

President 1401

Chapter 1401

"Sherman is shopping with Eileen. They are going to have coffee and lunch. Eileen has a blind date today."

Luke's brow furrowed. His Adam's apple bobbed. He couldn't believe that. "Didn't she mention me?"

"Yes."

Kingsley suddenly remembered something.

Luke's face softened as he heard this. "What did she say?"

"Eileen said she had made it clear to you yesterday, but you didn't accept. That means rejection. You want to leave, and she has no right to stop you and can't stop you. She's afraid that she can't make you change your mind even if she wants to, so she has decided to give up."

Luke's face turned cold when he heard this.

He curled his thin lips and cursed, "Damn it! This woman has no perseverance at all! Where there's a will, there's a way. She doesn't even have the persistence. How can she succeed?"

He turned back while pulling his suitcase and walked towards the exit of the airport.

Kingsley's eyes were full of amusement, but he held back his laughter, following behind Luke and saying, "Where are you going?"

"Shit! Of course, I'm going back! I've even spent an hour in the morning packing the suitcase. How stupid!"

Luke moved forward, constantly swearing, and kicked his suitcase.

Kingsley squinted, his chest heaving.

Yet he suppressed a snigger.

Otherwise, Luke might have lost his temper.

Eileen and Sherman were strolling around the mall. They bought Brad and the little baby some clothes.

After that, Brad said he was hungry, so they went to a restaurant.

He ordered fish, mushrooms, and many other dishes.

The three of them were eating and laughing. It was such a lively scene. The baby was also burbling, occasionally saying a few words.

Suddenly, they felt a cold breeze on their faces, and then there was a figure in front of them.

Eileen looked up. It was Luke.

Eileen was very surprised but said with a calm face, "Aren't you leaving?"

Hearing this, Luke was burning with anger. He almost overturned the table in front of him. "So this is your attitude toward me?"

He tried hard to put on a show, but she was eating happily, making him furious!

"What attitude?" She didn't understand.

"Didn't you say that Brad can't leave his father? Now I'm leaving Lanechett, while you're here eating and drinking."

Eileen grunted indifferently.

"Didn't you reject me? Life goes on. I can't abandon myself just because you rejected me, so whether you leave or not, I'll shop and eat. Is there anything wrong with that?"

Luke breathed deeply to cool down. "What do you mean?"

Eileen asked, "I've persisted for eight years and been hurt by you for eight years. You rejected me again and again. Now, do you want me to throw away my pride and continue like that? Impossible! I've suffered enough!"

Dumbfounded, Luke didn't expect that things would turn out this way, cursing secretly.

'Damn it! Sure enough, I shot myself in the foot!'

He looked at Kingsley beside him, who shrugged his shoulders, sat down beside Sherman, picked up the baby, and played with him.

Chapter 1402

Luke frowned, at a loss what to say, stammering, "Well... Um..."

Eileen ignored him and turned her back on him.

"It's all my fault! I didn't mean to say that yesterday. I'm so happy. I just want you to care about me so that I can be relieved.

Don't be angry with me, OK?" He could do nothing but try to please her with sweet words. The others were shocked to see him grovel.

This was different from the plot he had expected. It could be described as a sharp turn.

Sherman's shoulders couldn't stop shaking. She just couldn't stand it!

Why didn't this man treasure the chance?

He refused Eileen but now came to apologize. What a fool!

Sherman wanted to laugh but she fought it back. Her stomach hurt!

Eileen still didn't look at him, facing the window indifferently.

Brad looked on with interest, suggesting, "Dad, tell Mom how much you love her. I saw the heroes do that in TV dramas."

Luke's face stiffened. He then went down on one knee and said, "I owe a woman too much, and I've never atoned for what I did to her, but from now on, I'll do my best to be good to her. If she doesn't forgive me today, I won't get up."

Eileen raised her knitted eyebrows, almost unable to keep a straight face. He was a rascal!

However, he was serious, kneeling there without moving. The people around were watching him.

Luke was rooted to the floor. He was determined. The waiter carrying the dishes walked through the narrow gap behind him and almost spilled the dishes on him several times.

Eileen couldn't stand it and reached out to tug on his sleeve, telling him to stand up.

Luke refused!

"Do you know you're blocking the way?" she pointed to the people passing behind her.

