

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 546

Live Separate Lives

Charles's POV

Caroline seemed to have no intention of coming back home. Because of this, my grandparents decided to take the kids to the island to be with her.

At last, they returned on Friday.

After work, I drove back to the Moore mansion dejectedly. As soon as I entered the house, the children rushed toward me.

The three kids circled me. The twins even clung to my legs in excitement. I stroked James's head and bent down to pick the twins up.

"My boys," I greeted with a perfunctory smile.

There was no doubt about it that I missed the kids very much. However, I was more concerned about Caroline. Even though my children were right in front of me, my eyes still searched for Caroline. And there she was, drinking tea beside Grandma in the living room.

When I finally saw her, I could not take my eyes off her anymore. We had not seen each other for a week. Caroline seemed to have lost some weight, but looked less depressed than before. It seemed that she had a great time on the island.

Mom was talking about something interesting that had happened recently. With her head lowered, Caroline listened intently to Mom's story. She talked and laughed from time to time, just like in the old times.

However, I knew very well that she was still upset about something. In the past, whenever I would come home from work, she would greet me with a smile and ask, "How was your day?"

Spencer told me to explain myself to her, and so did my parents.

But, was it really necessary?

What was the point of explaining if she did not trust me in the first place?

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"Mr. Moore, you're back. The dinner will be ready soon," Janet greeted me with a tray of dishes on her hand,

I nodded and looked in the direction of the living room again.

Now, everyone knew that I had returned and were all looking at me.

Except for Caroline

She did not even spare me a glance. She just held the cup of her tea and blew on it gently. Nobody could guess what she was thinking.

“Excuse me. I’m going to use the lavatory,” Caroline put down the teacup, stood up, and left. As I stared at her receding figure, I felt that she was getting farther and farther away from me. I felt a pang in my heart. Things were not supposed to be like this.

Just as I was about to take a step toward her, James stopped me and showed me the remote control of his toy car “Daddy, the remote control seems to be broken Can you help me fix it?”

I would have helped my son right away, but now was not the time for that. I looked in the direction of the bathroom and frowned

Fortunately, my father was quick-witted. He waved at James and said, “Come here, James. Let me fix it for you. With that, James run toward his grandpa with the broken remote control. I went to the bathroom without delay.

Caroline was washing her hands in the wash basin Noticing my presence, she glanced at me in the mirror and turned off the tap I hated it whenever she ignored me like this. I approached her and glumly asked.

“Did Nina call you?”

“Yes,” Caroline answered dully with her head still lowered, she took a tissue and wiped her hands with it

Dant you have anything to ask me?” I queried. Every minute that she was ignoring me was excruciating. There’s nothing to ask. You don’t have to explain your every move to me.” Her indifference made me feel as if what we were talking about was unimportant Without another word, Caroline threw the tissue into the trash can and turned around to leave

Of course, I did not let her. I blocked her way and looked into her eyes.

“There’s nothing going on between me and that woman. She suddenly went to my table while I was having breakfast—”

“Like I said, you don’t have to explain yourself to me. Also, I don’t want to be stressed because of you. So, you’re free to do whatever you want.”

“What do you mean?” I asked confusedly

“I mean literally I didn’t stay on the island for days just to have fun. I went there to recollect and think about things. Actually, I’ve been thinking about this matter for a long time. We’re a couple, and so what? As long as you don’t get in my way, I’ll do the same for you.”

“You still don’t trust me, do you?” I fumed “Let’s stop talking about whether we trust each other or not. Let’s just live our own lives and not bother each other,” Caroline fired back I walked over to her, but she took a step away from me. I froze for a second but then laughed sarcastically

“Not bother each other? How?”

“Oh, it’s easy Many couples live independent lives. We can do the same, can’t we?”

“Independent lives? Are you in such a hurry to mess around with other men? You don’t want me to get in your way so you want to get rid of me as soon as you can Isn’t that what you want?”

“I said that for your own good. Besides, I don’t have another man Don’t twist the truth,” Caroline retorted while

glaring at me with dissatisfaction With a sneer tugging at the corners of my mouth, I stepped forward and pressed her against the wall

“You want to push me to another woman, don’t you? Well, thank you for your generosity!”

In a fit of anger, I turned around to leave

Just as I was about to walk out of the door, I remembered something and turned to face her again. “Caroline, no matter how many women I would have, I would never give you a chance to mess around with other men!”

“Who do you think you are?” Caroline snapped. She must be so mad that her face was drained of color, and she looked like she would burst into tears at any moment, “I’m your husband!” I turned my back on her and walked out of the bathroom without waiting for her response

“Ah”

But just when I reached the door, I heard Caroline’s painful groan behind me. I turned around and saw her leaning on the basin while clutching her stomach. I rushed forward and held her up.

