

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 531

Revelation

Olivia's POV

When I awoke, I was lying on the hospital bed with bruises all over my body. Even just a slight move was excruciating. I stared at the ceiling in a daze, and the scene before my coma flashed through my mind.

Before I knew it, tears were welling up in my eyes. I once heard from Edward that Adam was wicked. Those who dared to provoke him often got the short end of the stick.

I had thought that Edward just exaggerated it because he did not want me to get involved with other men, especially not with his own brother. It turned out that that was not a warning but a caution out of good heart. Every time I closed my eyes, the memory of when those men were raping me appeared in my mind.

I felt humiliated, but there was nothing I could do about it right now but cry. The hatred in my heart was like a burning fire.

In a fit of anger, I clenched my fists and cursed Adam a thousand times in my heart.

All of a sudden, I heard footsteps outside the door. I turned my head and was stunned to see who it was. It was Charles. My lips trembled, and my eyes widened in horror.

"You... Why are you here? Are you here to laugh at me on behalf of Caroline?"

Without a word, Charles walked in and stared at me with cold and narrowed eyes.

"I don't have time to laugh at you, Olivia." I could not help but scoff at what Charles had said.

Well, I could attest that he was telling the truth.

Indeed, how could he come all the way here just to laugh at me?

"Then what are you doing here?" I asked sharply.

"You were the one who replaced Edward's medicine with something else, weren't you?" Charles asked without beating around the bush, and as a chill ran down my spine.

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My body stiffened, and then I started trembling like a leaf. It took me quite a while before I finally found my voice.

"It-it's true. But I didn't want to kill him! It's just that I've... I've had enough of this man. You have no idea what I experienced with him! He never treated me as a human being. In his eyes, I was just a plaything, a toy in which he could vent his lust whenever he wanted. Every time I came into conflict with Caroline, he would ask me to apologize to her right away. He never gave me a chance to explain myself!"

I roared through gritted teeth.

As I spoke, my nails dug into my palms, but I felt nothing.

"I dug up your past. If it weren't for Edward, what kind of life do you think you would've had?"

As soon as Charles said those words, I fell into a deep trance.

Suddenly, the memories I tried my best to bury appeared in my mind. I was born in a small town in Florida. I had four siblings-me being the eldest one, two sisters, and two brothers.

My father was a drunkard.

And when he was drunk, he was violent.

He would overturn the table, smash the furniture, and even hit people.

Mom would lock the five of us in the kitchen and bear the beating and scolding by herself.

One day, my father got drunk again.

But this time, he did something way more horrible. He went into my room and raped me.

As soon as Mom heard my screams, she rushed to stop him.

However, my father kicked her to the ground.

Once she regained her bearing, she went to the kitchen, took a fruit knife, and stabbed my father on the back. I ran away without looking back. I went to the nearby town and worked as a waitress in a bar.

There I met Edward.

And since then, my life had changed. I recreated myself and became an actress.

Sometime later, I sent someone to inquire about my family. I found out that my mother was put into prison for murder.

Meanwhile, my father became worse.

He became a degenerate gambler and would not even go home for days on end.

He locked my brothers and sisters at home.

And when the police found them, it was too late.

They had already become cold and stiff corpses. I almost went crazy when I heard the news.

Thanks to Edward, that fiend was thrown into an underground casino in Burma, where he was beaten so hard that he lost his eyes and got his limbs severed.

He was later thrown into a trash heap, where wild dogs ate him up alive.

Without Edward's help, I might still be in that bar, being treated like a piece of meat. I would probably still be insulted by men for no reason, looked at lasciviously, and touched by their filthy hands.

And the worst part was that there was nothing I could do but endure it.

At the thought of this, I clenched the sheets and bit my lower lip, so much so that it bled.

Blood oozed into my mouth, but the only thing I felt was anger.

With tears streaming down my face, I shook my head and said, "Edward did save me, but he dragged me into another abyss. I wanted to love him wholeheartedly, but he didn't care about me at all. I have been with him for years, and yet he refused to marry me!"

Charles chuckled sardonically.

Suddenly, he stood up from his seat and slowly made his way to the bedside.

"Olivia, if you really hated Edward, then why didn't you just leave him? Let me guess. You didn't want to give up the rich and glamorous life that he had given you, did you? Admit it. You're shallow and selfish."

I opened my mouth to refute his words, but words got stuck in my throat.

The moment Charles walked out of the door, pain and regret surged up like a tide, devouring me whole.

