

President 1491

Chapter 1491

Charlie was still asleep. Grace took off her shoes. She was so tired that she didn't even take off her clothes. She collapsed on the bed.

Early the next morning, Charlie woke up. He went to the bathroom to take a shower. When he came out of the bathroom, he saw that Grace was still asleep and that she showed no signs of waking up.

He stood some distance away from her. He did not go up to her. When he saw Grace, Charlie always remembered that McKenzie had called him several times before, and how he had pleaded with Grace in a soft voice, but Grace had resolutely rejected him every time.

Then he thought of his mother, who was lying in bed at the moment, in a comma. His brows furrowed, his Adam's apple rolled, and he walked out of the room.

His mother had brought him up and always given him the best. But he hadn't been able to give her anything. He only gave his mother loneliness.

When his mother and Grace argued over whether they should go back to the Morgan family's villa or stay in their apartment, he took Grace's side.

Also, when his mother called several times saying that she was not feeling well and that she could not move both her legs, Grace said his mother was lying, and he still took Grace's side and ignored his mother.

When Charlie thought about these things, he felt upset and depressed. He checked on his mother, went to the attending doctor's office, and then he went to the office.

When he entered the lobby of the building, he saw many people in line, and they were all new faces.

Charlie didn't stop, but he casually asked, 'Why are there so many people here?'

The assistant replied, "Sir, we're on recruitment. These are all college graduates applying for jobs."

Then Charlie remembered it. He nodded and asked the assistant, "What else is on the schedule today?"

Looking at the schedule, the assistant answered, "No, there's no schedule today. All is scheduled for tomorrow."

Charlie unbuttoned his suit, and his white shirt was exposed.

The assistant knew that since Charlie didn't have a schedule today, he was going to the interview himself. At the company's annual recruitment, there were always some people getting through the interview via personal contacts, and Charlie was trying to eliminate such things.

Watching the people in front of her walk away, Bella blinked her eyes. Suddenly, she tensed up.

Charlie was sitting behind the desk and in control. He was different from the other managers.

Usually, the managers would ask some technical questions, but not Charlie. He only asked practical questions. His questions were always unexpected.

The interview process went fast and many people were eliminated so the remaining applicants got even more nervous.

It was Bella's turn. Her eyes fell on Charlie involuntarily. The man at work looked so different from when he was at the bar!

Charlie sensed the gaze.

He looked up at the next applicant, his long legs crossed. Then he frowned slightly, as he recognized her!

Seeing Charlie's eyes, Bella's pink face couldn't help but flush even more. She knew that he remembered her.

"Find out what's wrong with these statistics and show it to me."

Charlie leaned his upright body forward slightly and handed her a company file.

The managers were displeased. Those were the latest figures for the company's business. How could the CEO just show it to someone so casually?

But Charlie had his own ideas. If the applicant could find the error in a short time, then he or she must be a talent.

If the applicant could not find the error, then they were just data. It did not matter much.

Bella became more nervous.

She quickly calmed down and carefully looked through the rows of numbers, looking for errors.

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Bella excelled in school. She got a school scholarship every year.

But her family was poor, so she had a part-time job in a bar.

When she was checking the statistics, she was attentive, which was one of her merits. She didn't even blink at all. Within two minutes, she found the error.

Charlie looked at her again. She didn't say a word. Charlie's jaw tucked slightly as he took the file from the desk and looked through it.

The managers told her to go back and wait for their notification. And then they moved on to interview the next candidate.

Bella left. Charlie changed his posture. He asked the assistant, "How many people are we hiring this time?"

The assistant replied, "We were going to hire two people, but there are so many applicants that we'd increase it to three."

Charlie nodded, took the pen, and ticked Bella's name. He said to the assistant, "She's hired."

The assistant nodded, and then he told the managers. The managers glance at each other. 'How did Mr. Morgan decide it so quickly? Does he know that woman?'

Charlie interviewed more candidates. Then he got up and went to his office.

Bella got the job because she was excellent and because Charlie had met her before and thus he found her familiar.

Whoever was faced with two people, one looked familiar and the other a complete stranger, he would prefer the former.

On another side..

When Grace woke up, it was ten o'clock in the morning. She was so tired last night that she slept deeply and woke up late.

