Nevaeh standing together and that image had been embedded in my mind ever since.

Each time I was reminded of it, I couldn't help but feel jealous.

What did Nevaeh say to Charles? What was so important that I had to be absent before she could tell him? The more I thought about it, the angrier I became.

I couldn't help flinging the throw pillow away.

"Why are you so angry? Are you jealous?"

Charles walked in at this exact moment and caught the pillow in his hand.

With a smirk, he grabbed my shoulders and pressed me against the sofa before I could escape his hold.

His smirk widened into a pleased smile when I finally stopped struggling. Frowning, I turned my face away from him and refused to say anything.

He smiled indulgently and kissed the tip of my nose.

"Are you really angry?"

"What were you talking about with her? Why did it take so long?"

"We only exchanged a few words before I asked the driver to take her back to the hotel." His answer failed to satisfy me and I pushed him away.

"Why didn't you drive her to the hotel yourself?"

"Nevaeh is not worth my time."

"Oh. Then who is worth your time?"

I didn't get a verbal reply from him, just a long stare and a faint smile curling his lips.

When my anger began to wilt beneath his affectionate eyes, I turned my face away from him and muttered, "Why are you just staring at me? Answer my question."

Charles kissed my lips and said, "It's you!"

My smile was kissed away by his ardent lips.

The world fell away as I fell into Charles' kiss and it would be a very long time before we came up for air.

"Then what did she tell you?" I asked when I could think again

"It's true that Nevaeh told me something but it is not important. Don't worry about it."

He clasped my hand in his and asked, "Moving on to more important matters. When can you move back to the Moore mansion?"

Mushed and explained hesitantly, "My Dad is..."

"Fine."

Charles cut through my fumbled explanation with a shrug.

Swiftly, he stood up and left.

A short while later, he returned with a bottle of wine and an open smile.

"I know you like it, so I took a detour to bring it back. Would you like some?"

I nodded happily and turned to get the glasses.

We shared a few glasses of wine and the world began to grow blurry. I fell back on the sofa with a drunken smile.

Suddenly, Charles pressed himself against me.

"Caroline."

"What?"

Instead of replying, Charles kissed me again and I was able to taste the wine he was yet to completely swallow.

Our tongues dueled as I swallowed the last of his wine.

For some reason, I began shedding tears. He gently kissed the tears on my eyelashes.

“You haven’t said that you love me.”

The murmured words were repeated a couple of times while Charles kissed me again and again.

It would appear that Charles was equally as drunk as I was.

“Charles...”

My thoughts were in a jumble and the ability to form words eluded me.

The only thing I could focus on was the feel of his breath. His breath was so heavy. He looked as if he was going to swallow me whole.

Not long after, my brain began to lack oxygen.

Fortunately, he let go of my mouth and kissed my breasts.

I was so lost in the pleasure his touch invoked that I couldn’t determine if this was really happening or if I was dreaming it up.

“Do you love me?”

Charles murmured, kissing me as he took off all my clothes.

“I love you, Charles.” I touched his face and said, “I fell in love with you a long time ago.”

Lost in his gaze, I nearly forgot how to breathe.

All of a sudden, Charles crushed me to his body.

The way he clung to me gave the impression that he was scared.

“Which version of me do you love? Charles from seven years ago or the man that I am now?” he whispered.

I hugged him back and kissed him passionately, my tears flowing out uncontrollably.

Which one of him? I had always been in love with him, that was the one thing that would never change.

It didn’t matter if it was in the past, right now or in the future.

I loved him and I always would, regardless of what version of him I was with.

“If I said I was jealous of myself, would you believe me?”

The question was so ridiculous that I burst out laughing.

“Even if you love me now, I am different from the man I was before,” Charles explained.

How could this proud and aloof man actually be jealous of himself? The thought amused me.

Cupping his cheek, I pressed a soft kiss to his lips and declared, “It doesn’t matter whether it was seven years ago or now. You are still the same domineering, strong and unreasonable man and I suspect you always will be.”

His eyes lit up at my answer and he suddenly bent over me and kissed my breath away.

When we separated, he rested his forehead against mine and rasped, “The year we separated is my greatest regret.”