"Then I'll buy the way. I'll give them a check later. It's mine now, and I have the right to use it as I want!" he said unapologetically.

Eileen sighed quietly and didn't pay attention to him anymore, directly walking out of the restaurant.

Luke quickly rushed out and held her in his arms from behind.

She screamed in panic.

Yet Luke seemed to be crazy, leaning down and kissing her in the street. "Will you forgive me?"

Eileen didn't speak, pushing him.

However, Luke had become unashamed. He nibbled on her neck. "Will you forgive me?"

She trembled slightly. The crowd was looking at them meaningfully. She couldn't bear it, burying her head in his chest while complaining. "You're mad!"

"I've been mad for a long time. If you don't forgive me, I'll kiss you until you change your mind." He stared at her intensely. Eileen frowned deeply.

Chapter 1403

Her chest heaved.

Suddenly, she had an impulse to give in, but she knew she couldn't.

"Do you know why I tricked you into coming back?" she asked, pushing him away.

"Because Brad can't leave his father. You told me that."

Eileen said, "That's just one of the reasons. There's another one."

Luke's heart pounded as he asked, "What do you mean?"

He thought, 'She must have found that she can't live without me and that how good I am. She wants to make up with me.'

"I have cancer."

Eileen said slowly, "It's in the middle stage, so you have to come back and take care of Brad. I don't have the energy to take care of him anymore."

Luke raised his eyebrows. "I already promised you that I will stay, and you're still tricking me?"

Eileen looked at him.

Luke didn't believe that she had cancer.

After a moment of hesitation and a slight frown, she mustered up the courage to take off her wig.

Instantly, Luke froze, thunderstruck.

After a while, he regained his composure, his face gloomy and his chest heaving violently. "Since when have you got it? "

Eileen said calmly, "Before the divorce.

Brad needs you."

"Wait, let me take a breath."

Luke squatted down on the ground, gulping.

The news came as a bolt from the blue.

He felt dizzy. His eyes were so stinging that he could hardly open them.

After he calmed down, he staggered to his feet.

"From now on, you have to stay by my side! Don't try to leave me!"

Eileen's chest heaved. "Luke, I ask you to stay just for Brad's sake. I have nothing to do with you."

However, Luke ignored her.

After that, Eileen was sent back to the hospital.

Anyway, someone would take care of Brad. She didn't have to worry about him anymore.

In the Bennington family's villa.

As soon as Kingsley stepped into the living room, he saw the figure in front of the window.

"You're delighted but pretend to be calm." Kingsley smiled teasingly.

The next second, Luke turned around.

Seeing his tears, Kingsley was stunned. " Did you cry?"

"Did I?"

Luke wiped the corners of his eyes, surprised to see the tears.

Kingsley continued to tease him, "Tears of joy?"

Luke swallowed and said slowly, "Eileen has cancer."

Kingsley paused for a moment, asking in disbelief, "Really?"

Luke grunted.

Kingsley said, "I'm sorry."

"Do me a favor." Luke sat down on the sofa. "Send the best team of doctors here. I can't lose her!"

She was the light in his life.

If she died, he wouldn't be able to hold on.

"Don't worry."

Kingsley heavily patted his shoulder.

He would do all he could to help Luke.

If Eileen died, Luke would fall apart.

In the hospital.

Feeling a sharp pain in her stomach, Eileen grabbed the sheet, trying hard to endure it.

Luckily, it only hurt for a few minutes this time.

A knock came at the door.

Her voice was low and husky. "Come in."

It was Luke. Seeing his shaven head, Eileen was surprised. "Why did you shave your hair?"

"Well, I just changed my style"

Luke raised his eyebrows slightly. "What do you think of it? Do I look fresh and handsome?"

Eileen had mixed feelings. Her mouth twitched. "You don't have to do this." She knew he did it for her.

Chapter 1404

To be honest, a good-looking person always fitted in well with any style.

With a shaven head, he looked dangerous, attractive, and refreshing.

"It's up to me."

Sitting by the bed, Luke looked at her deeply and said word by word, "Don't worry. I won't let you die."

"You're my woman. I'll protect you! Even Death can't take you away from me!"

Eileen's emotions were churning as she heard this.

From the moment she was diagnosed, she had forced herself to be strong and calm.