She called the hospital and was told that the patients were brought in promptly and received appropriate treatment, so some of the patients had almost recovered and some were ready to be discharged.

She asked the restaurant staff to arrange for the compensation. Then she called Mark.

She told Mark everything that had happened last night. Grace ruffled her hair with her red nails.

"I don't mean anything else by telling you the whole thing. Things have been taken care of. I'm hoping you can keep it under wraps."

"I don't want it to be reported on the news. Charlie doesn't know about it yet. I don't want him to know it either. He's been in a bad mood lately. I don't want him to be bothered by this matter!"

Mark responded, "Since you asked, I'll help you."

Grace raised her eyebrows joyfully. "You must help me. Or I'll keep Summer by my side. You'll live alone! By the way, introduce me to some of the famous doctors."

"Charlie could do that." "It's better if you help me on this matter."

You're the most powerful man in

Santabaca. Besides, he doesn't talk to me lately. You know that."

Mark curled the corners of his mouth. "OK. But I think Kingsley might know more doctors, and you can ask him about that. By the way, I'm meeting Charlie at the bar tonight. Are you coming along?"

Grace took a sip of water, "You're setting us up?"

Mark smiled, "Eight o'clock this evening, at Emerald Bar."

Grace hung up the phone. She called Kingsley. Kingsley's voice was mild. He told her to take it easy and that he would introduce her to some of the best doctors.

"Thanks! I'll have Sherman thank you for me!" Grace teased.

Kingsley smiled, his voice gentle, "Come to Lanechett when you have time. I'll arrange

everything for you."

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Grace nodded with a smile and chatted with Kingsley for a little longer. Then she turned to look at Mckenzie, who was still lying in the bed in a coma.

Mckenzie's condition had not improved at all. She was still so weak and had no sign of waking up.

Gazing at her emaciated face, Grace was filled with remorse. What would it have been like if she had promised to go to the restaurant to help?

She was sure that if she had gone there, things wouldn't have turned so bad.

Also, her relationship with Charlie wouldn't have become like this.

Raising her eyebrows, Grace stopped thinking nonsense. She tidied up her things, told some precautions to the nurse and then went to the restaurant

She still had so many ingredients to prepare in both restaurants. Besides, all the materials should be checked to prevent another accident from taking place.

Before Mckenzie fell ill, Grace always found opportunities to slack off on her work.

As long as Mckenzie paid attention to her, she would quicken her actions.

But once Mckenzie looked away, she would slow down and follow her inclinations.

Now that Mckenzie was severely ill, no one else in the kitchen would notice whether she was slacking off or spending time on her mobile phone. However, she became more diligent and attentive than before.

It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon when she finished preparing all ingredients. Her appointment with Mark was at eight o'clock, so there were still two hours left.

She carefully checked all materials in the restaurant and told the manager to check them again before leaving. Afterwards, she drove directly to the hospital.

Since all patients got timely and effective treatment, their condition didn't get worse. Besides, they received their compensation in time.

Grace came to each patient's bed to stay for a few minutes. She asked them about their physical condition and then chatted with them for a while.

After she finished all these things, it was nearly seven o'clock. She immediately left the hospital and drove to the Emerald Bar.

When coming into the private room of the bar, she found that Mark had already arrived. Summer didn't come because she had to stay at home to look after the two children, but Billy was there.

"Please take a seat," Mark said.

Grace took off her windbreaker and hung it aside. After sitting down, she asked for a cup of water instead of wine.

Mark frowned in surprise. "Did you quit drinking?"

"Yes, I am a good girl now. I only drink water, so please don't tempt me with wine anymore!"

Hearing this, Billy couldn't help but cough slightly. It shocked him that Grace had given up drinking.

After a short while, the door was pushed open, and Charlie came in. Upon seeing Grace, he frowned slightly.

However, Grace clearly saw the subtle change in his look.

After sitting down beside Billy, Charlie began to drink glass after glass.

Grace couldn't help reminding him, "Wine is not good for your health, so you should drink less. Didn't you promise me to quit smoking and drinking some time ago?"

Charlie just ignored her and kept drinking, as if he didn't hear her words.

If this had been in the past, Grace would have lost her temper and stepped forward to grab his glass away.

