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## Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 384 by Gorgeous Killer

### 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."

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"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

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*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

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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."

hanno 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*

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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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