I combed my fingers through his hair and murmured, “It doesn’t matter anymore. We will be together forever, won’t we?”

Olivia’s POV

After taking the medicine, Edward fell asleep.

The doorbell rang a short while later.

Feeling quite impatient, I rushed downstairs and opened the door.

Even before the door was open all the way, Adam stormed in and pressed me against the wall.

He groped my body roughly, his hands quickly finding their way into my clothes as he rubbed my breasts wildly.

His rough touch elicited a loud groan from me.

I bit his shoulder and whispered throatily, “We need to keep it down.”

“What are you afraid of? Edward has fallen into a deep sleep. He won’t be able to hear you even if you scream in pleasure all night.”

Adam’s reply was dismissive.

Almost immediately, he reached out to pet my private part and smiled obscenely.

I giggled at his antics before separating my legs.

Hitching my thighs up, I made him take most of my weight as I wrapped my legs around his waist.

With a low chuckle, he suddenly penetrated me.

It was rough and fast as Adam took his pleasure from my body at a vigorous speed.

The pleasure was so intense that I was almost in tears.

When the sex was finally over, I was so spent that raising my hand was an upheaval task.

Adam grasped my shoulders in a loose embrace, but his eyes were full of malice when it looked on mine.

“When are you going to make your move?”

“Within the next few days. Edward grows weaker by the day. His illness is so grave that he mistook me for Caroline on some occasions.”

A wicked smile curved my lips as I stared back at Adam.

“Is it almost time?”

Adam stared at me meaningfully, “Yes.”

My good day was coming.

Mine, not his.

Internally, I snickered but still found the grace to offer some hypocritical advice to Adam.

“You should play your role as a good brother and spend the last few days he has on earth with him.”

“Ha–ha–ha, Edward is really a poor guy. Now all his property is mine, and so is his woman.”

I returned Adam’s deranged smile with one of my own and successfully hid the disgust I felt for him.

Both Adam and Simon were just my springboard to get rid of the crisis.

When I got Edward’s money, I could shift all the blame to them.

When that time came and I was safely out of their reach, the two of them could fight each other as much as they wanted.

I only wanted the money. After all, money was the only thing that would not betray me.

'Edward, you forced me to do this! It's all your fault!' I yelled viciously within the safety of my mind.

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 512

Business Trip

Charles's POV

"Here's your coffee, Mr. Moore!" Amy walked into the office, placing a cup of coffee on my desk.

"Thanks, Amy. By the way, has anyone come by for an interview lately?" I asked.

Amy shook her head, visibly disappointed.

"I've already interviewed several people, but none of them meet your standards. But don't worry, boss! There are still several interviews scheduled for this afternoon."

"Well, hurry up then! Otherwise, I'm not going to let you resign unless you find someone worthy to take over your position," I replied.

Amy solemnly answered, "No worries, sir. I'll find an excellent assistant for you before I resign."

"Thanks for all your hard work, Amy. I really appreciate it."

I smiled with satisfaction.

"Oh, it's no big deal! I'll work even harder in my last week in the company. If I don't do that, I won't ever be able to repay you for the apparent you gifted me,"

Amy bantered, "You deserve it. You've always been a dutiful right-hand woman to me, and you've done a lot for this company,"

I responded.

Amy seemed embarrassed to hear my compliment, and she couldn't stop smiling.

Once she had left, I threw myself back into my work and carefully dealt with all the paperwork on my desk.

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A moment later, my phone rang, It was from Corey.

I answered the call and asked, "Hello? What is it?"

"Charles, the project is going swimmingly," Corey remarked.

"That's good," I replied.

"But you may have to go to Boston for a negotiation regarding an investment for about three days."

After pondering for a moment, I said to Corey, "Call Caroline later and ask her to go there on business."

"Haven't you two made up already? Why do you need me to convey such a trivial message to her?" Corey complained.

I chuckled at his response and explained, "Caroline still has no idea that you're on my team yet. Oh, and by the way, don't tell her that I'll be attending as well. I'd like to surprise her."

Corey let out a sigh.

"Well, I guess I'll help you get back together with Caroline. But, you have to invite me to your wedding when you get remarried."

