

President 1561

Chapter 1561

"That night, in order to deal with t things, she stayed in the hospital for an entire night. She was afraid that the news would affect the business of the restaurant, so she called Mark and asked him to help her suppress the news."

"She didn't want you to know and didn't want to affect the business and reputation of the restaurant. At that time, you were having an ambiguous relationship with the secretary of the company! You are really a jerk."

"The distance between you and Grace got farther and farther. You even had no time to meet each other every day. In order to save this relationship, even though she was very tired and busy, she still took time to go to the company to have lunch with you every day." "But you told her not to bring company. Well, you were busy having lunch with your secretary and praised her cooking."

"But you would never know that one day when she delivered lunch for you, she bumped into a car because of fatigue. Her forehead was red and swollen. She has

never told you about these things!" "Because st something pleasant. Even when you two were in a cold war, she was so arrogant that she did so many things that didn't fit her character. She stayed in the restaurant for more than a month. What do you think

she wanted?" Summer had thought that sayint words would make her happy, but now she only felt tired.

She suddenly didn't want to continue.

"She's arrogant. Of course she won't say these things to you. I just don't want her to feel so wronged. Charlie, do you still think you love her?"

"She comes from a rich family. Although her family can't compare with the Morgan family, she has no worries about living a comfortable life in the future. She can

refuse to work in the restaurant." "She has a su family. If she didn't marry you, she would live a carefree life every day and she

wouldn't get herself into such a situation." "Wh marriage? It's just suffering for her, so

don't deny what I said. You only love her face, figure and the pleasure she gave you. There's nothing else!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she gave Charlie another slap in the face in front of

Mckenzie. "You've spent so much time with free, and she was working as a slave. I should get it back for her!" Charlie was caught slapped him again in front of her. "So what if I slapped him twice after he has spent so much time with her? She didn't ask you for a house or money. Can't I slap him a few times?"

Charlie didn't say anything. He just stood there and looked at Summer. His

handsome face was hot and his heart was beating wildly.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do you want to return the two slaps I gave you?"

Summer stared at him coldly. She could clearly see his chest rising and falling violently.

So, did he get irritated by the two slaps?

If he thought that she would be afraid of him, he was absolutely wrong. Why would Summer be afraid of him?

"Okay, then I'll give you a chance to fight back!"

As she spoke, Summer walked up to him. She raised her chin slightly and turned her left cheek to him. "I'll only give you three seconds. If you don't fight back within three seconds, then I..."

She stopped talking abruptly. Instead of continuing, she looked straight at him and counted in her heart, "One, two, three!"

Chapter 1562

After hearing those words, Charlie didn't fight back but remained standing there with the same action as before.

However, Summer showed a cold smile and gave him another slap without mercy!

Summer used almost all her strength to slap Charlie. Charlie didn't expect her to do that. A bright red palm mark immediately appeared on his handsome face.

How could Mckenzie bear to see her son keep being slapped? She yelled at Summer, "How could you slap him? It's none of your business!"

"I slapped him because I'm rich. If he gets hurt, my husband will pay the medical

expenses." Summer didn't care about her words but continued, "Listen carefully, before I slapped your son for the last time, I gave him three seconds to fight back. But he missed the chance! You shouldn't blame anyone!"

She did try hard to slap him. Now she felt a tingling in her palm.

"You..." Mckenzie said angrily, but she didn't know how to refute Summer. Summer was ruthless and determined when she dealt with things and she took what she did for granted.

After that, Summer felt less angry.

Summer didn't want to stay here any longer. She crossed her arms and tapped her finger on the divorce agreement on the table, "Sign it. Then, I'll leave!"

Charlie looked over under her gaze. His heart couldn't help but pound.

He was about to say something when he heard some footsteps.

The three of them looked over there and found it was Mark.

Summer frowned, "Why are you here?"

"It is so late, and you haven't been back home. I was worried about you..." Mark said in a warm voice, his straight gray pants swaying.

As soon as Mckenzie saw Mark, she immediately told him what Summer had just done, including how she had insulted her and how she had slapped Charlie.

