

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 551

I Want A Divorce

Caroline's POV:

During the middle of the night, my aching belly woke me up.

I opened my eyes, reaching my hands out to nudge Charles away. But then, I found that he wasn't in bed with me.

He still hadn't come home yet.

My lower abdomen was aching worse with every passing second. I gritted my teeth, struggled to sit up from the bed, and reached for my phone on the bedside table with difficulty.

My hands trembled as I held the phone and opened my contact list to dial Charles' number.

"Beep... Beep..."

The phone rang for a long time, but no one answered it.

My heart sank as I put the phone down and lay back on the bed. I grasped the sheet beneath my body tightly. And pretty soon, beads of sweat formed on my forehead and on my back.

The dark room was awfully quiet. The next thirty seconds felt like an eternity to me.

I wanted to call Janet and Tracy in, but I was far too weak to do anything. It felt like there was a lump in my throat, and my voice was so faint that even I had a hard time hearing it.

"Charles! Charles..."

I kept on whispering his name, hoping and praying that he'd come back soon.

Suddenly, my eyes went blank and I completely lost consciousness.

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By the time I woke up, I heard someone crying. The cries were deafening, and yet it was filled with vitality.

“Caroline, I’m glad to see that you’re finally awake. Look! You have a lovely daughter now.” Alice held the baby in her arms. Her voice was filled with joy, and excitement was written all over her face.

I turned my gaze towards her and saw the newborn baby in her arms. The little angel was so small, and she was leaning against Alice’s chest. Upon taking a closer look at the baby’s face, I couldn’t help but frown a little. Her face was wrinkled, and she didn’t look cute at all. “Caroline, are you okay? Are you still in pain?” Charles approached me. Based on his bloodshot eyes, I could tell that he hadn’t had a wink of sleep. When he touched my hand, I moved it away, trembling all over. “Where were you last night?” “I’m so sorry for being away, Caroline. Nevaeh was involved in a car accident. David called me, saying that she might die, so I…” As I listened to his explanation, tears welled up in my eyes and they soon fell one after another.

I wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and averted my gaze from him. I kept telling myself not to cry.

He didn’t deserve a single tear from me. What if I weren’t in the Moore mansion last night? I could hardly imagine what hellish things I would’ve gone through

I thought that I had already prepared myself for the worst.

However, something even worse than I had imagined would always happen, and the situations would break my self

-esteem.

I was fed up with feeling disappointed. My longing for love and hoping that Charles would do better were ruined by him, over and over.

When I needed him the most, I called him. But sadly for me, he was preoccupied with something else at the time. He was actually waiting outside another woman’s room.

“Charles, is Nevaeh that important to you? Is she so important that you’re willing to neglect your wife who’s about to give birth to a baby for you?” My voice had grown hoarse and feeble, but I tried to speak as calmly as possible. • “Caroline, I am so sorry.” Charles sat on the chair by the bedside and held my hand. His hands felt cold as ice. I stared at his hand and thought, ‘Did he stay by Nevaeh’s bedside last night and held her hands to comfort her just like this?’

When the thought crossed my mind, my stomach churned and I felt nauseous. I shook off his hand and shouted, “Get away! Don’t touch me!” •

Later at noon, Icey and David came to see me. Icey asked everyone else to leave the room so that the two of us could be alone. She held my hand, gently rubbing it as she muttered, “Why does your hand feel so cold? Are you unwell?” I turned my gaze outside

the window and shook my head with a bitter smile. "I'm fine." "Caroline, I swear to you, it wasn't Charles' fault. Last night, they were at Spencer's bar for a drink, and Nevaeh happened to also be there.

On her way back, she got into a car accident. Right now, she's still unconscious in the ICU. When she was brought to the hospital, she kept calling Charles' name. The doctor said that she might not survive the night, so David had to call Charles. This is all David's fault. He knew that you were heavily pregnant and you needed Charles by your side, and yet he still called Charles. He shouldn't have done that," Icey explained, sounding really guilty.. "Listen, I'm really okay. It doesn't matter anymore." I forced a smile, feeling powerless. "Caroline, please don't be like that. You just gave birth to a baby.

You're at your weakest right now. If you're too stressed out, it could affect your health." I slowly closed my eyes, for I didn't want to continue with this conversation anymore. Truthfully, I didn't want to be sad, but it was hard to control myself. It felt like my heart had been gouged open and torn in two. The pain was so intense that I could hardly breathe. In the afternoon, Nina came to the hospital to see me. I looked at her intently and said, "Nina, I want a divorce." 4 As her eyes turned red, she nodded affirmatively. "I understand. I'll help you." Charles'

POV: When Nina came out of the ward, she was staring daggers at me. "You probably heard what Caroline said in there, right? Didn't I tell you to stop hurting her? Do you have any f*g clue just how much she's suffered ever since she married you? I'm not sure if you feel even a little bit sorry for her, but I do. Immensely." I peered into the ward and saw Caroline's face. She had a blank stare, and her expression was listless.

Seeing her in this state made my heart ache.

