

President 1501

Chapter 1501

Summer smiled.

"Because he ordered steak for his female secretary?"

"No, because he refused to sleep together with me at night."

Grace had been talking very explicitly. Her voice was neither too loud nor too small, but it was clear enough for those passing by to hear it.

So, a lot of people around turned their heads and looked at her.

Grace was open-minded and carefree, and she didn't take people's subtle gazes to heart at all.

Hearing this, Summer sighed softly.

"Perhaps the wounds in his heart have not been healed, and Mckenzie is still unconscious in the hospital. You want him to pretend that nothing happened, but that's impossible!"

"I know, so I've been considerate of him. He was indifferent to me and gave me the cold shoulder, and I endured. He didn't want to be in the same room with me, so I moved from the hospital to the hotel. He never looked for me and called me these days, and I didn't say anything. I wasn't like this before."

"I know, but love and marriage will change people. No one can always maintain one character."

Summer also saw her changes.

"I always wanted to unravel those estrangements between us, but he didn't give me time. Will it always be like this between us?"

Grace's eyebrows arched slightly, "It is absolutely impossible for me to let things go on like this!"

"I also really want to find a way for you, but this is your marriage after all. I can't get involved, and I don't know how to help you deal with it."

Summer was also deeply helpless.

"It's alright. I am my own woman, and I have a good head on my shoulders, so don't worry."

They hung out for a while, and then Grace returned to the restaurant. Now She had to handle all the things in the restaurant.

Sitting in the kitchen of the restaurant, she took out her phone, squinted her eyes, and called Charlie again.

"Where are you going at night?" she asked after the phone was connected.

"It's not sure. I don't know now." Charlie still said the same words.

Grace's mood was worse than that at noon. She finally got angry, "Are you hiding me and deliberately trying not to see me?"

"I have to get back to work now, so I'll hang up."

Next to Charlie, the mall manager was reporting his work. And there were a group of people behind him. He felt that it was not the proper time to talk with her, so he hung up the phone without saying many words.

Looking at the phone hung up, Grace was very angry. She raised her hand and threw it out. Then the phone was broken with a

clanging sound.

Seeing this, the waiters of the restaurant all held their breath.

Grace's mood was irritable to the extreme. She wanted to drink and even wanted to dance. She wanted to do whatever could make her indulge.

But seeing there was so much work in the restaurant, she gave up the idea.

Her life was getting more unsatisfactory and more depressed.

She always thought that life would be happy and beatific, but the fact proved that it was not so. As time went by, there were more annoying things waiting for her.

The free and lively Grace in the past disappeared.

Chapter 1502

Charlie went to the bar with Mark in the evening. In the bar, Charlie kept drinking.

Mark couldn't stop him. Feeling helpless, he said, "You can't go on like this. You'd better live a normal life."

"What is a normal life? When my father died, he asked me to treat my mother well. Before she passed out, they often argued, but I never supported her. Now she fainted. I'm sorry for her!"

"I got it. But you have to continue with your life..."

"She supported me in everything I did, but I never listened to her. When I went to college, she wanted me to study finance,

but I wanted to study architecture. So I ended up studying architecture. When I wanted to marry Grace, my mother wasn't satisfied with her. Yet, I ended up marrying her. I didn't take my mother's side every time she argued with Grace after we got married. I didn't even take my mother's words seriously when she called me and said she didn't feel well before she fainted.

I've always treated her badly."

Charlie really couldn't forgive himself.

Mark narrowed his eyes. Charlie and Mckenzie had a deep bond, but Mark didn't get along well with his mother, Yvette, so he didn't know what to say.

It was already dark. Summer called Mark and said the baby wanted to be with Daddy. Hearing the baby's tender voice, he felt softhearted, so he left after saying goodbye to Charlie.

Charlie drank a lot of wine. When he couldn't drink anymore, he stood up and walked out of the bar.

Bella came to be a part-time hostess in the bar again.

Her family was in urgent need of money. She had no choice but to be a part-time hostess. She had a rather high-paying job in the Morgan Group, but it wasn't enough for her to support her family.

The man she served was old and randy. Sitting in the lobby of the bar, the man kept harassing her.