"Why are you so naughty?" There was sternness between Mark's eyebrows but there was much gentleness and pampering in his voice.

"Madam, I heard that people should follow their nature. Since Summer is such a helpful and righteous girl, I can't do anything about her. She just likes to teach a lesson to those who do wrong. I'm sorry you have to see her do this." He said these words to defend Summer and deliberately belittle and blame Charlie and Mckenzie.

Mckenzie understood his words. She got even more angry, but she couldn't vent her anger.

However, Summer showed a light smile at the corners of her mouth and her eyes.

'Mckenzie must be very angry and sad!'

If Summer had known that Mark was so sarcastic, she should have come with him just now. That scene must have been very wonderful!

A small sound came. A woman said in a soft voice, "Mr. Morgan."

It was Bella.

She had inquired about Mckenzie's ward, so she came over with a gift to find out something about Charlie. But she didn't expect so many people to be in the ward.

Charlie frowned. At this moment, the ward was chaotic, so he said in annoyance, "What are you doing here?"

Chapter 1563

Bella was very sensitive. She immediately perceived his mood swing.

Her lips compressed momentarily before she answered gingerly, "I got some urgent documents which are subject to your approval."

Not daring to say that it was about private matters, she made up an excuse and told them it was about business affairs. Then she handed the basket of fruits to Mckenzie. "I hope you get better soon, Madam. I'm your son's secretary."

"Thank you," Mckenzie took it.

Summer found herself unable to keep her cool. She thought, 'Things have already

come to this, and yet she still has the nerve to pretend?

'Secretary? Ha, who does she think she's kidding?'

"Are you sure you're his secretary, not his mistress trying to become his wife?" Summer ruthlessly nailed her lie.

Bella's face instantly darkened. Out of the corner of her eye, she glanced at Summer and found that she looked somewhat familiar.

Summer began to walk forward.

Behind Bella was a water dispenser.

Summer casually picked up a glass from the table beside her, walked over, filled it with water and, turning around, deliberately shouldered Bella hard. The latter lost her balance and toppled to the floor.

Bella bumped her knees on the floor. It was summer, and she was wearing a thin dress, and the floor was made of solid marble. Bella felt as if her knees were about to shatter.

Unable to get to her feet, she looked at Charlie with a deeply injured expression on her face.

"How do things usually work in these circumstances in TV series? Oh, I remember. You should just keep that injured and piteous look on your face. It'd be best if you squeeze out some tears.

That's how home wreckers seduce men in all TV series. It's only too obvious I'm bullying you. Tattle on me to him. Go on."

Smiling, Summer squatted down in front of Bella, flicked a few glances at Charlie and then added provocatively, "There is nothing I detest more than double-faced women. What's that line again? Oh, 'Bitches are bitches'!"

Charlie stood where he was, wordless.

He tossed occasional glances at the divorce papers on the table. His face gradually became inscrutable and sullen.

His eyes did not move to Bella, and he looked as if he hadn't heard Summer's words, seemingly pondering over something.

Still staring at Charlie, Bella noticed his facial expression. For some unknown reason, she felt a pang of panic.

Mark kneaded his eyebrows with his slim fingers and remarked in a deep voice, "It's getting late. You need to put SpongeTim to bed."

Feeling that she had inflicted enough humiliation on Bella, Summer straightened herself and said, "All right. Mr. Morgan, please sign this thing. I've got other things to do."

"Just go. I'll come back and get the papers for you tomorrow morning. You really should get going. The nanny has called three times saying SpongeTim wouldn't stop crying."

Mark walked over and put his arms around Summer's shoulders.

Tim had been suffering from a high fever lately.

His symptoms had abated slightly only earlier today. Therefore, after hearing that the child kept crying, Summer promptly said, "Remember to come here and get the divorce papers for me on your way to work tomorrow morning."

With that the two of them headed for the ward door. Mark blandly said goodbye to Charlie, but Summer walked out without so much as a backward glance.

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The ward finally quieted down, and the three of them were the only ones left.

Mckenzie helped Bella to her feet from the floor.

She believed that there was definitely something going on between Charlie and this supposed secretary, given Summer's words.

