

Bye My Irresistible Love by Gorgeous Killer Chapter 381

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Chapter 381 Unfriendly Visitors

Scarlett's POV:

The pain coming from my waist gradually disappeared, but I still looked haggard. | I glanced at Christine's ward number before leaving the hospital in silence.

In the car, I called Edward. "Dad, can you tell Hugo that I want his help right now? I heard that Christine isn't feeling well." As I leaned against the seat, I felt powerless. Even though I hated Charles with every fiber of my being, I could never ignore the fact that Christine was ill. She had always treated me as though I was her own granddaughter. Thus, when I heard she was ill, I felt anxious. My sudden departure must've been hard for Christine, but I had no choice at the time. * Elena could tell what was on my mind, so she patted my shoulder in an attempt to comfort me. "Christine is a good person. You said that she's always been kind to you, right? God will bless her. She'll recover soon." "I agree. Christine is a strong and gentle woman," I concurred, putting on a smile. Christine's loving appearance appeared in my mind, and it brought a sliver of warmth to my heart. "Caroline, you are also strong and kind," Elena replied. "I'm strong, but I am not kind; at least not anymore. Some say that good people are often taken advantage of by bad ones. If that saying is true, then I'd rather be one of the bad ones. I'll become more evil than any one of them. I'll trample them underfoot and make them eat their own shit!" A wry smile appeared on my lips, and my eyes were filled with sadness, hatred, and resentment for all who had wronged me. Elena frowned, visibly disgusted. I was amused by her reaction. "Do you feel sick because of what I said? What those people did to me was beyond disgusting. Their black hearts are dirtier than the shittiest mires in existence." The smile on my face gradually disappeared, and my face turned cold. I could never forget how Charles used my children to blackmail me just to satisfy his carnal desire. He loved Rita, a devil woman who almost killed James. And now, he was going to marry Raina. •

All of these things were incredibly disgusting. Now that I had returned, I was determined to put a stop to certain people's good days. 'As long as I'm alive, I will haunt them to ends of the earth!' I promised myself.

Soon, we arrived at West Bank Manor.

This was the villa that Edward bought for me. It was the best property available along the west coast. There were many guards stationed within and outside the villa, so it was well-secured. The second I got out of the car, I saw Nancy. I hadn't seen this bitch in a long time. She was wearing a white dress, stomping her way towards me with a snarl on her ugly mug. "Scarlett, is that really you? You're really back?" Nancy stood before me, eyeing me up and down before scoffing at my face. 3 "You suddenly disappeared a year ago. I thought you were dead! What a pity! You must've heard that Charles is going to marry Raina now. If I can't have

him, neither can you!" "At the very least, Charles and I used to be married. But what about you? Even though he and I are no longer in a relationship, you still have a rival in love, and it's now Raina." It was so funny for me to see Nancy acting as though she was shrewd. She shot me a glare, raising her hand and intending to slap my face. But before she could even do that, Elena came just in time to grab her wrist. Nancy struggled to break free from Elena's grasp. and in the end, she accidentally slapped herself. Nancy was stupefied. Not a second later, a red palm print on her face was seen. I leaned against the car, crossing my arms. "My dear Miss Wood, why did you just slap yourself? Is this some sort of new greeting?" There was a triumphant smile on my

face as I said those words to her. "How dare you hit me, Scarlett? Don't you know who I am now?" Enraged, Nancy covered her face. "Miss Wood, you are blaming me for something I didn't do! I've been standing here the whole time. Weren't you the one who hit yourself earlier? I mean, just look at your own hand! It's as red as your face. That's called an equal opposite reaction. Have you not learned physics in high school?" I retorted, scoffing at her.

As I looked at her arrogant face, my heart sank when I realized something.

"How cowardly was I to let myself be bullied by this stupid bitch?"

"You bitch!" Nancy was rendered speechless and her face turned red with rage.

