

## Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 505

Lost Everything

Adam's POV

When my capital chain was broken, I fell into a desperate situation. Just so I could pay off my debts in a short span of time, I had to sell a part of my shares and take the money to Las Vegas and gamble it.

Considering the fact that I was an experienced gambler, I had the utmost confidence that I'd be able to win enough money to pay off my debts.

In the beginning, I was able to win several rounds.

And when I saw that my chips on the table were piling up. I was so happy. I even began to feel heady with success.

Sadly, Lady Luck wasn't always on my side.

Every other game, I would lose more and more money and I even managed to lose all the money I had won during the first few games.

And after losing several days in a row, I finally broke down. I couldn't go on like this.

Otherwise, I wouldn't even be able to afford a ticket back to LA! And so, I quietly left the gambling table, and left with the rest of the money.

But the second I walked out of the casino, several young members of the casino's staff went after me.

"Hey! Stop right there!"

My heart almost stopped.

I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me along with the money. I shouldered my way through the crowd. I could feel my heart almost leaping from my chest because of how nervous I felt.

Unfortunately for me, the staff were skilled fighters and they soon caught up with me.

They surrounded me, fueled with rage.

"Why didn't you keep running, you fool? Isn't that all you're good for?" I shook my head and began begging for my life.

"I... I won't run anymore. Just spare me, please!"

"You made us lose a large commission and you want us to just let you go? Fuck you! We're not doing that. Oi! Beat the fuck out of this shithead!"

Before I could utter another word, the men gave me a beating.

Fists and feet trampled upon me.

They were so merciless. A burst of pain shot through my body. All I could do was curl up on the ground and bellow in pain.

"Please, let me go! I really didn't mean to run away! This is the last of my savings. I'm going to give all of them to you if you promise to stop beating me!"

I endured the tremendous amount of pain and handed all of the money I had in hand. They cackled at me while swiping the money away.

"You're wise to hand over the money. Alright, men! Time to go!"

As I watched them swagger away, I breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, I struggled to get up, hobbling my way back to the hotel.

At this time, two strong-looking men approached me.

I staggered back, begging for mercy, "Sir, I don't have any money left on me. Please don't hurt me!"

They clenched their fists and cracked their knuckles. I was so nervous that I could feel my heart in my throat. I decided to turn around and run away.

But with every step I took, the pain from my knees became worse.

Soon, I fell to the ground and stared at the men in horror "Who... Who the hell are you? Why do you keep following me?"

"There's someone who'd like to see you. You're coming with us!"

Each of them grabbed my arm from one side, and they lifted me from the ground

"No! I won't go anywhere with you! Let me go!"

Overwhelmed by fear, I tried to break free from their grasp.

Caroline's POV

“Caroline, would you like to get out of the car and take a walk?”

Charles asked with a smile while he unfastened his seatbelt

“Sounds great!”

I told him Once we got out of the car, the cool night breeze blew past the river, dispelling the heat that I felt on my face. Charles walked up to me, holding my hand as we walked along the river.

His palm wrapped my hand tightly.

It was gentle and heartwarming My heart skipped a beat as I interlocked my fingers with his

“Do you still feel scared, Caroline?” he asked me.

I shook my head in response.

“I’m feeling a lot better now.Charles.And it’s all thanks to you.”

“Caroline, you and our kids are more precious to me than my own life.And you will always be,” Charles said, stopping in his tracks.

The sound of his gentle voice made it hard for me not to put my faith in him again.He was always like this.

All of his romantic gestures moved me.

Like an experienced hunter, he was able to discern my weakness and use it against me.I lowered my gaze, chuckling to myself for I was touched.

“Thank you, Charles.”

“You don’t have to thank me.But I do wonder, is this an extra credit for me?” Charles asked expectantly.

I fell silent for a moment before I asked, “What do you mean by that?”

