

President 1581

Chapter 1581

Grace stood in front of Charlie seriously and said, "Now that Mr. Morgan gets the jewelry, here you are. As for the dance, I think that it is unnecessary!"

They hadn't met each other for nine months. When she met him again, she called him Mr. Morgan. He felt sad and said in a hoarse voice, "I don't think that it is unnecessary."

Grace said indifferently, "It's Mr. Morgan who pays for it. You're the boss. If you would like to, go ahead."

When music rang out, Charlie put his hand on her slender waist. They walked into the dance floor.

Grace was as indifferent as usual.

Charlie focused his eyes on her. He hesitated for a long time. Then he couldn't help but say in a hoarse, "Grace, I miss you so much!"

Grace sneered, "Mr. Morgan, is that so? I think the person who you miss should be Bella."

Charlie explained, "At first, she was my secretary. Then she is promoted to be a department manager because she is capable. I have nothing to do with her!"

Grace said, "Mr. Morgan, don't say such words to me. I'm not interested in it. Please remember that you said you had feelings for her." She didn't care about what he had said at all.

She was indifferent to him. He held her waist tightly subconsciously and said, "Are you blaming me?"

Grace looked at her watch as she said, "No, not at all. It's normal that you have feelings for her."

Charlie said, "I know that it is all my fault. You..."

Grace warned him, "Don't talk about that anymore if you want to finish this piece of tune with me smoothly. We're just strangers now."

Charlie held her waist tightly again. His eyes were filled with his pining for her. He said, "Grace..."

Grace said, "Don't call me like that. Please call me Grace Livingston."

He was frustrated. She even didn't bother to let him finish speaking. She always interrupted him coldly.

Charlie said, "I have been looking for you since you left. It's about nine months but I failed!"

Grace wasn't interested in it. She asked in return, "Do you want me to go back and thus you can do PDA in front of me? Don't forget that I don't care about that no matter how you love each other. You never know the truth."

He stared at her. She said word by word, "When I love you, you are the whole world for me. When I abandon you, you're nothing for me!"

Charlie's heart beat fast.

Grace let go and said, "Now that Mr.

Morgan continues to talk about what I'm reluctant to hear, we can stop in advance."

At that time, a tall man came up to Grace. Andrew said anxiously, "Fortune!"

Grace frowned and covered Andrew's mouth!

Andrew said, "Grace, Eaton is sick. He has a high fever. He is crying." Andrew was worried.

Hearing that, Grace left with Andrew immediately. Summer stopped them and looked at Andrew in confusion.

Grace said, "I will explain to you when I'm available. I have to leave first." She walked forward as soon as she finished speaking.

Chapter 1582

Her high heels were a bit too high, so she walked very slowly.

Seeing this, Andrew immediately walked over, wrapped his arm around her waist, and led her upstairs with a very intimate posture.

Charlie stared after them blankly and clenched his fists hard!

"It seems Grace is taken!" Summer smiled and deliberately said in front of Charlie, "She can live happily without you! Don't be opinionated!"

Hearing this, Charlie felt embarrassed.

Bella, who was standing beside them, had naturally heard her words, so she said, "

Mrs. Valentine, you are a cultured woman. You should not have said such harsh words on this occasion."

Bella thought Charlie was young and promising. Because of his high achievements in his career, she had always treated him like a god. She believed Summer should not have accused him face to face because he was noble and inviolable in her eyes.

Hearing this, Summer slowly showed a sneer on the corner of her lips, cast a look at Bella, then turned to Billy, and asked, "Am I cultured?"

Billy laughed, "You're a teacher. Who dares to say you're not cultured?"

Summer looked at Mark and asked, "How do you think?" "You're the most cultured woman I've ever seen," Mark said in a deep voice and cast a stern glance at Bella with his insightful eyes.

Bella lowered her head to look at the ground. Her heart was racing with fear, and she didn't dare to look up at him.

"I also think I'm a person of fine breeding, and I always treat people according to their self-cultivations. I said such words to him because he deserved it. What's more, he didn't say anything to refute my words, right? Do you think you're qualified to intervene in our conversation?" Summer said coldly.

Her words were harsh, but Bella did retort anymore because she was indeed not in a position to speak up for Charlie!

In the end, Charlie helped Bella out of the embarrassment by saying, "Come on! Let's drop this topic."

Summer didn't get angry or care about him helping Bella because Grace didn't love him anymore.

However, Bella was just Charlie's plus-one. She was innocent, so Summer decided not to make her too embarrassed on such an occasion.

Then, Charlie asked, "Who is that man?"

"Are you asking me? I'm sorry, but I really don't know. And I think it is none of your business," Summer said. Then, she glanced at her watch, turned to Mark, and said, "We've been out for too long. Let's hurry back to the Valentine mansion. I'm afraid the two kids will cry."

