

Bye My Irresistible Love Chapter 385

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.