“Well, you’ve said that your decision will be based on my performance, yes? You’ll have to give me some feedback for that.And if I manage to behave accordingly, you have to give me more points,” Charles explained.

After pondering on it, I nodded in agreement as he looked at me nervously.

“I will admit that you did a good job today.Keep it up.” I told him.

Charles grinned from ear to ear. He then held my hand again and walked on.

We clasped our fingers together, smiling brightly just like other young couples in love around us.

That same evening, Charles drove me home “This is me. You can go home now. Drive safe, Charles.”

I stood at the door, waving him goodbye Suddenly, Charles held me in his arms.

Caught off-guard, my head rested on his chest and I could hear the sound of his steady heartbeat. It was as if the beating of his heart resonated with mine, and it set thousands of butterflies loose in my stomach.

“Caroline, I don’t want to leave you,” he remarked.

Chuckling at his remark, I pushed his chest away.

“I know you don’t want to leave, but you still have to go.”

“In that case, just let me hold you for a little bit longer,” Charles said in a forlorn voice, and then held me even tighter. I gave up on struggling and just let him hold me, The porch was dead silent.

All I could hear was the sound of our breathing. I broke into a small smile and wrapped my arms around his waist.

Finally, he reluctantly released me.

“So... I’m heading in. Good night, Charles.”

I entered the passcode and walked in.

All of a sudden, the door was blocked by an arm, leaving it half-open.

“What is it?” I asked while looking up at him.

Suddenly, Charles came in and pressed me against the wall with his arms still around my waist.

“I love you, Caroline.”

His deep, magnetic voice resonated in my ears, mixed with the sounds of his uncontrollable gasps. He was holding my waist with one hand and my cheek with the other.

Then, he kissed me over and over.

Everything he did was so sexy I almost drowned in the pleasure, and I was eager for more.

Thus, I wrapped my hands around his neck in response to his kiss. The next second, Charles stuck his tongue into my mouth and gave me a French kiss.

His passionate kiss took me by storm.

The warmth of his lips was so hot that I felt like it would ignite me.

Little by little, my rationality was devoured and replaced by carnal desire.

Restlessly, I writhed with pleasure, ready and waiting for more.

Charles' palm ran across my body. He unzipped my dress and pulled it down to my waist. He then fondled my breasts, stroking them gently.

The roughness of his fingers brushed against my delicate skin and made me tremble.

"Charles, don't..." I pleaded..

"You don't want me to?"

Charles chuckled as he continued to fondle my breasts.

Then, he began licking my nipples gently.

"Would you rather I do this?" he asked playfully.

His voice was lustful and tempting. My mind went blank for a moment.

Pleasure almost devoured me, and I could feel that my privates were getting wet

"Charles, I... I feel uncomfortable," I moaned.

"Where do you feel uncomfortable?" he asked.

"I want it!"

All of a sudden, my face burned up.

"If you don't tell me what you want, how will I know?"

Suddenly, Charles stopped what he was doing and he just stared at me in silence.

“Charles, you are so mean!”

I was so angry that my eyes turned red. I glared at him with teary eyes.

He obviously knew what I wanted, and he did all of this on purpose! Charles broke into laughter. He held my hand, guided it down to his crotch, and pressed it against his thick, hard cock. Though there was still a layer of clothing between my hand and his thing, I could still feel its warmth.

“Baby, tell me, do you want it?”

The warmth of his cock made me want to take my hand back, but he was holding my hand too tightly.

“Charles, let me go,” I said to him.

But he didn’t.

Instead, he held me tighter.

He took my hand, placed it on the belt buckle, and whispered to my ear, “Unbuckle it and I’ll give you what you want.”

The coldness of the metal buckle was in stark contrast with the heat of his penis.

My hand almost shivered due to the coldness and I withdrew it instinctively.

## **Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 506**

Scared To Death

Caroline’s POV

“Who wants it? I certainly don’t!” I glared at Charles and shoved him away, “Go back home and keep the kids company. They must’ve been freaked out by what happened today.”

