

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 553

Discharged From Hospital

Caroline's POV:

Seven days later, I recovered well. I packed up my things and was ready to leave the hospital.

I was about to get out of bed when Charles suddenly walked up to me and said, "Don't move. Let me help you."

When I saw his outstretched hands, I leaned away and glared at him. "No, thank you. I can get out of bed by myself."

Ignoring my refusal, Charles bent over and carried me out.

En route, Charles slightly loosened his grip on me. Afraid that I would fall, I surged forward and wrapped my arms around his neck.

Charles looked down at me and I hid my face in his chest because I didn't want him or anyone to see that I was blushing.

However, the staff of the hospital came to bid me farewell. As soon as we stepped out of the ward, we were surrounded by the doctors and nurses of the hospital.

They held out flowers to me and called out their best wishes for us. "Congratulations, Mr. Moore and Mrs. Moore. May you two live together till you're old and grey."

"Make sure you rest and don't stress yourself at all, either physically or emotionally. That means that you shouldn't do anything that will make you tired or upset. And if anything happens, contact me as soon as you possibly can," the doctor who carried out the C-section on me explained kindly. "I will adhere to all your instructions, doctor. Thank you all so much for taking great care of me," I replied politely Charles nodded to everyone and left with me in his arms.

When we walked out of the elevator, I saw Nevaeh Some days ago, Nevaeh had tried to enter my ward but was stopped by my bodyguards. But I knew for a fact that she was not going to stop trying until she found a way to see me, Bandages covered most of her body, at least the parts of her I could see since she was in a wheelchair.

The last thing I wanted to do was be nice to a woman that seduced my husband, so I turned my face away from her, The only acknowledgement Charles gave her was an indifferent glance over his shoulder as he began to walk out with me in his arms. "Charles, I'm here to thank you for leaving Caroline behind that night to see me,"

Nevaeh shouted. Inhaling sharply, I tightened my grip on Charles' neck. For a second, Charles stopped walking as he froze, his hands on my body tightening,

Neither of them spoke another word. a It was over. I had lost.

It wasn't that I was lost to Nevaeh. I was actually defeated by the fact that there would always be countless women around Charles With the sting of defeat fresh in my mind, my determination grew. As soon as possible, I was going to get a divorce from Charles and put an end to this marriage.

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In the future, it wouldn't matter what he did with other women because it would have nothing to do with me However, hot tears still streamed down my cheeks and wetted Charles' shirt.

After leaving the hospital, Charles put me in the car, fastened the seat belt for me and closed the door gently He didn't say a word from the moment the car pulled away from the hospital gates till the car stopped at the Moore mansion.

I also stayed mute the entire drive. But when we finally reached the Moore mansion, I couldn't help but voice an important question, "When shall we go through the formalities?"

"A month from now," Charles muttered in a bland tone, his gaze trailed outside the window.

It was a little longer than I expected, but it didn't matter. I would just hold on for another month A month from now, I would be able to leave here and get rid of my current life,

Charles unfastened his seat belt and got out of the car. He opened the door on my side and bent over to carry me "No, I can walk" i dodged his hand and tried to walk on my own "It's windy outside. You can take a walk after you go back to your room."

Then Charles carried me out of the car. The elders were waiting at the door. When they saw us approaching, they immediately came up and greeted me Charles carried me to the bedroom upstairs, The boys leaned against the bed, their awestruck gazes focused on their baby sister.

They had been looking forward to meeting her for a long time and were reluctant to leave after finally meeting her A laugh escaped me when I saw the four of them. The three boys were gazing down at their sister wide eyed, and she, blinking her eyes up a them. The phone rang and Charles stepped away to answer his call.

When his call was over, he returned to the bedside and turned his attention to the boys. "You need to be careful. Don't hurt your sister accidentally, okay?" Even though they

nodded vigorously to show they understood their father's words, their unblinking eyes were on their sister the entire time. James suddenly turned his head and asked, "Daddy, do you like my sister?" "Yes," Charles replied with a gentle smile.