I could sense her hatred from the way she was looking at me. "If you want to cause trouble for me, you should go home and read some more books first," Having said that, I began to walk away. "Scarlett, why did you even return? Just because you're back, that doesn't mean Charles will want you again. He and Raina are in love! You're the other woman now!" Nancy shouted from behind me. I could tell that she was irked by my attitude. I walked onward without looking back. 'The other woman? Me? This is just ridiculous! Did she forget how she tried to seduce Charles while we were still married? How dare she accuse me of being the other woman of my marriage with my husband?' I remarked inwardly. Raina's POV: *

During the evening, a heavy downpour of rain began pouring. Because of that, many of the guests were stranded on the road. The banquet couldn't go on any longer with Charles being there, so we had to conclude the party earlier than scheduled. In my attempt to catch up with Charles, I accidentally sprained my ankle and had to limp-walk home. The second my feet entered the premises of the house, I began shouting curses. "This is all that Scarlett's fault! She ruined my birthday party! Why didn't she die?" "Hey, Raina! Keep your voice down, will you? You shouldn't speak ill of Miss Wilson in public. I'm sure you understand the consequences of doing so, right?" My father warned sternly. "Miss Wilson, you say? She's a fraud!" I countered.

When I thought of how Charles pushed me away and chose Scarlett, I felt resentful.

"Raina, are you sure you didn't mistake Miss Wilson for someone else?" my mother asked with a frowned, seemingly conflicted.

"Well, of course! Even if I made a mistake, Charles never would. They've been married for so many years. He'll be able recognize

her from a mile away!" I retorted angrily.

"If what you're saying is true, then this is a tough nut to crack," said my father. "Do you think we'll get into trouble? Why are you so afraid of Scarlett?" I really couldn't understand why he seemed apprehensive.

"I'm not scared of her. I'm scared of her backer, the Wilson family. Scarlett returned so suddenly, as the daughter of the Wilson family even. I'm sure that she came here with bad intentions in mind." My father sighed, visibly concerned.

Confused, I frowned and asked, "Do you think she's coming for us?"

"You should not have offended her.

Because of the Wilson's Group ambition to conquer the business world, they have set up a branch in Los Angeles in a short span of time. I'm afraid we'll be having a hard time in the future."

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Chapter 382 Three Hundred Million Dollars Charles's Pov:

The sky was overcast, and a thunderstorm was brewing

I stood in front of the window and lit a cigarette.

The smell of nicotine calmed my nerves and alleviated my searing headache. All of a sudden, my phone rang. I immediately picked it up and answered the call. "How is it going? Have you found anything?" I asked Richard without beating around the bush.

"Sir, Miss Wilson's identity is indeed suspicious," Richard answered at once.

My heart skipped a beat upon hearing this. "Send me the information. I'll read it myself. Then, I want you to look into what happened to Scarlett when she 'died'. Examine her medical records if you must," I ordered sternly. As soon as I finished speaking, I hung up the call without waiting for Richard's reply.

I put my phone aside and then checked my email to carefully read the file Richard had sent.

According to his investigation, Caroline was Edward Wilson's only child. She was arrogant and domineering, the exact opposite of Scarlett

Apparently, Caroline had lived with Edward since she was a child.

The more I read, the more depressed I felt. For a moment, I suppressed my anger and frustration and sent Richard a message. "Is this all?" "Wilson's family is too mysterious. Aside from that, I've only found out that Mr. Wilson has a secret affair with a rising star named Olivia. It is said that she and Miss Wilson don't get along," Richard quickly replied.

I tried my best to remain calm. But deep inside, I was on the verge of breaking down. I was dying to know everything about what happened to Scarlett. I wanted to know why she suddenly disappeared a year ago and why she did not even deal with the divorce procedures herself. I wondered where she had been the past year. Was she living a good life? A few moments later, Richard sent another message in which he asked, "Sir, I'm curious about Miss Wilson and Mrs. Moore's relationship. Are they twins?" "No. They're the same person. You've known Scarlett for years. Don't you feel a sense of familiarity with Miss Wilson?" "Then why is she pretending that she doesn't know us? Does she have an unspeakable reason for doing that?" Annoyed, I turned the phone off and closed my eyes. My head ached once again. It was excruciating as if something was desperately tearing my nerves over and over again.