Moreover, if she happened to be in a bad mood, she wouldn't easily let Charlie go. Both Mark and Billy thought that Grace would fly into a rage. After all, she was a hot -tempered girl.

But both of them were wrong. To their surprise, Grace just kept quiet without uttering a single word.

This kind of situation was even rarer than seeing red rain in the sky.

Charlie kept drinking quietly, and Grace still remained silent. This immediately made the atmosphere in the room become awkward.

Mark frowned and said to Charlie, "If you continue to drink like this, you will definitely get drunk."

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"What's wrong with me being drunk?"

From Charlie's face and the look in his eyes, he was a little drunk.

Now the situation was getting a little awkward. Mark had intentionally created this opportunity for Charlie and Grace today, but both of them were in this kind of situation.

Mark gave Billy a look. Billy shrugged helplessly, not knowing what to do.

Seeing this, Mark winked at him, stood up and then said, "It's getting late. We have to leave. Take your time." "Yeah. Take your time. We'll pay the bill.

That's it," Billy said hurriedly.

They two left, leaving only Charlie and Grace in the private room. Charlie kept drinking and Grace didn't stop him.

In such a scene, they two were deadlocked. They remained silent and tense all the time, as if they were holding their breath, and even the sound of a needle falling to the ground could be heard clearly.

Finally Charlie got drunk.

With a "bang", the wine bottle in his hand fell to the ground and shattered.

Fearing that he might hurt himself, Grace stood up and walked over to him. She crouched down in front of him and asked, "Did it hurt you?"

Charlie waved her away and stared at her through his drunk eyes, "You're in a good mood so that you came to the bar?" Hearing this, Grace, who had always been hot-tempered and decisive, was

stunned in situ.

She hadn't expected to hear such words from him.

She knew perfectly well that he was drunk and that what he said was nonsense. There was no need for her to take it to heart, but she did mind.

"You know it's not true."

It was very rare that Grace said something gently, controlling her temper.

"Not true?"

Charlie reeked of alcohol and said, "Now you've volunteered to go to the restaurant. How do you feel?" "Charlie."

How could Grace not be angry?

He got hiccups and then reached out his hand to lick his ear.

"I'm sober and not deaf. Why are you talking so loudly?"

Grace closed her eyes a little, feeling that she shouldn't argue with him, who was very drunk.

Standing up, she kicked the empty wine bottle away and shouted, "Barman, come here."

Her voice was so loud and clear that people around them turned their heads to look at them. The barman came almost at a trot.

When the barman came into the private room, Grace asked the barman to support Charlie with his hands. Her car was parked outside the bar.

The barman helped Charlie get into the car, and then Grace drove away.

Mark was going to create an opportunity for her tonight, but it didn't turn out like this.

Back in the ward, Charlie was asleep in bed. But Grace couldn't fall asleep, so she was standing by the window.

There were two good sayings: "The speaker has no particular intention in saying something, but the listener reads his own meaning into it", and "When wine is in, truth is out."

She hadn't thought much of what he had said this evening. How could she take Charlie's words seriously when he was drunk?

But that argument didn't persuade her.

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Grace couldn't help but think about what Charlie had said earlier. Those words were probably what he had kept in his heart.

She had never been such a torn woman. But in this case, she couldn't make her decision easily.

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In the morning, Grace woke up first.

After washing up, she went downstairs and bought breakfast. When she returned, Charlie was just waking up.

"Let's have breakfast," Grace said.

"Go ahead yourself. I'm not hungry."

Charlie looked aloof. Meanwhile, he got up

and walked to the bathroom.

Grace put breakfast on the table. Her arms crossed around her chest, she blocked his way at the bathroom door, "We need to talk!

"It's 7:40. I have a meeting at 8:20. I need to hurry to the office."

Charlie lifted his wrist and looked at the time.

"Forget it." Grace returned to the table. She was angry. She didn't have breakfast either but threw it straight into the trash.

Charlie saw it all. His eyes twinkled, and he gazed at her back. But Grace didn't turn around. She walked out of the apartment.

After checking on McKenzie in the hospital, Grace left the ward soon. She was afraid that if she stayed any longer, she might do something terrible on impulse. Although Grace didn't want to take care of the restaurant and she didn't have the time, she couldn't get rid of her responsibilities. She prepared the ingredients, delivered them to the branch store, and checked the restaurant's account. After finishing all this, she called Summer.