Because she knew that she could only rely on herself.

Yet now, hearing his words, her mental armor broke, revealing her weakness.

"Three top medical teams will come over from different countries this afternoon. Prepare yourself. It's a tough battle, but we'll win."

Luke stared fixedly at her. "The medical professors will come every day. You'll have a hard time, but I'll always be with you."

Eileen's lips moved. As she was about to speak, she was hugged by him.

The hug was warm like a sturdy wall that she could lean on.

"Cheer up!"

He whispered in her ear, "Think about Brad and me. You must hang in there."

Eileen closed her eyes and answered obediently, "Okay."

Luke then went to the Director of the hospital and asked him to arrange a suite for Eileen.

He didn't return to the villa, staying in the suite every night.

As soon as Eileen moved, he would immediately get up.

Moreover, Brandy sent nutritious food over every day.

However, it couldn't counteract the side effects of the chemo. In just one month, Eileen became thin and pale as if she could be blown away by the wind.

The pain roused Eileen from sleep this night.

She bit her lip to keep quiet.

Luke slept lightly and would come over as soon as he heard a sound.

However, when she saw the tall figure in front of the window, she was stunned.

It was already 3 a.m. Why was he still awake?

"I was born a jinx. Having lived for so many years is enough for me. Don't hurt the person I love. If only one of us can live, let her live, and I'll die!"

Luke's voice was very low and abject.

Watching the loved ones die one by one during these years, he was on the verge of a breakdown.

Perhaps, it was he who brought them disaster.

Eileen's heart shrank.

She had never thought that Luke would have such thoughts.

"People have their own fates. Why do you think it's you who killed them? I don't feel you could do that."

She sat up in bed, saying evenly.

Hearing her voice, Luke turned his head, wiping his face. "Why are you awake?

Where are you hurting? I'll go and get the doctor."

"I'm fine."

Eileen shook her head and thought for a moment. "Luke, I can get back together with you, but you need to do one thing for me."

"What's it?" "It's best if I can survive. If not, you have to live well and take care of Brad. Don't have stupid thoughts."

Luke was silent.

If that happened, he didn't know if he could endure the sorrow.

"If you don't agree, even if I'm cured, I won't be with you," Eileen continued.

She was willing to gamble on this for Brad and Luke's future.

Chapter 1405

After thinking for a few seconds, Luke answered, "Okay."

Eileen said, "Swear to me."

Luke stared at her, "Do I have to swear?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I swear on my life that I will take care of Brad whether you will pull through or not!"

Eileen soon fell asleep again.

Luke leaned on the bed, sleepless all night.

Brad had mixed feelings. He was happy that he could live with his mother and was sad that his mother was sick.

Early the next morning, Brad badgered Luke into going to a nearby church to pray for Eileen. They also bought her an amulet.

Brad hoped that his mom would survive.

As long as his prayer was answered, he would come to the church more often.

Subsequently, Luke saw the power of cancer.

In just a few days, Eileen had lost so much weight that her cheeks were sunken.

Whether it was day or night, Luke didn't dare to sleep and kept an eye on her all the time.

He lay in bed with her in his arms. As soon as she moved, he would immediately wake up.

Eileen was distressed. She tried to persuade him to rest, but he didn't listen to her.

Luke became thinner. There were circles under his eyes.

Kingsley noticed that and could only ask the servants to bring nutritious food to them every day. Kingsley said, "Brad can only rely on you two. You must hold on."

Luke curved his lips. "Don't worry."

Eileen smiled slightly. "I will!"

Eileen and Luke lived a peaceful and relaxing life. They occasionally went downstairs.

Gradually, Eileen became more cheerful.

One day, the professor walked into the ward and said, "A drug has been developed. It's the latest immune drug and hasn't been tested yet. Mr. Bennington, do you want to take the risk?"

Luke frowned, pondering.

Eileen replied quickly, "Yes."

"What if it has side effects?"

Eileen answered, "I trust them."

Luke disagreed. He couldn't afford it if the drug caused problems. He would prefer conservative treatments.

However, Eileen was very resolute, Luke was unwilling but had to give in.

He just wanted her to be happy every day.

Since the day Eileen took the drug, Luke had been unable to sleep well, living in terror.

Finally, four months had passed.