Sitting beside the hospital bed, Mckenzie asked Bella some questions: how long she had been working in the company, what her previous job had been, what her parents did for a living, how old she was, etc.

Bella fought through the pain to answer the

questions in a low voice.

Chapter 1564

However, Charlie suddenly stood up and directly interrupted Mckenzie, "Enough! I'll send you home!"

After saying that, he picked up the car key on the table casually and took the lead to walk out of the ward.

Bella endured the sharp and intense pain in her knee and followed him out of the ward.

As they sat in the car, Charlie kept silent as usual.

Bella couldn't help but ask, "Can I tell others about our relationship next time?"

Charlie didn't say anything but parked the car on the side of the road and went to the pharmacy.

Then he returned with a band-aid, handed it to her, and said, "Put it on."

Bella was delighted as if she were a flower in its full blossom.

While she was putting on the band-aid, Charlie said softly, "Don't call or text me for the time being. Don't come to the hospital or the restaurant either..."

Hearing his words, Bella froze in place like a statue.

She suspected she had heard wrong.

'What did he mean?'

However, Charlie had already started the car and continued on his way. He drove very fast, and the scenery on both sides of the road flew backwards...

He drove very fast but unusually steadily.

But Bella's heartbeat wasn't that steady.

Her heart kept pounding.

After a long time, she said slowly, "What do you mean?"

"I'm speaking literally..." Charlie looked ahead and concentrated on driving the car.

'What exactly did he mean?'

Bella didn't know if she should continue speculating at this moment.

After thinking about it, she thought that maybe her words had provoked him just now, so he said those words to her.

She pursed her lips and said very carefully, "If you don't want to disclose our relationship for the time being, just let it be. I don't care about it."

In fact, how could Bella not care about it? However, after he had said those words, she didn't want to dwell on it or even break up with him.

"It has nothing to do with whether to disclose our relationship or not. Remember what I said." Charlie said.

Obviously, he didn't want to talk with her anymore.

Bella wanted to say something more. But after thinking about it, she remained silent, not knowing what to say.

A black Bentley stopped in front of a residential building. Obviously, the gorgeous and extremely expensive car contrasted with the somewhat dilapidated and dirty residential building.

Just as Bella got out of the car, Charlie drove the Bentley away. She was a little disappointed and lonely.

When she returned home, her mother asked her how it was going.

Bella told her mother what had happened between her and Charlie this evening.

Hearing that, her mother said, "You should do as he said. Different from other men, he is like a kite. You should not control him but give him freedom. When he stops, he will belong to you."

Bella nodded and added, "But I'm very upset."

"Don't worry. You should get a good night's sleep." Her mother said, "Just do as he said."

When Charlie returned to the hospital, it was very late.

Chapter 1565

Charlie's cheeks swelled up after being hit. McKenzie felt sorry for him and hurriedly put ice on his face, complaining, "She's a teacher but so arrogant! Why did you just let her beat you?"

She had never beaten her son!

"I didn't expect her to do that."

Charlie pressed the ice against his swollen face. "Besides, how could I hit a woman?"

"Tell me what happened between you and your secretary," McKenzie said.

Charlie was unwilling to mention it. "Forget it. I'll tell you after I think it over. It's too late. Go to bed."

McKenzie wanted to say something, but he had already turned and walked into his room.

Seeing this, McKenzie had to bite her tongue.

The room was light. Charlie had changed into a bathrobe.

He was sitting on the sofa. The divorce papers were on the table in front of him. He was holding a cigarette between his long fingers. Cigarette smoke drifted over him with a strong smell.

He smoked one cigarette after another. After a while, the ashtray was stuffed with long and short butts.

Summer's curses still echoed in his mind.

Grace's face once again rose before his eyes. She smiled, sometimes flirtatiously and sometimes pleasantly.

He swallowed and took a deep breath.

He didn't sleep all night, sitting on the sofa. He smoked three cartons of cigarettes. The smoky room was suffocating.

Charlie didn't sign the divorce agreement.

In Ridorf.

Early morning.

Grace just woke up. She casually pulled back her curly hair with her fair slender fingers, walking towards the bathroom.