When Summer saw Grace at first glance, Summer was surprised, "Why are you so haggard?"

Grace looked indeed haggard.

Although her face was as pretty as ever, there was no liveliness or radiance on it. She looked dull.

"How come I not be haggard? I've got a lot on my plate."

Grace raised her hand and propped it against her forehead. She told Summer all

about Charlie's drunken remark.

"Maybe he meant what he said, or maybe it was just meaningless words after getting drunk. Only he knows what he meant."

Summer replied, "Either way, the truth is you two drifted apart because of the incident Mckenzie passed out."

Grace nodded her head, "I know. I was at fault. I don't deny that."

"Now that you admit you were at fault, it's easy. Talk to Charlie! You guys can't go on like this forever. Besides, it was not all your fault; Mckenzie was wrong too."

Grace was listening to Summer in silence. Her hand occasionally trembled slightly as she held her glass of water. She compressed her lips and didn't say another word.

On the other side, Charlie arrived at the

office. Just as he sat down in his office, his secretary walked in. The secretary came to hand in her resignation.

Charlie frowned. He was surprised. The secretary smiled, "I'm more than two months pregnant. I have to rest"

Charlie trusted the secretary and always spoke highly of her work. "You can't quit, but you can take a leave."

"OK. No problem, Mr. Morgan. Since you have said so, how would I have a problem with that?" The secretary said, "But you'll need a new secretary for the duration of my leave."

Charlie agreed.

After thinking about it, the secretary said, "We hired three interns yesterday, but there are only two open positions. How about letting one of them try out for the position? Charlie agreed. The secretary asked again, "Mr. Morgan, which one do you prefer?" "Pass me their files," Charlie demanded.

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Upon hearing this, the secretary handed the documents over. Flipping through them with slender fingers, Charlie said, "Just choose this girl named Bella."

"OK. I'll inform the personnel department first, and then I'll bring her here."

The assistant then walked out of the office.

She couldn't help thinking to herself, 'Does Mr. Morgan know that intern named Bella?'

Half an hour later, she came in again with Bella.

Although Bella was quite nervous, she still tried to calm herself down. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Morgan."

"Well..." Charlie looked up from the documents and said, "You must have heard that you will become my secretary. Do you have any problems with that?"

Bella's heart beat quickly, and she didn't dare to look straight at him. Twisting her fingers together nervously, she said, "No."

"You can leave now. My secretary will tell you the work duties later, and you need to accompany me to a dinner party tonight."

Charlie said without looking up again.

Bella nodded and said "Yes" in a respectful tone.

In the evening, Charlie took Bella to the dinner party. He was going to sign a very important contract concerning a major construction project.

The president of the other party was a lewd man. Within a few minutes, he glanced over at Bella's body several times.

This made her feel quite uncomfortable, but she didn't show any sign of unhappiness, and that president kept urging her to drink more.

Bella had no idea how to refuse his request, so she drank glass after glass without saying anything.

When it was her turn to propose a toast to Charlie, she also drank it up in one gulp. She didn't remember how many glasses of wine she had taken.

When that president persuaded her to drink again, Charlie said, "Well, please stop. After all, wine isn't good for our health."

Hearing this, that president quickly replied a "Yes" and stopped urging Bella. Since the burning feeling in her throat finally disappeared, Bella breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's late now. Let's get together the other day."

Charlie stood up and signaled the end of tonight's dinner party.

Bella was about to go home, but she couldn't find a cab. So Charlie asked the driver to pull over to pick her up.

"Thanks, Mr. Morgan, but I will find a cab myself," said Bella in a flattered tone.

However, when seeing him frown, she stopped insisting on that.

It was quiet in the car. Suddenly, Charlie said, "You seem to be a good drinker..."

Bella blushed instantly. "I'm not..."

"I just asked you to accompany me to the party, and you don't need to drink so much. When that president urged you to drink more, you should decline him."

He said in a calm voice.

Bella felt like a bomb exploding in her head, and her cheeks turned redder. She became a little flustered and said, "Mr.

Morgan, I will..I will try to do a better job next time!"