"What's going on?" I asked in a panic

"My belly. It hurts" Caroline leaned weakly in my arms and clutched my shirt. Even though it was cold, beads of sweat were trickling from her forehead

I rushed her to the hospital at once

After the examination, Caroline was sent to the ward. According to the doctor, what had just happened was a physiological reaction caused by emotional instability. All the elders gathered outside the ward and scolded me one by one.

"You brat! Caroline has just returned from the island and you made her so mad that she had to be rushed to the hospital. If you keep doing this, you'd better not see her again!"

"If anything happens to the baby, I will never forgive you!" Mom and Grandma blamed me for what had happened. Meanwhile, Dad just stood aside, lost in thought

"Well, don't be so loud. You'll disturb Caroline's rest."

It was only then that Mom came to her senses. She walked to the bed and comforted Caroline.

"Caroline, your health is most important. Try to calm down. I'll ask Charles to stay here with you. Just call him if you need anything"

Caroline pulled the quilt over her body and sobbed, "I don't want to see him."

Mom opened her mouth to say something but decided not to on second thought.

Meanwhile, Dad beckoned me to go outside with him.

Before leaving the room, I glanced at Caroline, who had her head under the quilt, and sighed.

"Can't you control your temper? Caroline is pregnant. She's too weak to bear any stress!" Dad reminded me. Although he was calm on the surface, I could feel his frustration.

"You know that Caroline is emotionally and mentally weak right now, but you still made her upset. And now, she's hospitalized because of you. Are you happy now?" Mom chimed in.

I said nothing and just lowered my head in guilt. I never expected that things would turn out like this. It was just that I was really annoyed at Caroline at that time. She seemed ready to be living separate lives. And at this rate, she might even divorce me any time. It

was very irresponsible of her to say something like that. But then again, it was also my fault. I was too angry by what she had said that I forgot that she was pregnant and could not handle any stress.

Fortunately, both she and the baby were fine

Caroline's POV:

When I woke up, I saw Charles sleeping on the edge of the bed.

Feeling my slight movement, he raised his head and checked in on me. "Caroline, are you okay? How do you feel now?"

He reached out to touch my forehead, but I dodged his hand instinctively. "What are you doing here?" I asked coldly.

"I'm here to take care of you." Charles grabbed my arm with one hand and felt my temperature on my forehead with the other. "Don't move."

For a moment, he rested his slightly cold hand on my forehead and sighed. "Thank God you don't have fever."

As soon as he lifted his hand off my forehead, I moved slightly away from him. "Get out. I don't want to see you."

I thought Charles was going to insist on staying here, but he did not. Instead, he slowly got up and said, "I'll go ahead and finalize the discharge formalities."

As I watched him walk away, I lowered my eyes, and tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably.

Charles returned to the ward not long after. Just like he had promised before, he lifted me up from the bed, carried me all the way to the car, and drove me home.

On my way back, I received a call from Nina.

"It's strange. I was going to make trouble for that woman to avenge you, but someone told me that EsastanEntertainment had already banned her. I also heard that she had reached out to other entertainment companies, but none of them accepted her. Could it be that it was your husband who did all this?"

"I don't know" glanced at the man sitting next to me and pursed my lips.

Could it be him who did it? While I was in deep thought, Charles snatched my phone and hung the call.

“What the hell” I stared daggers at him and retrieved my phone

“What should I do to make you believe that I have nothing to do with that woman?”

“Nothing. You don’t do anything.” I looked out of the window and avoided his burning gaze.

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## **Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 547**

Sleep On The Sofa

Caroline’s POV:

After taking a shower, I went out of the bathroom, sat on the edge of the bed, and turned on the hair dryer to blow dry my hair.

It was pretty troublesome to dry my hair because it was long.

After a while, I felt tired, so I had to put down the hair dryer.

Charles walked over, stood behind me, and took the hair dryer from my hand.

“Let me help you.”

I had no intention of refusing his offer because he offered and my arms were really sore.

He was so gentle while blow drying my hair. He even ran his hand through my hair to make sure that it was being dried evenly.

Feeling his hand brush against my hair felt really good.

Once he was done drying my hair, Charles put down the hair dryer and went to take a shower.

Meanwhile, I grabbed a fluffy toy dog and embraced it.

Pretty soon, Charles walked out of the bathroom and walked up to me.

“What’s that?”

"I just bought this. Nina said it's comfortable to embrace it while sleeping at night. I specifically bought this to give it a try."