Bella really didn't like this, so she pushed his hand away, "Stop. Don't you want to drink? I'll give you a drink!"

"I don't want to drink. Come on. I want to have fun with you." The man laughed and touched her unscrupulously.

Bella pushed his hand away firmly, "Stop! Otherwise, I'll start screaming!"

Hearing her words, the man sneered and slapped her on the face, "Since you're a part-time hostess, don't pretend to be innocent.

Saying that, the man leaned down, directly pressed on her, and started kissing her. The people around them were whistling and applauding.

Bella was so anxious that she cried, but no one helped her. Instead, everyone was just watching them.

She felt dark and helpless. The man ripped off the buttons of her dress and her red bra was revealed. The man picked up the strap slightly and said with a smile, "Don't pretend to be innocent. You are actually a bitch. How could you wear such a red bra?" Bella kept crying and tried to get rid of the man's hands anxiously.

But the man didn't let her go. At this moment, Charlie gave him a punch. Immediately, the man fell to the ground and wailed.

Charlie stood there coldly. Seeing the unusual aura around him, the man didn't dare to be reckless.

Bella grabbed her clothes and finally felt relieved. She hurriedly wiped her tears.

Charlie took off his suit and threw it to her casually, "Put it on!"

Finally, Bella followed Charlie out of the bar.

Charlie had drunk a lot, so he couldn't drive.

Bella drove the car and saw him frowning from the reflection mirror.

"Mr. Morgan, may I ask where are you going?" She asked.

Charlie didn't say anything. He was so drunk that he had fallen asleep.

Chapter 1503

Biting her lips, Bella had to start the car and drive towards a hotel.

She didn't know where Mr. Morgan lived. Her home was too small, so she could only drive him to a hotel...

Bella had six hundred dollars. She had wanted to drive Mr. Morgan to a hotel near the bar. But that hotel looked quite cheap. He was so noble, so she didn't think it was appropriate for him to live in a cheap hotel.

After thinking about it, she thought the Hilton Hotel was a good choice.

It was a five-star hotel. She could afford a standard room with six hundred dollars.

After arriving at the Hilton Hotel, she

helped the drunken Charlie enter the hotel.

After checking in, she helped him into the elevator.

The elevator door had just been closed when the opposite elevator opened and Grace walked out of the elevator. They didn't come across each other.

Grace didn't eat anything in the afternoon, so she was a little hungry now. She especially wanted to eat something sour.

There was a restaurant outside the hotel. The aroma of hot and sour noodles wafted in the air, which was delicious, spicy, and unusually tempting.

Grace sat down and ordered a bowl of hot and sour noodles.

The tender green cilantro and the bright red pepper floated on the soup, making her have a good appetite at first glance.

She finished eating the hot and sour noodles soon.

It was already nine o'clock in the evening when she returned to her room.

Lying in bed, she wasn't sleepy at all. After she tossed and turned for a long time, her eyes were still open.

So she got up and wrapped herself in the blanket. Then she took out her phone and called Charlie.

At this moment, Charlie still didn't wake up. He was in sound sleep on the bed, snoring lightly.

Hearing the phone ring, Bella looked at it and saw the caller ID "honey".

Then a beautiful and charming woman came to her mind.

Bella immediately looked away. After thinking about it, she didn't answer the phone. She thought that she shouldn't answer the phone.

Grace called Charlie three times. But the reply was, "Sorry, the subscriber you dialed is busy now. Please try again later."

Grace was angry.

He hadn't answered her calls all the time!

'He didn't tell me where he was going to sleep tonight. Nor did he answer my calls. What was going on?'

A wave of hot anger swept through her body. But what should she do?

It was already after twelve o'clock when Grace fell asleep.

Early the next morning.

After Charlie woke up, his head ached from time to time.

He sat up, rubbed his temples with his long warm fingers, looked around, and found he was in the hotel.

He didn't remember what happened last night.

At this moment, he heard the sound of footsteps, so he turned to have a look.

Bella came with a glass of water in her hand and said, "Mr. Morgan, I got some water. Please drink it. It will make you feel better."

Charlie narrowed his eyes slightly and stared at her deeply without saying anything.

Bella was a little embarrassed, so she hurriedly explained, "Mr. Morgan, you were drunk last night. I wanted to send you home, but I didn't know your home address, so I could only drive you to the hotel."