When she passed by the living room and saw Andrew sitting on the sofa, she raised her eyebrows, picked up a pillow, and threw it at the back of his head!

Andrew was agile. Feeling the cold wind behind him, he quickly turned aside to dodge the pillow.

Resting his arms on the sofa, Andrew turned to look at Grace, tutting and then whistling. "My eyes deceived me. D cup!"

Grace didn't wear a bra while sleeping. She had to freshen up in the morning, so she just casually tied her belt, revealing her fair breasts.

Andrew, who thought that he was the one who paid the money, always slipped into her room before she knew it.

At first, Grace seriously warned him but it didn't work on this shameless man. She then used her fists. Sure enough, fists were much more powerful than words.

Early in the morning, Andrew was chased by Grace, running around inside the suite.

After quite a while, Andrew gasped and stopped. He propped his hands on the sofa, blinking at her. "I have good news for you."

"Just get to the point!" Grace was also panting, saying bluntly.

Andrew's eyes twitched. He thought the way she spoke didn't match her pretty face. "My cousin decided to use your design."

"Really?" Grace, who was always calm, couldn't hide her joy. Her eyes were as bright as stars. "You did me a big favor!"

"Of course. Don't be so violent towards me and he said you have the right to claim authorship. When you join his team..."

Andrew gazed at her charming face. "You'll soon make a name for yourself in France and become an outstanding jewelry designer!"

Grace tutted, shook her bathrobe, and sat casually on the sofa. She faced Andrew, curving her beautiful red lips. "Talented people can always get what they want. You should learn from me..."

Andrew was speechless.

Chapter 1566

After a pause, Andrew said in a low voice, "Your belt is loose! I see your nipples!"

Immediately, Grace kicked him in the shins and went to the bathroom.

She had rarely thought of Charlie these days. After being depressed for so long, she could finally relax.

Early morning.

Charlie was exhausted, physically and mentally.

He didn't intend to go to the restaurant.

Mark came in and asked, "Have you signed the divorce papers? I'll take it away." "No. Go for a drink with me." Charlie wore

the same clothes as yesterday. They were wrinkled. He seemed to be in the doldrums.

Mark frowned. He went to a bar with Charlie. In the private room, Charlie drank a lot, saying, "You advised Billy at that time, but why did you ignore me?"

"You are more mature than him..."

Mark calmly said, "He couldn't resist temptation. You're very clear about what you want..."

"Clear about what I want?"

Charlie murmured and laughed. He tilted his head and drained a glass of wine. "But even now I don't know what I want..."

Mark said after a moment's silence.

"Anyway, Grace did a lot for you. When you married her, I didn't like her. She's too straightforward and fiery. I knew your married life wouldn't be peaceful.

"But now I feel sorry for her, not you, my best friend. I changed my opinion of her when she dealt with the food poisoning in the restaurant and asked Kingsley and me to get a doctor without telling

you. I saw her change and stoicism, but you two finally split up. She just made some small mistakes. You're the culprit."

Charlie was drinking constantly. As he heard what Mark said, Grace's figure resurfaced in his mind.

"It's all right. Now you get what you want. She is free again, and your mother has woken up. Everything is fine."

Mark didn't try to persuade him to make up with Grace.

"She's an uninhibited woman. While your mother was in a coma, she was very depressed. It was unlucky for her to marry you. You're not the only one who is injured.

"You only care about what you're suffering and ignore her. You're selfish."

"But what should I do?"

Charlie looked up, swallowing. "I'm not going to sign the divorce papers. I thought a lot last night..."

Mark picked up a glass of wine and downed it. He stared at Charlie thoughtfully, saying in a deep voice, "You haven't figured out the situation, have you?"

After Charlie drank another glass of wine, his thoughts wandered, but he was still sensible and clear-minded. "What do you mean?"

"It's not up to you. Whether you want to sign the divorce papers or not, it doesn't matter. Grace is the one who can end your relationship. Do you think what you say carries weight?"

Mark reminded him indifferently, "This is the situation."

Charlie kept swallowing. His eyes instantly turned gloomy.