The professor came to give Eileen a checkup.

Standing at the door of the ward, Luke broke out in a cold sweat, afraid that there would be bad news.

After a long time, the door was pushed open. The professor came out and said, " The image examination shows that the cancer cells in her body are under control. That's why she is still alive."

Hearing this, Luke fell to the floor with a flop.

He had been extremely nervous and struggled to hang on these days.

When he woke up, Eileen was sitting by his bed.

As soon as he saw her, Luke's eyes turned wet. He held her in his arms.

The professor said, "You still have to be careful and stay in the hospital for

observation. It's uncertain whether the cancer will come back or not. We can only wait and see."

Eileen chuckled. "No matter how long I can live, I am satisfied. I'll stay with them as long as I can."

She knew some cancer patients lived for twenty years and that some lived for a few years.

The sunlight was bright. It would soon be spring after the cold winter.

She would be pleased even if she could only be with them for one or two years.

Luke hugged her.

He was confident that she would be cured, even though her symptoms had just been temporarily controlled. He would ask the team to develop new medicine at any cost.

He had a lot of money.

He only wanted her.

"Thank God!"

He held her closer. They were clinging together.

They were kissing passionately, entwining their tongues.

They didn't pay any attention to the people around them.

They could only see each other, longing for each other.

Sherman also nestled against Kingsley's chest, chuckling with joy.

Brad was smart. He stood up, ran to Cody, and covered Cody's eyes. "Don't look at them. Daddy is a lecher!"

Brad's eyes rolled. He giggled and whispered to Cody, "I can live with Mommy and Daddy. I'm so happy!"

Eileen and Luke embraced affectionately and contentedly.

They were immersed in the long kiss as if there were only the two of them on the earth.

The atmosphere was sweet. Luke hugged Eileen and waved at Brad, who responded with excitement outside the window.

The afternoon sunlight was getting stronger and stronger, just like Eileen's and Luke's love for each other. They were sunk in happiness.

Perhaps what they had suffered made them stronger.

They would be happy together forever. After they went through the hardships, their relationship would be able to stand

the test of time.

Chapter 1406

Grace came back from the company. It was already 9:30 p.m. Her work was not going well. She made some mistakes and was severely criticized.

She was a high-profile person and attracted a lot of attention in the company.

The other employees in the office looked at her with hatred.

Grace was rarely scolded. They secretly sneered at her.

Those talented, good-looking people wouldn't be envious of others or laugh at others.

Grace's colleagues hated her just because of jealousy.

Grace ignored them.

She was in a fret. She always had painful periods. She fidgeted in her chair with a pale face.

"Damn it!"

Grace kicked off her high heels, stepping on the floor with bare feet. Her legs were slender and sexy.

She casually brushed her curly hair back, took the shower gel, and walked into the bathroom.

She liked to bathe.

When the warm water fell on her, it took away her fatigue in an instant.

She thought that she looked sexy in the water, just like a mermaid.

Grace usually spent an hour in the bathtub when she took a bath and drank a glass of red wine after that.

Yet she had only soaked for twenty minutes this time. She picked up her bathrobe and stood up.

It was 10:30 when she finished her facial care. She felt thirsty, took a glass, and went out of her bedroom.

She then heard screams from the living room on the first floor. "Ouch! Don't touch me! It hurts!"

It was Mckenzie's voice. Mckenzie was Charlie's mother.

Grace frowned and went downstairs into the living room.

Mckenzie was sitting in a wheelchair. Her right leg was in a cast. She couldn't stop crying in pain.

Grace didn't get on well with Mckenzie.

However, Grace had to be polite to Mckenzie. "Mom, what's wrong?"

Mckenzie was in pain and didn't say anything.

The servant standing beside her answered, "Someone spilled water on the ground of the restaurant hall tonight. Mrs. Morgan slipped and fell. She had just come back from the hospital.

"Mrs. Morgan is aged. Her leg was broken seriously. She has to be in the wheelchair for four or five months."

"She needs nutritious food. Go to the market to buy some fresh ingredients tomorrow and cook for her," Grace said.

She poured herself a glass of water.

"Besides, if there are any problems at home, don't bother Mom. Just tell me. I'll deal with them. Mom, you should have a good rest and take care of your health."