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I lay on my side of the bed, hugging the stuffed toy dog and said, "It's indeed comfortable."

"Are you going to replace me with that dog?" he asked.

"Yup! From now on, this cute big dog will be sleeping beside me," I answered.

"Then, where am I supposed to sleep?" Charles asked worriedly.

I raised an eyebrow cheekily and pointed at the sofa in the room.

"How about over there?"

Charles fell silent for a while before bursting into laughter.

"Fine. I'll sleep on the sofa then."

He threw the bath towel aside. Then, he opened the wardrobe and put on a night robe unhurriedly. The second I looked up, I saw his naked back and muscular waist. He was in perfect shape.

It was hard to take my eyes off him. I used to enjoy holding his waist to sleep. I couldn't even remember the last time Charles and I slept together intimately.

It even made me think that we would never be intimate anymore.

After putting on the night robe, Charles came over and sat on the edge of the bed.

"If my memory serves me right, this is my spot."

I cast a sidelong glance at him and said, "Didn't you once suspect me of having an affair with someone else? You are such a neat freak! I'm sure you wouldn't want to sleep in the same bed with me," I retorted confidently.

Charles took a deep breath, visibly upset.

"Caroline, did you really have to mention that again?"

I calmed myself down and answered, "Isn't it true? You don't have to sacrifice your needs and wants just to be with me. I'm willing to give you absolute freedom."

"I thought that you've been in a bad mood lately, because you suspect that I had an affair with another woman." Charles looked down at me and pursed his lips.

"What makes you say that? I've already told you before that we can live our own lives without bothering each other. I will not interfere with your life anymore," I countered.

"Caroline!"

Charles grunted, suppressing his anger.

Just seeing him fuming with rage frightened me. I covered my bulging belly vigilantly.

"Your daughter said that she's tired and she wants to rest."

Then, I buried my face in the stuffed toy dog and decided to ignore him.

By the time I woke up in the morning, I felt something warm next to me. I thought it was just the stuffed toy dog, so I rubbed my body against it a little more.

But then, I realized that something was amiss.

The thing next to me felt nothing like the stuffed toy dog. I opened my eyes, surprised to see who was next to me.

He was supposed to be sleeping on the sofa, but now he was lying beside me. I looked up and glanced at the sofa.

There, I found the toy dog, lazily thrown onto the sofa.

Needless to say, Charles was behind it.

When I looked beside me, I saw that he was sleeping right next to me.

Last night, before I went to sleep, I took off my night robe.

So, all I was wearing was a thin nightgown, and he...

"Charles!" I grunted, pushing him away.

Startled by what I did, Charles opened his eyes and greeted, "Good morning."

"Why are you on the bed? Who said you could sleep here? Get out of the bed this instant!"

"Weren't you having a nightmare last night? I just thought you needed me to hug you, so I..."



My mind went blank as I glared at him.

“Charles, stop pushing your luck!”

“What did I even do wrong?” he countered.

“I’m done arguing with you. I’m leaving!”

I lifted the quilt, ready to get out of bed.

But then, he grabbed my hand.

“Where do you think you’re going?” I tried to shake off his hand and said, “I’m going somewhere you’ll never find me and never return!”

“Caroline.”

Charles sat up from the bed, held my waist, and put me back to the bed.

Although he seemed anxious, he was still gentle and reserved.

In addition to that, the mattress was very soft, so I didn’t feel any pain even though I fell onto the bed.

Even so, I felt infuriated and ended up biting his neck.

“What the hell is the matter with you, Charles?”

“No matter what you do, you won’t be able to leave me.”

Charles frowned, but he didn’t try to dodge me.

Thereafter, I let him go and fell silent.

This time, Charles had gone too far. He had been suspecting that I was having an affair with another man, and he even slept on the same bed with me after I told him not to because we hadn’t really cleared out the misunderstanding.

After breakfast, Charles went to work.

Meanwhile, I packed my stuff and took the kids to the island again. It was Saturday morning, and the sun was shining on the beach.

The kids were enjoying a nice day on the beach with smiles on their little faces.

Just the sight of them having a good time brought me happiness and made me less depressed.

Spencer and Vivian also took their son to the island.

But they were bickering for most of the day.

James spent a lot of time with them, probably because he was taking a fancy to baby Leo.

Icey approached me and asked, "By the way, how are you planning to spend Christmas this year?"

I pondered for a moment and replied, "Grandpa's birthday is on Christmas, so I guess we'll be spending the holidays with him. What about you?"

Icey turned her gaze to the sea horizon.

The smile on her lips widened.