The corners of my mouth twitched at Richard's question.

How could Scarlett have any unspeakable reason? I bet she just did not want to have anything to do with me anymore. Perhaps she had come back to take revenge on me. I could live with that. That would mean she had come for me. As long as I could see her, I was happy no matter what price I had to pay. While I was in deep thought, my phone rang yet again. "Hello?" "Sir, there's news from the hospital. Dr. Neame has asked someone to pick up your grandmother's case." I stood up from the sofa excitedly. "Has Hugo finally agreed to save my Grandma?" "Yes, but it comes with a price." "I don't care how much he wants. I'll give him the money." It did not matter to me how much he wanted as long as he could save Grandma "He wants three hundred million dollars," Amy said in a hushed voice.

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Chapter 587 inree rundred MWON Domars "I don't care how much i'll have to pay as long as Grandma can be cured."

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that I saw your wife in the hospital the other day." "Where?" I asked at once. "At the end of the corridor of the Department of Neurosurgery. You were sitting by the door of the ward when she passed by But at that time, you had a terrible headache, so I was unable to tell you," Amy replied in a low voice, I was astonished. When I heard that Scarlett was in the area, my heart pounded wildly in my chest. "Not long after Mrs. Moore left the hospital, they informed me that Dr. Neame is interested in your grandmother's case." I frowned. It was too coincidental to be a coincidence. "Mrs. Moore was in France for several years. Does she happen to know Dr. Neame? If so, what a coincidence!" "Maybe," I replied in a low voice. I agreed with Amy's speculation. It seemed that Scarlett still cared about my family. She had not changed. She was still softhearted, just like before. For the first time, a glimmer

of hope lit up my heart. "Scarlett, I will find you, and I will get you back."
Scarlett's POV:

It was raining heavily outside the window. I stayed in the room and looked through Christine's medical records. While I was busy reading, Nina suddenly called. I picked up the phone and answered the call. "Hello." "Caroline, how is everything going?" Nina asked with a chuckle. I smiled mysteriously. "Guess what." "Are you sure that your ex-husband will give you three hundred million dollars?" Nina asked in disbelief. "If he doesn't, I won't save his Grandma." I chuckled with feigned indifference.

Truth be told, I had carefully studied Christine's case. Hugo had written detailed notes on the files, which could be easily read and understood, even if a person had little medical knowledge.

After a moment's silence, I reminded her, "Nina, don't tell anyone that I'm back," "Don't worry. I won't," Nina sincerely promised. After hanging up the phone, I put the records on the desk and turned around to leave. But then, I accidentally knocked over a picture frame.

It was a family photo. I was with Charles and was holding my children with a bright and innocent smile. My gaze shifted to Charles's face, which I had crossed out in anger. All of a sudden, my mood darkened as I recalled the past. At this moment, a knock came at the door, interrupting my thoughts. "Come in." I put the picture frame back to its place and turned to look at the door. Elena came in with a tray in her hand. "Caroline, would you like some sandwiches?" she asked with a smile. I stood up and walked over to her. My irritable mood disappeared in an instant when I saw what she was holding. "They look so delicious. Thank you, Elena." Elena scratched her head shyly and handed me a sandwich. I immediately took a bite of it, and the taste of its filling burst in my mouth. "Hmm! This is so delicious. Elena, your cooking skills are getting better." "Mr. Edward has just called and said that he has something important to tell you. It's urgent." "I returned for the ecological park project on the west coast. I'll check it out in a few days. Tell him to rest assured. Since I'm the one who proposed that project, I'll be responsible for it until the end." "Actually, he's not really concerned about that. But what he said has something to do with the project." I looked at Elena in confusion.

"Mr Edward is happy that you've taken over this project. But Mr. Adam..." Elena continued.

"Adam doesn't want me to take charge of this project, does he?" Elena sighed heavily. "He got into a heated argument with Mr. Edward this morning. He said that you were too young to

shoulder such a heavy responsibility."