They were glazed as if covered by a veil of mist.

"When you told her that you had feelings for another woman, you should have thought of what would happen then, right?" Mark asked evenly.

Charlie was speechless. His right hand holding a glass couldn't stop shaking.

He pulled out a cigarette with his left hand and began to smoke. He had to admit that what Mark said made sense.

"So you'd better sign the divorce papers." Mark tried to convince him.

Yet Charlie shook his head, breathing out a stream of smoke. The room was smoky. "I don't want to sign it."

"Since it has come to this, whether you insist or not, you can't change anything."

Mark continued.

"I think now that she has made the decision, she won't give in. Even if you don't sign it now, you'll have to sign it one day."

Charlie didn't speak again, smoking.

Mark took the cigarette away from his hand and threw it into the trash can." Smoking is not helpful. You can't solve any matter by smoking."

Charlie closed his eyes, frowning and mussing up his thick hair with his long, slender fingers.

Meanwhile, Mark's cell phone kept ringing. He had a very important meeting at his company today.

Glancing at the phone clock, Mark straightened his suit and stood up. "There's an important meeting. I must leave now. I hope you can sign the divorce papers when I come over in the evening and let me take it away."

He then walked out of the bar, leaving Charlie alone.

Learning that Charlie didn't go to the company, McKenzie was very anxious and called him constantly, but Charlie didn't answer.

Where the hell did he go?

Why didn't he pick up the phone?

Charlie sat in the bar until noon. There was an overpowering smell of alcohol around him.

His car was parked outside the bar. He got in and started the car, driving towards the Valentine mansion.

Mark went to work, but today was Saturday, so Summer was staying in the villa with her children.

Charlie entered the mansion.

Hearing the footsteps from outside, Summer looked up.

Seeing Charlie, Summer said coldly, "Are you here to deliver the divorce papers?"

"No! I came for her!" Charlie replied.

Standing up. Summer asked the maids to take the two kids away and then looked at Charlie. "What do you want to see Grace about?"

"It has nothing to do with you. Just tell me her phone number or address."

"Are you kidding?"

Summer sneered. "I'm her agent. She asked me and the lawyer to deal with the divorce for her. You just need to sign the divorce papers. What's the point of seeing her?"

Chapter 1567

Charlie swallowed and breathed deeply. " Then tell her I won't sign the divorce papers!"

"So you've got a new idea?"

Summer didn't take it seriously.

"I don't care whether you'll sign the divorce papers or not, but I'd like to remind you. Don't forget you're in a nation of laws.

"It doesn't matter if you don't sign it now. If Grace sues for divorce, you have to sign, so why do you have to insist? You're in love with your secretary. Grace is sensible. She has given you the chance to pursue your true love. She offers to divorce you and doesn't ask for a cent. What else do you

want?

"Do you want a threesome? Or are you tired of your secretary and want to get back together with Grace?

"Huh, do you think it's possible? Grace is not a dustbin. She won't accept rubbish!"

Summer grabbed the mop from the maid's hands and threw it at Charlie!

In the end, Charlie was beaten and chased out of the mansion by Summer.

In the Morgan family's villa.

Charlie went back to his bedroom, locked the door, and closed the thick curtains. The room was plunged into darkness.

He leaned against the window, slowly sliding down.

He was thinking of what had happened to him these days.

In the beginning, Mckenzie's legs were injured. She repeatedly said she couldn't go to the restaurant. Then he tried hard to coax Grace.

Grace refused firmly.

No matter what he said, she was unwilling to go to the restaurant. Mckenzie went to the restaurant, fainted, and became unconscious.

He panicked, fearing that she would never wake up.

Thus, he was angry with Grace and felt guilty.

He kept thinking that if Grace had agreed, his mother wouldn't have been in a coma

His mother brought him up. He was increasingly afraid that she wouldn't wake up, feeling more and more guilty and

resentful.

As soon as he saw Grace, he couldn't help thinking of Mckenzie fainting.

Therefore, he began to subconsciously stay away from Grace. He became indifferent to her, which made him feel a little better.

After that, he met Bella twice in the bar. She was a barmaid there. He then saw her many times in the company.