Charlie nodded gently, took the water, and finished drinking it.

Bella relieved slightly and hurriedly took out the breakfast. There were delicious sandwiches, sausages, hamburgers, and a cup of coffee.

Charlie was indeed a little hungry. He got up, went to the bathroom, and washed up casually.

Then he sat down at the table and glanced at Bella, who was standing next to him. He nodded slightly and said, "Please sit down."

She immediately shook her head and kept standing there.

He continued, "Sit down. I'm not used to seeing people stand next to me and watch me during the meal."

Chapter 1504

After hearing Charlie's words, Bella sat down beside him, but she was still very nervous.

Charlie tapped on the dining table, "Dig in."

"Mr. Morgan... I... I've already had breakfast..." Bella waved her hand and sat there as if a statue. But just as she finished speaking, her stomach growled.

"Are you used to lying?" Charlie raised his head slightly to look at her.

She lowered her head without saying anything. Moreover, she didn't know what to say.

Charlie picked up the coffee, took a sip, and said, "Are you afraid of me?"

She was so anxious that she nodded and then shook her head.

But her eyes were as clear and bright as a small deer's. Obviously, there was a tinge of panic in her eyes.

Charlie smiled lightly and began to have a good mood.

Bella's face glowed like the setting sun. She bit her lips lightly without raising her head anymore.

At breakfast, Charlie ate a lot.

However, Bella hardly ate anything.

When they reached the hotel reception, the receptionist immediately stood up and called Charlie "Mr. Morgan" respectfully.

Charlie nodded slightly and told her to refund the money for the room he had stayed last night.

The receptionist took out the money and gave it to him.

Then Charlie turned around, walked out of the hotel, and gave the money to Bella.

She refused to accept it.

After thinking about it, Bella said, "Mr. Morgan, it was my treat. I can afford it."

Charlie smiled. Obviously, he was amused by her words.

"I got it. But this hotel is mine, so I don't have to pay for it. You can put the money away."

She smiled awkwardly and nodded.

The hotel attendant had already got Charlie's car for him. After gesturing for her to get in, Charlie sat in the driver's seat and drove away.

Bright flashing lights flashed in the dark, which seemed to capture something...

Grace went to a bistro, ate some food, and drank a glass of orange juice. Then she immediately rushed to the restaurant to work.

In fact, mashing ingredients was really tiring, especially after they had the branch store.

She often felt pain in her arms and cramps in her legs at night. When her legs cramped up, she almost wanted to give up her legs.

Someone would help her with work at the company, but no one would help her in the restaurant.

The ingredients were top secret. No one

could be involved except her, so she was the only one who was busy.

After mashing the ingredients, Grace started to check the restaurant's accounts and the freshness of the vegetables and meat. She also had to deliver the ingredients to the branch store.

She pinched her cramped calves and leaned against the front desk.

The manager was checking the accounts with her. The street lights were already on outside the windows. Night fell and the entire day passed.

Grace was in a trance.

'After getting up in the morning, I have breakfast and then rush to the restaurant. It is close to the evening when I finish mashing the ingredients. Then I check the restaurant's accounts. It is 10 o'clock in the

evening when I leave the restaurant.

I never thought I would lead such a life.

I'm reckless and carefree. I love fashions and follow the latest trends. My favorite things were going shopping and going to elegant restaurants and bars.

But now...'

At that moment, the manager pushed her arm gently.

The manager pushed her several times before she came back to her senses and looked at the manager in confusion, "What's wrong?"

The manager pointed to her purse, "Your phone is ringing."

After listening to it carefully, Grace opened her purse, took out her phone, and found that it was Summer's call.

'We met yesterday. It is so late now. Why does she call me?'

Chapter 1505

Grace picked up the phone with suspicion and said, "Hello?"

Summer's voice came over, "Did you read today's entertainment news?"

"No. I'm checking the restaurant's accounts. There is no time for that. What happened?"

Summer yawned. "Nothing."

However, Grace narrowed her eyes and said, "Say it!"

"Nothing happened!" Summer stressed again.

"Say it!" Grace's tone was tougher. "Summer, you can't fool me! " 'Summer is not such a boring woman who calls me to ask whether I've read the entertainment news or not. Something must have happened.'