"I'm planning to take a handsome young man to Hawaii. And once I've had my fun, I'll come back."

"Aren't you worried that David will get jealous?" I asked.

"So what? Whether he gets jealous or not is beyond me." Icey shrugged and chuckled.

"What about you and Charles? Are you still mad at him?"

"I am. Very much so." I nodded, chuckling bitterly.

"I think Charles is jealous because he really cares about you. He's just feeling insecure," Icey responded solemnly.

"It doesn't matter anymore. Honestly, I don't want to think about that right now. I just want to relax until I give birth to the baby."

I lowered my eyes and gently touched my lower abdomen.

"Being in a relationship is so exhausting! Now that I know what it's like to be married, I realize that it's always better to be single and free," Icey sighed.

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Please Don't Leave

Charles' POV:

Grandpa's birthday was on Christmas. We held the party for him at a five-star hotel. On this important day, Caroline came back from the island. I arranged for a car to go to the docks to pick her up.

She had been on that island for several days.

Though it hadn't been that long since she left, every single day still felt like hell for me. I was anxiously waiting until the car finally arrived in front of the hotel.

The door was opened and Caroline got out.

At a single glance, I saw her amidst the crowd.

Caroline was wearing a neat dress and a pair of flat leather shoes. She looked so much better than she did before.

Not even the goddesses of myths were more astonishingly beautiful than her at this moment.

The bright lights of the hotel paled in comparison to her dalliance. We hadn't seen each other for a few days, but it seemed as though she had taken very good care of herself.

Her baby bump had grown a little bigger, and she had gotten slightly plump. She was brimming with vitality. Her elegant temperament made people unable to take their eyes off her. She must've dressed up especially for tonight. Her light makeup brought out her most attractive facial features.

Even though she was pregnant, she was easily the most beautiful woman present. I heard that she played the piano and listened to music on the island every day. And whenever she was feeling exhausted, she would go for a walk on the beach.

She even had a little get-together with her friends on the island last weekend. It seemed like she had been living a great life even without me around.

And to be honest, I hated that island so much. I bought that stupid island, so we could go there for vacations. But now, she was always going there just to hide from me.

Caroline greeted the other attendees with a nod and a smile.

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Then, she walked towards me and stood beside me. It wasn't surprising that we were standing next to each other in the party.

Sadly, she wouldn't even glance at me. She might be smiling, but she wouldn't even bat an eyelash at me.

Just to calm myself down, I had to take several deep breaths. I looked at her, wanting to say something.

But before I could get a word in, an elder came over with his children to greet us.

"Charles! It's been so long since we last saw each other. It seems like your relationship is going strong. You're a match made in heaven!" I, for one, wasn't fond of unnecessary compliments. I put my hand on the back of Caroline's waist and put on a smile.

"Thanks for the compliment. Please do attend our party when our child is born."

"Gladly! I'm looking forward to it already," the elder said with a grin.

After some time, Caroline couldn't hold on any longer. Exhaustion was written all over her face. She rubbed her waist and stretched her legs.

"Are you tired? Let's get you a room so you can get some rest, okay?" I held her arm with one hand and put the other on her waist.

Thereafter, I led her back to the room upstairs.

After we entered the room, Caroline breathed a sigh of relief.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were tired?" I asked, squatting in front of the sofa.

Then, I put Caroline's legs on my knees and began massaging her ankles.

"I'm fine. It's just that there are a lot of guests here today. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to hide out in here to get some rest."

Caroline wanted to withdraw her legs, but I held them even tighter.

"Don't move," I said, casting her a stern glance.

"If you exert yourself even more, you won't be able to walk tomorrow."

“Is it that serious?”

Caroline glanced at me, pursed her lips, and averted her gaze right away.

“Those guests aren’t as important as you and our child. Just stay here and get some well-needed rest. I’ll handle the rest.”

Thereafter, I put Caroline’s legs down and went back to the banquet hall to entertain the other guests.

Caroline’s POV: Around nine in the evening.

“Is there anyone at the docks tonight? Let’s go back to the island,” I said to Janet.

“Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore is here,” Janet said while nervously looking at the door.

I instinctively glanced towards the door.

There, I saw Charles striding in until he sat across me.

“Would you like to stay here in the hotel or would you rather go home tonight?” he asked.

“It’s too noisy in here. I’d prefer to go back to the island,” I told him.

“If it’s too noisy around here, we can go back to the Moore mansion,” he suggested.

“I think our daughter would like being in the island better.” I smirked, leaned back, and caressed my baby bump.

Charles leaned over, running his hand along the armrest of the sofa. He said to the two bodyguards, “Leave us alone for a bit.”