He naturally remembered her and was familiar with her face.

So he chose her as his secretary.

He was in a fret at that time, and Bella always quietly followed him.

He needed peace, so Bella appeared just in time.

She was very quiet and could calm him down.

She occasionally cooked lunch and brought it to the office. Those were all ordinary dishes. The tastes were very similar to what Mckenzie cooked.

When he was very young, Mckenzie cooked three meals a day for him.

Later, the restaurant was busy. She didn't cook for him again.

The lunch reminded him of what Mckenzie cooked for him. He thought that was what he needed.

Things happened naturally. He felt comfortable staying with her. The familiar tastes of the lunch also helped him relax.

Chapter 1568

Charlie felt that he had feelings for her.

He was suffocating while staying with Grace, while Bella gave him a sense of peace.

He enjoyed seeing her happy face. She was easily satisfied and shy.

Meanwhile, Grace was pushing him.

He didn't want to continue to hide it from her, so he told her that he had feelings for Bella!

Grace never gave him the same feelings.

He was thinking that maybe Grace was not the most suitable woman for him.

Then they talked about divorce. He went to

the restaurant and understood how hard the work was. His mother woke up. Yet he was a little disappointed after spending time with Bella.

They didn't have common interests and could eat together without saying a word.

Even if they were staying alone with each other, they didn't have common topics.

They were always trying to make conversation. Thus, they couldn't get close to each other.

He wondered if he really wanted to be with this woman.

They didn't have common interests or tease each other or quarrel. They were strange to each other.

He thought this was not what he wanted. He was clear about it!

Therefore, Charlie called Bella. "We're done

here. I'm the president, and you're my secretary. That's all!"

Without waiting for Bella's reply, he directly hung up the phone.

Immediately after that, he called Summer to ask for Grace's phone number and address with determination.

Summer didn't answer the phone. As soon as he called, she dismissed it.

Finally, she turned off her phone so that he couldn't call her.

She was not going to answer Charlie!

Charlie didn't give up. He then called Mark.

"I don't know her address or phone number. You're asking the wrong person." Mark continued, "I'm not close to her. She didn't need to tell an outsider where she went."

"Summer should know it. Help me ask her."

Charlie didn't let him go.

Summer and Grace had been good friends since childhood. Even if others didn't know where Grace was, Summer knew it.

Now, Summer hated Charlie very much, so she wouldn't tell him, but Mark was different!

"She doesn't know it either. Even if I call her, I can't get what you want."

Mark answered. There was the sound of people discussing in the meeting.

Charlie was not convinced, while Mark had hung up the phone.

Charlie could only call Summer again." Sorry, the subscriber you dialed is power off When Mckenzie came back in her wheelchair, she saw that Charlie kept calling to ask about Grace's whereabouts.

Mckenzie was worried. She had a bad feeling.

Since Grace had sent the divorce papers over and didn't want the Morgan family's property, Charlie only needed to sign it.

However, why was he constantly asking about Grace's news?

"Why do you want her phone number and address?" she asked.

Chapter 1569

"I won't sign the divorce papers."

Charlie looked up at her.

At these words, McKenzie furrowed her brow. "Aren't you in love with another woman? Why are you unwilling to sign the divorce papers?"

Mckenzie could stand that Grace had a bad temper and didn't like to work at the restaurant.

However, Mckenzie couldn't stand that Grace couldn't have children.

Finally, they were going to divorce. Mckenzie couldn't let them make up.

Yet Charlie was no longer willing to

answer. He got up and walked towards his room.

He was depressed these days.

After Charlie called Bella, she couldn't sleep anymore.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Bella, who was wearing pajamas and holding a glass of water, walked back and forth in the living room, her hair messy.

Her mother came out to use the bathroom. She didn't turn on the light. As she saw the figure wandering by the window, her face turned pale with fright. She shrieked.

Bella hurriedly turned the light on and called her mother.

"It's so late. Why are you standing by the window? I thought I saw a ghost! Why aren't you sleeping?"

Bella's face looked even sadder after her mom said that. She told her mom what had happened.