With that, I propped myself up and left the hospital. I returned to the villa where Edward and I used to live.

Every step brought me a sharp pain in my body. But I did not care. I tried my best to hold out. I arrived at the villa not long after and went straight to the bedroom upstairs.

When I walked through the door, my legs became weak, and I fell to the ground. I struggled to get up with all my might.

At last, I made it to the nightstand, took out a USB flash drive, and made a copy of the files inside.

These were evidence of Adam setting Edward up and Simon embezzling the funds of Wilson Group's project on the east bank. If I were to be put in jail, I must take the two with me.

With the flash drive in hand, I sat on the cold, hardwood floor, and looked around the room.

This was our room.

We had spent countless wonderful nights on this very bed.

Even though sometimes he was unable to control his temper and basically just took me as a substitute for Caroline's mother, he had never treated me like trash.

I would just tell him which bag I liked, and he would buy it for me in a heartbeat.

Whenever I told him that I wanted to act in a movie, he would invest in it right away so that I would have the role that I wanted.

He was actually kind to me. And I was too greedy to see his generosity.

"Edward, I'm sorry. I-I murdered you. I swear to God, I will atone for what I've done for the rest of my life."

I wrapped my arms around my knees and cried my heart out.

Once I got ahold of myself, I backed up the original recording, which told the truth about the death of Simon's father. I also copied the edited version which I made to coerce Simon to embezzle the funds of the project on the east bank.

But before going to the police station, I sent them to Caroline first.

Caroline's POV:

When I received the flash drive from Olivia and heard the recordings, I realized that Simon had already emptied the company's finance behind my back.

I felt a myriad of emotions as I listened to Simon's voice.

It was unlike him so full of hatred and distrust.

Dad had hidden the truth from Simon in hopes that the latter would grow up into a good man and not be influenced by the conflicts among the last generation.

This was my father's way of caring, However, because of speculations, Simon turned his back on my father and even destroyed the Wilson Group.

I handed the evidence to the police and soon received the news that Simon had been arrested.

After pondering for a moment, I decided to go to the police station to see him.

Simon seemed to have aged overnight.

His handsome face now looked gaunt and haggard.

I had thought I would lose my temper when I saw him.

On the contrary, I was rather calm and composed.

Simon avoided my gaze and pursed his lips nervously. He also kept clenching and loosening his fists.

When he had finally mustered his courage to speak, he raised his head and looked into my eyes.

"Caroline, I'm so sorry."

I walked over to him and sat down.

"Simon, are you sure you know the truth about what had happened that year?"

"You... What do you mean?" Simon asked in confusion.

"Listen to this first."

I took out a recorder from my bag and played it.

"Olivia gave this recording to me. I'm afraid the one you've heard before was forged. Simon, my father had never hurt your father. On the contrary, your father had planned to kidnap mine when they had a conflict in business. Good thing my Dad was clever, or else he would've died in your father's hands."

"No. That's not true! You're lying! Caroline, tell me that's not true. Tell me!"

Simon roared with anguish.

From the looks on his face, he was on the verge of breaking down.

He was clutching his head tightly with both hands, and his veins on his forehead were bulging. I looked at him, and a sneer tugged at the corners of my mouth.

"Simon, you know very well how good my father treated you while he was alive. Although I understand your reason for doing that, I won't forgive you. From now on, you're on your own."

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Proposal

Caroline's POV:

Thanks to the power shift in the company's management, the stock price of the Wilson Group plummeted even further.

Besides, there was even a foreign company that wanted to take over the Wilson Group.

Even though Charles had made another investment in the company, the Wilson Group was still suffering greatly from the after effects of the loss we suffered when Roger pulled out of the project on the east bank.

In order to help the company regain its footing, I hired Diego Turner, a professional agent, to help me manage the operations of the company.

I asked my assistant to explain our daily mode of operation to him, after which I brought him up to date on the current situation of the Wilson Group. I had just left the company when I received a call from Charles.

"Caroline, Grandma will be discharged from the hospital today and she wants you to have dinner with us at the Moore mansion tonight."

"Okay, I'll be there," I murmured softly, a wave of relief sweeping through me.

Whilst I waited for Charles to follow up that information with another sentence, perhaps a greeting or something, a beep alerted me to the fact that Charles had hung up on me.

Shocked, I stared at my phone as I tried to understand what just happened.

How could Charles treat me so coldly? Was it too much to expect him to greet me or ask how my day went? Piqued, I called him back.

The phone rang a few times before he finally answered my call.

“Won’t you pick me up?” I asked sullenly.