Mark loved the two kids so much that he didn't want them to shed a single tear, so he immediately agreed, "All right, let's go home."

He didn't care whether the banquet was over or not at all.

Billy had no interest in staying there either, so he followed them out of the hotel, intending to send his secretary home first.

Charlie was still standing in situ and looking at the second floor, suppressing the bitterness.

Bella called him softly, "Mr. Morgan, are you OK?"

After he returned to his senses, his Adam's apple moved up and down, and then he walked directly to the second floor. But few waiters were upstairs, so he failed to get Grace's whereabouts.

In the end, he had to give up. Because Charlie was drunk and couldn't drive, Bella drove him home.

She had been to the Morgan family's villa several times, so she was very familiar with the route. Soon, they arrived, but Charlie had fallen asleep in the back seat.

Therefore, she asked the doorman to help her carry Charlie into the villa together.

Mckenzie was watching TV now. When she heard the noises, she turned her head and frowned, "Why is he so drunk?"

"Mr. Morgan attended a business party this evening and drank too much," Bella explained.

Chapter 1583

Mckenzie hurried over, reached out to hold Charlie's right arm, opened the bedroom door, and put the drunken man onto the bed.

After a second thought, Bella decided to tell the truth, so she said, "Madam Mckenzie, Ms. Livingston is back."

Hearing this, Mckenzie froze and then asked, "Grace Livingston?"

"Yeah," Bella nodded, "Mr. Morgan drank so much alcohol because he met her today."

"That woman is a scourge. She made a lot of trouble for us before! I didn't expect her to come back!" Mckenzie muttered, feeling Bella had let her down.

She had created a lot of opportunities for her during the past nine months, but there was still no progress at all!

However, she could only say, "Forget it! Thanks for telling me about it. It's late now. Drive safely on the way back."

Bella nodded, got into the car, and left.

Mckenzie, however, was no longer in the mood to watch TV because her mind was full of nonsense.

In the hotel.

The doctor Andrew had sent for had arrived, and Grace was holding Eaton in her arms now. She kept reaching out to touch his forehead lightly because he was having a fever.

The doctor put a drip on Eaton and gave Grace some dos and don'ts before leaving. Andrew was very distressed. He stayed by Eaton's side all the time and touched his little face and forehead from time to time.

Grace tried to soothe his anxiety by saying, "Children are all prone to sickness. He has just caught a cold. It's not a big deal."

Andrew nodded. In the evening, Andrew and Grace divided up the work. In the first half of the night, Grace would take care of Eaton, and in the second half, Andrew would come on duty.

Fortunately, Eaton's fever had almost gone before midnight, so Grace finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Eaton had never gotten sick since he had been born. But as soon as he returned to Santabaca, he had caught a cold! It was terrible!

Watching at the bedside, Grace couldn't help but feel sleepy, so she slowly closed her eyes and fell asleep.

In her dream, Charlie occasionally appeared, but he was partly hidden as if he was shrouded in smoke, so she couldn't see his face clearly.

But instead of feeling emotional or having the corrosively sharp pain again, she remained calm.

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The next morning.

While Charlie was having breakfast, Mckenzie asked, "Is Grace back?"

He stopped his hand holding the coffee in the midair, nodded, then took a sip, and began to think about what had happened yesterday.

Mckenzie didn't know what to say, so she kept silent, cleaned up the table, and then went to the restaurant.

Sitting in the bright and spacious office, Charlie raised eyebrows when thinking of something.

He then called the banquet organizer last night and asked for GL's cell phone number, and the organizer gave it to him without hesitation.

Charlie dialed the number, but Grace rejected the call and turned off her phone.

He had never changed his cell phone number in the past few years, so Grace knew that it was him that had been calling her when seeing the number.

Charlie frowned, kneaded his brows with his slender and well-defined fingers, casually threw his phone aside, and then asked his assistant to check Grace's work

schedule.

Chapter 1584

After merely a few moments, the assistant found out and reported Grace's detailed schedule to Charlie

Grace was working today. The shooting of the TV commercial for the jewelry magazine had started, and the selected location was Lithern Garden which boasted a beautiful view and a vibe that couldn't be more suitable for the commercial.

Winter was coming to an end, but it was still very cold in Santabaca. The shooting crew was suffering greatly from the chill.

Grace didn't bring Eaton with her, and Andrew wasn't in her company either. The latter was in the hotel tending Eaton.

The shooting crew was ready for the next series of photos when a commotion was heard, and then a large fully loaded cargo truck came into view.

Everybody was staring confusedly when the black Bentley following in the truck's wake halted. The car door was opened and Charlie stepped out.

Grace was sorting through the jewels when she heard the noises. She lifted her eyes slightly and, naturally, spotted Charlie out of the corner of her eye.