"So, who do you love more, my sister or Mommy?" "That's a different kind of love," Charles looked up at me and replied patiently. "Different? Why is it different?" James asked curiously. "I'm tired and want to have a rest." Before Charles could answer, I chimed in and lay down with my back to them.

Charles lowered his voice and said, "You should go out first. Your Mommy needs to rest." Grumbling, the boys left. Charles walked back to the bed and picked our daughter up. "I'll take her out for a while so you can rest. I'll bring her back to you when you wake up." Instead of replying, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. Charles then left the room quietly with our daughter in his arms. After some deliberation, I decided to name her Jessica.

When she was one-month old, we held a grand party for Jessica and introduced her to all our relatives and friends. The table in the banquet hall was full of gifts. Tracy and Janet came in with a small box in their hands. They walked into the room excitedly and said, "Mrs. Moore, this gift is so exquisite and beautiful. It must look very beautiful on Jessica." There was a delicate and beautiful necklace in the box.

There was also a note at the bottom. On the note was Nevaeh's signature. A cold fury swept through me, but still I maintained my calm facade. "Send it to Charles. It's not for me and Jessica," I ordered brusquely as I dumped the necklace back into the box. "What?" The two bodyguards were stunned.

Janet saw the note and reacted quickly as she immediately said, "Mrs. Moore, you are right. Let our boss deal with it!"

I picked my daughter up and said, "Let's go." "Where are we going?" the shocked bodyguards asked in unison. "Home."

"Won't we wait for Mr. Moore?" Janet asked in confusion.

"He is a grown man with two perfectly healthy feet of his own. He will return home when he's ready." I walked out with my daughter in my arms.

Lapier 560 Discharged From Hospital The two bodyguards chucked the gift in their hands aside and immediately caught up with me, But I didn't expect to bump into Nevaeh as soon as I arrived at the parking lot. She had recovered from the worst of her injuries and looked almost the same, except for the fact that she was thinner than before. After taking a cursory look at her, I tried to bypass her on my way to the car, but she stopped me. "Caroline, long time no see." "I don't want to see you. If you really have any sense of self worth, then you wouldn't dare to approach me." Nevaeh smiled and looked at Jessica. "I'm here to congratulate you.

I heard that you gave birth to a daughter. She is very cute and looks very much like you.” “Were you lurking around, waiting for me to show up only so you could tell me this?” I held Jessica tighter, icy disdain dripping from my voice. “I’m waiting for Charles. My company has been negotiating the cooperation with the Moore Group. I’m the main designer of one of the projects. I just called him and wanted to talk about the details. By the way...” “You know what? One of the last two women who pestered Charles is in a psychiatric hospital, and the other one is in prison.” The expression on Nevaeh’s face froze and the smile at the corners of her mouth disappeared without a trace.

I sneered and got in the car with my daughter in my arms. Janet said loudly to Nevaeh, “Maybe you don’t know our boss very well. With Mrs. Moore’s mere words, I’m afraid that you will be replaced by someone else in this project.” Then she got into the car. I turned my head to look out of the window and found Nevaeh standing there angrily, stamping her feet. Somehow, I felt better. I lowered my head and played with Jessica.

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Persuade His Wife

Caroline’s POV:

Tiredness gradually crept into my body as soon as I got home. I thought a hot shower would wash away all my drowsiness, but it didn’t, so I immediately nestled in bed afterward.

I had been so busy today that I even struggled to keep my eyes open as they became heavy from exhaustion.

Still, my mind remained active for a moment. Charles and I agreed to work on the divorce procedures a month after I gave birth. Fortunately, days went by quickly, and baby Jessica was now one-month old. So, perhaps, I could bring that topic up to him first thing in the morning.

I was enjoying the comfort of my bed the next day when I felt something heavy on my belly, which jolted me awake. When I looked down, I saw a muscular arm wrapped tightly around my waist.

Of course, this scent, grip, and arm only pointed to one man. It was Charles.