“No. I have something to deal with in the company. I’ll ask Richard to pick you up.”

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There was a small pause but Charles continued before I could object.

“I might be a little late. Don’t wait up for me.”

My lips thinned as my anger spiked.

“Don’t flatter yourself, okay?”

Fuming, I hung up on him and threw the phone in my bag angrily. All he had to do was show that he was concerned about me with a few words, but instead, he was being so cold! A part of me realized that my anger was going a bit overboard lately, but I couldn’t do much to control it.

The only conclusion I could reach was that my pregnancy was the cause of my unstable emotions.

Most days, I could be unreasonable about a lot of things, especially where Charles was concerned.

Even though I knew it was silly, I wanted reassurance that I was still the only one in his heart. I entered the car and placed a call to Nina with the intent of complaining to her.

But the second she answered the phone, she spoke in a harried tone.

“Honey, I’m still busy, I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Then she hung up on me.

Confused, I stashed my phone in the bag before making a detour to the mall where I got a gift for Grandma.

Once I'd gotten the hill, I drove to the Moore mansion.

When I arrived, it was already dark. To my surprise, there was no light in the house. The only source of light was the moon. My frown deepened the closer I got to the house.

At night!, the Moore Mansion was always brightly lit, every corner of the house visible.

But today, the house was dark with no even landscape lights to light the front yard either. Someone could get injured walking around in the dark like this.

Maybe I should ask a servant to check on the light switch once I got inside. The thought had barely crossed my mind when I stepped over the front gate.

A string of lawn lights suddenly lit up around me. I'd triggered them somehow.

Startled, I froze in place and turned my head around in confusion. There was a sudden burst of cheers and applause from somewhere. Again I twisted around and that was when I saw several bodies emerging from the garden. They had been hiding in their faces were wreathed in joy and merriment as they laughed and capped. One of those faces was a familiar one, and she was currently approaching me with a camera in her hand.

"So, do you like your surprise?" Nina asked as she pointed the camera at me.

Blushing, I hid my face in my hands.

Something told me I knew the reason for this surprise.

My heart was beating wildly and I was both eager, excited and shy.

Slowly, I walked forward, an elated gasp escaping me each time I did.

This was because every time I took a step, neon lights lit upon either side of me.

It felt like I was walking on a path paved with light. Pink petals gathered at my feet and they looked so exquisite under the light.

I had only walked forward a few paces when a spotlight shone above me.

Again, I was frozen to the spot, but this time, I couldn't help the feeling of anticipation that thrummed through my veins.

Strings of bulbs that were reminiscent of stars lit up in front of me.

It was so bright that the whole yard was brightened as well.

Decorated with flowers, balloons, and other beautiful ornaments, the garden was decked in a romantic vibe.

The neon lights, however, drew my attention.

They were arranged to spell out a question.

‘Will You Marry Me?’

My heart rate was through the roof now, but I scanned the crowd anxiously, trying to locate the person who wanted to ask me this question.

Finally, I saw his familiar figure in the distance.

Time stood still as I waited for him to make his way towards me.

He wore a black suit and a white shirt, looking elegant and dashing as he strolled towards me at a methodical pace.

The bouquet of flowers he held was almost an afterthought in my mind, his face the only thing I could concentrate. For every step he took, my heart thumped just as loudly.

In the brightly lit garden, Charles looked handsome and so sexy that I had to cover my face as another wave of embarrassment swept through me.

Happy tears rolled down my cheeks and my ears turned red.

I pushed my hands up higher, trying to cover my face and ears at once.

Charles gently pulled down my hand and teased me with a smile.

“I haven’t said anything yet. Why are you crying?”

“I’m not crying. These are tears of surprise. When you said you had something to deal with, were you referring to this?”

“Yes, I wanted to give you a surprise.”

He dropped his hand from my cheek in favor of grabbing my hand before taking a step back. Then he knelt down on one knee in front of me. He raised a beautiful ring box and opened it.

When he spoke again, there was a trace of nervousness in his voice.

“Caroline, I want to marry you again. I want you to be my wife, the mother of my children. I will spoil you and love you with all my heart. Are you still willing to marry me?”

Tears were clouding my vision, but I smiled through them.

My joy knew no bounds as I stared at him, unable to believe this was truly happening.

This scene was straight out of a fairy tale.

It was so beautiful and mesmerizing that it felt like I was in the middle of a dream.

People around us shouted cheerfully, "Marry him! Marry him!"

The chorused words rose in volume.