However, she kept her head down as if she hadn't seen him.

"Mr. Morgan brought some supplies here as assistance for GL. There're tons of hot drinks and body warmers in there.

Everyone help yourself!"

The secretary was greeting the shooting

crew smilingly.

Charlie walked up to Grace, halted and asked, "Are you cold?"

Grace stowed away the greenish jewels without so much as lifting her head, and then she fished out a set of red ones and said, "Take these over there. They're for the next session."

"We need to talk."

Charlie promptly blocked her path in a big stride.

His action made Grace faintly fretful. "Are you blind? Can you not see that I'm working?"

"All I'm asking is a couple of minutes of your time. It won't take long." "I don't have time for that!" Grace rejected him flatly, helped the model put on the jewels and started the next shooting session.

All the crew members appeared to be fully occupied. They didn't even have time for a glass of hot water. The models were wearing backless or off-the-shoulder dresses, their faces bloodless from the cold.

Having noticed all that, Charlie was too embarrassed to disturb them, but instead of sitting into his car, he just leaned against the vehicle, his eyes fixed on Grace.

Due to the unbearably cold weather, the shooting session was shortened, and everybody worked very efficiently. Soon there was only one set of photos left to be taken.

The photographer who had come here with Grace from the UK was the most famous photographer in the world. The pictures he took were indeed amazing.

Soon the shooting session was over. The photographer hugged Grace with fervor and kissed her on the cheek. "Babe, your sense of design has been improving steadily. I'm really impressed."

"Likewise. I've always admired your photography. That's why I had Dominick let me have you. You have no idea how much I love you! " Grace whistled.

Standing a short way off, Charlie watched the two of them interacting affectionately, his chest heaving in and out. He was just about to walk up to them when they broke the embrace. Charlie halted reluctantly.

Grace turned slightly. A ghost of a grim smile crossed her lips as she glimpsed Charlie out of the corner of her eye.

Charlie waylaid her again. "Now let's talk!"

The wintry smile still on her lips, having no intention to speak to him, she directly walked around him to leave.

Charlie hurriedly gripped her by the wrist.

Grace halted, tucked her charming curly hair behind her ear with her right hand and said with a wan smile on her rosy lips, "Who are you? Do we know each other?"

Charlie's Adam's apple bobbed restlessly." Grace!"

"Let go of her, you shameless bastard!"

A sudden bawl was heard. Andrew, clad in a black woolen overcoat, stormed over and aimed a kick at Charlie's back without another word!

The kick was a hefty one, and Charlie, caught off guard, was knocked off his feet and slammed against the pillar in front of him.

Andrew yanked Charlie's hand off Grace's wrist and swept Grace into his embrace. "Babe, is he a libertine?"

"He is. Your timing is perfect!" Grace said." You finally saved me like a hero once."

"Go over there and wait for me, babe. I can't believe this guy dared take liberties with you. Humph! I'll have him know what a terrible mistake he's made!" Andrew said coldly. "You dared lay hands on my woman. You must have a death wish!"

And then Andrew furiously lunged at Charlie.

Charlie had been fretful all along, and Andrew's words about Grace being his woman antagonized Charlie even further. Soon the two of them were grappling.

Arms folded over her chest, Grace watched leisurely. Another gust of chill wind blew by, and she lost interest in the fight. She got into her car and drove off.

Andrew was covered with bruises when he returned to the hotel. He was still accusing Grace of being heartless.

Grace chuckled, "You took a lot of blows?"

"So did he. Look at my bruises. How much better do you think he is?"

Charlie kneaded the corner of his mouth which was slightly swollen and bruised. It was because of the fighting. He had wounds on his face, but they didn't bother him at all. He only regretted not having killed the man who referred to Grace as his woman. But was it really that difficult for her to have a normal conversation with him?

She wouldn't even look him in the eye, let alone talk with him.

If she kept acting like that, he would have to threaten her with her soft underbelly. The divorce papers hadn't been signed yet.

It was indeed about time she was informed of it!

Only then would she take him seriously and talk with him!

Otherwise she would never show any regard for him!

As that thought crossed his mind, Charlie pulled out his cellphone and dialed Grace's number. Unsurprisingly, she refused to answer his call.

Andrew thought, 'Children do grow fast. Every day they look different from they did the day before.' Eaton had been changing every day, and so did his appearance.

Andrew had bruises at the corners of his mouth. He grimaced but then said smugly, "Look at his eyes, his nose and his little mouth. He and I are like two peas in a pod!"

Such were his mien, facial expression and tone of voice that it seemed as if he were really Eaton's biological father.

Grace stroked her forehead. There was nothing she could do with Andrew.

"By the way, now that you've given birth to the little baby, can you tell me who his father is?"

After giving it some thought, Grace replied, "He's the very guy you beat up earlier today, but he doesn't know, and I'm not in a hurry to tell him."