Now, Summer regretted calling her. She said, "It's about Charlie. But don't be angry. They like to chase shadows."

Grace didn't reply to her. She got the iPad next to her and turned it on. She input the name "Charlie" and then the latest news about him appeared.

The title was "The CEO of the Morgan Group Met a Beauty Secretly and the Romance Came out."

And there were two photos — one was about a woman helping him walk into a hotel, the other was taken during the day, from which we could see they stood ahead of the car. Charlie was smiling while the

woman was blushing with her head down, looking shy.

Grace knew this woman, who was Charlie's secretary, with whom she had dinner in the restaurant that day.

It was rare for Grace to lapse into the silence. Her fair finger slid the screen while watching it.

The manager was curious. She leaned to her slightly and saw the red title out of the corner of her eye. She froze for a while and was puzzled. And then, she sat still quickly and didn't look at it anymore.

Grace turned off the iPad. Looking at the time, she stood up and said, "Close the restaurant."

The manager nodded. Before she could react, Grace had walked out of the restaurant and drove to the hotel.

After taking a bath, she turned on the large LCD with a cup of yogurt in her hand and watched horrors, deadpan.

It was the scariest movie during that period. When watching it, people's skin prickled, and they broke out in a cold sweat. The comments were full of horror.

But Grace was not afraid at all and didn't even frown.

Her phone vibrated. She looked down at it and found it was a message from Summer." Where are you?"

"Hotel. Watching a horror movie."

"Didn't you go looking for Charlie?"

Summer sent her a string of face emojis to show the surprise that Grace could be so calm.

Grace said, "I don't want to look for him. Say something else. Do you want to come here to watch horror movies with me?"

Summer was not as idle as Grace. She was tied up with her two children. After thinking for a while, she said, "You believe him."

'Do I believe him?'

Grace looked haunted. No one knew what she was thinking.

Summer didn't chat with her.

Summer thought Grace, who had a volcanic temper, would go to his company and make a scene when seeing that kind of news.

But unexpectedly, she didn't.

Grace also thought she had been changed into a smooth person after working in the restaurant for a long time.

It had nothing to do with believing him or not.

She just suddenly felt tired mentally and physically, which couldn't be put into words.

She pulled out a cigarette and took it into her red lips. She held the lighter and then threw the cigarette into the ash bin.

The news had dominated headline in the noon. Half a day had passed by, and it was evening now. During this period, Charlie didn't even call her to explain.

It seemed that she was not important to him anymore.

After a long time, she phoned him.

It was quickly connected this time.

"Is there anything you need to explain to me?"

"No," Charlie said, "She and I are innocent. Nothing will happen between she and I."

Grace sneered, "She is so close to you."

Just then, a girl's gentle voice came over." Mr. Morgan, do you need some basil for the pasta?"

With a bright smile, Grace threw her phone away and put on the trench coat. And then she drove to the department.

She entered the password. When the door was opened, she saw Charlie eating the pasta in casual attire while Bella was cleaning the room.

Grace kicked off her shoes and put on the slippers. Then she walked quickly toward Charlie and seized him by the collar." Damn you. Who are you kidding?"

Bella was terrified out of her wits there. She wanted to say something. However, Grace threw her an annihilating glance. Then she set her mouth in a grim line and dared not to say anything.

"She is my nanny," Charlie answered her slowly as he ate the pasta.

"Nanny?" Grace looked at him coldly.

"Yes." His answer was brief but clear. He gazed at Bella and said, "You are a great cook. The salary is the same as that of the part-time worker. Do you have any problem?"

Bella shook her head immediately. "No. Mr. Morgan, I got to go."

"Okay," Charlie said.

Now, only Charlie and Grace were in the room. Grace gazed at Charlie who was eating pasta.

"I believe you this time. But next time, I won't believe you anymore. And I sleep here tonight."

Without saying anything, Charlie continued to have soup, looking calm.

Grace lay on the large bed in the bedroom waiting for the man. However, he didn't come in.

She walked out of the room and saw the light of the study was on through the crack of the door.

Then she walked to the study and opened the door. Seeing her, Charlie frowned and said, "What's the matter?"