"Of course!"

After the phone call, I began looking forward to the business trip.

It was a good opportunity to improve my relationship with Caroline.

Thus, I figured it would be good to make some preparations for the fated day.

Just then, I heard a knock coming from the door of my office.

"Come in." Amy walked in with a bright smile on her face.

“Boss, I’ve interviewed a talented young professional. She meets all of your standards. Would you like to meet her yourself?” she asked, visibly excited.

I glanced at the time and replied nonchalantly, “No need. I believe in your judgment.”

“Yes, sir! I’ll give her an offer and inform her that she can officially be a part of the company starting tomorrow,” replied Amy.

“Right Now that that’s settled, I’ll be taking my leave now”

Before Amy could say another word, I left the office in Soon, the car pulled over in front of the Wilson Group.

I sat inside the car, peering through the window After a while, Caroline finally stepped out of the company building, I opened the door and got out of the car, waving at her gleefully. Her eyes lit up when she saw me, and she briskly approached me.

“Charles, what are you doing here?”

“I’m here to pick you up from work, of course! Does it make you happy?”

I took the bag from her hand, delighted to see her Caroline blushed.

“Yes, it does. I’m glad you’re here,” she muttered.

After getting in the car, I interlocked my fingers with hers and held her hand tightly.

Still blushing, Caroline tried to remove my hand, but I was holding her hand too firmly.

“Caroline, do you think we look like a couple now? I’m your boyfriend, and I’m here to pick up my beloved girlfriend. Then Like every couple in love, we go home hand in hand”

Caroline nodded at my remark and bantered, “My love, I think we may have to spend a few days being in a long distance relationship.”

“Why would you say so?” I asked, pretending as though I knew nothing.

“I’m going on a business trip for a few days,” Caroline replied, leaning her head against my shoulder.

I put my arm around her shoulder to make sure that she was feeling more comfortable.

“A business trip? Where are you going, Caroline?” I asked again.

“To Boston,” she answered.

“Aww... I didn't expect that we'd have to spend some time apart so soon, Caroline. I don't want to be away from you!”

Truthfully, I was delighted right now, but I still had to pretend like I was disappointed. Caroline cupped my cheek in an attempt to comfort me.

“It's not a big deal. We'll only be apart for three to four days. I'll be back soon.”

I held her fingers and planted a kiss on her hand.

“Not being able to see you for one day is enough to make me miss you. Being away from you for longer than three days could kill me!”

Caroline broke into laughter.

Then, she kissed my lips.

“Is it really that bad? Toughen up! I'm sure you can put up with it.”

“But I don't want to,” I complained.

I grabbed the back of her head and kissed her back.

Her lips were supple and sweet to the taste.

Just being able to kiss her like this drove me crazy.

Moments later, we arrived at Caroline's villa.

Her lips looked a little swollen, which made them look more attractive than wearing a lipstick. She covered her lips, staring right into my eyes.

My heart almost melted.

“Anyway... I'm heading home!” she exclaimed.

“Right,” I answered.

“Aren't you going to ask me to stay today?” Caroline asked in confusion.

“If I keep you in here any longer, just kissing you won't be enough for me,” I replied, showing her my erection.

Caroline followed my hand with her gaze, but she quickly averted her eyes from my crotch the second she saw I had a hard-on.

“Good night!”

She opened the door, got out of the car, and bolted away. The way she ran so fast made it seem like a beast was chasing her.

That same evening, I turned on my laptop and googled the most famous scenic spots in Boston and the top rated restaurants within the city.

I searched relevant information on the Internet and reviewed several travel guides and pictures on numerous websites. Finally, I chose several places that met my requirements.

At this time, a child's head popped out from behind me.

“Daddy, are you and Mommy going on a date?”

“We sure are! Your mother and I are going on a business trip to Boston in a few days. Make sure to look after your brothers, okay, James?” I replied, ruffling his hair.

“Okay! Have fun with Mommy, Dad! Don't worry about us. I got this.”

James patted his chest proudly.

“Good boy. You're really mature now. You've learned how to share my worries and burdens,” I replied, pinching his cheek.

I was really glad to hear my son say those words.

