

President 1441

Chapter 1441

What happened?

Seeing him walk in, Mckenzie complained, "Look, Jovanny is crying!"

"What's wrong?"

Charlie asked as he looked at the child whose face was full of tears.

"Look at Jovanny's arm. It's dislocated and almost fractured!" Mckenzie said seriously and angrily.

"Just ask a doctor to treat him. Why are you so furious?"

At these words, Mckenzie sternly stared at Grace. "Ask her yourself."

Charlie looked at Grace in confusion. He

narrowed his long eyes slightly and raised his jaw, waiting for her to speak.

"Things are very simple. I was in a hurry to go upstairs to get something, so I didn't pay attention to the ground. Jovanny suddenly rushed out when I walked to the corner of the stairs, and then we just collided with each other. After that..."

Grace stopped speaking. Everyone had seen what happened next. There was no need to say more.

"Accident?" Charlie raised an eyebrow, saying briefly.

"Right." Grace nodded. "It was indeed an accident."

"Spilling hot water on Jovanny in the morning and dislocating his arm at night. Do you mean these were all accidents?"

Really?" Mckenzie questioned in disbelief.

Charlie walked over, curving his thin lips.

"Grace is just unlucky. She didn't mean to do these things. She's nearly 30. How could she deliberately hurt Jovanny? Besides, there's no reason for that, right?"

"No, I don't think so. She doesn't have a child, and now that Jovanny has become my family, she must be worried that Jovanny will compete for the family fortune."

Grace stood still and couldn't help pursing her beautiful lips. Her brows twitched.

She wanted to tell Mckenzie that she thought too much. Grace was not interested in the Morgan family's fortune.

Hearing this, Charlie raised his long fingers and rubbed his forehead. "You think too much. She has never thought of it. Those were just accidents."

After looking around, Mckenzie asked Charlie to follow her upstairs.

Grace knew that Mckenzie would speak ill of her.

The doctor reset Jovanny's arm. He finally stopped crying.

Bailee's eyes flickered and fell on Grace.

"I know you may be very upset with Jovanny, but he is young anyway. I hope you won't hurt Jovanny again."

Grace gave a dazzling smile, twirling her curly hair with her slender, fair finger while gazing at Bailee.

"Everything one says needs to be supported by evidence. Otherwise, they are just talking nonsense! Don't try to teach me what to do like that until you have evidence that I hurt him!

"Before that, you'd better shut up! I don't have a good temper, and I won't let others walk all over me.

"Since we both have no good feelings about each other, let's stop here."

Bailee was struck dumb.

She felt uncomfortable but could say nothing.

"Anyway, I still want to tell you, he's young. If you aren't afraid of nemesis, you can do as you like!"

Grace's smile broadened. Ignoring what Bailee was saying, she took out the phone from the pocket and wore earphones, nodding softly with rhythm.

"You..."

Seeing this, Bailee was enraged.

Grace went around the sofa and sat on the other end with her legs crossed, waiting for Charlie to come downstairs.

Chapter 1442

In the study, McKenzie and Charlie sat looking at each other. "You can't ignore this matter. I'm not joking. Think it over."

"I know," Charlie said, "but I trust her. She'll never do such things."

Hearing this, McKenzie was upset. "You trust her that much?"

"She's my chosen wife. I know her temperament and personality. Mom, would you rather trust an outsider than your daughter-in-law?"

Charlie chuckled.

"Whether you like Grace or not, she's my wife and our family. Don't you always say that you're on your family's side?"

At these words, Mckenzie felt better. "But within a day, Jovanny got hurt two times because of her. How can I explain this to Hailee?"

"Jovanny is young and ignorant, but Hailee isn't. I have to give her an explanation anyway. Otherwise, she'll say that the Morgans are unreasonable and bully children."

"It's normal for small children like Jovanny to stumble. They walk fast and don't pay attention to their surroundings." Charlie poured her a glass of water.

"This is true, but if things like this happen again, what should we do?"

"It's simple. We all need evidence to prove what we say. If it's Grace's fault, she will apologize to Hailee. Besides, you think too much. How can such things happen every

day?"

Mckenzie thought so. "Grace can't have children. What are you going to do?"

This question was unanswerable. Charlie gently coughed, changed the subject, and then left.

After going downstairs, he pulled Grace's wrist. They strode out of the villa.

Hailee held Jovanny, staring at the two figures.