She just looked at him intently, without saying anything. It seemed that she wanted to see through him. After a moment, she smiled brightly.

Then, she went away, closed the door of the bedroom, and then closed her eyes.

The cold war between them seemed to come to an end from this day forward. However, they seldom talked to each other after she returned to the department. And they also didn't share a room.

When Grace got up in the morning, Charlie had already gone.

And when she came back in the evening, he had been asleep. Though they lived in a department, they didn't communicate with each other.

Bella made dinner for them from time to time. She was an excellent cook. The color of the dishes matches well and they tasted good. She always liked to smile, with dimples on her face. She looked like a beautiful and innocent college student.

Sometimes, Grace saw Charlie smile gently at Bella just as he did to her before.

However, he never smiled at her like that now.

Chapter 1506

Mckenzie was still in a coma. No one had any idea when she would wake up. Grace visited her in the hospital almost every other day.

Grace's life had been quite normal without any drama these days, but she could obviously feel that something was gradually fading away, such as her arrogance, sharpness, and aggressiveness.

After dinner, It was already 9 o'clock in the evening. It was pouring outside, but Bella had not brought her umbrella.

Charlie said, "Let me take you home."

"There are plenty of cabs outside. Take me to the restaurant because I left the account

book here," said Grace while she walked out in a red dress.

Charlie slightly raised his eyebrows and stared at her, "You can check the account book tomorrow. It is not easy to hail a cab."

Bella waved her hand and said, "That's all right. It is not too late and I will be fine to get a cab. Can you lend me an umbrella?"

But Charlie just grabbed his key and walked toward the doorway, which clearly explained everything.

Bella was hesitating and standing rooted to the spot.

Grace frowned. She quickly walked to him, and then grabbed the key from his hand.

While the atmosphere instantly became tense and oppressive, Bella immediately said goodbye and left alone without the umbrella.

Charlie said, "Since when have you become so aggressive?"

"I have always been so aggressive. Don't you know about that?"

Grace threw the key on the coffee table. The collision between the key and the table made a crisp sound.

"Unbelievable," Charlie frowned.

"So, are you feeling sorry for her?"

Grace sneered and gave him back the key.

"Just go. She should be downstairs by now. Hurry up. Don't let her get wet. Why are you still there? Are you expecting me to take her home?"

Grace put her arms around her chest and smiled at Charlie, while her red dress was dancing in the air. She waved the key before his eyes.

Looking up at her, Charlie did not take the key or go downstairs to go after Bella, but went to the study instead.

It was not over. Grace sneered and walked to the study after Charlie.

He was sitting before the desk on which were the documents he had brought from the company. He took out a pen and then signed his name.

"Go back to the bedroom tonight."

Grace stood before the desk, looking straight at him.

"I will stay here in the study."

Without looking up, Charlie was still signing his name.

Grace came closer to him and directly put his documents away.

"How long are we going to continue this kind of life? One month? Two months? One year or two years?"

Charlie did not say anything but took the glass on the desk and took a sip of water.

"I have limited patience. Also, Mom fainted, for which I have to take responsibility. But I am not the one who made her faint, and I am not guilty either. You can not treat me like this."

Grace finally lost her temper.

"Every day, I get so tired from working from morning to night. My legs even become numb. What's worse, I have to face your indifference after going home. What have I done to suffer from all these?"

Mckenzie had been working in the restaurant for several decades, but she never complained.

Grace just worked here for one month...

Chapter 1507

Charlie's eyes twitch. He stated, "You're not guilty. I'm guilty. I'm punishing myself."

"Do you expect me to believe your words? You have accusations and complaints against me in your heart, too. But are you sure this is how it's going to stay between us?"

Were they going to keep living together like this, detached, indifferent, and like strangers?

That night, strangely, Charlie slept in their bedroom, and Grace had no idea what Charlie was thinking. But, whatever, they slept in the same bed.

But they only slept in the same bed, no

conversation, no intimacy.

The two lived on in peace. Life was okay. Things changed a bit between them. They lived in the apartment together, but they didn't talk much to each other.

Grace felt more and more tired lately. For whatever, she couldn't lift her spirits. She was feeling exhausted from the work at the restaurant.