Charles chuckled at my response, pointing at his crotch, “if you don’t want to do it anymore, what are we going to do about this?”

I followed his gaze and saw that his pants were about to burst due to his bulging crotch.

It wasn’t hard to imagine just how much Charles wanted to have sex with me now. A roguish smile appeared on my face.

“You’ll have to solve that problem yourself. I still need to observe your behavior. If you gain benefits too early, you won’t learn to cherish me in the future.”

Charles held his forehead and asked, “When did you learn all of that? You’re being unreasonable! If I have to hold it back every time, this will affect my health and do harm to our sexual life in the future!”

The redness of my face spread to my ears. I scoffed at him and pushed him out of the doorway.

“Hurry up and leave,” I told him.

“Caroline, are you really going to drive me away?”

Charles stood outside the door; his face displaying just how sad he was to go.

When I saw how pitiful he was, my heart softened for a moment.

Then, I said to him, “I’m exhausted. I don’t want to do it tonight. You should go home.”

During the earthquake, I really thought that I would die. But now, I was finally able to relax.

Exhaustion came over me, and all I wanted was to get some rest.

“Alright, then. Rest well and good night.”

Charles chuckled helplessly, brushing my hair with affection.

“Good night.”

I leaned against the door, feeling like my heart was about to leap from my chest.

After going upstairs, I rubbed my shoulders and walked to the window to close the curtains. I paused when I saw a figure outside.

Charles was standing outside of my house, peering at the bedroom window. I picked up my phone and sent him a message.

“Charles, stop standing there and go home. You look like an idiot!”

He quickly replied, “Good night, my love. And sweet dreams.”

I stood in front of the window and waved at him.

Charles finally got in the car and drove away, I patted my warm cheek, forcing myself to stop overthinking. After taking a shower, I was surprised to find that my body was covered with hickeys. I ran my fingers along the marks.

It still felt as though I could feel Charles' warm breath on my skin.

It was hard to keep myself from smiling, for I shared a truly sweet and intimate moment with him.

Richard's POV:

I commanded my men to knock Adam out and take him to a deserted warehouse. He had bruises and cuts all over his body: completely disheveled.

Now, he looked completely different from the arrogant man he used to be.

"Tie him up." I ordered coldly.

My subordinates picked up the hemp rope and quickly tied him up.

I had no idea if it was because they were using too much force, but Adam suddenly opened his eyes and gasped in pain.

"Where where am I? Who are you people? And why did you kidnap me?"

He was struggling desperately to break free and his voice was trembling I could tell that he was scared out of his wits.

"Do you have any idea who you've offended, you dimwit?"

"Did Caroline send you? I'm warning you, don't mess around! I'm her uncle!"

I took the iron bar from my subordinate and brandished it in the air.

"Mess around? What do you mean by that?"

"You mean this?" I pounded the iron bar on the chair beside Adam, just enough to make a harrowing sound.

He was quaking in fear.

Tears and snot riddled his face.

He looked like a complete wreck.

"Don't hit me! Please, sir! I'll give you anything you want!"

Right after he finished speaking, an awful smell pervaded in the air.

I frowned in disgust upon seeing that Adam's lower body was wet and there was pee dripping from his trousers. He was so scared that he peed his pants.

My men all laughed at him.

"Here I thought that you were a powerful man, Mr. Wilson. You're an adult now, and yet you've wet your pants! How embarrassing!"

Adam tucked his legs tightly, visibly ashamed.

I scoffed at him and said, "Adam, if you want us to spare your life, you will show us your sincerity. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"I... I'll do anything you want me to," Adam said.

There was still a glimmer of hope in his eyes. I pulled a chair and sat across him.

The iron bar in my hand glinted beneath the dim light. I could imagine just how fearful this bastard must be to see the weapon in my hand.

"If you still desire to live, then you will answer my question honestly. Now tell me. How did Susan really die?"