Chapter 1585

"Damn it!" Andrew suddenly stood up from the table and his eyes were full of anger.

"I've beaten him lightly today. If I had

known this, I would have sent him to the hospital! And Eaton is my baby. Don't tell him about this. I'll make sure he doesn't

know that Eaton is his son until he dies!" "Whe Daddy. I will ask Eaton to call me Daddy ten times in front of him, but I also want to teach him the Taekwondo to beat him black and blue. It's so cool to think about it!

"Grace's brows twitched as she stared at the man who had sunk into his imagination and could not extricate himself. She shook her head and could not take it anymore. Just then, a text message came. Grace picked it and texted her. He texted that "Let's talk!"

With a sneer, Grace deleted the text

message. Perhaps because there was no reply from her for a long time, Charlie sent another text message.

As Grace listened to the sound of text messages, she gradually felt a little annoyed. She took the phone with her left hand and planned to block his phone

number. However, her hand accidentally touched the screen and opened the message...

"I haven't signed the divorce agreement yet. Are you sure you don't want to talk to

me?" When Grace saw the message, her han slightly shook.

The divorce agreement had not been signed yet. What did he mean by that? She got A moment later, the call was connected.

She asked what exactly was going on with the divorce agreement.

The lawyer was still a little confused and said, "At first, I planned to give the divorce agreement to Mr. Morgan, but Mrs.

Valentine said that she would send it, so I handed it over to the Valentine mansion. I

thought you knew about it." "Got it. I'll ask her the phone and went to the Valentine mansion.

Coincidentally, Summer was at home, so Grace asked about the divorce agreement.

"At that time, you were so deeply hurt and refused to take money from him. You went abroad, but I couldn't accept it. So I went to Charlie with the divorce agreement. How many things did you do for him? You gave up your job and stayed by the stove in summer to mash the ingredients." "He put all the blame on you for what happened in the end. Every morning, you went to the restaurant before the sun came out. It was so busy that you didn't go back to the apartment until it was dark. In addition, you had to look at his face and endure his cold attitude. Where was he when you stayed in the hospital with those patients to bow and apologize?"

"Oh, by the way, he developed a good relationship with another woman. Every day, you went to the company with lunch to spend more time with him, and you even suffered a car accident. Fortunately, it was a minor car accident. If it had been serious, you would have died."

"But he told you not to go to the company again. How could I let Charlie treat you like this? I went to him with the divorce agreement, slapped him three times, and told him all your grievances and tolerance...

Although it had been nine months, Summer was still very emotional when she talked about these things.

She picked up the cup, took two sips, and continued, "But, after I said that, he was unwilling to sign the divorce agreement, but there is no reason for him not to sign it, isn't it?"

"After you left, he seemed to have confirmed the relationship with the secretary who he had a good impression on. I heard from Billy that once he saw them watching a movie together in the cinema. I also thought that he had already signed the divorce agreement, but who knew that he had not signed it yet!" When it c still very angry.

Grace, on the other hand, remained silent. He slightly lowered. No one knew what she

was thinking in her heart. Seeing her like this a moment and then said, "Did I do

something wrong? I'm sorry!" Summer though those words at that time, Charlie would definitely have signed the divorce

agreement. He would definitely sign! Therefo one who brought this matter to this stage!

When Grace looked up, she was calm. She leaned forward, hugged Summer, and said," It doesn't matter!"

"I know you did this for my sake and didn't want me to be wronged. You didn't do something wrong. I just feel that you're too kind to me. Does your husband know it?"

Will he be jealous?" "Don't joke on me!"

Summer patted Grace's shoulder.

"You're not that kind of person, but you have endured so many things because of him. I don't want you to bear so much grievance while he doesn't know anything about it!"

Grace leaned her chin against Summer's shoulder and then rubbed her face against Summer's chest. "You're so attractive. Tell Mr. Valentine that I'll lend you a few

nights, okay?" "If I went with you, Tim would c endlessly." Summer looked helpless. "You

don't know how clingy that little guy is!" Grace to do in the afternoon. Baby, I'll come to see

you tomorrow." Summer looked at the kitchen was ready. She asked Grace to leave after

lunch. "Don't worry, baby. I came to your home after I had lunch. I really have something to do today. Goodbye."

In the end, Summer still couldn't keep Grace here. She opened the car door, got in, started the car, and left.

Along the way, she was lost in thought, and her thoughts drifted like smoke.

The car stopped in front of Blue Bay Cafe. Grace parked the car in the parking lot. She took out her mobile phone from her bag and made a call. She said briefly, "See you at Blue Bay Cafe on Bell Tower Road. I only have 20 minutes. I won't wait one more minute!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she hung up and walked into the cafe.

Sitting by the window, she ordered a cup of water and sipped it.