Sherman had returned to Santabaca from Lanechett, and she intended to stay in Lanechett for a couple of days.

When she saw Grace, Sherman was surprised, "Why do you look so haggard?"

"Someone tortured me!"

Grace bit her scarlet lips and sat down.

"Charlie tortured you?" Sherman's eyes lighted up with a snigger. She winked and asked in a playful tone.

"Yuck!" Grace spat at Sherman deliberately. She didn't squirm at all.

"I'd like to let him torture me. He better torture me so badly that I can't get out of bed!"

Sherman laughed and teased, "Woman!

You need some control!"

Grace teased back, "Look at you blushing like a peach, isn't Kingsley being good to you?"

Sherman patted Grace's arm and smiled. She didn't say anything. She handed Grace a bag and said, "This is for you."

Inside the bag was a dress, white, lightly laced, and embellished with tassels. It looked fabulous.

"Wow, it's beautiful!" Grace loved it. Sherman was glad. "When I caught a glimpse of this dress, I thought you would look beautiful in it, so I bought it for you."

Grace giggled, "Honey, you know me so well. I'll be a goddess in this dress."

At that moment, Summer called and suggested, "Shall we go to Friends Bar tonight? We can skip the drinks."

The two immediately agreed.

Grace asked, "How is your life at Lanechett?"

Sherman replied, "Great."

Kingsley and the rest of the family loved the baby so much. They all couldn't get enough of him.

Grace was happy for Sherman when she heard how happy Sherman was. Leaving that bastard Billy seemed like the right choice.

They sat in the cafe for a while. Then Grace led Sherman to Morgan's restaurant. She wasn't done with the work there. She needed to go back and finish her work.

In the restaurant, Sherman was sitting there watching TV shows on the tablet while Grace was mashing the ingredients. It was hot in the kitchen. Tiny beads of sweat perspired on Grace's forehead.

Sherman had never seen Grace work so hard, and she felt pity for her friend.

The ingredients were dense and heavy.

Grace couldn't even stand up straight. It took her a long time to straighten up. Then she drove to the branch store in a hurry to deliver the ingredients.

The manager brought the account book and asked Grace to check it. She thought she could wait until the next day. Sherman had just come back, and Grace wanted to spend time with her friend.

Grace then drove Sherman to the beauty parlor. They got their makeup and hair done.

Grace was a regular customer. The beauty consultant was surprised to see her walk in, "Ms. Livingston, what have you been up to these days? You haven't been here in months."

Chapter 1508

"It's all trivial." Grace didn't say much. She asked for two masseuses to give her and Sherman massages.

Sherman said she remembered the place.

Grace frowned. She was surprised, "Did I ever bring you here? When? Why can't I even remember?"

"A long time ago. And I met Kingsley here. It was super awkward. I've never felt so embarrassed!"

Sherman was caught up in the memory. She had a faint smile on her face.

Grace was immediately intrigued.

Sherman rubbed her eyebrows and told Grace the whole story.

"Wow, did Kingsley think you were a lustful woman?" Grace narrowed her eyes and laughed playfully.

Sherman worked up deliberate anger, lifted her leg, and kicked Grace, but her face was beaming with happiness. Indeed, who would have known that awkward meeting was the beginning of their story?

Sherman and Grace had their makeup on and changed their clothes. Then they went to the bar.

Just as Sherman pushed open the bar door, her brows furrowed. She didn't expect Mark, Billy and Charlie were also there.

Grace was also surprised.

Summer shrugged her shoulders, indicating that she had no idea about it either.

As they were already here, they each took a seat. Grace sat between Billy and Sherman on purpose to separate the two.

The atmosphere was a bit dull, not as lively as expected. Maybe it was because of Sherman and Billy's awkward relationship.

"Aren't we out to have fun? Why are you all being silent? Say something, anything!" Grace tapped on the table.

After a while, the men gathered in a group, and the women gathered on the other side. They chatted about different things.

At intervals, Billy always cast his eyes at Sherman. And one time, Grace caught him looking at Sherman. Grace narrowed her eyes and stared at Billy, her gaze piercing.

"What are you looking at? When Sherman was with you, you didn't cherish her. Now she's another man's wife. Why do you keep

looking at her? You deserve it, you bastard!"