Still holding the camera, Nina smiled mischievously and remarked, "Let him kneel a little longer before you answer.

He should remember how hard he had to chase you before you agreed.

Only in this way can he cherish you more in the future"

Her words drew a round of applause and cheerful whistles.

Grandma nodded in agreement, a wide smile on her face.

The same look of agreement was echoed by Alice and Chloe, Looking affronted, but still smiling, Charles turned to Grandma.

"Grandma, remember that I'm your grandson.You should be helping me."

Grandma snorted, her eyes full of disdain.

"If you were not my grandson, I wouldn't want such a good girl like Caroline to marry you!"

The crowd burst into laughter again and Charles pressed his lips together, trying to maintain his affronted air.

Smiling down at Charles, I couldn't help the warmth that filled my heart.

Grandma was helping me and not her grandson.

Even Alice and Chloe were in support of me.

I was enormously glad to have such a loving family.

My tears overflowed as did my joy.

My smile was so wide and full that my cheeks ached from the force of it.

Lowering my eyes, I reached my palm out and cupped his cheek.

“Yes, I will marry you again.”

As soon as the words left my lips, Charles put the ring on my finger and got to his feet fluidly.

Before I could realize his intentions, Charles had bent and lifted me off my feet and into his arms.

Just then, the balloons beside us got released and were left to float into the sky.

The fireworks were blooming in the sky above the whole villa, forming a heart shape in the night sky.

I snuggled up to Charles, my arms around his neck as I stared up at the fireworks in awe. I couldn't help but smile, my tears mixing with unspeakable happiness.

“Caroline is pregnant. Be careful!”

Grandma admonished nervously as she tapped Charles' arm. Charles was stunned for a while.

Then he smiled and put me down.

“I'm sorry. I was too excited.”

With a red face, I held his hand tighter and whispered, “I'm not that weak. Bending slightly, Charles kissed the ring on my finger.

When he straightened up again, his hands were around my waist as he held me in a loose embrace.

His black eyes were like the fireworks, absolutely bewitching.

I tugged at his shirt and stood on tiptoes.

“Won't you kiss me?” I whispered.

A smile pulled at his lips as he raised his eyebrows at my words.

Charles used his fingers to raise my chin and kissed me slowly but deeply in front of everyone.

I saw flashes of light behind my closed lids.

Our audience were taking pictures of us.

He didn't let me go until I was almost out of breath.

Immediately we separated, I buried my face in his chest and refused to raise my head even when Charles tried to cajole me.

The tips of my ears were burning.

Without a doubt, every inch of my face must be very red right now.

"Caroline." I turned my head at the mention of my name and found Alice and Chloe behind us, both women wearing identical expressions of uneasiness.

A small push of my hand on Charles' chest and he got the hint. He let go of me and I turned around to face them.

"Alice, Chloe, long time no see," I greeted pleasantly even as I fought not to frown.

"Caroline, we want to apologize to you. We misunderstood you and made you suffer so much. I'm really sorry. I won't interfere in your relationship with Charles anymore,"

Alice declared softly, her wide eyes portraying how apologetic she was "Caroline, I didn't like you and I wanted to kick you out of the Moore family. And I even believed Raina's bullshit and hurt you because of it. I'm so sorry!"

Chloe implored awkwardly, her face pinched.

As the daughter of the Moore family, Chloe had lived her life as a spoilt princess.

Every single wish she ever had was granted at the snap of a finger and people around her fell over themselves to please her.

Never had she been on a situation where she had to be humble and seek forgiveness. But this time, she apologized to me sincerely. My frown disappeared and a smile blossomed on my face as I walked towards them.

I held their hands and murmured, "Let bygones be bygones I have never truly blamed you."

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Let's Get Married Again

Caroline's POV:

It was now late at night, and the guests had already left. Meanwhile, Grandpa and Grandma had gone back to their rooms to rest.

Charles held my hand and led me upstairs to the master bedroom. He was the one who decorated the room.

Rose petals were scattered on the carpet, the photos of our family of five were hung on the wall, and balloons of various colors were hanging next to them. On the bed were petals that formed a red heart.

To top it off, neon lights flickered on the wall, creating a breathtaking play of lights across the room. As soon as we walked through the door, Charles hugged me tightly from behind. He rested his chin on my head and lovingly stroked my hair.

"Caroline, let's move back to Garden Street. I want to live there with you. Just the two of us." I could feel his heartbeat through his clothes, which made my heart pound wildly in my chest. Moved by his words, my cheeks turned red. "Okay," I replied.