Mckenzie also came down, looked at Jovanny's arm, and asked them to rest.

She was persuaded by Charlie.

Though Mckenzie was unsatisfied with Grace, Grace was her family. Jovanny couldn't prove that Grace hurt him. If Mckenzie quarreled with Grace, people would laugh at the Morgan family.

In the car, Grace asked Charlie what Mckenzie had said and whether Mckenzie said anything bad about her.

Charlie shook his head. "No. When she talked about having a child, I changed the subject and walked out."

Back in the apartment, Grace sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, watching the stars studding the sky.

Charlie walked over and sat behind her. His thick arms encircled her slender waist. "What are you thinking about?"

"It's warm and free here. I always felt constrained and nervous in the villa," she said truthfully.

Charlie smiled quietly and looked at the vast night sky with her. "How does it feel to be free? "

"Great. I don't hate Mckenzie, but I don't like the way we get along."

Grace was a little lazy, leaning back in his arms.

"Daughters-in-law are not daughters.

There's a big difference."

Charlie teased her, "Why are you so sentimental today?"

She squinted her eyes comfortably with her feet in the warm water, feeling pleased with her new life.

They embraced and fell into a dreamless sleep.

The next day before going to work, Grace and Charlie made an appointment to go to the hospital together after work.

Making dressing was always tiring.

Mckenzie was busy with something and didn't come to the restaurant. When the appointed time came, Grace left the restaurant.

Charlie waited for her outside. They went to the hospital and both had a checkup.

In the evening, Grace returned home. She was exhausted. Charlie considerably ordered a takeout.

Grace thought that they couldn't eat takeout every day. She intended to hire a part-time worker and asked Charlie's opinion. He agreed.

In their room, they could play freely, and no one would reprimand or pay attention to them.

Grace felt that this was more like married life.

"To be honest, your ex-girlfriend did us a big favor this time, didn't she?" Grace said.

Hearing this, Charlie put down the book and looked at her.

Grace shrugged her shoulders, lay back in his arms, and tutted. "Compared to us, I think Summer and Mark are living in paradise."

Charlie grunted and pinched her cute buttocks. "Why do you say so?" "They have a son and a daughter. Mark's parents have passed away. His brother secretly loved Summer. How enviable!"

Charlie raised his eyebrows. "If Mark heard it... Tsk."

"Summer said that Mark is a gentleman. You know, I was attracted to him at first sight at Sherman's wedding," Grace said with a smile.

Charlie slowly frowned. "You're eager for another man in front of me?"

"No. I'm just telling the truth. What a pity! I didn't have the chance to date him."

"Huh, you think he's attractive. Mark is nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing, but you praise him to the skies. We are all men. Tell me. Does he have anything I don't have?"

Grace was amused. Men were more jealous than women.

"You're right, but there's one difference between you two..." She paused. "I don't know whose is bigger..."

"You little devil!" Charlie secretly gnashed his teeth.

"Want to know the answer?" Grace mischievously called Summer.

The call woke up Summer from a beautiful dream. Summer picked it up and put it to her ear. "What's up?"

"What's your husband's size?" Grace asked directly without evasion.

"Mark?" Summer rolled over with her eyes closed and said in a daze, "Are you going to buy clothes for him?"

Hearing this, Grace was stunned.

She added, "I mean his penis!"

Summer was instantly flushed and wide awake. She sat up, cursing, "Grace! You're unashamed! Where's Charlie? Let him satisfy you!"

The next day.

Grace went to work with a silk scarf around her neck although it was summer.

She needed to cover her neck. Deep purple hickeys were left on her neck. She was afraid that others would see that.

She prepared the ingredients. When she was crushing them, Mckenzie took Bailee to the restaurant.

Mckenzie said to Grace, "Bailee will work here from today."

Grace looked up and said, "What?"

Mckenzie said, "Our restaurant lacks a maitre. You two will be in charge of the restaurant together. Help each other and get along well with each other."

Grace said with a smile, "It's an important position."

Hailee kept silent all the time.

Mckenzie didn't say anything else but asked them to go to work.

By contrast, Bailee's workload was much lighter than Grace's.

Although Grace felt dissatisfied, she didn't say anything.

After Grace had prepared the ingredients, she sat in a chair to watch videos played on her laptop as usual.

Hailee was chatting with the employees of the restaurant.

Mckenzie walked in and said, "Grace, you need to prepare more ingredients in the morning. We will open a branch in South Lane. They will get the ingredients from here."

