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Charlie laughed helplessly when he heard it, and said, "Miss Song doesn't seem to want to be restrained by the Song family?"

Warnia nodded and said, "I really don't want to, but I have no other way.

"Why?" Charlie said earnestly: "I think your grandfather should have changed his mind after this critical moment of life and death, plus this time you found me and saved his life. If he is really grateful to you, you ask him for a free body, or a right to freely decide your future husband, I believe he should agree."

Warnia smiled bitterly and shook her head, and said, "It's impossible. Even if Grandpa loves me and wants to agree, he dare not agree."

"Why?" Charlie asked puzzledly: "Isn't your grandpa the head of the family? He controls everything in the Song family, so what else is he afraid of?"

Warnia said seriously: "The Song family has developed many branches for so many years to date. The branches rely on rules to restrain each other so that everyone obeys the family precepts. Otherwise, if you break the rules, others will also imitate, once your children marry freely, children from other families also hope to be able to love freely. In that case, the Song family's losses will inevitably be very heavy. If everyone is so unruly, the Song family may fail in a few decades."

Having said that, Warnia said again: "The Song family has been able to stand tall from the end of the Qing Dynasty. It has grown up to today. The main thing is that everyone abides by the family motto and does not cross the thunder pool for half a step. Even if the family is divided and there are many branches, our various branches are also supervising each other, and no one is allowed to have anything harmful to the interests of the Song family."

Charlie sighed and said seriously: "I always thought that Miss Song was a very powerful woman. I didn't expect you to be a sleeping beast. Everything must be at the mercy of others."

"Right!" Warnia sighed very lowly, and said, "There is no way to fight this kind of thing."

Speaking of this, Warnia shook her head, picked up the glass, and said, "Mr. Charlie, let's not talk about these unhappy things. Come on, drink! I'll toast to you again!"

Charlie smiled slightly, picked up the wine glass, and said: "This glass of wine, to respect for freedom!"

Warnia was slightly startled.

Respect for freedom?

Where does my freedom come from?

Although she was very depressed, she still smiled forcefully, nodded, and said, "Come, let us respect freedom!"

After another glass of wine, Warnia became drunker. She looked at Charlie and said with a sigh: "Many times I would wish if rather be born in an ordinary family. In that case, my life might be a little more

difficult, but there would be absolutely not so many constraints, what my family can bring to me, apart from such a high position and the inexhaustible wealth of my life, has not given me any real happiness.”

Charlie smiled. Said: “Many ordinary people are actually more envious of you, rich people who never have to worry about money. Isn’t there a saying that they would rather cry in a BMW than laugh on a bicycle? In your eyes, an ordinary family is very rare, but in the eyes of ordinary people, this kind of ordinariness is precisely what they most want to get rid of. Everyone has sharpened their heads, isn’t it just to make money?”

Warnia looked at Charlie and said seriously: “Mr. Charlie, you are not trying to make money! You don’t seem to care about the amount of money at all. Just like just now, a pill of 10 million, you can make as much as you like. Ten million, but you don’t want to ask for it, don’t you want to give it away, isn’t this just looking at money like dirt?”

Charlie smiled indifferently, thinking to himself, I regard money as dung because I am not short of money.

You didn’t know me when I was short of money.

At the time, Aunt Lena was seriously ill. In order to make up for her medical expenses, I begged Mrs. Willson to borrow money at her birthday banquet.

I thought that if she believed in Buddhism, she would have the kind of Buddhist thought of saving one’s life than building a seventh-level Buddha, and maybe she would lend me some money.

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“But she didn’t expect that she believed in Buddhism on the surface, but inside was actually an extremely greedy shameless person.

At that time, if someone wanted to give me a million, I was even willing to kneel down for him.

People cannot resist the attraction of money when they have no money.

Those who can really do it treat money like dung, people who already have money to spend, it is worthless.

For example, now, ten to twenty million is considered a bullsh*t? I don’t know how to spend the tens of billions in my account, and the Emgrand Group has tens of billions of profits a year, and I don’t know how to spend it.

In this case, what is the point of asking for 20 million? I would rather not have this money, and let them pay homage to them, calling themselves one by one Mr. Wade and one by one great benefactor.

This is really cool!

But, these words, how can I tell Warnia.”

She now thinks he is a saint with money like dung and the ability to reach the sky.

In that case, let her continue to think so!

At this time, Warnia drank a little and said: "Actually, I can tolerate everything else, but in the matter of marriage, I really don't want to be manipulated by them. I don't want to be their pawn. I don't want to marry a man I don't love at all, and I don't want to give my youth and happiness to the Song family. I don't want to repeat the mistakes of my mother."

Charlie asked curiously: "Your mother, was it also an arranged marriage?"

"Yes." Warnia nodded and said, "My mother married my dad. She was never happy in her life. She was depressed for many years and passed away at a young age."

Charlie remembered that Warnia lost her mother's relic left to her last time. According to Orvel, her mother has been away for more than ten years.

Warnia is also twenty-five or so. It is estimated that her mother had already left when she was ten years old. In that case, her mother was really young when she left.

Warnia drank a sip of wine alone, played with the wine glass in her hand, and said apologetically: "I'm sorry, Mr. Charlie, for letting you listen to my so much nonsense."

Charlie hurriedly said: "Miss Song, don't say that you can choose to tell me this, it must be your trust in me."

Warnia nodded lightly, wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes, and said, "By the way, thank you very much Mr. Charlie today. Not only did you save my grandfather, but you also heard me complain about so much nonsense, thank you!"

Charlie smiled slightly and said, "You don't need to be so polite, no matter how you can be regarded as friends, when friends are too polite, and they seem to be divided."

"Yeah!" Warnia nodded and said, "It's getting late, Mr. Charlie or I will drop you back."

Charlie waved his hand: "You don't need to send me off, but you can't drive in this situation. It's best to find a substitute."

Warnia nodded and said, "Don't worry, the female manager here can help me drive. I'll take you back first!"