"Come and sit down. I have something to say to you," Mckenzie said, enduring the pain.

With her back to Mckenzie, Grace narrowed her pretty eyes. Her rosy lips moved. She gritted her teeth, turned around, and sat down elegantly.

Grace didn't want to quarrel with Mckenzie, thinking that Mckenzie would urge her to have a child with Charlie.

However, Grace couldn't avoid that.

"My leg is badly injured. You heard what the servant said. I can't go to the restaurant with a broken leg. I want you to work in the restaurant," Mckenzie said.

Instantly, Grace knitted her delicate eyebrows slightly, replying, "Mom, I have a job. I can't do that."

Grace refused calmly. She suppressed her annoyance.

"The restaurant was set up by Charlie's grandparents. It has been managed by the women in the Morgan family. If you hadn't married into the Morgan family, I wouldn't have asked you to do that. Now that you're Charlie's wife, you have to do that!" Mckenzie said determinedly.

"I have no vocation for running a restaurant. I can't help you."

Gradually, Grace ran out of patience but managed to be polite. "There are many famous cooks. Why do we have to do everything by ourselves?"

"The restaurant has been managed by the women in the Morgan family for many years just because we don't want the recipe to be leaked. It's confidential."

"When Charlie's father passed away, the Morgan Group was in a difficult situation. We almost didn't have enough money to keep the company afloat. Fortunately, this restaurant helped us. It's not just a restaurant. It means a lot to the Morgan family."

Grace had heard this from Mckenzie many times.

Grace fiddled with her hair and drank water. No one knew whether she was listening to Mckenzie.

Grace stretched herself and yawned. "Mom, I won't work in the restaurant anyway.

You'd better discuss this with Charlie. I'm tired after working for a whole day. I'm going upstairs to rest."

Grace turned around and walked upstairs.

Mckenzie looked at Grace angrily.

Not long after Grace left the living room, the car lights shone in.

Chapter 1407

The sound of footsteps came from outside.

Immediately after that, Charlie walked in.

He pulled open his suit jacket. Seeing Mckenzie, Charlie knitted his handsome eyebrows, walked over, and squatted in front of her. "Mom, what happened to your leg?"

Mckenzie patted the back of his hand, consoling him that there was nothing seriously wrong with it.

She then told him what had happened just now.

"If my leg were good and I could move, I would never ask Grace to go to the restaurant to help. But I had an accident.

I've made it clear. You can discuss what to do next with Grace."

Charlie narrowed his eyes, chuckled, and hugged McKenzie. "Mom, you've worked hard for so many years in the restaurant. Whenever I asked you to rest, you refused. Now I'm relieved that you can take a break from the restaurant stuff. Of course, I am not gloating."

"Do you think I don't want to rest? But how can I rest?"

"Grace is not a qualified wife. She can't have children or help with the work in the restaurant. How can I rest?"

McKenzie loosened her tongue and became quite talkative. "And you don't..."

"Mom!" Charlie stopped her with a gesture. "Just go upstairs to rest. I'll talk to her!"

When Charlie pushed open the bedroom door, Grace was varnishing her toenails. The red nail polish set off her fair feet.

"Grace, I'm back!"

Pulling off his tie, Charlie crinkled his eyes and kissed her.

Grace was passionate. She raised her head, embraced him, and kissed him.

She was so fascinating.

When they were about to have sex, Grace drew back, twisted his tie around her fingers, and pushed him away. "Stop it. I'm painting my toenails."

Charlie gave a wry smile.

"Well, do you know that Mom's leg is injured?"

Grace nodded. "Yes. I saw her downstairs, and we talked about something else. Did she ask you to convince me to go to the restaurant?"

"She just told me what had happened. She didn't ask me to do that."

Charlie's gentle eyes rolled as he thought about how to say it.

"It's me who wants to talk to you."

Grace sat down on his lap, raised her head, and swung her curls to her left side. While looking at him flirtatiously, she said, "Do I look like someone who will go to the kitchen?"

"No," Charlie answered quickly.

Yet his eyes blinked.

He continued tactfully and meaningfully, "You're so charming. How can you stay in the kitchen? But I'll be very happy if you're good at cooking."

Grace narrowed her eyes, crossed her long, slender legs, and drawled, "Do you mean that you are not happy with me?"