"Adam has been throwing into a fit recently. Just reassure my dad for the time being. I'll deal with Adam myself." I leaned against the chair, and my lips curled into a sly smile. »

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Chapter 383 You Really Got The Wrong Person

Scarlett's POV I worked late into the night to check and verify the information and updates on the west coast project. I was poring over some data when Elena rushed into the room.

"Caroline, I've found out which school James is going to"

In an instant, my mind went blank, and I dropped the documents I was holding "Really?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes. He goes to Chadwick Kindergarten. That's great news, isn't it? You can *come* see him there *tomorrow*" * Elena's face lit up

with excitement 1 "Finally, I can see my little boy." I couldn't help raising my hands and covering my face. My eyes burned with tears of joy

Early morning the next day, I jumped out of bed, washed up, and got dressed in an *awful* hurry. *I* couldn't wait to see James

On the way to his school, I was both happy and nervous. "It's been a year since I saw him last, Elena. Do you think he'll remember me?" I asked, miserably failing to mask the *worry* in my voice.

"Of course he will. James is your son. He won't forget you. *Don't worry,*" Elena *comforted* me. Before long, I was in front of the school gate. It was at least fifteen minutes before classes began, so there were many parents saying goodbye to their kids at the gate. In the crowd, Charles's handsome face jumped at me, and without meaning to, I locked eyes with him.

Damn it! What was he doing here?

This wasn't the best time for the world to turn small on us! Charles walked through the crowd and headed straight for me. My mind immediately went into shambles. If I tried to run now, he'd know that I was only pretending not to recognize him.

Charles stopped one meter away from me. He stared at me and asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you here to see James?" No, I couldn't expose myself. I gritted my teeth and answered, "You misunderstand, Mr. Moore. I'm simply passing by." "I drive James to school myself every day now," Charles started and then continued, "In the past, I had promised my wife that I would take good care of her and our children, but I had broken that promise over and over because of my job. It's such a shame that she's not here anymore to see me keep my promises now." A wave of sadness surged in my heart. Charles used to be very busy. Most of the time,

either I or the servants drove James to school and picked him up at the end of the day. Now, Charles was finally acting like a real father. But what was the point? It was a little too late now for me to be moved by such a change. "Really? Well, that is a shame, Mr. Moore. Next time, maybe you can try not to make promises that you can't keep. That way, you won't waste time regretting," I said indifferently. After a pause, I added, "Late affection is worthless, Mr. Moore. Don't you understand that?" Charles's face turned pale instantly, and his bright eyes suddenly dimmed. The pleasure of vengeance welled up in my heart. No one should cry over spilled milk, especially those who purposely tipped the glass.

Casting a cold glance at the absentminded Charles, I turned around and prepared to leave. Suddenly, Charles grabbed my wrist and pulled me back. "Do you really hate me this much, Scarlett?" Charles's eyes were full of sadness and remorse, an emotional combination that I had never seen in his face before. His eyes used to deceive me so easily, but looking into them now, even with them brimming with heartbreaking sorrow, all I could think about was the bitterness in my tongue. "Mr. Moore, I've already told you. I'm not Scarlett. Please let me go."

Charles only tightened his grip on me, and I couldn't get rid of his hand, I was completely annoyed and struggled hard. "I said let go of me! Haven't I made it clear to you last time? Or are you just too obsessed with your dead wife?" Charles frowned and pursed his lips, but he still didn't loosen his grasp. "No. You're Scarlett, aren't you? Tell me the truth! Scarlett, Scarlett..." The dejection on Charles's face suddenly got replaced by a crazed look that scared me. He grabbed onto my shoulders and kept calling me Scarlett. Finally, I couldn't stand the drama anymore. "Fuck off! I've told you a million times that I'm not Scarlett. Are you deaf?" I glared at Charles. His eyes had turned red, and his hands had begun to tremble. Then, my phone suddenly rang. I snapped back to my senses and pushed him away. "Stop pestering me!" After saying that, I walked away. I was in such a hurry to get rid of Charles that I bumped into a warm embrace. "Scarlett?" Hearing the familiar voice, I looked up and saw Spencer's beaming face. Spencer excitedly grabbed my shoulders. "Oh, my God! Scarlett! Is that you?" Seeing an old friend again, I had mixed feelings, but I had to pretend to be indifferent. I was no longer Scarlett.