"Whatever she wants you to do, just say that you'll do it," I said, trying to stay calm. Only I knew that every word that came out of my mouth felt like a sharp knife, jabbing into my heart. Nina broke into a sardonic laughter. "And you think it's just going to be another empty promise, huh? Do you honestly think it's going to be like the past? Charles, you've lost her.

You lost her heart and there's nothing that you can do. Get that into your thick head!" "This is only temporary," I muttered, lowering my head. "Temporary? Alright. Let's wait and see if it is temporary. Caroline isn't in good health right now. To make sure that she's happy and stress-free, I'll go through with my promise to her. You'd best be prepared to accept the letter of prosecution!" Nina sneered and left.

Meanwhile, I kicked the trash can beside me.

The bodyguards lowered their heads, too scared to utter a word. Two days later, Nina came to the hospital to hand me the divorce papers.

“Mi Moore, if you refuse to sign that document, we’re taking you to court.” The mere sight of the divorce papers made the veins in my temples pop out. I turned my gaze towards Caroline. She looked apathetic now, but she seemed determined to go through with it. Only now did I realize I had truly broken her heart this time. , “Alright. I accept. Just like I promised before, you can have custody of all four kids.”

Caroline’s eyelids trembled, but she still didn’t say a word to me.

“Help me find a nurse. I’m unable to take care of both myself and my baby now,” Caroline said to Nina.

Judging by the sound of her voice, she really was having difficulties. “I’m willing to get divorced with you, and you can keep custody of the kids. But while we’re still married, allow me to take care of you,” I said. I was still her husband.

Even if we were going to get divorced, I still wanted to... As I stared at the divorce papers, I clenched my fists. Even if we had to separate, I still couldn’t bear the idea that someone else would take care of her. Caroline stared at me for a few seconds before looking away. Still, she refused to say even a single word to me.

She hadn’t spoken to me ever since she was hospitalized. Just then, the door of the ward was pushed open. Nevaeh’s mother came in, carrying a gift basket and flowers. “I heard that Caroline just gave birth, so I came in here to visit her.” Caroline just glanced at her indifferently. “Well, there she is. You’ve seen her now, so leave,” I said impatiently. Mrs. Greem put the gift basket on the table and smiled at Caroline. “I see. I’ll take my leave, then. Nevaeh is also hospitalized here. I’ll come by to see you when you’re feeling a little better.” “Wait! Take your stuff with you. Caroline needs to rest. She doesn’t want to be disturbed.

I hope this will be the last time you come into this room,” I said, stopping her. Mrs. Greem turned around, looking at me intently. “That gift is for Caroline. Charles, I’m just looking after her.” “We don’t need you to care. Just give it to your daughter. She is badly injured, after all,” Nina chimed in. “Fine. I’ll take it away. You don’t have to be so hostile. I meant no harm.” Feeling wronged, Mrs. Greem left along with the gift basket that she brought.

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Alice's POV:

When I arrived at the hospital, I saw Monica Greem come out of Caroline's ward. A frown appeared on my face at the sight of her. "Why are you here?" I asked crossly.

Monica raised the gift basket in her hand and said in an aggrieved tone, "I heard that your daughter-in-law has just given birth, so I came to visit her. But it seems that she doesn't want to accept my gift."

"How can she accept it? Ever since your daughter returned last year, she has been pestering my son and provoking my daughter-in-law. Aren't you aware of that? As her mother, it's your job to teach her some manners. It doesn't take a genius to know that it's wrong to steal someone else's husband!"

"How could my daughter do something like that? Besides, if Charles and Caroline really love each other, how could my daughter split them up? Clearly, there's something wrong with their relationship. Don't just put all the blame on my daughter!"

The more Monica spoke, the angrier she became.

Her entitlement and shamelessness made my blood boil. In a fit of anger, I rolled up my sleeve and retorted, "My son has a good relationship with his wife. Stop talking nonsense! Leave. You're not welcome here!"

Monica's face turned red in anger. With a huff, she took the gift and left.

I pushed the door open, and my heart jolted when I saw Caroline talking to Nina with a serious expression. My eyes shifted to the envelope in her hand. And knowing that Nina was a lawyer, a sinking feeling emerged at the pit of my stomach. It had been days since Caroline woke up. However, she still had not talked to Charles since. Day after day, I was worried that she would get a divorce and end things for the two of them. • And now, it seemed what I had been dreading had finally come.

Hearing the sound of the door, Nina looked at me and greeted, "Mrs. Moore, you're here."

"Hey, Nina. I'm happy to see you here. You must be busy, but you still came to visit Caroline." I walked over with a smile and put my bag on the bedside table. Then, I glanced at Caroline, who seemed down in the dumps, and asked with concern, "Are you feeling better now?" "Yes. So much better," Caroline replied, though her face said otherwise. "Did Monica Greem make things difficult for you again?" I sighed, feeling pity as Caroline had to go through that, and tucked her hair behind her ear. Caroline forced a smile. "No, I just ignored her." After chatting for a while, Nina finally bade farewell.