Grace frowned.

'Are you kidding?'

'If I need to prepare more ingredients, I will spend the whole day on it.'

She thought about it and didn't refuse directly. She said meaningfully, "Won't the branch in South Lane use different ingredients?"

Mckenzie said, "Of course not. Now that it's our branch, the flavor will be kept the same. Why do we have so many customers? Because they like the flavor of our restaurant."

Grace tried her best to think of other ways and said, "Mom, the workload is heavy. Can we use machines? It will be more effective." However, before Mckenzie expressed her opinions, Hailee said, "The ingredients made by machines are different from handmade ones, which are more mellow and appetizing. We need two pots of ingredients. You can prepare one pot in the morning and prepare the other pot in the afternoon."

Grace felt angry and even wanted to hit Bailee's face with her tablet computer. Hailee was so annoying!

Mckenzie said, "Hailee is right."

She patted Grace's shoulder and left directly.

After Grace got home from work at night, she threw things to the ground to give vent to her anger.

Charlie asked why she was so angry. She told him what had happened.

Charlie said, "I think Hailee is right. There is no difference between one pot and two pots. It shouldn't be difficult for you."

Although the restaurant was the Morgan family's industry, Charlie had never gone to the restaurant, not to mention the kitchen.

Up to now, he even didn't know the chef.

But he thought that it wasn't that tiring.

Grace said angrily, "That's easy for you to say. Have a try. You will know if it's tiring or not."

He comforted her gently, "It must be tiring. Now that you say that it's tiring, it must be tiring."

He put his hand around her waist and let her sit on his thighs. He said, "I will take 20 minutes to give you a massage every night.

OK?"

Grace needed to prepare two pots of ingredients. The outsiders wouldn't know how tiring it was.

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Thus, Grace had made up her mind.

She would have a talk with Charlie about the matters of the restaurant.

The workload of the head restaurant was heavy for her.

She could only meet the head restaurant's needs and was not able to be responsible for the branch.

The branch was beyond her ability. She couldn't accept any extra work.

She couldn't tell Mckenzie her thoughts directly. If so, the situation would be worse.

Thus, Charlie was the most suitable man to communicate with Mckenzie.

Grace had another reason. If Charlie communicated with Makenzie, Mclenzie might feel unsatisfied but would accept his suggestions more or less. If Grace did that, the situation would be worse.

Grace would only be responsible for the head restaurant's ingredients. As for the branch, Mckenzie needed to deal with it by herself.

If Mckenzie disagreed, Grace would stop working in the restaurant.

Grace was spontaneous all the time. She wouldn't let herself feel unhappy.

Charlie asked, "Honey, how do you feel? Is it comfortable?"

She heard his gentle voice over her head. It interrupted her musings.

He controlled his strength appropriately. It was not too strong or too weak. He massaged her muscles attentively.

She felt his warmth and consideration. She even couldn't tell him her thoughts directly.

She thought about it and kept silent in the end.

Although her present life was not that perfect, it was much quieter than before. She was reluctant to destroy the quietness.

In the past, she lived with Mckenzie and couldn't live as she wished.

She managed to move out of the Morgan's and didn't need to be subservient to Mckenzie anymore. The only price was that she needed to work hard in the restaurant.

If she could exchange for the quietness and freedom in her marriage through that, she could accept it...

No matter how noble and beautiful the women were, they would be willing to suffer in silence and change themselves in front of love. Was that true?

Grace wasn't like that in the past!

She closed her eyes and skipped the topic. She shrugged her shoulders lazily and said, "I feel good. You need to give me a massage for 20 minutes every day. No matter what happens, you can't forget it. This is a glorious task for you."

He said, "No problem. It's such a glorious task. Besides, I will work hard every night to meet your dream to be a mother. My two tasks are all glorious."

She said, "Don't talk nonsense. Move a little to the left..., to the right..., in the middle... That's it. Knead harder." She enjoyed it very much.

When Grace went to the restaurant in the morning, she saw a few more baskets of ingredients.

It was her workload today.

The workload was heavy. Her heart beat fast.

She clenched her fists subconsciously and closed her eyes. Her eyelashes quivered slightly. When she opened her eyes, she calmed down.

She took off her cardigan, put it aside and started her work.

After all, the workload was too heavy. She even didn't have time to take a rest.

Mckenzie and Hailee went to the restaurant together.

After they got off the car, Hailee went to the locker room to change clothes.