Upon hearing my question, Adam's eyes widened in horror.

"Who the hell are you?"

I clenched the iron bar, smashing it to the pillar beside me.

"Answer the God damned question! Was it you and Raina who had Caroline kidnapped?"

But Adam just gritted his teeth in silence.

Fueled by rage, I hit Adam's knee with the iron bar as hard as possible.

"Will you admit it or not?"

Adam screamed in pain, curling up on the ground and writhing in pain.

Unable to stand the torture any longer, he finally said, "Yes, it was me! I'm the one who came up with the idea of kidnapping Caroline. Who the hell are you? Did she send you here?"

Ignoring the bastard's question, I sneered and made a video call.

"Sir, he has already admitted to it. What shall we do next?" I asked.

After a long silence, Charles told me, "Make sure he suffers a slow and painful death."

Adam raised his head and asked in disbelief, "Are you working for Charles Moore?"

I swung the iron bar at him again and shouted, "Cut the crap and tell me what you've done!"

"I've told you everything I need to say!"

Adam knelt on the ground, cowering in fear.

"Who killed Susan? Where's the man who pulled the trigger?"

Adam frowned and replied in a weak voice.

"He ran away right after the police began to investigate. I have no idea where he went!"

Infuriated, I decided to give him a solid kick to the abdomen. He bellowed in pain and rolled on the ground.

Then, I handed Adam the document.

"Sign this," I commanded.

My subordinates unbound Adam from the rope.

"Wait, is this... a share transfer agreement? No! I will not sign this!"

Adam's eyes widened in shock.

He then threw the document as if it were a hot potato.

"You will sign it whether you like it or not! Do you think you have any other choice?"

Despite my response, Adam clenched his fists and refused to take the pen.

I was getting annoyed, so I kicked him once more and forced him to sign his name. I could see the anger and hatred in Adam's bloodshot eyes.

"Just wait and see, you fucking assholes! I will not let any of you go!"

“Shut the fuck up and fuck off! Keep this in your little mind: Caroline isn’t someone you can hurt!”

Now that I had gotten the document with his signature, I smiled with satisfaction.

Then, I told my subordinates to let the bastard go. Adam stood from the ground with difficulty, limping away as if he had just survived a disaster.

I took out my phone and sent a message to Charles.

“Boss, it’s done.”

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Pink Diamond Ring

Caroline’s POV:

On Monday afternoon, Simon asked me to go out for a cup of coffee.

“So, Simon...what’s up?”

“Caroline, remember what happened on Edward’s birthday? I’m sorry that I... I was scared.”

Simon appeared to be feeling guilty.

I gave him a smile and said, “It’s fine. Charles came in to save us.”

After a moment of hesitation, Simon stood from the sofa and said, “Caroline, do you mind if I take charge of the project on the east bank? I’ve put a lot of effort into this project and I’m quite familiar with it now.”

After pondering on the subject, I nodded in agreement.

Ever since Simon became part of the company, the project on the east bank had been the one he took part in the most.

In all honesty, his proposal was undoubtedly the best choice.

Moreover, he had a good working relationship with the architect of the project, Vanessa.

I figured if they would work together, it would spark something between them.

"Thank you." Simon smiled back.

All of a sudden, my phone rang and I answered the call.

"Where are you?" asked Charles.

"I'm in a cafe with Simon," I replied.

"Send me the address. I'll pick you up."

Five minutes after he dropped the call, Charles arrived at the cafe.

I even thought that he was just near the neighborhood waiting for me.

Simon stood up and greeted him, "It's nice to see you again, Charles."

Charles smiled at him as he sat down next to me.

"Nice to see you, too. To be honest, if we had met anywhere else, I would be happier."

I could sense animosity between them.

"Anyway, I'm done talking to Simon, so let's go."

When we went to the cash register, Charles took out his card and handed it to the cashier.

"Here. Use my card," he said.