Her mom was stunned. "Why did he suddenly break up with you?"

"I don't know. He called me this evening and said we were done."

Bella hadn't recovered from the shock yet." It was very sudden."

It happened without any signs. They didn't quarrel. She couldn't figure out what was wrong.

"I'm confused. Could it be that another woman approached him?"

Her mother was speculating. She believed there must be a reason.

"No. Mr. Morgan has been working in the restaurant these days. He didn't even go back to the company. He was very busy every day. He had no time to date another woman."

Bella was sure about it.

Her mother was even more confused.

However, she was not the person in question. She thought for a while and said," Before he has made up his mind, there is hope. Don't give up."

Bella was upset.

She didn't know what she should do. As usual, her mother told her to be gentle, wait and see what would happen, and deal with it.

There was no better way. Bella could only nod.

"If there is anything between you two, just tell me. I can give you some advice." Still nodding, Bella was secretly thinking about why Charlie suddenly broke up with her.

Was it because she asked for too much, or did he think that she was not as beautiful as his ex-wife?

Her mother had gone to sleep, while she spent all night thinking about this question.

As for the divorce agreement, Summer was urging Mark. As a result, Mark urged Charlie, who still refused to sign it and kept asking for Grace's phone number and address.

Summer didn't tell him. Charlie could only call his assistant, asking him to investigate.

Half an hour later, the assistant told him Grace's whereabouts. She flew to Paris and then to Athens. Yet there was no more information about her address...

Chapter 1570

Therefore, the clue was almost useless for Charlie.

Yet he asked the assistant to continue to track down Grace and tell him as soon as there was news!

Charlie was still working at the restaurant, but he was distracted.

Mckenzie called Charlie's company and asked Charlie's secretary to come to the hospital.

If her memory served her right, that secretary was the woman that Charlie liked. Mckenzie intended to take a look.

When Bella came to the hospital, she greeted Mckenzie warmly and bought her flowers and fruits.

Mckenzie was very satisfied with Bella's politeness.

As for the rest, Mckenzie hadn't investigated.

However, it was not important for now.

Mckenzie wanted Charlie to forget Grace and sign the divorce agreement as soon as possible.

She was kind to Bella, who was flattered and smilingly echoed Mckenzie.

In the evening, Charlie was called to the hospital by Mckenzie. As he stepped into the room and saw Bella, he frowned slightly without saying a word.

The dinner was ready. After dinner, Mckenzie asked Charlie to send Bella home. "She's good-tempered, gentle, and mild. She chatted with me in the hospital all afternoon. I feel better now. It's too late. It's hard to get a cab here. Help me send her back."

Charlie couldn't help wrinkling his brow. Though reluctant, he couldn't refuse Mckenzie in front of outsiders, so he nodded.

Mckenzie was pleased. Bella curved his lips slightly, not as gloomy as before.

Grace and Andrew were sitting on the train. Andrew bought the tickets without using their real IDs.

They didn't travel by plane. The plane was fast, but they couldn't see the scenery along the way on it. Traveling by train gave them a fresh feeling. The views from the window were beautiful.

"Let's eat, honey."

Andrew took off his trench coat casually. He was wearing a light-blue shirt, looking charming.

"Don't call me honey again! Otherwise, I'll cut off your tongue! You're so cheeky!"

Grace's beautiful almond eyes were twitching.

Andrew tutted. "You are so difficult! I just want to be close to you! Don't reject me!"

At first, he wanted to call her baby, but under her menacing gaze, he had to give up.

He called her honey because she was so sweet, and he wanted to have a taste.

Grace ignored him, looking out the window. She realized that she had been away from Santabaca for a long time.

"Homesick?" Andrew could see what was going through her mind.

"A little." Grace narrowed her eyes. "Maybe I'll soon return to Santabaca."

She was not sure. Maybe she would be back in two months or after the baby was born. Anyway, she would make a triumphant return!

After thinking for a moment, Andrew leaned over. "Let me go with you, okay?"

"Do as you like."

Grace replied lazily. She was wearing black leather trousers. Her legs were slender and straight. She looked fascinating and gentle.