Mckenzie went to the kitchen. She pushed open the door and observed Grace's move clearly through the door crack.

Seeing the scene, Mckenzie felt satisfied. It seemed that Grace was not that bad.

Chapter 1446

It almost took Grace double the time to prepare the ingredients. Then she bent to crush them. After three to four hours, she put her hands on her hips and frowned.

She bent for too long. Her waist hurt. She even couldn't move at all.

Hailee walked around the restaurant and saw Grace, who was preparing the ingredients by chance. Hailee felt surprised.

'It seems that she is more persevering than I expected!'

'After all, she is so beautiful, arrogant and sexy!'

I thought that she wouldn't bear to work

here. The reality is unexpected.'

After Grace finished her work, she lay face down on the table and panted. She was reluctant to move.

She wouldn't be so exhausted even if she ran a marathon!

At that time, Mckenzie wheeled in her wheelchair and said, "Grace, send the ingredients to the branch."

Grace suppressed her anger and said, "Why don't you ask the driver to do that?"

Mckenzie said, "I don't trust the driver. Others may know our secret ingredients if they can distinguish their distinctive smell. Please send the ingredients to the branch by yourself."

Grace didn't say anything. She stood up with difficulty, picked up the car key casually and walked out of the restaurant.

Had anyone driven the Land Rover to send the ingredients before?

Along the way, Grace leaned her waist against the seat and pressed the accelerator hard.

A black Bentley stopped in front of the restaurant. After the door was opened, Charlie showed up in a silvery gray shirt and black pants.

He walked into the restaurant charmingly. When he passed the dining hall, he met Hailee by accident.

Hailee felt surprised and stopped involuntarily.

Charlie also felt surprised. He narrowed his eyes in confusion.

Why is she here?'

Then he glanced at her clothes. It's the restaurant's uniform. Does she work here?'

In the end, Hailee broke the ice and said, " Do you come here to eat dinner?"

Charlie said calmly and politely, "I come here to drive her home. Where is she?"

Hailee felt sad about his aloof tone and compressed her lips secretly. Hearing what he had said, she said, "Your mother asked her to send the ingredients to the branch."

He said, "Thank you." Then he asked, " Where is my mother?"

She said, "She is in the kitchen."

He said goodbye to her, passed her and headed for the kitchen.

He walked past her quickly.

She smelled the fragrance of his shower gel.

It was a big blow for her. She stood there like a sculpture.

She had thought he would feel happy and surprised when he saw her, but he was so calm.

He was so calm as if she was an acquaintance!

Mckenzie was busy at work and heard Charlie's voice from behind.

Chapter 1447

Seeing that it was Charlie, she hastily walked over and brought him out. "What are you doing here? This place is not suitable for you. Don't get your clothes dirty."

Charlie said with resignation, "You're exaggerating."

"Men should work outside rather than stay in the kitchen. Why did you come to the restaurant today?"

"I came to pick her up," Charlie replied.

Mckenzie was dissatisfied, grumbling, "You've been working all day. You must be very tired but still came to pick her up. She had a car. She can go back herself."

"No. We are going to a friend's party. Today is a special case. I'll pick her up and go there together." Afraid that she would ramble on, Charlie made an excuse.

Sure enough, Mckenzie quieted down. "I see. She's sending the dressing and will be back soon. You haven't eaten dinner, right? I'll ask them to cook you some porridge."

Charlie shook his head and refused.

Mckenzie didn't listen to him, calling over a waitress and whispering in her ear.

After a while, the fragrant porridge was served. Mckenzie asked, "How does it taste?"

Charlie squinted his eyes, saying, "Not as good as the porridge made by Mom."

Mckenzie laughed and shook her head. " You've been good at flattering since you were a kid. Now you're almost thirty. You haven't changed a bit."

Charlie smiled. "I think this is quite good."

Mckenzie echoed. Looking at him eating reminded her of the time when he was a child, sitting in front of her eating porridge.

Twenty years had passed. They spent less and less time alone together.

The next moment, they heard heavy footsteps. A waiter ran in, pale and breathing quickly. "Mrs. Morgan..."

"Don't stammer. Calm down and speak clearly."

"Two drunk customers were brawling.

Hailee tried to stop them, but one of them hit her head with the bottle. She fell to the ground. Her face is covered by blood..."

Instantly, Mckenzie's expression changed. She reached out and quickly patted Charlie's hand. "Stop eating. Go and have a look."