Her serious and embarrassed attitude somewhat dissipated Charlie's fidgety. With a smile, he said gently, "You are indeed a rookie."

Twisting her fingers together, Bella said nothing more, but she felt that the smile on his lips looked so charming.

Since it was too late, Charlie decided to send her home. He didn't want any accidents to happen to his female employees who accompanied him to dinner parties at night.

Back in the ward, Charlie saw that Grace was watching TV on the sofa.

Seeing him come in, she asked, "Have you had dinner?"

He said "Yes", and she could smell alcohol on his clothes. In fact, he didn't drink too much, but it was unavoidable for him to smell like that.

"Then let's have a talk."

Grace went straight to the point. "Are you still going to treat me like this?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She continued, "We have been like two strangers these days. I admit that I did make a mistake about what happened in the restaurant, but Mom also has her faults, right?"

"She's still unconscious in the hospital, and I don't want to hear such words," Charlie said.

"What kind of words? You don't want me to speak ill of her, right? But what I said is true. Or do you think I should take all the blame?"

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Grace didn't want to argue with him. But after hearing what Charlie had said, she became a little angry.

"I didn't seem to say so. Besides, it was partly my fault," Charlie said while taking off his suit jacket.

"Then let's talk about it. You and I can't be so cold to each other all the time. I don't like it," Grace advised.

Charlie looked back at her and asked, "How to talk?"

Grace was stunned by what Charlie had asked.

Then she said, "It was an accident that Mom fainted this time. No one wanted it to

happen. But since it had happened, shouldn't we accept it calmly instead of alienating each other with such a cold attitude?"

"I can't forget how she fainted."

Charlie said in a low voice, word by word, "I am her son. She told us she wasn't feeling well, but I still allowed you to do those things, which led to her fainting in the restaurant from exhaustion."

"I always remember it clearly. I can't let it go and pretend it never happened. Besides, my attitude and mood aren't going to get better."

"You are blaming me for saying such things."

Grace's face finally darkened, "You think that it was me who made Mom faint."

Charlie didn't say anything. He clenched his water glass with his hand, lifted his head and drank the water off.

"If you think it was my fault, there is no need for us to continue this conversation," said Grace. Then she turned and went to the bathroom.

'With this idea firmly established in his mind, is there any need for him and me to continue this conversation?'

She was lying in the bathtub. The warm water flowed over her, getting rid of her weariness and strain.

Standing out of the bathroom and listening to the sound of water flowing from the bathroom, Charlie's eyes moved slightly as he remembered that she had gone into the bathroom without her slippers.

Thinking about it, Charlie stood up, walked to the nearby shoe cabinet. He took out her slippers and headed for the bathroom but suddenly stopped outside the bathroom.

Maybe he stayed there for five minutes, or maybe for ten minutes.

Then, after thinking for a few moments, Charlie put her slippers at the door of the bathroom.

Grace stayed in the bathtub for a long time until she felt warm and then got out of it.

After picking up a towel and wrapping it around her body, Grace walked out of the bathroom. Her eyes moved slightly and softened as she saw her slippers at the door.

However, Charlie had put on a suit jacket and come out of the ward, looking like he was leaving.

"Where are you going?" Grace's face darkened again.

"I'll go back to the Morgan family's villa and sleep there," Charlie was indifferent and calm.

Grace immediately said, "Then so will I."

But Charlie said, "Well, I'll sleep here."

"Are you avoiding me?" Grace knew what he meant, and then she smiled coldly.

"You don't have to do that. Whether you stay in the hospital or go back to the Morgan family's villa or the apartment, I won't follow you. No matter where you go, I won't be a hindrance for you."

After finishing her words, she threw the towel directly on the ground, picked up her clothes that lay aside and quickly put them on.

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Then she slammed the door shut and left.

Grace drove aimlessly along the street.

Paying Summer another visit was not an option. The only place she could go to was the hotel.

Grace lay down on the soft bed, but she felt no drowsiness whatsoever.

Mckenzie passing out seemed to have created a gulf between Grace and Charlie.

And the gulf had been widening somewhere neither of them could see.

Feeling increasingly fretful, she ran her fingers through her bushy curly hair. Eventually she drifted off.