"Absolutely not! I'm completely obsessed with you!" Charlie said hastily. He almost shot himself in the foot.

"Grace. Since Mom's leg is injured, can you work at the restaurant for a few days? I'll get you out of there as soon as possible!"

"So you just want me to go to the restaurant!"

Grace got agitated. "Don't you know I have a job?"

Charlie replied, "I know your president. I can ask for leave for you."

Chapter 1408

"So you've already thought of these before?"

Grace gently poked him in the chest with her finger.

"Do you know I've never even been in a kitchen before? Your mom asked me to make the dressing. I don't even know what the pot looks like. She's killing me!

"Do you know I'll go crazy if I stay there for a few months with fumes and fire?"

Since her voice was a little loud and she was emotional, her spittle hit Charlie's face.

He reached out to wipe his face.

However, Grace noticed it. "So you hate my saliva?"

"I just want to spread it evenly."

Charlie quickly smiled at her, his eyes crinkling, while he wiped his face with his big hand. "It can make my face smooth!"

Grace was amused, pushing him. "Stop joking. I'm serious. I can't get into the kitchen."

"Grace, do you know how I felt when I heard what Mom said just now?"

Charlie gazed deeply into her eyes. "I was elated."

Grace looked at him confusedly.

"The restaurant's dressing is a secret recipe handed down from my ancestors. You know, it's confidential. I don't even know about it.

"Now, Mom is willing to tell you the recipe and teach you to make it. It means that she has accepted you as a member of the Morgan family. If not, how would she tell you something so important? She takes you as her daughter-in-law, doesn't she?"

Charlie said seriously.

At his words, Grace fell silent.

What he said made sense.

"We will only tell the secrets to the one we trust," he continued, trying to persuade her.

Grace was always straightforward.

She was convinced by Charlie.

Now that Mckenzie had let go of the past, Grace wouldn't be petty. She wrinkled her pretty slender eyebrows, saying, "Well, then I'll try, but I can't guarantee that I will do a good job or persist. I can only have a try."

Charlie was filled with joy. "My wife is so smart. It's just a piece of cake for you!"

"Sweet-talker!"

Grace curved her lips. "Did your mom ask you again about having a child?"

"No.-

Charlie pointed at the bathroom. "Honey, would you like to take a bath with me?"

"No. I just came out of the bathroom."

"It's been a long time since we bathed together. Why not enjoy it today?" he said slowly, staring at her eagerly.

Grace smiled charmingly and leaned over, gazing at Charlie, who was swallowing. "Darling, I hate to tell you this, but I'm on my period, so go and take a bath yourself."

Charlie rumbled through clenched teeth, "Don't you think it's cruel to me?"

Early the next morning.

Grace was not yet awake.

Charlie had already freshened up and changed into a suit.

Bending over, he pricked her with the stubble on his face.

The slight tingling sensation woke her up. Charlie was kissing her. He reached into the covers and pinched her cheek.

Chapter 1409

"It's late. Get up quickly. Mom is waiting for you in the living room. I've called your president."

She hadn't slept enough. It was Saturday, but she couldn't even have a lie-in!

Grace squinted, rolled over, and closed her eyes. "Let me sleep a little longer."

Charlie resignedly pinched his brow. "Get up now. Otherwise, I'll play my ace!"

Grace ignored it.

She was used to having two days off a week. It was hard for her to get up early on Saturday.

Charlie could only scratch her armpit.

Grace was very ticklish. She couldn't resist chuckling and finally surrendered in tears. "Alright, I'll get up."

"I'll go to the company first."

Charlie stood up and left the purse on the table.

Grace sat up, nodded, and casually tied up her curly hair. "Be careful on the way. I'm going to the bathroom."

When Grace came out of the bathroom, it was almost an hour later.

She had cleaned up and made herself up.

She wore a tight black shirt with a boat neck, a white skirt that revealed her fairy legs, and purple high heels.

She looked mature, elegant, and charming.

Mckenzie was frequently frowning downstairs.

Almost an hour had passed since she asked Charlie to wake Grace up, but Grace still didn't come down.

What the hell was she doing?

Though angry, Mckenzie was polite to Grace.

She knew what kind of person Grace was and was surprised that her son could persuade Grace to work in the restaurant.