“Oh, by the way, Dad, I have something important to tell you. Be serious, okay?”

James removed my hand from his cheek. He looked pretty serious.

I raised my eyebrows, curious as to what he wanted to say.

“So, what is it that you want to tell me?”

“I'm going to primary school soon, and I want to learn how to paint,” James replied.

Confused, I asked, “You can also learn how to do that in kindergarten. You have relevant lessons for that in your school, right?”

“Yes, but that's different. I want to study painting and art seriously, because I like it very much!”

Just seeing the solemnity and sincerity of my son's face made me feel relieved.

James had grown up so fast, and he was able to find a passion so early in his life. I gave him a smile and nodded.

“Sounds like a plan, son. I’ll help you make it happen.”

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New Assistant

Charles POV

The next day, I went back to my office and noticed that there was already a cup of coffee on my desk

After taking a sip of the coffee, I was delighted by its taste. This was my favorite blend of coffee, and it tasted just right! It had all the right notes of bitterness and fragrance that I loved in coffee.

‘When did Amy know me so well?’ I wondered.

This cup of coffee was the best out of all the ones she made for me before.

The taste was so exquisite that I couldn’t help but take another sip. Sipping it eased my worries away. At this time, I heard someone knock on the door.

“Come in,” I said, putting down the cup of coffee and staring at the door.

Amy opened the door, and came in with another woman.

“Nevaeh? What are you doing here?”

I stood up, surprised to see Nevaeh.

Amy said, “Mr. Moore, she’s the new assistant that I recruited for you. I took her here in order to help familiarize her with the company’s environment and to introduce her to you. But since you know her name, I’m assuming you’re already acquainted, huh?”

I nodded, feeling conflicted by this encounter.

"We're old friends," I explained.

Nevaeh approached me wearing a gentle smile.

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She said to Amy, "We're more than old friends. Charles and I grew up together. I've been living abroad for a few years, and I've only just gotten back." Amy smirked.

"I see. Now I get why I've never seen you before."

"Nevaeh, why did you apply for a job in the Moore Group?"

"I saw a job listing a few days ago, so I came here to try my luck. Charles, do you not want me to work here?"

I waved my hand and chuckled.

"What? I don't mean it that way. I'm just surprised to see you here."

"Oh, I see. Well, from now on, we'll be working together. I'm looking forward to learning from you, Charles!"

"Likewise."

Even though I was hesitant to have her around, I maintained my composure.

Nevaeh was able to pass the recruitment smoothly, so I had no reason to drive her away.

'I guess we can just talk about it later.'

Nevaeh grinned and pointed at the cup of coffee on my desk.

"So, what do you think about the coffee? Does it suit your palate? I made it just for you!"

"You're the one who made this?"

My brows knitted together, for I was actually surprised.

'How did Nevaeh figure out my taste? The coffee she makes is even better than Amy's!'

"Well, of course! I actually know you better than you think, Charles. Which is why I am definitely

"In that case, I'll give you a chance Amy, why don't you help her familiarize her with her tasks," Amy nodded in response.

"Don't worry, sir I'll help her get familiarized with the job before my last day of work. Nevach graduated from a famous university, and her skills are topnotch?"

"Anyway, I'd like some time to myself. Be on your way. I have some work to deal with."

Amy nodded and went to the door along with Nevaeh

But then, Nevach stopped at the door

"Charles, do you mind ill learn about your schedule for the next few days?"

After pondering on it, I replied, "I'm going to a business trip to Boston, You two will have to deal with the company's affairs."

Nevaeh's eyes lit up. She nervously asked, "Can I come with you?"

"No." I put down my pen and wore a straight face.

The metal case of the pen collided with the table, creating a dull clank.

"Are you planning to go on the trip alone, Charles?" Nevaeh cast her gaze down, visibly disappointed.

"That is none of your business. I'll be going with Caroline. Nevaeh, Amy will be resigning soon. The only thing you need to focus on is to familiarize yourself with the job as soon as possible," I shouted.

"Nevaeh, Mr. Moore and his wife are very much in love. Focus on your job and try not to covet something that doesn't belong to you," Amy warned as she approached Nevaeh.