Charlie didn't stay any longer, getting up and rushing out.

The two drunks were still there, taking the things on the table and throwing them everywhere.

Charlie hated people who caused trouble. Without saying a word, he went over and kicked them hard in the chest.

The two people were no match for him but didn't give up, standing up after falling.

Charlie didn't have the patience to fight with them. He fiercely punched and kicked the drunks, which made them unable to get up again.

In a few moments, the chaotic scene ended. Charlie asked the waiter to call the police.

Immediately after that, he leaned down, carried Hailee in his arms, who fainted on the ground, and ran towards the hospital.

Fortunately, the bottle only hit the back of her head. It was not a vital part, so Hailee was not seriously injured.

Knowing this, Charlie put his mind at rest. She was safe anyway.

He hired a caregiver for Hailee, who hadn't come yet. Thus, he couldn't leave for the time being.

Hailee was asleep but seemed to be dreaming. She was waving her hand and constantly shaking her head, looking miserable. She murmured, "Charlie, Charlie..." Though her voice was low, Charlie heard it clearly. He moved his eyebrows but sat still.

Chapter 1448

However, Bailee was getting more and more emotional. Her body twisted.

She was put on a drip. Charlie was worried that the needle would pierce her vessel, so he stepped forward and pressed her waving hand.

Being clasped, Bailee quieted down.

After a moment, she slowly opened her eyes, looking at Charlie and saying softly, "I'm a little thirsty..."

"Wait for a moment. I'll get some water."

Charlie came over with a glass of water.

Before leaving, the doctor said that she couldn't gulp water and that he should

wipe her lips with a wet cotton stab.

Bailee seemed to have fallen under a spell.

She unblinkingly stared at him, saying in a dry and hoarse voice, "You're still worried about me, aren't you?"

"Yes, but just out of politeness," Charlie replied.

"Then let's go back to the beginning, okay?"

Bailee grabbed his hand in tears.

Charlie calmly pulled back his hand.

"That's history. We used to be together, but now I'm married. I can't be with you anymore!"

"Why? We love each other! We have so many memories! You said you would only marry me! Now I'm back!" she screamed huskily.

"Be sensible."

Charlie said softly.

"I've told you that's history. No matter how good the memories are, things are different now. If you had appeared a few years ago, I would have married you.

"But fate always likes to play tricks on people. Some memories are nice, but they can't change anything. Do you understand?"

"My wife is Grace. I love her. I keep away from you because I want you to forget the past and start a new life, and I don't want to annoy her. In a word, it is over between us.

"We once spent our youth together, but we can't accompany each other anymore. Now she's the one by my side.

"I hope you'll meet the right person in the future, just like I did. The caregiver is coming. I'll leave now. See you tomorrow."

Hailee was crying, her tears gushing out.

She still didn't believe that he could be so cruel to her!

Pushing open the door, Charlie was surprised to see Grace standing in front of him. He asked with a smile, "When did you come?"

"Before you spoke touchingly to her." Grace narrowed her eyes and smiled. "I heard it."

Charlie chuckled, patting his chest. "Fortunately, I didn't say the wrong thing just now. Otherwise, the person who eavesdropped wouldn't let me go!"

"You're right. You behaved well tonight. Continue like this."

Grace was satisfied.

For the first time, she smiled broadly. Her eyes crinkled, looking like the crescent moon.

Charlie reached out and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, walking outside.

Grace gazed at the full moon, saying, "Will you cheat on me as Billy did to Sherman?"

"No!" Charlie answered firmly.

Grace stared at him. "What if you are tempted to do that one day?"

Chapter 1449

"It won't happen!" He looked back at her.

"That's just an analogy. Answer me. I'm so curious."

After thinking for a while, Charlie raised his eyebrows, saying, "I always respect marriage. Even if I'm tempted to do that..."

"I won't cheat on you or hide it from you. You won't be the last one to know it."

Hearing his guarantee, Grace smiled faintly. "I hope it will never happen."

"That's for sure!"

Charlie was confident and resolute.

"Then I believe you."

Grace stretched. The fatigue caused by a few days' hard work disappeared in an instant.

After walking downstairs, Charlie suddenly leaned down and carried her in his arms. "Didn't you say you were tired? I'll carry you back."

The doctors, nurses, and the patients' families were coming and going. They enviously looked over.

Grace was never a coy woman. She put her arms around his neck, letting him carry her out of the hospital.