“Yes, sir.”

They immediately walked towards the door.

“Why did you tell them to leave the room?” I asked in confusion.

“I’m here already, and I think that’s enough.”

Charles sat next to me as if he was exerting his dominance. I kept my distance from him and replied, “Then, I guess I’d rather sleep here tonight.”

As he sat on the sofa, Charles looked down and asked, “Will you be leaving tomorrow morning before I wake up?”

My heart skipped a beat. I turned to look him in the eye and replied, "I just don't want any unnecessary fights between us again."

"So, now you don't even want to fight with me?"

"Of course! Why do you bother asking these stupid questions when you already know the answer?" I glared at him before heading to the bathroom.

Now that I was pregnant, I was no longer worried that my husband would just barge into the bathroom while I was showering.

Later on, he put on a bathrobe and walked to the bedside.

"I still have the right to speak to my daughter, don't I?"

The light of the bedside lamp illuminated his white bathrobe. Just seeing the look on his stern face rendered me speechless.

Before I could nod, Charles lay on the bed beside me, and gently placed his hand on my belly. I could feel the warmth of his palm through my nightgown.

The baby inside my womb kicked.

Charles immediately moved his hand towards the direction the baby kicked. I held my breath, making sure that I wasn't moving.

Charles looked up at me before pressing his cheek against my baby bump.

"Daddy won't be able to stay by your side every day, but you have to be a good girl, okay? I know that you really miss me, sweetie. Well, Daddy misses you too. Hold on for a little while longer. Soon, we won't be separated from each other anymore."

When I heard him say the last sentence, my heart was overcome with fear and anxiety.

It suddenly occurred to me that he took my son away after he misunderstood that I was with William, and he didn't let me see my little boy for quite some time.

A thought dawned on me. I had to run away. I had to get away from him as far as possible.

"I think it's best that I go back to the island." I was pissed now.

But before I could get up, he pressed on my shoulder and urged me to lie back down.

Thereafter, I leaned against the pillow, feeling like a puppet.

It felt like I wasn't even allowed to move without his permission.

Suddenly, Charles leaned closer to kiss me on the lips.

The softness of his lips was light to the touch, and the kiss was passionate but also gentle.

When I felt his tongue on mine, I immediately tried to push him away. I tried my best to get rid of him, but I couldn't do it.

After making sure that he was no longer on guard, I wrapped my arms around his neck.

Then, I sucked on his lower lip and bit it.

Charles groaned, held the back of my head and continued to kiss me.

"Caroline, do we really have to live apart?" he asked

"I'll be back," I said, avoiding eye contact with him.

"Why do we have to keep living like this? Caroline, all I want is to live a happy life with you. Don't leave me. Please."

Reluctantly, Charles moved away from my lips, and then he kissed me on the neck a few more times. Once he was satisfied, he pressed his forehead against mine and looked deep into my eyes.

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Emotional Blackmail

Charles' POV:

It was snowing early in the morning.

As soon as I woke up, I changed my clothes for the day. My gaze fell on the woman sleeping soundly on the bed.

I had no idea how I managed to make it through.

Only God knew how many times I had wanted to go to the island to see her. However, I restrained myself, too hurt because she left without saying goodbye.

Although her bodyguards reported to me on a daily basis everything Caroline had done on the island, my heart was in desolation, especially when I was alone in the bedroom.

But now, she was back.

All along, I knew that she didn't come back for me; but her being here was good enough for me.

Thank God I could see her, touch her, hold her to sleep, and kiss her lips. Everything seemed to be the way it was before.

At this moment, Caroline stirred, and her eyes fluttered open.

I could see from her eyes that she was still sleepy. But when she saw me looking at her, her eyes widened, and her sleepiness seemed to have vanished in an instant. "What are you doing?" she asked warily.

She then got up from the bed, her face as white as a sheet from being startled.

"Good morning," I said with a chuckle.

"Good morning," Caroline replied hesitantly.

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My gaze fell on her exposed collarbone and smooth shoulder. Thankfully, I caught myself, so I looked away and said, "Come downstairs. Breakfast is ready."

During breakfast, I noticed that Caroline kept on glancing at me. When she was done eating, she finally asked, "What time are you going to work?"

I raised my eyebrows and put my fork down. "Why'd you ask?"

Caroline lowered her eyes nervously. "Nothing. I was just wondering."