"I'm sorry, sir. You got the wrong person." "What? But how could that be? You're Scarlett. It's me, Spencer. Don't you remember me?" I pushed Spencer away and said, "No. You really got the wrong person. Excuse me." Then, I fled and mixed in with the crowd.

"Caroline, over here. I'll take you to the back gate to see James." Elena ran to me and held my hand.

We sneaked to the school's back gate. Through the gap in the fence, I saw James playing with other kids. A year had passed. James had grown a little taller, and he was beginning to look more and more like Charles. I just kept watching him from a distance, and I didn't want to leave until he was out of my sight. After a long while, Elena told me, "It's time to go." I came back to my senses. I couldn't stay. I still had a lot of things to attend to. Taking a last look at James, I forced myself to turn around and leave. I swore to myself that I would get my children back one day. I Charles's POV: "Did you see that, Charles? That's Scarlett, right? She's really back," Spencer said and looked at me in shock.

Scarlett had already disappeared in the crowd. "Why didn't she talk to me? Didn't she recognize my handsome face just now?" Spencer pressed. "She just didn't want to talk to you." "Why? I didn't wrong her in any way. You're the one who divorced her, remember?" Spencer looked a little offended. "Just be happy that you saw her and she didn't curse you in the face." I cast a cold glance at him, shoved down my disappointment, and asked, "What are you doing here anyway?" "Oh, right. I almost forgot. Raina has been looking for you lately. Because she can't find you anywhere, she barges into my bar and harasses me," Spencer complained. I lost my interest at once. "If she comes to you again, just ignore her." "Yeah, because I totally haven't tried that already. Also, I heard that she went to the hospital today to visit Christine." "What? Why didn't you lead with that? Let's go!" I grabbed Spencer and headed straight to the hospital. When we arrived at the ward, we found Raina standing beside Grandma's bed. I couldn't read Grandma's mood from her face. "Charles. There you are." Raina walked briskly toward me with a surprised look on her face. "Who allowed you to come here? Come on, let's talk outside." I glared at Raina and towed her out of the ward.

"From now on, you are not allowed to visit my grandma here without my permission," I told her bluntly.

You Really Got The Wrong Person With an embarrassed look on her face, Raina sobbed, "But why? Charles, I just care about Christine's health. I've asked one of my friends to find a doctor that can help her, and she found one." g "No, thanks. Grandma already has a doctor. We don't need your help." "Do you mean that doctor named Hugo Neame? I heard he's asking for three hundred million. He's insane. He's obviously trying to scam you," Raina exclaimed i It turned out that she just cared about the money.

I flashed Raina a mocking stare. My disgust for her just reached a whole new height.

"I can afford my grandmother's hospital bills on my own. I'm not asking you to get involved financially, so you don't get to make

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[/ The Man's Decree](#)

Chapter 384 How Did Things Get So Bad

Charles's POV: Under my gaze, Raina lowered her head in guilt. "Charles, Hugo is asking for three hundred million dollars. He's obviously trying to rip you off," Raina reminded me over and over again

"How about you treat my Grandma yourself then?" I asked sardonically with a sneer at the corners of my mouth. Raina fell stunned, but she regained her composure a few seconds later. "I'm... I'm not a doctor."

"Then shut the fuck up and leave."

Without waiting for her response, I turned around to go to the ward. Raina wanted to follow me in. But before she could take another step, Spencer stopped her.

"Why are you still here? Don't you feel any shame? If you want to make yourself useful, go to Hugo and negotiate with him. I will admire you if you manage to persuade him to give us a discount or something." He slammed the door in her face, not in the

mood to talk to her anymore.

Now that he had gotten rid of Raina, Spencer clasped his hands and sighed in relief. "At last, it's quiet now." I did not bother to see Raina's reaction when Spencer gave her an idea. She would not be able to do it anyway. At this moment, I sat on the chair by Grandma's bed and worriedly asked, "Grandma, are you feeling better? Don't worry. I won't let Raina bother you again."