They loved each other even more than before after moving out of the villa. There were very few conflicts between them.

They felt quite pleased.

The married life was happy and harmonious.

Grace had been busy all day. Charlie ran her a bath, walked over, and asked her to take a bath.

She was sleepy and tired. With her eyes closed, she answered in a daze but didn't move. She was simply weary.

Seeing this, Charlie sighed gently and carried her into the bathroom. He softly took off her clothes and gave her a bath.

He rubbed his big, warm, and calloused palms against her back. Grace closed her eyes, comfortably sighing.

Then they had sex.

After working all day at the restaurant and having sex with Charlie, Grace didn't want to move.

Before she could fall asleep, her stomach growled.

Grace lazily closed her eyes, covering her stomach and silently telling herself that she was not hungry...

"Would you like to eat something?" Charlie heard it.

"No. I'm so tired. I can't even raise my arms. If I'm going to eat, I have to wear pajamas, go to the kitchen, find ingredients, cook them, and chew. It's so troublesome..."

While speaking, Grace kept her eyes closed, looking exhausted.

Hearing what she said, Charlie was amused and resigned. She was just talking nonsense.

Shaking his head, he put on his slippers and left.

As Grace was about to fall asleep, Charlie came back and shook her. "Lazybones, get up quickly."

"Don't call me. Let me sleep for a while." She pushed his hand, yawning.

Charlie stopped coaxing her and put his thick arms under the quilt.

He held her slender waist and suddenly pulled her out.

Grace still leaned her head on the bed, sleeping.

However, a faint, fragrant smell came over. She twitched her nose and opened the eyes.

A bowl of porridge with colorful fruit was placed in front of her, looking inviting. "It smells good!"

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"Then hurry up and eat it while it's hot. I'll get you some warm water."

Grace squinted her eyes with a smile and said okay.

The porridge was delicious.

Having filled herself, Grace stroked her stomach and snuggled up to Charlie, sleeping sweetly.

Mckenzie was in the hospital, but Bailee didn't want to eat, looking vacuous.

Mckenzie asked her what she wanted to do.

Bailee said she only wanted to see Charlie and asked him about something.

Mckenzie could only call Charlie. While

Mckenzie was talking to him, Grace was sitting by his side.

After hanging up, Charlie looked at Grace, narrowing his eyes. Grace generously waved her hand. "Just go and take a look."

After overhearing his conversation with Bailee that day, Grace changed her opinion. He was so firm. Shouldn't she respect and trust him?

After a passionate kiss, Charlie went to the hospital.

Bailee couldn't accept the fact that he married Grace. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Love is unreasonable. Maybe fate tricked us, but I believe it's the best arrangement." Charlie refused to say more.

"Fates?" Bailee smiled. "Huh, what a good arrangement! You're ruthless to me." "We won't be together again. Why should I give you hope?" Charlie slightly raised his eyebrows. "I'm always decisive, you know."

Closing her eyes, Hailee said, "Then, stay with me and Jovanny for some time."

"Impossible!" Charlie directly refused.

"Consider it as compensation. After that, I'll have nothing to do with you. What do you say? Don't forget why I fell into the lake."

He owed her a favor anyway. After thinking for a while, he agreed.

"But you can't tell Grace about it. Hide it from her. Don't ask me why. I just want to do so."

Charlie raised his long eyebrows and curled his thin lips, saying slowly, "I can accompany you and Jovanny, but you need to keep your distance."

Hailee's hand holding the glass of water trembled slightly, but she still said okay. He was so indifferent to her.

Grace was busy working for days, having no time to rest.

Every night, Charlie gave her a massage and made her some fresh juice. Therefore, she could still smile every day.

Bailee wanted Charlie to go to an island with them. She had dreamed about it. They would stay there for two weeks.

Charlie refused. He could at most accompany them for a week. If she didn't agree, he would cancel the plan.

In the end, Bailee gave in.

She intended to use this week to recall his memories.

Charlie didn't tell Grace the truth as

promised. He said he had to go on a business trip for a week.

Grace was helping him pack his luggage. " Twenty minutes of massage every day.

You'll owe me one hundred and forty minutes. After you come back, make it up to me."

"As you wish, honey," Charlie said sweetly and held her in his arms from behind.

"Stop it. Hurry up and go." Grace was a little afraid of him. Every night they had sex. She couldn't bear it.

After they clung together for a while, Grace sent him out of the apartment.