I shot Amy a look to let her know that I appreciated her help. Just as I had expected, Amy was the only one who knew me well among all my employees. It was truly disheartening to know that she would be resigning soon.

Caroline's POV:

After signing the documents, I noticed that there was something wrong with the weekly bill for the east bank project. Upon examining the data on the bill, I was confused.

Simon was the one who was in charge of the east bank project. I seldom ever asked about that project, because I trusted that he would be more than capable to handle it.

But for some reason, I sensed that something was off about the data. Thus, I picked up the phone to call Simon in. Soon, he came knocking at my office door. In a daze, he asked, "What's up, Caroline?"

"Take a look at these bills." I handed over the papers and asked, "Why did the costs of the east bank project suddenly increase by so much?"

Simon read the bill and explained, "The construction materials for the roller coaster were purchased just last week, and we've made several orders of the materials. Aside from that, Vanessa recommended new suppliers for the project, so I went with her suggestion. It's a little more expensive than our original suppliers' goods, but the company has better quality than that of many domestic suppliers."

"New suppliers? Why didn't you inform me of something so important?" I asked.

"Just as you said, I have full autonomy over the east bank project. I actually came here to talk to you about it before, but you weren't in your office." Simon looked down, chuckling bitterly to himself.

New Assistant I couldn't see the look on his face, but I somehow felt guilty.

"Keep an eye on the project, and make sure to tell me if you run into any problems. Next time, I'm coming with you to inspect the construction site," I answered.

"Got it."

After Simon left, I called Elena in.

"Elena, I'm going on a business trip to Boston for a few days. While I'm away, keep an eye on Simon. If he does anything strange, remember to report it to me," I commanded.

Elena's mouth was left agape in shock.

"Simon? Miss Wilson, did he do anything to upset you?"

"I'm not sure yet, but I feel like something about him has changed. Please, keep an eye on him for me. I really hope my intuition is wrong this time."

As I stared at Elena's confused expression, I leaned against the back of my desk chair, lost in thought.

"Got it," she replied with a nod. She hesitated to leave right away and said, "Miss Wilson, Adam was seriously injured and was taken to Mr. Edward's west bank villa."

"My dad is too softhearted. I'm going to talk to him once I come back from Boston. We need to be on guard against Adam." I heaved a sigh.

My father was an old-fashioned man. He attached great importance to kinship. Even though he was decisive and resolute when it came to running a business, he would always compromise and look out for his brother, no matter what an asshole Adam really was. That evening, I decided to call my dad.

“Hello?” Dad’s weak voice came from the phone.

“Dad, are you sick? Why do you sound so weak?”

“No, I’m fine. I’m just feeling a little tired. All I need is a goodnight’s rest,” he replied with a chuckle.

“Shouldn’t you go get a checkup, Dad?”

“Don’t worry about me. I’m fine! So... I heard that you’re going on a business trip. You should stay there for a few more days of relaxation.”

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We’re Safe Now

Caroline’s POV:

I got up early in the morning. The first thing I did was pack my luggage. And once I was done, I went downstairs with it. I hoped that everything would go according to plan so that I could finish my work early and come back to accompany Charles and my children.

Truth be told, I did not want to part with them, especially when it was sudden. Unfortunately, I had no choice but to do so.

Meanwhile, Elena had already prepared breakfast and was waiting for me downstairs.

“Miss Wilson, come and eat breakfast.”

She walked up to me and took my luggage.

“Thanks, but I’m not yet hungry.” I waved my hand in dismissal and reminded her, “Remember to keep an eye on Simon while I’m gone. Also, you should go and see Dad

more often. I'm worried about him. Adam might take advantage of my absence and stir trouble again."

"I will."

Thanks to Elena's reassurance, I could finally be at ease. As I was not in the mood to eat, I skipped breakfast and headed straight to the airport. On the way, I took my phone out and messaged Charles.

"I'm going on a business trip. Take care of the kids." I hit sent. But then, I realized that my message sounded stiff, so I added, "I'll bring you something when I get back."

I waited for a long time for his response but none came. Was he still sleeping? I curled my lips sulkily. I told him last night that I would take an early flight in the morning.