"I heard that Scarlett has come back. Can you... can you bring her to see me?" Grandma asked weakly. As she spoke, her eyes were full of warmth and hope.

I was stunned, and bitterness filled my heart as I recalled what was going on between Scarlett and me. But of course, I smiled at Grandma reassuringly and answered, "I will."

Scarlett's POV:

After checking on James, I went to follow the progress of the project I was working on on the west coast. The scenery outside the car window passed by in a blur. All of a sudden, Charles's melancholic expression when I left crossed my mind, and the memories of our past consumed me once again. : When we were married, my heart was overflowing with my love for him. He, however, only cared about Rita. Brokenhearted, I stayed in France for three years. But when I finally decided to let go and divorce him, he kept pestering me. I thought he was sincere this time, so I figured I could give him another chance. Wrong move. Just as I thought that things would get better between us, he broke me into pieces again. Over the years, I suffered because of him. Not only did my health deteriorate, but I also got separated from my three children. As if that was not painful enough, I lost one of them forever. : My happy memories were swept by the wind. How did we end up like this? a "Caroline, it seems that the road ahead is under repair. We can't get through." Elena's voice brought me back to reality. "Stop the car. I'll get off and have a look at it." I opened the door and got out of the car. The road was bumpy and muddy. There were workers to and fro, and several people were arguing loudly about something. I frowned at the sight of the scene in front of me. Meanwhile, Elena walked up to one of the workers and asked, "Who's the person in charge here?" A middle-aged man with a big belly walked over to us. "Who are you? Why are you looking for me?" I took out my business card and handed it to him. "I'm the person in charge of the Wilson Group. I'm here to ask why there's no progress in the project you're responsible for." The man read the business card, and a fawning look suddenly appeared on his face. "Miss Wilson,

I'm happy you've finally come. The thing is, we didn't delay the construction on purpose. It's just that this project can't go on. There's a problem with the

project funds. We couldn't order the construction materials, and the workers weren't getting paid. That is why they *go on* strike. Because of all these things, how can the project go on smoothly?" "That's a serious problem. Didn't you tell the company about this?" "Of course, I did. I've talked to the superior several times, but the responses I get are ambiguous. They *promised* they'd handle it, but nothing happened," the man complained, "How could this be? My intuition told me that something far more serious was behind this. Without another word, I took out my phone and called my father.

"Dad, do you know why the project funds of the west coast ecological park always get cut *off*?" I asked without beating around

the bush.

"What else could it be? Those parasites in the company always gnaw at the funds. Those greedy bastards!" he *exclaimed* in rage, "Are you referring to Adam and his men?" I teasingly asked.

"You're so smart."

"As far as I know, the company still has working capital. But the problem is that Adam has his hands on it. He's obsessed with horses. Just recently, he wants to bid for a piece of land on the east bank so he could build a large racecourse there. A lot of companies are competing with him for the land. He must be strung out right now." Dad snorted. "That bastard sets aside the betterment of the company for his own interest. Such a person shouldn't even be in that position." "Don't worry, Dad. I know a way to make him spit the money out." I had been itching to give Adam the taste of his medicine. He had been impressively dodging my attacks. Unfortunately for him, he happened to be in the line of fire this time. "But if Adam comes to me, you have to protect me," I said with a jest to ease the atmosphere. "Ha-ha! You better handle him yourself. I don't want to get myself involved." The call ended shortly after. Just as I put away my phone, I got a call from the hospital. "A lady named Raina Hill came to the hospital. She said she wants to talk to Doctor Neame." I sneered in disdain. "Raina? Does she think she deserves to see Hugo? Dismiss her." I hung up the phone as soon as I finished speaking. Raina's POV I sat in the hospital director's office anxiously. I had asked him to bring Hugo over. To me, that Hugo was nobody but a greedy man. How dare he ask for three hundred million dollars for a mere surgery? To impress Charles, I would do whatever it took to make Hugo lower his price. A few moments later, the call between the director and Hugo ended. "What did he say?" I asked eagerly. "Doctor Neame said you're not worthy enough to see him," the director replied with a look of embarrassment. I slammed the teacup on the table in a fit of anger. "How could that be? He's just a doctor. Why is he so full of himself? Isn't he afraid of offending the Hill family?" "I don't think so," the director answered euphemistically. I could no longer restrain my anger anymore. "I don't care what he says. I have to talk to him!" "What happened here?"