I was not stupid. Judging from the look on her face, she planned to sneak out of the house. That was the reason why she got up early in the morning. Of course, I would not give her the opportunity to do so. I took a sip of coffee and replied, "Well, I don't have much to deal with today at the company, so I can go to work a little later than usual. Why? You wanna go somewhere?" "Not really. It's just that I invited Icey to play bridge with me." Caroline glanced at me and changed the topic. "It's okay. It's still early anyway. I can accompany you for now."



y, why don't you go with me later? I'm going to do an inspection at the company." I stood up from my seat and laughed lightly. After breakfast, Caroline changed into a formal suit. After walking for a while, I noticed that she had slowed down and could not keep up with me. I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at her. "Are you tired?" "No. The coat is just a little heavy for me. I want to take it off." Caroline shrugged her shoulders, uncomfortable with the weight of her clothes. As a concerned husband, I stood in front of her and said, "Raise your arms." Caroline did as told, and I helped her take her coat off. The accompanying staff immediately walked over to take the coat out of my hands. However, I refused to give them the coat and instead put Caroline's coat in the crook of my arm. "Shall we go now?"

10 30

How could I let others take my wife's coat? As we walked forward, I saw, from my peripheral vision, several female employees gossiping with one another. "I heard that the relationship between our CEO and his wife hasn't been good in the past two years. But that doesn't seem to be the case," an employee said. I took a look at Caroline, and the corners of my mouth curved upwards slightly

Caroline's POV At noon, Charles took me to the Starlight Restaurant for lunch. He ordered our favorite dishes, but I did not have the appetite to eat. But for the baby's sake, I still forced myself to eat. For some reason, Charles suddenly lowered his head. "Mr. Moore, Mrs Moore." A female voice suddenly came to my ears.

I looked up and saw that it was Amelia, the female star who had tried to seduce Charles and the one Nina had photographed. According to my best friend, no company dared to hire her recently, she must be so desperate that she came to us. She walked over and looked at Charles and me with pitiful eyes. "I'm... I'm here to apologize. I was thoughtless.

I shouldn't have offended you, Mr. Moore. Please let me go just this once." I raised my eyebrows and rested my chin on my hands. "Your rumored girlfriend had come to us. Aren't you going to say something?" I asked Charles with my voice dripping in sarcasm. Charles raised his head and stared at me for a moment before glancing at Amelia indifferently. "You are indeed thoughtless." "I know, I know.

I was wrong. Mr. Moore, Mrs. Moore, please spare me this time. I will never do such a stupid thing again," Amelia implored. Charles's face was as cold as ice. Without a word, he motioned to the bodyguards to take her away. When Amelia saw the bodyguards approaching, she rushed to me and grabbed my trousers. "Mrs. Moore, please help me," she begged, her eyes red in fright. With a frown, I shook off her hands and stood up. "I'm going to the restroom.

Do you want to go with me?" Amelia glanced at Charles and nodded. "Okay." "Follow them," Charles ordered to the bodyguards. In the restroom, I leaned against the

washbasin and said, "If you have something to say, say it." "Mrs. Moore, I—I didn't mean to destroy your family. I just wanted to make money as soon as possible.

My family is in urgent need of money. If Mr. Moore doesn't lift the ban, it will be the end of me." Amelia glanced at the bodyguards as if that would change anything. Unfortunately for her, I did not fall for it. I looked at her with an icy cold gaze.

I had taken her here because I did not want her to make a scene outside. And now that we were alone, I could make her have the taste of her medicine without anyone intervening. "Hasn't it occurred to you that it wasn't Charles who banned you from the entertainment circle? Sad to say, but the ones who did that were those who were afraid to offend us," I corrected her. "You didn't tell them to do that?" Amelia asked in disbelief. "Such a petty thing is not worth our time."

Amelia stared at me, at a loss for words. After a moment's silence, she finally asked, "Then, will you help me?"

"I can, but I don't want to. You're not the first person to come to Charles who had planned on using him for your

selfish desire. And just so you know, you're not the first to be banned from the entertainment circle."

I would not sympathize with a woman who tried to seduce my husband to get what she wanted, let alone help her.

"Will you still be so calm if I tell you that I've slept with your husband?" Amelia asked snarkily.

The bodyguards' faces changed, and they glared at Amelia.

"Nice try But I know for a fact that that didn't happen." I retorted

"How can you be so sure about that

"Because Charles is a neat freak Amelia, let's put an end to your bullshit. If you were really short of money and in

need of help, I might sympathize with you, perhaps even help you. But no. You wanted to destroy our marriage

Amelia's pitiful demeanor suddenly turned murderous. "If you want to see me crash and burn as revenge, fine. But

I will take you with me!"

in a blink of an eye, she took out a fruit knife from her pocket and aimed it at me.