She didn't wait too long. About 15 minutes later, the black Bentley stopped outside the cafe. Charlie casually picked up the windbreaker on the passenger seat and quickly walked in with his long legs.

At a glance, he saw Grace sitting by the window. He walked over, raised his eyebrows slightly, and asked in a gentle voice, "Why don't you choose a private

room?" When Grace heard that, her eyes fell on Charlie's face.

After quietly staring for a few seconds, she said, "There's no need. Have you brought the divorce agreement?"

Chapter 1586

When he heard these words, Charlie's handsome face slightly changed, and his tall body was slightly stiff.

"You brought it?" Grace supported her elegant chin with her left hand and asked with laziness, "Or you did not?"

Charlie's Adam's apple kept rolling as he remained silent.

"If you did not bring it, ask your secretary or assistant to send it here so that we can sign our names and go to Civil Registry Office in the afternoon."

Now, Charlie opened his mouth. "Let's have a talk!" "OK. What do you want to talk about with me? I am free now and can talk with you," Grace said randomly.

After he sat down, Charlie's handsome face was gloomy and full of deep meaning. He said each word carefully.

"I was wrong. I apologize to you sincerely. Let's not get divorced, OK?"

"Do you know that..."

Grace glanced away and her charming curly hair fell down from her shoulder.

"You look like me who ever played up to you in the past by being so careful. Now our roles have changed."

Hearing these words, Charlie was in a daze.

He thought of the scene of a cold war between them and felt his throat was very dry.

"Summer said she went to find you and told you what I hid from you, and then you decided not to sign your name in the divorce agreement..."

Grace looked out of the window. "Then I thought that if the person who gave you the divorce agreement had been the lawyer instead of Summer, perhaps you would have signed your name in the divorce agreement."

"Everything happens with a certain reason and track. Since the lawyer did not give me the divorce agreement back then, I believe everything was arranged by God,"

Charlie said. He had always been an honest person and did not know how to say false and sweet words.

"Really? You fell in love with your secretary according to the arrangement of God?"

Grace laughed and both her mouth corners and eyes looked so beautiful.

"After I left Santabaca, before the lawyer sent the divorce agreement to you, you and Ms. McCall had already gone into a romantic relationship. You went to the cinema together and bought popcorn and coke. I was deeply hurt and went abroad alone full of hatred when you fell in love with another woman. You are not qualified to stand here to ask me not to end in divorce."

Charlie stared at Grace without moving his eyes and frowned. "Grace..."

"If Summer hadn't gone to send the divorce agreement to you and said those words back then, you probably wouldn't have even remembered me..."

Grace's beautiful eyes narrowed.

"You should know my fiery temper. I was already very merciful to you because I did not let you feel embarrassed or beat you till you died back then." "I do not want to mention what happened in the

past because those things are not worth mentioning. After you sign your name in the divorce agreement tomorrow, bring it to me. Otherwise, I'm going to litigate for divorce, that's all!"

After saying those words, Grace got up and walked directly out of the cafe.

With quick eyes and hands, Charlie clutched her wrist in a hurry with an anguished face. "Grace!"

"Let go! I don't have time to tangle with you here. I'm very busy. Don't forget that you proposed the separation back then.

Moreover, I'm not suitable for you. Is there any need for us to continue this marriage? I'm just fulfilling your wish. Why are not you satisfied?"

Her words were aggressive like the sharpest knife that could cause other people's wounds to gush out with the blood.

Charlie's Adam's apple kept rolling. He grabbed her hand and refused to let go.

Grace slowly closed her eyes and then quickly opened them. She no longer wanted to continue to tangle with him. So she did her best to shake off his big hand.

Charlie was unwilling to give up and rushed towards Grace.

This time, he wrapped his arms around her waist. His strong and big arms under his

shirt were around her slender waist. Grace was slowly, stepped on the back of his feet with her pointed, thin high heel and much strength, and then shouted, "Molestation!" After hearing this, all the male customers and security guards sitting in the cafe were out in force.

Although Charlie's boxing was good, there were more than twenty people if all the security guards and male customers were all included. So it was not hard to imagine the result.

"Thank you all!" Grace thanked the crowd. "I still have something urgent to deal with. Please help me take him to the police station."

"Of course..."

All the people were responding in unison, indicating that there was no problem.

Moreover, all of them thought that Charlie was a rogue and molested this beauty, and their hearts were filled with anger.

Grace thanked them again, then walked out of the cafe without looking back and drove away.

On the way, the scenery on both sides kept moving backwards. She drove so fast that all the scenery was blurred and passed quickly.

Her heart was originally as calm as a lake, but when she heard what Summer said, she felt a subtle pain.

Not long after she left, he had established a romantic relationship with his secretary. Maybe he had never thought about her feelings.