Billy stroked his nose and smiled sardonically. He withdrew his eyes and stopped looking at Sherman.

Later, Grace went to the bathroom, and Billy came over to get a drink. His hand accidentally touched Sherman's. Sherman immediately moved her hand away.

Billy froze. After a few seconds, he found his words, "How are you?"

"I'm fine." Sherman replied politely, nonchalantly, with a distinct detachment.

"It has been so long. I thought we could still be friends." A hint of bitterness was in Billy's voice.

"I'm sorry. I have principles when it comes to making friends. I've never been friends with people who don't have boundaries." Sherman was cold, "Though the past is in the past, the pain won't go away."

Not long after, Summer and Mark were leaving. Their baby was left with the nanny at home. They couldn't stay long. They had to go back.

Grace understood. She waved her hand and let them go. However, Billy stayed. Grace shook her head and sneered, 'What's the point of being so affectionate now?'

Sherman's cell phone rang. Seeing the caller's name, she had a smile on her face. She picked up the phone. Then she frowned in surprise and asked softly, "Are you crazy?"

Grace sitting next to her got curious.

Sherman tucked her hair and told Grace, "Kingsley's on his way over here. He just flew in from Lanechett." "You've only been away from him for a day.

He cannot live without you." Grace sighed, "Kingsley's such a needy man."

Sherman tapped Grace on the back. The woman always talked so shamelessly!

Billy picked up his glass and drank it up. Silently, he drank up one glass after another.

Although he knew very well there was no way Sherman would get back with him, and that his presence annoyed her. He stayed here on purpose to spend more time with her. What the hell.

Kingsley came soon. When he appeared in the bar, there was no fatigue on his face from the travel. He looked elegant and handsome.

His smoky gray pants were neat without a wrinkle, and the sleeves of his white shirt were slightly pulled up. With a light smile on his lips, he extended his hand to Charlie, "Long time no see."

Chapter 1509

Charlie reached out his hand and shook hands with Kingsley.

Then Kingsley turned to Billy. There was the charm and depth of a mature man in his eyes.

"Long time no see! I hope you're doing well."

Although Billy felt upset and embarrassed, in the face of Kingsley's gracefulness and generosity, being self-concerned would make him look childish, so Billy also responded with a nod.

When Kingsley faced Grace, he was about to extend his hand, but Grace shook her head.

"I don't want a handshake! I want a hug!"

OK."

Gracefully, Kingsley opened his strong arms and gave Grace a friendly hug. The look on his face was gentle.

Sherman asked, "Where's the baby?"

"The baby is in Lanechett. I didn't take him. There was not enough time to get everything prepared, and he's too young to travel. He couldn't stand it." Kingsley explained.

"Why did you suddenly come here?" Sherman had arrived in Santabacca at noon, and Kingsley had come in the afternoon.

A soft sigh escaped his thin lips, and Kingsley gazed affectionately at Sherman. His every move carried the charm of a mature man. He looked gentle, but there was deep affection in the bottom of his eyes. "What shall I do? I miss you very much."

With the others around, Sherman blushed. She lightly tugged his chest with her elbow and hissed, "Stop it!"

A man's maturity was a gift through the years. With such charisma, deep affection, and maturity, not only Sherman but Grace, such a bold woman, was also fascinated with him.

Grace wondered in her mind if Sherman would be crazy about Kingsley every day. For sure it was. What woman could stay calm with such a man!

Kingsley wrapped his arm around Sherman's waist. Then he handed Grace a delicately wrapped box. It was a pair of exquisite crystal shoes. He was definitely a gentleman. "Ms. Livingston, you

went to Lanechett several times, but I didn't make the time to give you a good tour. So I brought a gift for you."

"Sherman gave me the dress, and you gave me the shoes. They go right together." Grace laughed.

Staring at the scarlet blush on Sherman's cheeks, Billy couldn't stand it anymore. Blue veins stood out on the backs of his hands, and he nearly crushed the glass. Finally, he got up and swept away.

If he stayed, he would be more frustrated. He had no choice but to leave.

Now only the four were left, and Kingsley had just gotten off the plane, so they didn't stay any longer. They said goodbye to each other and left separately.