Annoyed, I pushed his arm away and tried to break free from his embrace. However, Charles' strength and mine differ significantly. He only tightened his grip, locked me in, and muttered, "Let's sleep some more."

"Charles," I firmly called and used all my strength to escape from his arms.

Traces of displeasure filled Charles' face as my struggle forcefully woke him up. Nevertheless, his expression instantly softened upon meeting my gaze.

He quickly sat up and looked at me with apologetic eyes as he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know I fell asleep beside you because I was too tired when I got home last night."

"I'm warning you, Charles. Don't do that ever again. It isn't right," I replied, giving him a firm and warning look.

"Why can't I do that, though?" he asked, confused and displeased.

I know precisely where my reluctance is coming from. Why? Did you bump your head somewhere that you forgot about your promise? Charles, a month has already passed!" I snapped in frustration Charles' expression instantly changed upon hearing what I said. "I've actually forgotten about something here an important meeting today, so I'll talk to you later, okay?" he replied, completely dodging the situation. He se buttoned up his top and prepared to get out of bed.

I wasn't born yesterday, so I could tell he was only making an excuse. Infuriated, I glared at him and reminded "Charles, you promised me we'd continue the divorce proceedings in a month! I'm not sure when you have track of the date, but one month has already passed." I was mad, and I bet I was as red as a tomato right now. Still, Charles only replied, "I don't feel like setting the divorce today. I mean, look! Even the weather doesn't seem right.

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Why don't we chill for now and deal with some other day?" "Charles!" I yelled as my last strand of patience had finally snapped. I sat on the bed and looked at him and saying, "Charles, can you stop making these lame excuses? What's so hard to understand about my desire to divorce I had intended to resolve our issues amicably, and I was beyond willing to cooperate with him as long as he did the But then I forgot what kind of person he was. I forgot that he never knew how to give in and cooperate Perhaps, I expected too much from him, which was my fault. Still, my thirst for divorce remained the same.

I knew my worth, so I knew what I deserved. Staying in this mattress would only give Charles a chance to hurt me more, and I refuse to let that happen • "We'll deal with it, okay? Just, not today." Charles casually replied before getting out of the bed and O W the bathroom I quickly followed him out of bed, causing me to lose my balance.

Fortunately, my reflexes were fast, so I was able to hold onto the mattress to support myself.

Charles, on the other hand, strode back from the bathroom after hearing the need I expressed straight toward me and helped me sit on the bed. I then grabbed his clothes and looked at him saying Charles I'm here in use the A g me start a new life." "Processing a divorce isn't a joke, Caroline It's not as simple as you think you for t us alone.

It involves a lot of other things Charles muttered in a Sott helpless h e whole what other things was he talking about only wanted on thing, and the anything else that didn't even concern me Was he talking about his reputation Properties was it the common share I couldn't even care any less about these "Ti you're worried about you reputation, let's go through the diver produce pro V aled public when you think the time is night," I said, alması hegging "No, we have to wait until the time is right," Charles opposed shaking his hand het N concerned yet helpless eyes and added, "You've us given birth, SO YOU Mus recuerdant i get better." "What?!" i shouted in disbelief. My scalp tingled as anger traveled across my body unable the who heard How could Charles do this to me?

He clearly promised to divorce me in a month, and now he just went back on his one "Anyway, I have to go to work now. See you tonight," Charles said. After that, he strode away With that, I could only look at his disappearing figure, heavy-hearted. Charles' POV After leaving the house, I went to the garage and hopped in my car. Hometer, I only set in the date for a long time, not even bothering to start the engine.