But now, he did not even see me off nor did he reply to my message. In a fit of anger, I cursed him a hundred times in my heart. Honestly, I was hoping that he would at least come and see me off. But since that did not happen, I entered the airport with a heavy heart.

A few moments later, it was time to board the plane. It did not take long before I found my seat by the window

I reclined my chair, made myself comfortable, and closed my eyes to take a rest. Suddenly, I felt someone put their luggage in the overhead compartment and sit beside me. I was too tired to open my eyes, so I just let them be.

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The pleasant voice of a flight stewardess came over the intercom.

"Dear passengers, we apologize for the inconvenience. Unfortunately, this flight has to be delayed due to technical issues. Rest assured that the plane will take off in about an hour."

Many of the passengers groaned in annoyance.

A stewardess walked to my row and asked, "Sir, is there anything you'd like to eat or drink?"

I stared at him with eyes wide open

A flood of emotions surged up inside me, He did not reply to my message. But here he was, sitting right next to me. It did not take a genius to

know that he was messing with me.

The stewardess then turned to me and asked, "How about you, Ma'am?"

"I'm good. Thanks."

I closed my eyes again and deliberately ignored Charles as if he were just a stranger,

"Actually, please give her a glass of milk," Charles said to the stewardess without even asking me,

My chest tightened as anger welled up in my heart. Annoyed, I sat up and slapped away his hand that was gently pinching my nose.

"What do you think you're doing?" Charles handed me the glass of milk that the stewardess had brought over and advised, "You should drink this before you sleep."

"I don't want to. You can drink it if you want." Charles lifted the glass to my mouth, giving me no chance to refuse. Unable to do anything, I grabbed the glass from him. But just as I was about to take a sip, the milky smell came to my nose. I used to like milk.

But for some reason, it made me want to puke right now. Charles hurriedly handed me a barf bag and asked with concern, "Are you nauseous? I took the bag without a word. My stomach was churning. But because I did not eat anything, I had nothing to vomit. Charles asked the stewardess to give me a cup of warm water, which she immediately gave.

I drank the water, and its warmth immediately soothed my stomach. It took me a while to feel completely better, though. At last, the plane was about to take off,

I opened my eyes and saw that Charles was staring at me with an inexplicable gaze.

"Are you on the pill when we did 'it' the last few times?"

Charles did not need to be specific for me to know what he meant. He must be thinking that I was pregnant. I stared daggers at him and snorted.

"I had not eaten anything yet since the morning. My stomach is just upset because I'm furious at someone!"

"Are you pertaining to me?" Charles asked with a smirk.

I stood up and kicked him on the shin.

"Get out of my way. I'm gonna go to the lavatory."

Charles withdrew his legs and made way for me.

But just as I was about to walk past him, he stretched out his leg on purpose. It was too late for me to take my leg back, so I tripped over his feet.

I thought I was going to fall and make a fool out of myself. But then, a pair of strong arms caught me

I tried to get out of Charles's grasp, but he pulled me closer and held me even tighter. "Honey, I just wanted to suppose you. Don't you want me to go with you on your business trip?"

Speaking of which, something suddenly occurred to me, "Where's Corey Stanton? Why don't see him? Me should be with me today."

"Oh. I forgot to tell you that Corey is my man." Charles smiled and reached out to ruffle my hair.

I felt as though a lightning bolt suddenly struck me. I was too shocked to say anything, and it took me quite a while before I found my voice.

"So you've been secretly helping me regarding the west coast project all along?"

"Yes," Charles admitted.

I covered my face helplessly. How could I be so stupid?

When I had gone to the tennis court to discuss business with Corey, Charles was there with James as well.

I should have guessed it at that time.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Knowing you, you would've refused my help. Besides, I wanted to give you a surprise," Charles explained with a smile. Tears welled up in my eyes. I was so touched by what he had done that before I knew it, I had thrown myself into his arms.

"On second thought, had I known you'd be so moved, I would've told you about it earlier."

"I think you did the right thing." I cast Charles a reproachful look and continued, "You know, I wanted to make a clean break with you back then."