"Caroline, I've been waiting for this day for a long time," Charles said in a hoarse voice. I chuckled and pushed him toward the bathroom.

"Your breath reeks of alcohol. Go take a shower first. Hurry up."

"Well, can you blame me? I was so happy." Charles wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me into the bathroom with him.

"Shower with me."

"Who says I want to take a shower with you?" I shot him a reproachful look and turned around to leave. But before I could take a step, he grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. He pinned me against the cold wall. And the next second, warm water flowed from the shower head, wetting our clothes.

The fabric of my dress was thin that it clung to my body when it got wet, outlining my curvaceous figure and baby bump. Charles reached out his hand and caressed my lower abdomen.

“Caroline, do you think it’s a boy or a girl?” I raised my head and curiously asked, “Which do you prefer?”

“I will love them either way.” Charles lowered his head and kissed me on the lips.

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“But honestly, I would like it to be a girl. We’ve had too many boys.” . His deep eyes twinkled with excitement as he spoke.

What was more, I could sense his possessiveness in his words, which made me feel warm in my heart. I was so shy that I pursed my lips and patted him on the chest.

But because we were all wet, what I had just done made a familiar crisp sound, which even the sound of the running water could not block out.

The atmosphere became ambiguous in an instant. I hurriedly withdrew my hand and hid it behind my back. I also averted my gaze and did not dare to meet his eyes. They were filled with the fire of lust. If I looked back, I was afraid my reason was going to burn to.

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Charles stroked my lips with his finger "Caroline, help me take off my shirt," he asked in a hoarse and

Bobbed my head and snuggled "Take care of yourself"

Charles, however, did not let me go He held my hand with one hand and unbuttoned his shirt with the other

Once his shirt had been taken off, his well-toned abs were exposed the water flowed from his abs

into his trousers. I must admit, it looked enticing. I could not help but swallow hard as I stared at his body. Slowly, I reached my hand and touched his chest.

It was not until my fingertips touched his skin that I came to my senses and realized what I had just done. I covered my face in embarrassment. For a second, I felt an urge to find a hole and bury myself in it. Charles chuckled when he saw my reaction.

With a faint smile, he pulled me into his arms, held my waist, and unzipped my dress.

“To be fair, I’ll take your clothes off for you too.” My face was pressed against his chest.

This time, without the obstruction of the clothes. I could now feel his heat directly from his skin. I stood there silently as he took off my dress.

Afterward, we held each other, naked.

“I don’t think we should do it. Please don’t... The doctor said that the fetus is fragile inside my womb and that we should restrain ourselves from having sex in the first few months.” I poked him in the chest, my voice getting lower by the second.

Charles held my hand and kissed it. “I won’t. I swear I won’t do anything that could harm you and the baby. You’re important to me.”

I hugged him again. I could not conceal my joy and love for him. Well, I did not want to hide them in the first place.

“Caroline, I have a lot to tell you. I didn’t have the courage to say these things in the past, and I truly regretted it,” Charles said while holding me tight. I raised my head to look at him, my eyes brimming with tears.

“Me too.”

“Why are you crying?” Charles cupped my face and wiped the tears off the corner of my eyes. There was a hint of panic on his handsome face when he saw me crying.

“Nothing. I’m just so happy,” I answered while wiping my tears.

“Caroline, from now on, I will always believe you, love you, and spoil you, no matter what.” Charles kissed the corner of my eye and whispered in my ear, “We will never be apart again, okay?”

I could not find words to express my feelings. So, I put my face against Charles’s chest and playfully bit him.

I left bite marks on his chest, shoulders, and arms. My heart was filled with affection as I stared at the marks.

With a helpless smile, Charles pointed at the most obvious bite mark on his neck and asked, "Why did you bite me? If I go to work tomorrow like this, people will laugh at me."

I rolled my eyes and let out a snort. Suddenly, I grabbed his ear and pointed at the bite mark on my neck that had not disappeared.

"You bit me last time, remember? Can't I bite you back? Besides, I bled from your bite at that time!"

Charles touched the tip of his nose and rubbed his fingers on my neck.

"It was because you lied to me. You said you had had an abortion that day."

Suddenly, a question popped into my mind. I blinked my eyes and asked him, "What would you do if I really had an abortion?" Charles frowned and, all of a sudden, slapped me on the buttock.

"Then you have to give birth to another child for me, or I won't let you go." I laughed at his retort, but I raised my eyebrows at him.