Grace and Charlie were walking on the street at the night. The moonlight was tender. Grace took Charlie's arm.

However, Charlie moved his arm slightly and pulled it out of Grace's arm. Grace was dumbfounded. She stopped walking.

Charlie was still walking forward. Soon there was a distance between them. The distance was neither short nor long.

Grace's pretty face changed color. She raised her arm and threw the shoebox at Charlie's back.

The shoe box hit right on Charlie's back, and the sparkling shoes fell to the ground. Charlie felt the pain in his back. He stopped his steps.

Grace hastily strode up to him with big steps. There was furious anger in her eyes.

The anger that she had been suppressing recently finally burst out as a volcano erupted.

"Charlie, what the hell are you putting this stinky face on for? Do I owe you money? If you don't want to see me, or if I disgust you, we can go get a divorce. It'll all be over. You'll be happy then, and I'll be seeing other men!"

"Do you think no one wants me except you? Well, I'm telling you, there is a line of men waiting to be dating me!" Grace roared, venting her anger.

Charlie remained silent. He didn't say a word. Grace didn't know what was going through his mind.

Grace smiled bitterly, and then she picked up the shoes on the ground.

She turned around and went in the opposite direction. She went to another hotel.

Chapter 1510

Life went on. Grace was busy at the restaurant during the day.

In the evening she returned to her hotel. She would find time to go shopping with Summer and Sherman.

Charlie hadn't called her since the night they had a fight and Grace lost her temper!

It had been over a week. The two never contacted each other.

In fact, Grace checked her phone every night but was disappointed every time. In one week, she smashed three phones out of indignation.

This day, Sherman and Kingsley were going back to Lanechett, and Grace and

Summer went to the airport to see them off.

They hugged each other and said goodbye, and Grace and Summer watched the two go through security.

Just as Grace and Summer were about to go back, Grace caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. It was Charlie.

And with him was Bella. There was a faint smile on Charlie's face, and there was a special feeling of tenderness, warmth, and some subtle affection in his eyes.

Grace saw it clearly, and she knew the look in his eyes. Summer looked in the direction of Grace's gaze in amazement, and then she frowned.

When Summer got aware of the situation, the two had got in the car. Charlie opened the door for Bella.

Summer looked at Grace with concern.

But Grace looked quite nonchalant. She casually took out her cell phone and called Billy, "Where has Charlie been these days?"

"He went on a business trip. What's going on?" Billy asked, "He went to the Athana to sign a contract with WG."

Grace hung up the phone. Then she called Charlie.

There was no answer on the phone. She dialed his number again. Then the line was busy. She tried another time and was still on the line. She didn't give up, yet finally, Charlie turned off the phone.

The whole time, Grace stood there and dialed Charlie's number eight times. Charlie hung up, and Grace dialed it again!

Summer called at Grace softly, and Grace looked back at her and even worked up a smile on her face, "Let's go back." Although Summer had known Grace for so long, she didn't know what was going through Grace's mind at the moment.

Summer was worried that Grace would do something crazy.

Although Grace told her to go home, Summer didn't leave.

Grace went into the kitchen of the restaurant as usual, busy preparing and mashing the ingredients. She looked as if there was not a worry on her mind.

But Summer thought it was the tranquility before the storm came in.

Preparing the ingredients was busy and exhausting.

Grace took the hammer in her hand and pounded on the ingredients repeatedly.

It was summertime, and the sun was already blazing outside. The bright sunlight was blinding.

The kitchen was extremely hot, especially with the stove in it. The heat in there was dazzling.

Summer stood a distance away from the stove, but still sweated all the time. The sweat kept drilling down her back, and she was irritable.

'This damn weather! Why is it so hot!'

Summer finally couldn't watch Grace work anymore. She walked up to Grace, grabbed the hammer out of her hand, and tossed it aside. "You're crazy!"

Although Grace was the owner of the restaurant, she worked harder than the employees.

The employees at least could take a break and work in the hall with the air conditioning, but Grace was doing the hardest work in the hot kitchen.

Grace sat up straight in her chair and raised her hand to wipe the sweat off her forehead, "What's wrong with me?"

Summer shook her head, "You're so quiet.

This is not you!"

Sherman used to be the quietest and calmest of the three.