The sharp knife glinted under the light. It all happened so fast that I did not even have time to react. I just gasped in

horror and waited for the knife to pierce through me.

Fortunately, Janet was quick on her feet. She sprang to action by kicking Amelia on the wrist. Amelia fell to the floor, along with the knife. She was clutching her injured hand, her eyes brimming with tears. "I was not trying to kill you. I—I was trying to commit suicide!" she cried out in grief and indignation. "Even if you just want to end your own pathetic life, don't do it in front of me." I supported myself on the washbasin, straightened up, and said to my bodyguards, "Let's go." Before I could take a step, Amelia wrapped her arms around my legs and begged in a hoarse voice, "Mrs. Moore, please let me go. I was wrong..."

"Let me go!" I ordered.

"No! You've done so much charity, and the Moore family is famous for being philanthropic. Please give me a way out,

or those creditors will kill me."

"I have no obligation to help you," I replied, unmoved. "Why are you so selfish? How could Mr. Moore marry a selfish and arrogant woman like you? Why are you so cruel to me?!"

I pulled my legs out of her hands and scoffed, "Do you honestly think that you're a good woman? Besides, what right do you have to judge me? Who do you think you are? I've seen many women like you. You think you're better than everyone else. But look at yourself. If you're so righteous, then why would you throw yourself at a married man?"

Ever since Charles and I got married, I had experienced a lot and heard harsh and unpleasant words. Most of them

came from women like Amelia.

I never liked being in an argument. Arguing with someone who thought highly of themselves was futile, so I just turned my back on them most of the time. However, it did not mean that I was a pushover. <sup>3</sup> "How dare you?! For once, why don't you get off your high horse? Didn't you take Mr. Moore away from Rita? Admit it, you're not any better than me. You're just a b\*\*\*h lacking morals." Amelia leaned against the wall and looked at me with a sneer.

"Slap her," I ordered the bodyguards in a low voice.

Without hesitation, they walked forward and slapped Amelia as hard as they could. After several slaps, her pretty

face was now swollen, and blood oozed from the corner of her mouth.

“Don’t f\*g slander me. I don’t need to explain my relationship with my husband to you. If you dare to use emotional blackmail on me again, I will teach you a lesson you’ll never forget,” I said, not a hint of sympathy for her.

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## **Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 550**

No Divorce

Caroline’s POV:

Once I was out of the ladies’ room, I saw Charles standing outside. Considering the fact that the sound insulation here wasn’t that good, there was a chance that he heard everything just now.

Feeling nervous, I whispered, “What are you doing here?”

Charles chuckled. He didn’t mention anything about what happened earlier. He just took my hand and led me to the private elevator. “The food is getting cold. I’ve already asked them to get another table for us and serve something new. Let’s go upstairs to the private room and have our lunch, shall we?”

‘Looks like he has no idea what happened inside the ladies’ room,’ I thought.

Once we were inside the private room, Charles pulled a chair for me, on which I sat down.

He sat across me, tapping his fingers on the table as he looked into my eyes and smiled.

The way he smiled sent shivers down my spine. I stood up, ready to run away. But then, he grasped my wrist.

"You did a great job earlier, Caroline." He stared at my baby bump and let out a sigh. "Looks like I don't have to worry about my daughter getting bullied after she's born. With someone as strong as you for a mom, she's got nothing to fear!"

My face instantly turned red. I broke free from his hand and shot him a glare. He made it sound like I was a valiant tigress. Charles let go of my hand and asked, "Caroline, what gift would you want for New Year's Eve?" "A gift? I don't want anything," I pondered on his question. In all honesty, just knowing that my family was together and having the certainty that my kids would grow up healthy and safe was the best gift I could ever have.

Charles nodded affirmatively as he looked intently at me. "Well, I want a gift, Caroline." Looking at his smiling eyes made me feel anxious. I somehow worried that I might not be able to give him the gift that he wanted. "What do you want?" "Sell the island. A few days ago, one of my partners said that he wanted to buy it above market price," Charles responded. "Has our family gotten so poor that we have to sell the island now?" I looked at him, dumbfounded.

Once the dishes were served on the table, Charles chuckled, lowered his head, and ladled a bowl of soup. "What if we really are getting poor?" I hesitated for a moment before replying, "Then sell it." If he really needed the money to keep the business afloat, selling the island wouldn't be that big of a deal. Charles seemed surprised by my answer. He smirked and asked, "But once the island is sold, where would you go whenever we're fighting?" "Huh?" I now realized that something was amiss. "Charles, why did you suddenly decide to sell the island?" "I'm strapped for cash lately," he answered.