"If I give birth to another child, will you then let me go?"

"No. You can only be mine for the rest of your life. Don't even think about leaving me." We talked and laughed while taking a shower.

Once done, Charles carried me out of the bathroom. I wrapped my arms around his neck and let him put me on the bed. Before the flush on my face dissipated, Charles leaned over to kiss me again. I dodged his advance and teasingly said,

"Charles, you promised we wouldn't do it tonight."

"I promised I wouldn't have sex with you, but I said nothing about making out," Charles reasoned out.

Without waiting for my response, he held my hands above my head and kissed me passionately as if his life depended on it. Apparently, he had drunk a lot. He still reeked of alcohol even after taking a shower.

The smell of wine, mixed with his masculine musk, was so addictive.

I was so engrossed in our kiss that I did not notice that Charles had taken off my nightgown. His lips trailed slowly to my collarbone, breasts, and stomach. He also left hickeys along the way.

At last, he stopped at my baby bump and kissed it.

“Baby, you must grow up healthy. Daddy and Mommy are looking forward to seeing you.” We looked at each other and smiled. This sweet and intimate moment of ours filled my heart with warmth.

Charles eventually stopped kissing me after a long time. But then, he held me in his tight embrace and kissed me on the forehead.

“Caroline, let’s get married again,” he solemnly said. I touched my belly and refused at once.

“I don’t want to. My baby bump is getting bigger. How can I wear a wedding dress looking like this? I won’t look good.”

“Nonsense. In my eyes, you’re always the most beautiful woman in the world.” Charles smiled and pecked me on the cheek.

I raised my head and kissed him back. “Let’s talk about it when the baby is born. I want to marry you in the most beautiful way possible. Besides, there are so many problems in the company that needs to be solved. I just don’t have the time to think of anything else yet.”

“Okay.”

Although reluctant, Charles agreed to my request. I nestled in his chest comfortably and put my arms around his waist.

“The situation of Wilson Group may have been stabilized for now, but I’m still worried that someone will show up and make trouble. Remember the man with a spider web tattoo? I have a feeling that he’s very dangerous.”

“Don’t worry. He’s in jail now. And also, I’m here. I won’t let anyone hurt you,” Charles assured me while stroking my hair.

“He ran away, didn’t he? How did you find him?” I looked up at him curiously, and I felt relief wash over me.

At the same time, I was greatly moved. As it turned out, Charles had been doing so much for me in secret, but he never told me about them. He certainly didn’t want me to worry, “I knew that you couldn’t rest assured while that man was freely roaming around, so I’d been sending people to look for him.”

After saying that, Charles looked at me again with eyes full of lust. He planted a soft kiss on my neck and said, “Every minute of our night together is precious, Caroline. Let’s forget about those unimportant people for the time being.”

He gently kissed and fondled me as he spoke. He always found my sensitive spots with staggering accuracy. Under his skillful movements, I soon forgot about the world and let myself drown in his loving tenderness.

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Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 534

Can He Do It Or Not

Charles' POV:

I was in a very good mood when I got to the office in the morning. As soon as I was in my office, Amy walked in and placed some documents on my desk.

"Mr. Moore, Mr. Carter wants to have dinner with you tonight at Starlight Restaurant. You played tennis with him two days ago. He has also invited the actress who won the best new artist of the year award as well as several other ladies who are popular on the Internet."

"I'm busy tonight. Please decline the invitation on my behalf," I ordered tritely as I picked up the documents on the table and perused them.

"Okay, I'll contact Mr. Carter right away." Amy nodded and was about to leave.

"Wait a minute," I called out as a thought occurred to me.

"From now on, decline all invitations that are not related to business." I was a married man now, so I had to maintain a certain distance from other women.

Otherwise, Caroline would be jealous. My mouth curved in a small smile as I opened a document and started my work for the day.

At this moment, my phone blared with an incoming call. I paused what I was doing and picked up the call. "Charles, how have you been? It's been a while since we last saw each other, would you like to have dinner at the Starlight Restaurant? Bring Caroline with you, okay?"

I considered it for a moment before agreeing. After ending the call, I returned my attention to the document, but a reflection of someone's shadow made me look up. A stunned Amy was gaping at me.

“Mr. Moore, didn’t you just say that you aren’t free tonight?”

Calmly. I closed the document and tapped the table twice as I regarded her.

“I decided to change my plans. Is there a problem with that?”

“Of course not! I’ll explain to Mr. Carter. I wish you and Mrs. Moore a happy night.”
Smiling, Amy left the office and closed the door behind her.