My hands were still shaking and my palms were wet, and I felt like my heart had been used in a milla It was pretty clear to me that Caroline was dying to divorce me. The past month had been utterly suffocating for me Caroline had been stranger quen o fact, I would only get to see her smile whenever she was in front of the kids Ther, she would only sit quietly on the bed for the rest of the day with dulenes looking cla n Whenever I faced her, she would immediately look elsewhere as if I was sange the see. Of course, I would be lying if I said I didn't understand the look she was giving then expressive, and it had always given me the idea that I would lose her in no time Frustrated, I leaned against the driver's seat and covered my face with a hands TAN S Fille it was torturous I wasn't blind, so I could see her gradually slipping through my grasp And this time, she would leave me for good Unable to handle it.

I simply ran away All I could do now was pray and hope that Caroline was only ang yang dan mean what she wa keep escaping whenever she was about to bring the same top up Through this, she wouldn't be able to go on with the divorce and thes with me Unable to overthink some more, I took a deep breath and drove the mpens when She was dressed in a business suit, looking unmistakably sophisticated herkes over here," she said, sounding a bit surprised Hearing that, 1 glanced at her coldly and continued walking forward, not wanting to talk to her. However, Nevaeh chased after me and asked, "Charles, can we talk?"

*Nevaeh we have nothing to talk about!" I snapped in annoyance. "Stop pestering me, or you wouldn't like what would do to you." Caroline's cold stares and continuous attempts to initiate a divorce flashed before my eyes as I looked at Nevaeh longer. Because of that, I glared at her for the last time and went straight into my exclusive elevator. Many things had happened this morning, so I was already in a bad mood when I arrived at my office. I didn't even feel like working right now.

So, I opened my laptop and searched the Internet for ways to persuade my wife to stay with me.

A few minutes after, Amy came in with a cup of coffee.

I then closed my laptop in a hurry, not wanting her to see what I was doing.

"Boss, I came to inform you that your new assistant will start working today. Her name is Angelina," Amy said in a low voice as she placed the coffee on my table. "Angelina? Why does it have to be a woman again?" I asked, unable to conceal my displeasure. Caroline and I almost broke up when Nevaeh became my assistant, so I wanted to avoid having female employees close as much as possible. "Don't worry, boss. You may be attractive, but not every woman is interested in you," Amy joked, probably sensing my concern. Hearing that, I rubbed my temples and instructed, "Well, tour her around the company and brief her about the scope of her job first."

"Boss, are you feeling unwell?" Amy cautiously asked.

"Yes, a little," I truthfully answered. Then, I picked up the coffee, wanting to take a sip, but my stomach churned at the smell, so I put it back. "Did you and Mrs. Moore fight again?" Amy helplessly asked. After that, she fidgeted with her fingers and cautiously said, "I have an idea, but I am not sure if it'll work."

"Tell me," I ordered, feeling a little curious. When Caroline and I had a misunderstanding last time, Amy called her for me. She asked my wife to come to see me, and it worked. And now, she was suggesting repeating the same trick. Well, how could I object when I couldn't even think of a better way? Sure enough, Amy called Caroline, saying, "Good day, Mrs. Moore! I'm sorry to bother you this early, but Mr. Moore looked unwell when he arrived. Even though he managed to attend his meeting, he still looked dull and preoccupied.

I called to ask you what we should do." "I don't know. Why are you asking me?" I heard Caroline answer in a flat tone as Amy put the phone on speaker. It saddened me, of course, Amy, on the contrary, was stunned. She bit her lips, looking uneasy, and stammered as she asked, "M-Mrs. Moore, can't you come to see Mr. Moore? He looks so ill, so I'm afraid he would pass out or something." "Is that so?" Caroline asked back and added, "Then pay closer attention to him. If anything happens, take him to the hospital"

"Alnght. If anything wrong happens, I will report it to you immediately," Amy politely said.

"No, you don't need to report it to me," Caroline impatiently replied. She didn't even wait for Amy to respond and instantly dropped the call. Amy parted her lips slightly as if she wanted to say something.

I could sense her uneasiness, so I took the initiative to smile at her faintly. "It's fine. You can leave and go on with Taore 554 Persuade His Wife your work," I ordered. Still, I smiled bitterly at myself. "Why do you have to be so cruel, Caroline?" I murmured in distress,.

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