But this should have been foreseen. Before he proposed the separation, he had admitted that he had feelings for Bella. She finally allowed him to do what he wanted to do. How could he not do it quickly?

Without thinking too much, Grace no longer thought about this matter and focused all of her attention on driving.

Meanwhile, someone at the cafe had already called the police, and soon, the police car came.

In front of the crowd, Charlie was taken to the police car.

Unexpectedly, he was not embarrassed. He did not lose his temper and quietly sat in the police car with a gloomy face.

After coming to the police station, the cafe security guards began to elaborate the facts, saying how Charlie harassed a female customer. Firstly, he tried to touch the hand of the female customer and then tried to hug the waist of the beautiful female customer. He became more and more presumptuous!

The young policeman responsible for taking notes had seen Charlie in the magazine. He raised his eyebrows and then hurriedly went to the back to find the police chief.

At the news, the police chief hurriedly took out a cigarette, handed it to Charlie, and called him Mr. Morgan. Charlie waved his hand. "Thanks, but I've quit smoking."

Seeing this, the police chief put away the cigarettes and let a policeman pour a cup of coffee for Charlie.

Charlie did not refuse the coffee. He picked it up and gently took a sip. The police chief said, "Mr. Morgan, do you need a car to

send you back?" "No need." Charlie stood up. "I need my introspection in the prison?"

Where is the prison? I will go there by myself!"

The police chief was dumbfounded and looked at the young policeman who was taking notes. Did he offend Mr. Morgan?

Chapter 1587

Seeing this, the young policeman who made the statement shook his head hurriedly.

He didn't offend this big shot at all. He called the police chief out as soon as he had just recognized that this man was Charlie Morgan.

"Mr. Morgan, is there something you don't like?"

The police chief came over in a hurry and spoke with great caution. He didn't want to offend Charlie.

"No, I'm good. Where is the jail? Take me there now. I want to stay there for one night." Charlie said slowly and

indifferently.

Hearing his words, the police chief almost went crazy. What was the matter with Mr. Morgan?

There were so many hotels in this city that belonged to Morgan family, and there were so many presidential suites that he could choose to stay in. Why did he come to prison?

The police chief didn't dare to disobey Charlie's request, so he took him to prison and found him the most luxurious cell in the prison.

Charlie swept through the humble cell opposite and said, "I want that one."

The cell opposite had no heating and the quilt on the bed was thin. The police chief was in a bit of a dilemma, but Charlie had already walked in. So the police chief had to agree.

Finally, Charlie went to the cell opposite.

On the other hand, the person in the opposite cell changed into this luxury cell. He stared at Charlie in disbelief and thought that this man was simply a psychopath.

Winter night was bitterly cold, and this cell didn't have heating. Leaning against the wall, Charlie could feel the chill creeping out of him

He didn't tuck himself in, and he didn't move. He was just leaning against the wall, thinking.

In fact, he was thinking about what Grace had said to him in the cafe today and the things that had happened nine months ago bit by bit.

Mckenzie returned to the Morgan family's

villa, but Charlie hadn't come back yet.

She called the office, but she was told that Charlie was not in the company. Then she called the apartment where he lived now, but there was no answer.

She called Bella and asked, "Where is Charlie?"

"Madam, Mr. Morgan didn't come to the company this afternoon, and I don't know exactly where he went." Bella said.

"Didn't I tell you to watch him?" Mckenzie was very annoyed, "Is that how you keep an eye on him? I have expectations of you, but you don't seem to care about that. You disappoint me!"

Bella didn't retort her, as if thinking of something, she said, "Ms. Nunez, I got Grace's hotel address and the room number."

Hearing that, Mckenzie said, "Send it to my phone."

Then she asked the driver to drive her to the hotel to find Grace. She was worried that Charlie would come and find Grace first.

The fact that Grace could not have children was Mckenzie's greatest fear.

If Charlie couldn't have a child, then who was gonna inherit the Morgan family's fortune? She wouldn't let that happen.

When she arrived at the hotel and found Grace's room, she tapped on the door and arranged her clothes.

A moment later, the door opened.

Grace was surprised to see that it was her, but she had also predicted that Mckenzie might come to her, "Come in, please."

Grace looked good in her red tweed coat.

After Mckenzie walked in, she found that there were still many people in the room.

"Oh, Ms. Livingston, since you have a guest, we'll leave first. This is what we shot yesterday. You can take a look." The staff handed a USB driver to Grace.

Grace took it over and inserted it into the computer and started viewing it page by page. These photos were nice, which were very consistent with her theme this time.

Standing and waiting there for a long time, Mckenzie thought Grace was still as cold and impolite as before.

Grace didn't greet her to sit down, and she also didn't serve her a cup of tea.

A moment later, Mckenzie was also attracted by the beautiful jewels and couldn't take her eyes off, "How beautiful these jewels are!"