I also stood up. "I have to go now too. Do you mind if we leave together?" Without waiting for Nina's response, I pulled her out of the ward and talked to her. "Nina, I know

you have a good relationship with Caroline. But there are some things I have to tell you..." I advised her not to persuade Caroline to divorce Charles, But it would be better if she did not bring up the idea of divorce ultimately Nina frowned and asked, "Mrs. Moore, have you ever thought about how Caroline would feel? If she stays with Charles, it means that he'll have her by the palm of his hand, and she'll have to endure the provocation of the women around him. If that's the case, why would she still want this marriage?" "But they love each other!" I answered affirmatively. "Love? Then why did Caroline have to suffer? Do you have any idea how much injustice and grievance she had to endure after she married Charles? Yes, she loves Charles, but that doesn't mean she has to stay and continue to suffer."

"Charles may have done something wrong, but he's not entirely at fault Nevaeh is the one to blame in this matter She's been pestering Charles nonstop" i defended Charles "Mis Moore, even without Nevaeh, there'll be other women Charles doesn't give Caroline enough sense of security And right now, she's devastated. Caroline was the one who contacted me about the divorce she's completely disappointed in Charles She couldn't take it anymore. Nina crossed her arms in front of her chest, her eyes full of pity for Caroline I opened my mouth to speak, but words got stuck in my throat A moment later, an idea occurred to me "Nina, Charles loves Caroline very much. Can you help him persuade Caroline not to continue filing the divorce? You're her best friend. She'll listen to you," I pleaded, Nina heaved a sigh and smiled at me helplessly. "Mrs. Moore, as her best friend, I hope that she's happy more than anyone else. But, if you insist... If Charles manages to change Caroline's mind, then I'll put the divorce on hold temporarily. If he can't, I have no choice but to go through the procedure." I agreed to Nina's compromise without a second thought As long as there was a room for maneuver, I would not give up Nevaeh's POV I slowly opened my eyes and found that I was in a hospital ward. I looked at my side and saw my mother sitting next to me "Mom."

"Nevaeh, you're finally awake!" Mom exclaimed in glee. She then hugged me tightly with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks. "Mom, did anyone come to see me?" I asked with my heart full of hope. My eyes fell on the gift box on the table, and Charles's handsome face flashed through my mind.

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My mother wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes and said, "The night of your accident, Charles rushed here to the hospital and waited outside the operating room the whole night. And roughly the same time, Caroline fainted at her house and then gave birth to her child the next day." My heart softened when I heard that Charles had chosen me over Caroline.

When I heard what my mother had said, hope filled my heart. "Wait. Did you just say that Caroline had just given birth?" "She's also in the ward on this floor." I went to see her a while ago, but she was rude and ungrateful." I blinked my eyes and tried to prop myself up. But then, I found that there was no strength left in me. In all honesty, I did not

have any romantic feelings toward Charles before. But compared with my ex-boyfriend, I could say that Charles was indeed an excellent man. Caroline was nothing but a pretty face. A powerful man in the business circle like Charles was way out of her league. She did not deserve him.

Charles was so into her, though. I wonder why. "Mom, I want to see Caroline." I sat in a wheelchair, and my mother wheeled me to the door of Caroline's ward. But for some reason, her bodyguards stopped us.

"Mrs. Moore doesn't want to see you. Please go back." Tracy and Janet stood in front of the door, glaring at us.

"You're nobody but Caroline's bodyguards. Your job is to protect her, not bar her guests." "How can you even call yourself a guest? Mrs. Moore doesn't even know you," Janet fired back with an apparent disgust. The bodyguard's attitude made my hackles rise. However, I could not lose my temper, so I just gritted my teeth and forced a smile. "Please tell Caroline that I really appreciate Charles leaving her behind that night to see me."

Le len tatement "Our boss thought you were going to die, so he went there to mourn you," Janet retorted with a sneer.. My mother could not stand it anymore. She stood in front of me and shouted, "Why are you so rude and mean? How dare you curse my daughter? Who do you think you are?!" "There's nothing wrong with what I just said.

That night, the hospital issued a notice that Miss Greem was critically ill. So, out of politeness, our boss came to the hospital to see your daughter for the last time. I hope you don't think too highly of yourself, Miss Greem." a My body trembled, and I clenched my fists in anger. Just as I was about to lose my temper, Charles walked out of the ward. He closed the door gently. But when he looked at me, his eyes were as cold as a glacier. "Charles, I heard that you came to the hospital to visit me. I haven't had the chance to thank you," I said with a fawning smile. "If you really want to thank me, then move out of this floor as soon as possible," Charles coldly replied.

I froze and looked up at him in disbelief. "What-what did you say?" Charles frowned and explained impatiently, "You're so noisy that you disturbed my wife's rest." His words were like a knife stabbing into my heart-cold and painful. But before I could say anything, he turned his back on me and entered the ward again. I could only look at the closed door.

Although I was still unwilling to give up, there was nothing I could do about it. When I returned to the ward, someone suddenly came in and informed me that I have to leave my room. "Mr. Moore has booked the entire floor." Although the man's tone was casual, his attitude was resolute. It turned out that Charles was serious. Unfortunately for me, I had no choice but to do as he said.

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