Charlie didn't sleep. He tossed his suit jacket aside, pulled out his cellphone and called his family. It was the butler who answered the phone. Charlie was told that his wife hadn't returned yet.

Charlie then made a call back to the apartment on the landline, but nobody answered the phone.

He was positive that she hadn't returned to the apartment either, considering her hot temper. He promptly called his assistant and asked him to look into it.

Half an hour later, his assistant called Charlie back and told him that Grace had checked into a suite of Hilton Hotel.

After hearing the reply, Charlie simply said, "I see." Without another word, he hung up, took off his suit and, wearing his shirt, fell asleep.

He didn't go to the hotel that Grace had checked into. He had been in a foul mood, and all he wanted was some time alone.

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The next morning, Summer called Grace and invited Grace to join her for breakfast.

When breakfasting, Grace confided to Summer her relations with Charlie in an honest manner, including the gulf and the unpromising tendency.

"He's upset as well. Mark told me Charlie's father died when Charlie was a little boy. It was Charlie's mother who brought him up. Given his mother's current conditions, Charlie must be devastated right now, so restrain yourself."

Grace exhaled deeply.

"I've been trying very hard to do that.

Really."

"That's reassuring. When your relations with Mckenzie went so sour that you insisted on moving out of that house, Charlie, who was caught between you and her, chose you over her. He clearly opposed his Mckenzie.

"After Mckenzie said those words in the two phone conversations between you two, Charlie tried his best to pacify you, behaving as humbly as he could, but eventually you still rejected him, and you even said Mckenzie was pretending and stuff like that. He didn't get angry, and neither did he say anything else.

"It was not until Mckenzie lost consciousness that his guilt consumed him. I think his resentment is against himself rather than you."

Summer was trying to soothe Grace and help her see sense. Summer had perceived that Grace and Charlie had been drifting apart.

"I knew that, which was why I didn't lose my temper. I'm still subduing my anger." Grace slowly poked at her breakfast with her spoon. "Otherwise I wouldn't have made concessions again and again in front of him."

"I'm glad you know that. Marriage requires both sides to be considerate and understanding."

"Spare me the lecture, master of marriage. I need to go to the restaurant to handle the ingredients. I'll come back as soon as I get it settled."

Her work in the restaurant was all about some trivial matters, but they were quite tiring. Grace found her everyday life repetitious and tedious.

Days passed one after another. Grace went to the restaurant on time every day, and she was still living in that hotel.

She thought that maybe Charlie would call her or come here to look for her.

But her guess was wrong. He had never shown up.

They were still giving each other the silent treatment, and Grace had no idea how much longer the impasse would last.

It had never crossed her mind that someday she and Charlie would silent-treatment each other.

She had believed that she could handle Charlie without breaking a sweat.

But the facts proved that marriage and romantic relationship were not as simple as she thought they were.

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Grace felt more and more tired these days, and she always felt sleepy.

She shook her head to get rid of the drowsiness and then focused all her attention on mashing the ingredients.

After finishing her work, she called Summer and made an appointment to go shopping together with her.

To save time, they went to the Silver Building.

Grace felt a little tired, so she didn't have the energy to go to brand stores one after another. There were all kinds of stores in the Silver Building.

Charlie was downstairs, followed by many

employees. He came over to supervise the work. Quite a few stores in this building needed to be replaced.

Bella followed Luke, who looked so handsome. When he moved his long legs, his straight suit pants fluttered.

Summer turned around and unintentionally saw Charlie.

She twisted her eyebrows, tugged at Grace's sleeves, and said, "Your husband is here!"

Since Grace hadn't seen Charlie for several days, she was very excited at this time. But she raised her eyebrows and nodded faintly.

"How pretentious! You weren't like this before!" Summer glared at Grace angrily, waved her hand, and shouted, "Charlie!"

Hearing her voice, Charlie looked up and saw Grace and Summer on the second floor.

Summer took Grace's hand and went downstairs.

When they were about to go downstairs, Grace got rid of Summer's hand and checked her clothes and makeup elegantly.

Then she walked over slowly and directly took Charlie's arm.

Charlie glanced at her, moved his arm slightly, and was ready to move away.

However, Grace pulled his arm more tightly, "Summer hasn't eaten anything for lunch, so it's your treat."