"You can also buy one set," Grace said faintly, without looking back.

Chapter 1588

"It's a bit expensive. I don't think it's safe to wear!" Mckenzie shook her head and it suddenly occurred to her why she was here. She asked, "Where is Charlie?"

"He's in prison." Grace was still busy going through her papers.

Mckenzie exclaimed, "Prison?"

"Yeah, he should still be there. You can go and find him."

"Did you put him in prison?"

Grace was the first person she suspected when Mckenzie heard her son was in prison. Otherwise who else could treat Charlie like that?

Grace laughed, "You can't be serious. How the hell did I get him to go to prison? If there's nothing else, you can go. I have much work to do."

Mckenzie was furious to hear that. Grace's attitude was so arrogant!

"By the way, please do me a favor. Remind Charlie to sign the divorce agreement and send it to me tomorrow." Grace said, "Or I will sue him."

"Haven't you signed the divorce agreement yet?"

Mckenzie was shocked to know that.

"I'd rather get a divorce soon, but your son didn't want to sign the divorce agreement!" Grace said coldly and she even didn't look back at her.

Mckenzie snorted angrily at Grace and then walked out.

Thinking of what Grace had said just now, she gradually felt a little uneasy.

Did she mean Charlie didn't want a divorce so he didn't sign it?

No!

Grace couldn't have children. Charlie must sign and get a divorce!

Mckenzie took Bella with her to visit Charlie in prison, and Bella brought him food.

Seeing Charlie in prison, Mckenzie was so angry that she asked him to leave here right now. But Charlie refused. She scolded him, "Are you crazy or stupid?"

Charlie said, "I want to be alone."

"There are so many places out there for you to choose from. Why did you have to come to prison?" Mckenzie was almost furious." Did Grace do something to upset you again? By the way, she asked me to tell you that you must bring her the divorce agreement tomorrow, or she will sue!"

Charlie frowned. Later he said, "Don't mind me. Go. I'm not going out tonight."

Mckenzie really wanted to knock him out and get him out of prison.

But she knew her son was stubborn, and there was nothing she could do about it. Bella handed the food to him, "I don't think you've had dinner yet. Eat something, and we won't force you anymore."

Charlie sat in the corner and didn't say anything.

Mckenzie scolded secretly. There was not even heating here. He was really asking for trouble!

It seemed like she had to find a therapist for Charlie after this.

The next morning.

Charlie came out of prison. But he had a cold and his forehead was very hot.

He took out his cell phone and called Grace with a strong nasal voice. He obviously caught a bad cold, "Don't you want the divorce agreement? Go to the Civil Registry Office right now, and I'll wait for you there. Then we'll get a divorce."

Sometimes respect was mutual.

Hearing that he agreed to the divorce, Grace nodded without saying a word. She directly hung up the phone and got herself ready to go to the Civil Registry Office.

There was a long queue at the door of the Civil Registry Office, all of which were couples who came to register for marriage.

Charlie arrived at the Civil Registry Office first. He stopped and sat in the car, looking at the outside scene.

He still remembered that he and Grace came to get the marriage license secretly.

She didn't tell her mother, and he didn't tell his mother either.

But at that time his heart was full of excitement and joy, and he felt full of happiness. The scene at that time seemed to be fresh in his mind.

Chapter 1589

Soon enough, Grace arrived in her car.

She caught sight of the black Bentley that stopped not far away at once. Recognizing the car, she stopped her car, opened the door, and got out.

At the same time, Charlie opened his car door and showed up, with a brown paper bag in his hand.

Grace only gave him a quick glance when they got face to face and walked into the hall of the Civil Registry Office first.

Looking at her back, Charlie followed her up.

A staff of the Civil Registry Office was already waiting for them in one of the offices. Grace casually took a seat on the sofa and said, "Let's get started."

Hearing her words, Charlie took a seat opposite hers, put the brown paper bag on the table in front of them, and with his slim and well-knuckled fingers, he pushed it under her nose, "I advise that you look at the divorce agreement first."

No emotion was shown on Grace's beautiful and charming face when she heard Charlie's sudden suggestion. She leaned forward, and went through the document, turning the pages with only two of her fingernails.

Nothing caught her attention, until she was on the last page. She noticed that some new terms were added, which said that Charlie would transfer sixty percent of his shares to Grace, as well as six five-star hotels and eight house properties.

Grace frowned at the sight of these terms.

Sixty percent of Charlie's shares was a big deal.

If Charlie really transferred so much to her and only controlled the remaining forty percent, she would be the biggest shareholder of the company.

Think what that meant.

It meant that if conditions permit, she could bring Charlie, the president of the company, down.

Grace closed her attractive eyes, opened them and still did not look up while casually closing the document, "So generous. Does your mother know about it?" "It's my personal affairs, of course I don't have to tell her." Charlie curled up his thin lips.