As Grace appeared, Mckenzie slightly frowned.

She was asking Grace to work in the restaurant, but not to enter a beauty contest, so why was Grace dressed so loudly?

However, for Grace, these were the most conservative and ordinary clothes in her closet.

Therefore, she didn't feel anything wrong. Instead, she smiled at Mckenzie. "Are we leaving now?"

Mckenzie wrinkled her brows disapprovingly, but she controlled herself and asked the maid to wheel her into the car.

Grace didn't follow her. She walked out of the garage, driving the Land Rover out. It looked as domineering as her.

Eventually, the two cars arrived at the restaurant.

The doorman came forward, took the keys, and parked the cars for them. Mckenzie and Grace entered the restaurant.

Mckenzie took Grace directly to the kitchen. There was a room partitioned off that was used for making the dressing.

Mckenzie told everyone else to leave. She and Grace stayed alone in the room.

Seeing this, Grace felt Mckenzie was making a fuss.

Weren't they just going to make dressing? Why did Mckenzie act like a secret agent?

"Wash your hands first. After you're ready, we'll start," Mckenzie said.

Grace's long, slender eyes narrowed as she went to the restroom.

The large iron pot was placed in the room. Black smoke emanated from live coals. Grace's face darkened as she saw this.

Yet thinking that she had promised Charlie, she could only endure it.

On the one hand, she couldn't go back on her word. On the other hand, she didn't want to put Charlie in an awkward position. Immediately after that, McKenzie began to tell Grace about the ingredients and asked her to put them into the iron pot.

Chapter 1410

Grace had never set foot in the kitchen since she was a child, not to mention putting a name to any of the ingredients.

She stood there in a daze.

This gave McKenzie a headache. She wheeled herself over, pointing at the ingredients while telling Grace their names and what to do.

It was indeed inconvenient for Grace to walk up and down on high heels.

And the marble floor was smooth. She accidentally slipped and knelt on the ground. Her beautiful face was contorted.

Grace scrambled to her feet, secretly cursing. She knew her knees must have been hurt seriously because of the sharp pain.

Mckenzie didn't want to say anything else, gripping her wheelchair. She had an impulse to rush over.

Putting the ingredients into the pot was just a start. She must keep stirring them.

Although Grace was tall, her arms and legs were thin. Just after she stirred for a while, her strength failed her.

"Go on. The coals are burning. If you stop stirring, the dressing can't be heated evenly and will even be scorched."

Mckenzie said sternly.

Grace was not meek, but she didn't lose her temper.

As she had finished mixing the ingredients, it was nearly noon.

Grace's legs were weak. Her arms were sore and soft.

She wanted to leave, but Mckenzie didn't agree.

That was only the first step, and there was a second step.

Cursing silently, Grace stepped out of the kitchen into the dining room, found a seat by the window, picked up the Band-Aids, and put them on her knees.

At this time, the phone rang. It was a call from Charlie. His voice was warm and soft. "Honey, you must be tired."

"Humph."

Grace pouted.

Her face looked as if covered by a layer of ash in the mirror, completely not as pretty as it was in the morning.

"I'll give you a massage at home tonight. To comfort my hard-working wife, I went to a masseur and learned from him." Charlie chuckled, raising his eyebrows.

"Sweet talk!" Grace cooled down a lot.

"I'm at your command," Charlie said sweetly. "Thank you for all you did today."

"You'd better really think so. I want to take a nap now. Gotta go."

After Charlie answered, Grace hung up the phone.

She was too tired to maintain her elegance, leaning back on the sofa with her legs crossed and eyes closed.

Even so, she was a striking beauty. Many men looked at her.

After sleeping for more than half an hour, Grace felt relaxed, gently shaking her lustrous curls and stretching.

She could have gone shopping at this time or had afternoon tea with her girlfriends, but now she was so miserable!

After she sat upright, the waiter came over. "Ms. Grace, Ms. Mckenzie wants you to go to the kitchen."

"Dammit!"

Grace blurted out.

She got up, smoothed the creases out of her skirt, and walked towards the kitchen.

This time Mckenzie asked her to mash all the ingredients. Mckenzie emphasized that Grace should use her hands instead of tools.

Grace had to mash a whole pot of ingredients with her pretty hands! She thought Mckenzie was kidding!