"I still have work to do." Charlie frowned slightly.

"Even if you have work to do, you should have lunch. There are many restaurants in the Silver Building. Let's go now. You can continue your work after lunch." Grace said and tugged on his arm.

Summer didn't say anything.

"Why was she so shameless? It was she who wanted to have lunch with Charlie. Why did she mention me?"

After thinking about it, Charlie turned around to look at Bella lightly, "Let's go together..."

Bella froze and then nodded.

Grace also looked at her.

'The secretary is so young and innocent. But how come I didn't know that Charlie has got a new secretary? His previous secretary was Dolly.'

The four of them went to one of the restaurants in this building. Grace asked for a private room.

Charlie sat with Grace, while Summer sat with Bella. They sat opposite each other.

Occasionally, Bella's eyes fell on Grace.

'Is she his wife?

As my friends at the bar said, she is indeed pretty, with an indescribable charm.

But their relationship doesn't seem to be good. It's hard to say.

They don't seem to get along well. They are not intimate but distant.

I heard that Mr. Morgan is very affectionate with his wife. But now it doesn't seem to be that way.'

Chapter 1500

Bella speculated quietly.

Grace glanced at Bella and then looked at Charlie, who was sitting beside her, "Where is Dolly?"

"She's pregnant, so she took maternity leave." Charlie said. Then he picked up the water on the table and took two sips.

"Okay." Grace nodded and took the menu casually, "Let's order something."

She ordered the medium steak, while Summer ordered the medium well one.

Charlie also ordered the medium steak. They had the same taste.

Bella had never been to such a fancy

restaurant. She was born in an impoverished family and had just graduated from college. At this moment, looking at the menu with expensive food, she didn't know what to do.

Besides, Mr. Morgan was sitting opposite her. It would be inappropriate no matter what she did.

Therefore, she was so embarrassed that she froze.

At this moment, the waiter came over, took the order for the three of them, and then looked at Bella, who was still hesitating.

Noticing the waiter's gaze, Bella licked the corners of her mouth slightly in embarrassment. She was just about to order something casually when Charlie said, "A medium well steak, please." "Okay, sir." Saying that, the waiter nodded respectfully and left.

Bella was stunned.

"The medium steak is slightly fishy. People may not be used to eating it for the first time." Charlie glanced at her and said.

When Bella came back to her senses, her heart was beating wildly. But she took a deep breath secretly, suppressed herself, and nodded, "Yes. Thank you, Mr. Morgan."

Summer raised her eyebrows, glanced at Charlie, and then glanced at Grace.

Grace was calm. She just sipped her water quietly without saying anything.

Seeing this, Summer didn't say anything either but sipped the red wine in her hand quietly. The red wine was very mellow.

Eating steak while drinking red wine was a treat.

The steak was served soon. But everyone was silent. The atmosphere became tense and a bit depressing.

Only the crisp sound of knife, fork and plate collision sounded from time to time.

After a while, Charlie broke the depressing atmosphere.

He said to Bella, "How many stores are to be replaced this time?"

Hearing his words, Bella immediately put down the knife and fork in her hand and said seriously, "Eight. But ten international brand stores want to settle in, so two more stores should be replaced."

"Well, give me the comprehensive materials of all the stores." Charlie put down the knife and fork in his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Morgan." Bella immediately took out the evaluation report by her side, "This is the comprehensive report of 2021."

Charlie nodded slightly, held the report with his long fingers, and browsed it through quickly and carefully.

Grace twisted her eyes slightly, put down the knife and fork in her hand, and looked at Charlie, "Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

In fact, there was a deep meaning in her words. If she knew where he was sleeping, she would follow him, whether it was the hospital, the Morgan family's villa, or perhaps even the apartment.

"I don't know..." Charlie said.

When Grace heard his words, her heart trembled slightly. Out of anger, she directly picked up her purse, stood up, and left the restaurant.

Then Summer put down the red wine glass in her hand. After saying goodbye to them, she also left the restaurant.

Grace walked very fast in her three-centimeter high heels. Summer could only run to catch up with her.

Grace walked to the open-air chair, sat down, and tossed her purse aside. Summer sat beside her, and then Grace said directly, "I really wanted to pour that plate of steak on his head just now!"