I stared at him in silence for half a minute. For some reason, I couldn't believe that he was short on cash. "I'm actually surprised that you trusted me enough to believe that nothing happened between me and Amelia," Charles said in a joyful tone as he handed a bowl of soup to me. "Who said I trusted you?" I retorted. "Whether I believe you or not, I just don't need others to tell me what I should or shouldn't do."

"Seriously? So you don't trust me?" he said, creasing his brows together.

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"Nah," I answered passively "Well, since we don't trust each other, we're even now"

"What makes you say that? How are we even?" I asked in confusion

"Never run away from home again," Charles replied, holding my wrist lightly

I was stunned It felt like he had tricked me "If you don't want me to run away from home, then you'd best behave yourself or get stressed out at home, it can affect my daughter's health as well!" Charles fell silent for a moment. Thereafter, he picked up the

bowl and led me some soup. "Say 'sh'!" "You don't have to feed me I'm perfectly capable of eating by myself" I leaned back and tried to take the bowl away from him, but he withdrew his hand

"Open your mouth," he said

I was starting to get annoyed but there was nothing I could do. Thus, I just opened my mouth and let him feed me.

He was always so domineering. He even prohibited me from taking time away from home now I heaved an exasperated sigh. Silently, I pondered on where i could hide if he and I had a quarrel again in the future,

I needed to find a place that he would never find. .

Charles' POV

During the evening, Spencer and David asked me to go to Mint Bar with them. I didn't expect that Nevaeh would be

joining us.

The moment I saw her, I was pissed. I made sure to sit far away from her. "I have no idea why she's here, but you guys are friends for years, so driving her away wouldn't be appropriate." Spencer walked over to my side and gave me a pat on the shoulder in an attempt to comfort me. "Since you knew she was here, why did you ask me to come over? When she and I were involved in a rumor, Caroline refused to speak to me for several days straight!" I shot him a cold glance. Spencer ignored me, put on a smile, and turned to Nevaeh. "Nevaeh, now that you've resigned, are you going back to New York sometime in the future?" "Who said I had plans to leave this place? I'm going to settle down in Los Angeles and never leave again." I was uncertain if she did it on purpose, but I noticed Nevaeh glance at me when she spoke. "You don't have any relatives or friends around here. Won't you feel lonely? If you go back to New York, you can at least work for your father's company. But if you stay and work here, you're going to have a hard time," Spencer said jokingly "I'm going to be fine. I'm an architect! Finding a job will be a piece of cake." Spencer and David exchanged glances. They both facepalmed and chuckled helplessly. Thereafter, David raised his glass and said, "Alright, that's enough. Let's drink!" Spencer also raised his glass and decided to change the topic. Meanwhile, Nevaeh looked at me and asked, "Charles, if one day you get divorced, do I still have a chance to be with you?"

My head throbbed because of her question, and I shot her an indifferent glance. "No. Caroline and I will never get divorced; ever."

"But what if...?" Nevaeh asked again.

“There is no ‘if’. No matter what happens between me and Caroline, she’s always going to be the only woman I’ll ever love for the rest of my life.” “What are you trying to say?” Nevaeh asked. This time, she was frowning. “He’s saying that you don’t have a chance. Not now. Not ever. Whether Charles and Caroline get divorced or not, he

will never choose you.” Spencer couldn’t stand to listen to her anymore. His face turned grim, and he spoke so bluntly. 3

The smile on Nevaeh’s face disappeared, and she tightened her grip on the glass she was holding. “Charles, I really

like you. Can’t you find it in your heart to give me at least one chance?” “I already said no. Nevaeh, the only reason I’m able to sit here with you is because we used to be close when we were little. But if you insist on ruining this friendship, then be ready to hear me speak harshly to you.” When I saw her eyes well up with tears and turn red, I got pissed off. Even the idea of staying for one minute longer infuriated me, so I told them I had to leave.

On my way back, I received a call from David. “Charles, Nevaeh was involved in a car accident. She’s currently in a critical condition. She’s been calling your name. Come to the hospital at once!” I had a little too much to drink tonight, so I was a bit tipsy. I rubbed my aching temples and told Richard to turn the car around and take me to the hospital. Upon my arrival at the door of the emergency room, I wanted to call Caroline to tell her that I would be home a little late today.

But when I reached into my pocket, I realized that my phone wasn’t there. After a moment of contemplating, I figured that I had left my phone in the car. David walked up to me and explained that Nevaeh had gotten into a car accident not longer after I left. “Nevaeh said that she wanted to see you before she dies. I know that you don’t like her, but she still grew up with us. If something ever happens to her, I’d be haunted by guilt for the rest of my life.”

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