Just before the cashier could take the card, someone stopped Charles.

Simon took out a few dollar bills and gave them to the cashier.

"Keep the change," he remarked.

When we finally got out of the coffee shop, Charles wrapped his arm around my waist all of a sudden.

"By the way, Caroline and I are planning to hold a wedding ceremony again. You're welcome to attend it," he said to Simon.

'A wedding ceremony? Why is this the first time I'm hearing about this? I noticed that Simon's face turned grim. Thus, I hurriedly left along with Charles.

Once we were in the car, he didn't say anything.

"Charles, did you just say that we're going to hold another wedding ceremony?"

"Why did you suddenly go out for coffee with him?" Charles asked in response, ignoring my question.

He spoke in a nonchalant tone, but his eyes were locked on mine.

Clearly, he really wanted to hear my answer.

"Simon said that he wanted to take charge of the project on the east bank. I guess he wants to be in frequent contact with the project's architect, Vanessa. Thus, I decided to do him a favor."

Charles nodded in agreement. He seemed satisfied with my answer.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

'Ugh, men are even worse than women when it comes to jealousy"

"I'm taking you someplace," he said.

"Where are we going?" I asked curiously.

"Take it easy. You'll know when we get there,"

Charles replied with a mysterious smile.

Soon, the car stopped in front of a hotel.

Charles took my hand and led me inside.

There, a waiter ushered us to the second floor.

The decoration theme upstairs was different from that of downstairs.

It was simple, yet elegant.

From where we were sitting, we could see the situation of the entire auction hall on the first floor and items put up for bidding.

The auction began shortly after Charles and I sat down.

The auction items were displayed one by one, and the bidding ensued.

However, I noticed that Charles wasn't attempting to bid for anything. He just sat there, calm and silent.

Out of curiosity, I asked him, "Charles, what do you plan to buy? Why did you bring me here?"

"You'll know soon enough."

Charles leaned against the back of the sofa, fiddling with my fingers.

His hands were well-proportioned and much larger than mine. His palm felt dry and warm, tightly wrapping mine.

Since he didn't want to tell me what it was, I had no choice but to wait.

When the auction was about to conclude, a pink diamond ring of incredible quality was brought to the display stand.

The diamond glinted beneath the light.

Saying that it was beautiful was an understatement.

I held my breath, focusing my gaze on it.

Women always had a hard time resisting the temptation of jewelry and diamonds, and I was no exception.

My very nature compelled me to take it.

At this moment, someone held my fingers.

I turned my gaze toward Charles and saw that he had raised his bidding paddle.

Many others raised their paddles as well.

No matter how high the bid went, Charles raised it even higher.

In the end, he bought the ring for a price of ten million dollars.

Once the bidding was closed, the attendant brought the pink diamond ring to us.

Seeing it up close, I noticed that the diamond's cut and luster were perfect.

It was free from all flaws.

"What do you think, Caroline?" Charles asked, lowering his head.

My mind went blank for a moment, and it took me some time before gathering my composure.

"Is this really for me?"

Charles broke into laughter.

He rubbed the tip of my nose and said, "Silly girl, who else is there? Besides, I won't buy gifts for women except for you!"

Upon realizing that I had asked a stupid question, I smiled awkwardly.

He took my hand and slowly slid the ring onto my finger.

The way he looked at my finger was so serious and sincere.

It was as if he was performing a solemn ceremony.

Our wedding ceremony the last time flashed through my mind.

Back then, he once put a diamond ring on my finger just as gently as he did today.

It felt as though a broken part of my heart had finally been mended and something arose.

I sniffled and began to shed tears.

"Caroline, this is my first gift in my attempt to court you. Do you like it?"

Charles looked at me intently.

I could see my reflection in his deep-set eyes.

It was as if I was the only one he could see and there was no room for anyone else.

I threw myself into his arms and embraced him.

"I love it!"

Indeed, I liked it a lot.