The door suddenly opened, and Charles and Spencer came in. What were they doing here? The moment I saw Charles, I poured out my grievances to him. "Charles, Hugo has gone too far. I wanted to talk to him, but he said I wasn't worthy enough to see him." Charles turned to look at me, and his icy cold gaze brought a chill down my spine. It felt like a sharp arrow going right at me. All of a sudden, my brain went blank, and words got stuck in my throat. Meanwhile, Spencer sat on the sofa leisurely and whistled arrogantly. "That's too bad. It turns out that you can't even see him. I'm disappointed but not surprised. Well, what can I expect from someone who disrespects Miss Hill? I'm curious about this Hugo. He seems to be a cool guy."

hanna sa How Did Things Get So Bad** I gritted my teeth to hold back my anger, but I could not take it anymore. "Spencer, *do* you really have to be sarcastic to me all the time? Besides, what's the big deal about that Hugo? He's just a doctor. *Why* don't you just find someone else?" The more I spoke, the more enraged I felt. I was even on the verge of breaking down. "Didn't you hear what the doctors said? The tumor in Christine's brain is located in a tricky location. Removing it will be extremely risky. Even the experts in neurosurgery don't dare to operate on her. Just the slightest mistake during the surgery will cause permanent and significant brain damage. And even if they finish the surgery, there's a chance that Charles's grandmother *will* be disabled for the rest of her life. In a word, the surgery must only be performed by the best among the best. Hugo Neame *happens* to be that person. Now, *do* you still think that he's just another doctor?" Spencer asked with a sneer tugging at the corners of his mouth. My heart skipped a beat upon hearing his words. I took a look at Charles and saw that his face had turned gloomier. *Damn it!* *Why did I even say those words?* What if I got on Charles's nerves again? *At the thought of this, I walked over to him and tried to talk my way out.* "Charles, I didn't mean that. I—" "*Enough!*" Charles interjected, "I've told you many times before that we have nothing to do with each other. You don't have to *worry* about my money. *Just get the hell out of here.*" *I stared at him* in disbelief. "How could we have nothing to do with each other? We will get married eventually." "*No, we won't. I will never marry you. I only have one wife in my life, and that is Scarlett. You and I are nothing but business partners. Don't you ever forget your place.*" , Charles *stared at me*, not a hint *of affection* in his eyes.

How did things get so bad?,

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Chapter 385 Arrange The Operation Charles's POV:

I cast a cold glance at Raina, turned around, and left the office.

Raina hurried to catch up with me and yelled after me, "Charles, whether or not that woman is really Scarlett, it's obvious that she doesn't want to have anything to do with you anymore. Why can't you just forget about her?"

Raina's words felt like daggers in my heart.

I suddenly turned around and shot her a death glare.

She was

so frightened that she took a step back. Her eyes glistened with panic, but she still said stubbornly, "I... I'm just telling the truth." "How could you mention Scarlett in front of Charles, Raina? Do you have a death wish or something?" Spencer commented and pushed her away. "Why can't I mention her? She divorced Charles and left. It's been a year. I don't understand why Charles is still hung up on her. Why can't he just be with me?" Raina complained in tears. "You really don't know Charles at all. He hates being forced into doing anything. And are you serious, Raina? Your sister hurt Scarlett and almost killed James. How could you expect Charles to be with you? You're delusional," Spencer sneered. "I didn't hurt Scarlett or her child. It was Rita. Why do I have to suffer for my sister's transgressions?" Raina reasoned, looking up at me. "I know what you're up to, Raina. If you keep pestering me, I'll have the guards throw you out," I scolded her, restraining my impatience.