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Once the work day was over, I asked Richard to take me to the Wilson Group.
Incidentally, we arrived just as Caroline was coming out of the company.

The moment she saw me, a wide smile bloomed on her face and she quickened her pace. When she was in front of me, I opened my arms and enveloped her in a hug.

“You shouldn’t be walking so fast What if you trip and hurt yourself? Please be careful.”

“I’m not that fragile.” Caroline smiled shyly, blushing as she avoided my kiss.

“No. We are on the teet”

“So what? I want to kiss my wife. It’s none of other people’s business.” I held her firmly and bent over her as I pecked her on the lips Relenting, I ended our hug and opened the door for her to get into the

The second we entered the restaurant, an excited Icey was upon us. She rushed towards Caroline and hugged her tightly

“Caroline, long time no see. I missed you so much!” “Icsey, I missed you too! Caroline hugged her back with a big smile on her face.

As Icey swept past me in her rush to get to Caroline, a gust of strong perfume clogged my nostrils.

Their hug went on for so long that I wanted to separate the two of them. I was man enough to admit the fact that I didn’t want someone else to be so close to my wife, be it a man or a woman. But when I saw the happy smile on Caroline’s face, I found the strength to restrain myself.

At a leisurely pace, David strolled over to my side. Placing his arm across my shoulder, he teased me, “Don’t be nervous. Women hug like this to show their friendship. You will get used to it.”

Lips twisting in disgust, I pushed his hand away and muttered in a low voice, "Just go and pull your wife away from mine."

"I dare not. Why don't you do it by yourself?" I gaped at him speechlessly. Feeling a little helpless, I turned around and walked into the restaurant.

"You are pregnant again so soon. Your husband is so efficient."

Behind me, Icey and Caroline walked hand in hand. Icey deliberately kept her voice down, but I still heard what she said. Swiveling my head, I pinned Icey with a hard stare. She widened her eyes and pretended to be frightened, even going as far as to tighten her grip on Caroline's hand. Caroline looked up at me helplessly. When I saw her bright and wide eyes, my heart softened and my dissatisfaction fizzled out.

"Mr. Moore!"

Just as we were walking to the room we booked, someone called my name. Reflexively, I turned my head to seek out the voice. The figure of a man laughing cheerfully was the first thing I saw. As he came closer, his bright laughter resounding in the corridor, I realized two things about the man. One, he was accompanied by five sexy women and two, I knew him. Mr. Carter.

A sudden chill ran down my back and my stomach twisted. I had a bad feeling about this.

Quickly, I turned away from him, but Carter failed to interpret the meaning behind my averted gaze. He and the women on his arms walked towards me. He came to a stop in front of me and graced me with a knowing smile.

"Mr. Moore, your assistant informed me that you weren't free today. I asked her to tell you that I had invited several beautiful women to join us tonight and that you couldn't miss it. Sure enough, here you are."

The sexy girls giggled at his words. Batting their eyelashes at me, they simpered, "Hello, Mr. Moore."

"Mr. Moore, would you like to have a drink with me? I've seen the video of you playing tennis with Mr. Carter. You're so handsome! Can you teach us how to play?" Instinctively, my gaze went to Caroline. The smile on her face was gone now and she glared at me coldly, "Since Mr. Moore has an appointment with you, we won't disturb you further."

She averted her gaze, took Icey's hand and marched into the private room. Staring at her angry back, all I wanted to do was go over to her and hold her in my arms. But I remained rooted to the spot because I had no idea how to explain myself to her.

Caroline's POV

When we got to the private room, I eased my grip on Icey's arm and sat down, feeling upset. When the scene outside the private room flashed across my mind again, my lips curled in a snarl and I became a lot more irritated.

A man appeared from nowhere and took a group of women to my husband.

But Charles didn't even deign to explain anything to me. He just stood there and listened to those women ogling him and fluttering their eyelashes at him. I was pretty sure he was eating up the way they simpered at him!

If I hadn't witnessed this scene, I wouldn't have realized that he had such a large appetite. No wonder he was able to restrain his desire last night.

Absentmindedly, I picked up the menu and stared at it blankly.

Icey rested her chin on one hand and asked with great interest, "Is the baby in your belly a daughter this time?"

"I guess so," I grumbled. But when I touched my swollen belly, I breathed deeply and tried to calm myself.

"Congratulations! You have three sons and finally, you are going to have a daughter."

"Do you like daughters? Then you can have one with David," I murmured teasingly as I grabbed her hand and placed it on my belly.

