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Chapter 55 Write Your Name

Daisy was so jealous that she couldn't help but slander, "It's been so long since I've been in, I don't know what they're doing inside... don't do something shameful."

"Daisy!" Of course, Gail guessed something, but Old Mr. Mason's bodyguard was still ahead, if he accidentally heard it, the Brown family would only get worse!

Daisy bit her lower lip, and looked at the back of the front unwillingly...

If only she was the one holding Old Mr. Mason... How wonderful!

Fifteen minutes later.

The car came to a quiet and elegant villa.

This is Craig's residence, covering an area of tens of thousands of square meters.

"Isabella, we're home!" Craig was very excited and greeted enthusiastically, "Let's sit in the yard and I'll serve you a pot of good tea. Do you have any favorite snacks? I'll make them fresh.'

"No, thank you Grandpa." Isabella raised a shallow smile and said obediently, "I have to go back to work, so I won't go in."

Craig lost interest, "Are you leaving?"

"You're already at the door, why don't you go to the

company today?" Bob also liked her very much, and tried his best to persuade her to stay, "Go in and have a rest, drink. some tea, and eat something?"

"The company still has something to deal with." Isabella said gently, "Next time."

"What time do you get off work? I'll ask Benjamin to pick you up..." Although Craig was reluctant, he didn't want to delay his wife's affairs. "Come to my place for dinner at night, and chat with me?"

"The old man's body hasn't recovered yet, I need you to take a look..." Bob said this, and hurriedly hinted at Craig.

"My heart..." Craig acted out all of a sudden, "Isabella, check me at night, I always feel a little uncomfortable here..."

Isabella saw through the old man's clumsy and exaggerated acting skills, so she didn't expose it, and raised the corners of her lips, "Okay."

"Great! Then what do you like to eat? I'll let the kitchen

prepare it!" Craig said this, realizing that he was too excited, and pretended to cough again, with a weak tone, "Are there any taboos? Cough..."

"I can do anything." Isabella replied, "Don't prepare too much."

"Okay." Craig was as happy as a child, "Then I'll ask the driver to take you to the company first, and you and Benjamin will come over after get off work."

"good."

After Isabella left, Craig suddenly regained his energy, and asked with a smile, "How is it, did I act like it just now?"

Bob gestured with his thumb and index finger, "It's a little pompous..."

"Really?" Craig looked at the direction the car was leaving, "Then I'll put it down next time..."

After entering the house, he took out his mobile phone and called Benjamin with a very tough attitude.

"I don't care about your big business, I have to pick Isabella from get off work tonight and come to my place for dinner together."

"Okay." Unexpectedly, the man on the other end of the phone agreed quickly, without even half a second of thinking.

How could he agree so readily?

Did he hear wrong?

"I warn you! Isabella is my granddaughter-in-law, you are not allowed to play tricks!"

"She gets off work at five." Benjamin's Shen Che voice came from the other end, "I'll be there before six."

The implication: have dinner ready by six o'clock.

Is he hallucinating? This is what his grandson said himself?

"As for dessert." Benjamin seemed to know Isabella's taste very well, and said, "She doesn't like chocolate-flavored things, so you can prepare more strawberry-flavored things."

After hanging up the phone, Craig still hadn't recovered from the feeling that his grandson had become a mystery that he couldn't see through.

Bob thought that the old man had hit a wall, so he consciously solved his problems, "Old man, I always feel that the progress of the young master and young mistress is slow, why don't we add fire tonight?"

"What's your idea?" Craig was curious to know.

"We can..." Bob leaned into his ear and whispered a plan. Seeing the old man smiling, the smile on his face also spread, "Then I'll ask the people below to prepare the room in advance..."

On the other side, Isabella took the elevator to the 20th floor of the company, and saw her a*sistant Frank standing at the door of the office waiting for her from a distance.

"Ms. Young!"

Seeing her, Frank stepped forward, "You're finally here! Mr. Barnes wants to see you!"

Isabella raised her eyebrows, obviously never heard of this person.

"He was sent by the headquarters. He was the director of the company a year ago. Before you came to the company,

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he was the one with the most power..."

"Why didn't you see him in the previous meeting?"

"This..." Frank hesitated to speak, and finally had to whisper, "He is often not in the company."

"Are you talking about work outside?"

"no....."

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Now that this is all said, Isabella somehow understands, "Call him over here."

"Yes." Frank was going to find him.

Isabella was very interested, "A vice president, do you still need to invite me in person?"

"If it's just a phone call or message notification, he will get. angry..."

"Yeah?"

"Then let me see how bad his temper is."

After a while, a middle-aged man about 40 years old appeared.

He is slightly fat, with a round face, focused eyes, and a powerful stare. As soon as he walked to the office door, he made things difficult for Frank.

"This is a new master, don't you take the old master seriously?"

"I just had something to do temporarily, so I couldn't invite you to come, and I felt extremely helpless!"

"I don't know how long the master who appeared suddenly can sit in it. You joined the team so soon? Aren't you afraid that you won't get anything in the end?"

Frank laughed inwardly, but said on the surface, "Mr. Barnes, please come in! Ms. Young is already inside."

George gave him a cold look, and swaggered into the office.

The girl in the office chair was watching him with interest.

George didn't expect that after a long time, a little girl came. Although she was pretty, her aura didn't seem to take him seriously.

"I heard from the people below that the company has a new person in charge. I didn't expect him to be so young." George preemptively said, "I heard that you were sent by the headquarters. Why didn't I see you when I was at the headquarters?"

"There are more than 5,000 people in the headquarters, and Mr. Barnes has seen each of them?"

"That's not true, it's just that you are so pretty, at this age, and you can still sit in this position. I have never seen it with my own eyes before. Who sent you here at the

headquarters?"