"Yes. You were very cruel to me, so I could only help you in secret. I didn't want to upset you more than I already have and make you push me away again. But now, things have changed for us. I'm afraid you can never escape from me again."

Charles held me in his tight embrace with a beaming smile.

I finally went to the lavatory. And when I finally returned to my seat, my cheeks remained flushed. I looked outside the window, and the sunny weather made me feel even better.

Since I returned, this had been the first time Charles and I had gone out with just the two of us.

While the plane was soaring in the sky, I took out my phone and played the movie I had downloaded.

Charles suddenly leaned over and curiously asked, "What are you watching?"

"The Notebook. I've been meaning to watch this, but I just didn't have the time." Charles moved closer to me.

"Let's watch it together." He took one of my earphones and plugged it into his ear.

As the wire was short, it brought us even closer.

We watched the movie in silence. When it came to the part where the couple were kissing in the rain, my heart raced and my cheeks turned beet red. I turned my head to look at Charles, who happened to turn his head too. Our noses touched, and we gazed into each other's eyes. One move and our lips would touch.

The atmosphere between us was ambiguous. Charles blinked his eyes and, ever so slowly, leaned over to kiss me. His soft and warm lips made my body tremble.

What was more, I felt like a current was pouring into my back. All of a sudden, the sunny sky turned a shade of gray as dark clouds gathered. There were also flashes of lightning, and the thunders were deafening. The voice of the stewardess came over the intercom.

"Our dear passengers, there has been an unprecedented situation in the sky. A storm is brewing, and we will likely experience some turbulence. Please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts." I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. I looked over Charles's shoulder and gasped sharply.

"Charles, it's the cumulonimbus!" Sure enough, an enormous cumulonimbus cloud was forming in front of us. It looked terrifying up close.

Unfortunately, the plane had to go directly into the clouds. It was said that the downdraft of this cloud was strong. It could cause turbulence and might even throw off the plane's equilibrium.

Worse, it might cause the plane to crash.

The passengers shouted and cursed in panic.

“I checked the weather, and it’s supposed to be sunny today. How could this be?” It suddenly occurred to me that Charles got caught in a plane crash over a year ago. He must have been terrified for his life at that time.

I held his hand tightly. With a grim expression, Charles enveloped me in his embrace.

“Calm down, Caroline. This isn’t the time to panic.”

“Charles, are we going to die here?” I sobbed.

Charles stroked my back comfortingly.

“No, we won’t. Don’t be scared. I’m here.”

His voice was cold and deep, yet it was reassuring.

Thanks to him, the fear in my heart subsided a little.

So as not to feel unnecessary panic, I asked myself several times to calm down.

Charles was right. I had to keep calm.

But no matter how hard I tried to console myself, my hands and feet remained cold.

At this moment, the voice of the stewardess came over again.

“Passengers, the plane will land in twenty minutes. Please fasten your seatbelts.”

Twenty minutes.

As long as we could hold on for that long, we would be fine.

I comforted myself inwardly.

All of a sudden, a flash of lightning came outside the window, followed by a deafening rumble of thunder.

BOOM!

It was so dark outside. It was like the enormous cumulonimbus cloud had swallowed us,

Unfortunately, the cloud just kept on getting bigger and bigger,

I could not see anything outside the window except for the flashes of lightning. A sense of despair washed over me, making me out of breath.

The plane jolted, and I felt my body get thrown in the air for a second. I screamed and tightened my grip on Charles as if I was holding for my dear life.

"It's the downdraft! We're doomed!" a passenger exclaimed.

"Fuck! What the hell is with this weather?" another complained. The passengers started cursing again. Some were praying, and the others were crying.

"It's okay. We'll be just fine." Charles covered my ears and tried his best to calm me down. Tears streamed down my face in fear. Twenty minutes had never felt this long. Right now, every minute was torture.

To make the situation worse, the plane met the downdraft and began to descend. The plane jolted several times, and I felt like my heart was going to jump out of my throat. The plane landed twenty minutes later. The instant the wheels of the airplane touched the runway, the rain poured down. Although it was still dark outside, I could finally see some light. Relieved, I wrapped my arms around Charles's neck and cried in glee.

"Charles, we're safe now."

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