"I have no idea when I can get pregnant, but we've been trying for a while now." Icey touched my belly gently and sighed with disappointment.

"Let nature take its course. You should be more patient." Patting her hand softly, I tried to comfort her as best as I could.

The words were barely out of my mouth when the door was pushed open and Charles and David walked in. I glared at Charles before returning my attention to the menu.

"Hey Charles. Why are you up here? The beautiful girls inviting you to dinner are downstairs, so why aren't you with them? Are you not going to be bored to tears if you have dinner with two married women?" Icey teased Charles loudly the second he was in the room. Ignoring her, Charles walked over to me and sat next to me. Gently, he grasped my hand and stared at me with his deep eyes.

"I'm not interested in women."

Icey was so shocked that her eyes nearly popped out of her head. After a few seconds, she whispered in my ear, "He said he's not interested in women. Is he impotent now? How long ago did the two of you have sex? Is that part of him still working?"

Even though Icey was whispering the questions, Charles was right next to me, so he heard every word. Charles' face turned gloomy at her words.

"What I mean is that I'm not interested in any other women apart from you, Caroline"

Smirking wickedly, Icey leaned over and whispered in my ear again.

"Have you tried it recently? Can he do it or not?"

"No, we didn't"

"Then tonight when you get home," Icey ordered quietly.

"That's why it's better to marry a younger man Men of a certain age will likely be impotent is Charles really can't do it, just tell me. I'll introduce some young and skilled men to you."

Knowing what she meant, my face flamed and I ducked my head

There was dead silence in the room Even David was stunned He pulled Icey's sleeve awkwardly. educating for her to mind her words "Young Skilled men? You wish!" Charles' face clouded over and he grunted in low voice that time managed to be dangerous at the same time. Realizing that she had gone too far, Icey backtracked quickly.

"I was just kidding! Men can fool around with other women. Why can't women play with young men? Don't you think it's a double standard?" Clenching his fists, David coughed and changed the topic stiffly.

"Where are Spencer and Vivian? They should be here by now. I'll go and check if they're arrived!"

"That is true; they should be here already. Or did something delay them? I'll call them right away," I echoed hurriedly.

"Are you looking for us? Sorry, we are late."

Vivan's round and very large belly was the first thing I saw as she walked in. Spencer, who was walking with a crutch, ambled in next to her. He held on to her waist with one hand and with the other, he clutched his crutch.

"Haven't you ordered yet? I'm starving to death!"

At the sight of the empty table, Spencer and Vivian complained even as they helped each other to sit down.

“I was just about to order...”

Before I could finish my words, Vivian suddenly stood up and asked, “Hey, why is this chair wet?” Curious, I craned my neck and saw that Vivian’s chair was indeed wet, and so was the back of her dress.

“What is flowing out? Ah!” Vivian reached out and touched her buttocks. Her face suddenly turned pale and she screamed in panic. Spencer stood up anxiously and didn’t know what to do.

“It’s the amniotic fluid! Her water just broke! I will call the ambulance now!”

Quickly, I took out my phone and dialed the number for emergency. After explaining our emergency to them, I ended the call and turned to Vivian. As softly as I could, I murmured soothing words to stave off her panic.

“You don’t have to be nervous. Since your due date is fast approaching, it’s perfectly normal for your water to break.” Vivian clenched my hands and screamed in panic, “Ah! I feel something coming out!”

The private room was in chaos. But thankfully, the ambulance arrived a short while later and Vivian was placed on a stretcher and wheeled out.

We all piled into our cars and followed them to the hospital. Standing outside the delivery room, Spencer clenched his crutch tightly, an anxious look on his face. Hours later, we heard the cry of a baby and we were informed that Vivian had given birth. Spencer looked at the baby in the nurse’s arms. He raised his hand and suddenly put it down. His fingertips wouldn’t stop trembling.

“Gosh, this... Is this my child?”

Lying on the bed, Vivian was still shivering. Her hair was wet and stuck to her head. Her face was full of fatigue, but the smile at the corners of her mouth couldn’t be suppressed.

Tears welled up in Spencer’s eyes. He rushed to her and held her hand, “Vivian, thank you. I won’t lose my temper with you anymore. I’ll listen to everything you tell me from now on,” Vivian’s eyes were also blurred with tears. She raised her hand to wipe the tears on Spencer’s face.

“I just gave birth to a baby. Why are you panicking?” Spencer rubbed her palm against his cheek gently, and kissed it gratefully.

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