"Well, save it. Your mother would not leave me in peace once she knows about it. I'm not interested in your fortune, so you can just remove the terms."

But Charlie replied decisively, "I insist!"

Only then did Grace look up at the man, 'But I don't want it. I don't want anything from you! None of it!"

Money was not something she lacked. She had already got enough of it to ensure a comfortable life.

She didn't care whether Charlie would give her money or not at all!

"If you refuse them, then I won't sign the divorce agreement!"

Charlie declared, looking her in the eye. The staff waiting aside was dumbfounded hearing their conversation.

It was the first time that he witnessed how one insisted transferring so many properties to the other and how the other resolutely refused them, in a divorce case, by the way!

More importantly, the properties were nothing insignificant. There were hotels, house estates and shares of a company. They came up to a huge sum!

So now it was clear that the world was rather unfair. Staff like him could never dream about owning a hotel after working his whole life painstakingly!

But for the beautiful woman in front of him? It was only a matter of lying down, unbuttoning her dress, giving her body to the strong Charlie and enjoying his affection.

Alas. How he wished he could be a woman the next life!

Now back to Grace. She just wanted to get divorced.

If Charlie insisted, then there was no need to reject the terms. Anyway, a person can never be too rich.

Chapter 1590

Crossing her legs, Grace tapped on the table and said, "Fine. Sign it now."

Her words meant that she had accepted all the terms of the agreement, including the added ones. She would take over the hotels, the houses and Charlie's shares, as long as he signed the divorce agreement now.

The agreement was pushed back in front of Charlie, with a pen on it.

Charlie took a few steps, picked up the pen, bent down a little, and was about to sign.

At the end of the last page, Grace already signed her name, in delicate handwriting quite a strong contrast to her hot temper.

Subconsciously, Charlie's eyes fell on her

name, and he stared at it silently.

It was not until quite a while later that he came back to his senses and focused back on his signature block.

The pen in his hand moved, and the nib spelled his name, yet the letter written was an eyesore to Charlie now.

He was worried. Once he finished signing, this agreement would be the only connection he had with Grace. Once he finished writing his name down, would Grace pay attention to him in the future?

At the thought of it, his hand stopped, and so did the pen.

The next second, he clutched his stomach with his big hand and started to shiver. Soon, his right hand shook and opened, and the pen in it fell to the ground. The hand then reacted quickly and was

placed on the top of the table, to brace up Charlie, whose pretty face was now full of pain.

The staff came up hastily, held Charlie's arms and asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Morgan?"

Charlie frowned tightly, his face turning pale as beads of sweat began to show on his forehead.

He gritted his teeth when he strove to speak, "It hurts..."

Unlike the panicky staff, Grace didn't change color, even her posture was unchanged. At the turn of events, she did not stand up, let alone feel flustered or worried.

"Stop pretending, Charlie. The agreement has to be signed, sooner or later. Just get things done now, for I don't want to have anything to do with you in the future!"

But Charlie was still pressing his lips tightly, and the sweat on his forehead started to rain down.

He could say nothing, but was curling up.

The man who was usually tall and handsome now looked weak and stooped.

By now, the staff's opinion about Grace changed. This woman was really cruel, as she could say such harsh words to a man who was willing to transfer so much of his fortune to her!

"Did you hear me? Sign up and don't waste my time here!"

Grace was still undisturbed. For her, this man was only putting up a show.

He was all right moments ago and got a stomachache the moment he was about to sign? What was more, it looked not some

ordinary pain he was suffering, but something that could prevent him from even writing down his name? What a coincidence!

"Mrs. Morgan, I don't think Mr. Morgan is pretending. His lips have turned pale, you see. I suggest that we should call an ambulance right away. You can sign the agreement another time, not now when there is a matter of life and death we should care about!"

The staff said with a worried look, and there was a blunt accusation in his eyes when he looked at Grace.

Grace finally stood up and studied Charlie. She did nothing, but just watched, trying to figure out whether Charlie was pretending or not.

Now it was a bit clear that Charlie was unsteady on his feet and might just fall on the ground had the male staff were not supporting him.

With coldness in her eyes, Grace walked up, dismissed the staff, and helped Charlie get out of the premises.

She got him in the car and drove to the nearest hospital.

The pain had kept Charlie quiet all the way, but when the doctor pressed where he had been covering with his hand, he curled up in a tight ball and groaned.

"He's got appendicitis and has to be operated on now. Get him into the operating room," the doctor arranged in a hurry once he made the diagnosis.

When Charlie was sent away, Grace was still in surprise. So, he was not pretending, and the disease attacked right when he was going to sign the agreement? But still, what a coincidence.

Grace then called the Morgan family, " Charlie's being operated. Please tell his mother about it."