Raina's eyes were full of resentment and unwillingness, but she didn't dare to say anything more.

When I returned to the ward, I saw Grandma packing up her things. I hurried in and asked, "Grandma, what are you doing?" "I don't want to stay here anymore. Let's go home. If I sit around in this ward for one more day with all the restrictions and the pills, I'm going to explode. I want to go home and be with my three great-grandchildren. I miss them so much," Grandma chattered while packing up. She managed to

fold all her clothes and stuff them in her bag, but soon, she began to feel tired. I hurried to help her

sit on the edge of the bed and comforted her, "Grandma, I have contacted the internationally renowned neurosurgeon, Hugo Neame. He's a capable doctor. He can perform the operation on you and cure you." "Is the operation risky? What happens if I refuse it?" Grandma asked worriedly. "Grandma, please undergo the surgery. I'll bring Scarlett to see you if

you do, alright?" I persuaded her, desperately keeping my voice steady. "Really?" Grandma murmured and held my hand. Her eyes suddenly lit up.

I nodded seriously, suppressing my bitterness and guilt.

I had to convince my grandmother to go under the knife, but I didn't have the heart to tell her

that even though Scarlett was back, she wasn't the same Scarlett that had once been our family, Not anymore.

Scarlett's cold eyes flashed in my mind I wasn't sure if I could convince her to show herself to

Grandma

After calming Grandma down, I walked out of the ward and breathed a sigh of relief.

I contacted Hugo's people and transferred the money to the designated account for the surgery. With a funny look on his face, Spencer put his hand over his chest and teased, "I must see this Hugo. He must be quite sensational if he's charging three hundred million dollars for one surgery. If he were a woman, I'd be bending over backward to win his heart."

"Did you really think that he'd pay attention to you if he were a woman? And why would you even try to court someone else? You have Vivian," I backfired and glanced at him in disdain. "We're getting a divorce," Spencer faltered and hurriedly changed the subject, "How old is Hugo supposed to be? Fifty? I'm turning thirty this year. Then I will suffer a great loss! I guess this foreign doctor just wants to make a fortune from this operation and then retire right after!" I pressed my lips together and kept silent. After transferring the money to the designated account, Hugo's medical team informed me that they were going to arrive at the hospital tomorrow afternoon, and they did right on schedule. Grandma grabbed my hand before one of the nurses rolled her into the operation room.

"Charles, where is my dear Scarlett?" Her voice was weak, but her eyes were full of expectation.

I didn't know how to answer.

My heart ached so much that I could hardly breathe.

"Christine, Scarlett can't make it today. But after you recover from your operation, I'll take you to

see her, okay?" Spencer stepped forward and rescued me from my predicament.

Grandma nodded. Then, the nurse wheeled her into the operating room.

As the doors of the operating room swung shut, fear and anxiety began to swallow me from the inside out.

Spencer patted me on the shoulder to comfort me.

At this time, my father and my grandfather rushed over. They were both obviously in a state of disquiet

"Has Mom gone in?"

"Yes," I answered and then asked with a frown, "Where's Mom? Didn't she come with you?"

"She stayed at home to watch over the kids," Dad explained.

I nodded and turned around. Seeing that Spencer was leaning against the door of the operating

room and looking inside, I was confused.

“What are you doing, Spencer?” I asked, knitting my brows. “I want to see this Hugo person. Why is he so mysterious?”

Indeed, Hugo was a mysterious character. He never showed himself in public. Even the hospital could only contact him through a middleman. I was also curious about who he was.

I especially sent Richard to investigate him before, but Richard wasn't able to glean anything apart from the well-known fact that Hugo was French. Trying not to worry too much, I sat on the bench in the corridor outside the operating room. I struggled to sit still and not to let my mind wander too far. As the minutes ticked by, I only became more and more flustered. “Grandma will get through this. She's a fighter,” I told myself. Dad and Grandpa began to pace back and forth in front of the operating room. My heart raced wildly, and I got butterflies in my stomach. All the waiting drove me to the edge of my sanity, and soon, my head started aching.

If only Scarlett were here with me now.

I forced a bitter smile.