## President 1521

Chapter 1521

Bella didn't want to say anything else. She was unfamiliar with the man, so there was no need to argue with him.

Grace held a glass of red wine and stood there sipping it.

Bella felt that the hall was noisy, and everyone was dressed up. Only she dressed so simply. She thought she shouldn't stay there, so she went out.

The pavilion in the hotel was beautiful. There were flowing water, flowers, and chairs. The air was fresh, making people feel comfortable and at ease.

Unexpectedly, that man followed her out." It's good to come out for some fresh air."

As soon as she saw him, Bella was a bit disgusted and didn't intend to stay any longer. She thus walked towards the hotel lobby.

However, she was stopped by the man. "Why are you leaving?"

"I'm unfamiliar with you. What do you want?"

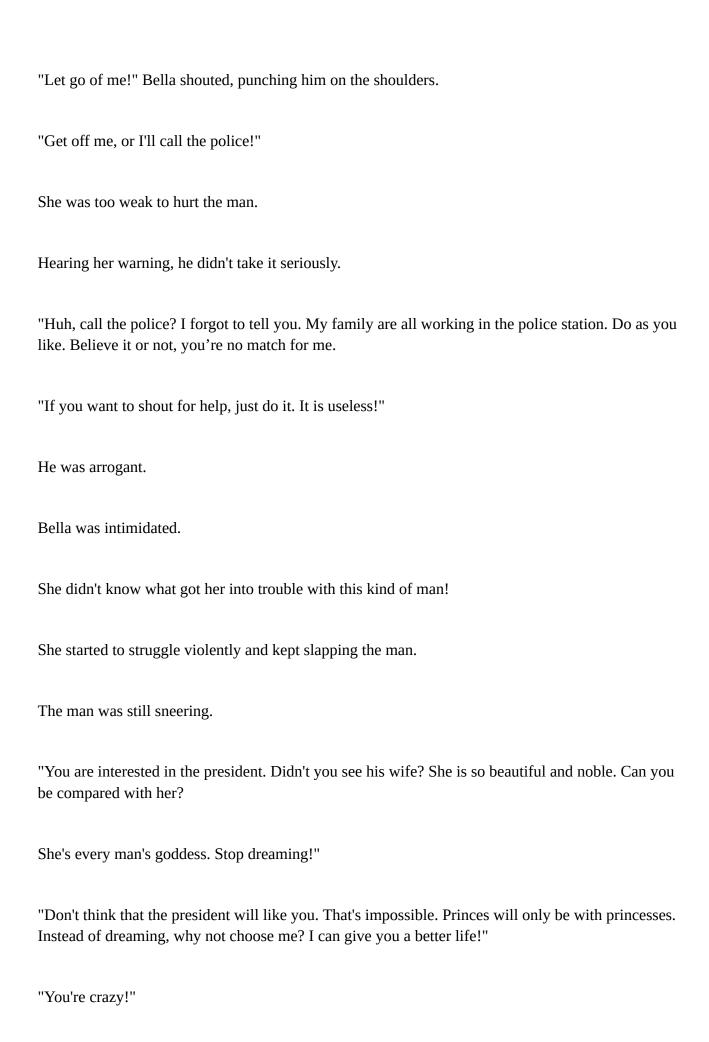
"Unfamiliar? You'll be familiar with me after a chat!" the man said, chuckling.

Bella ignored him, bypassed him, and wanted to walk into the lobby.

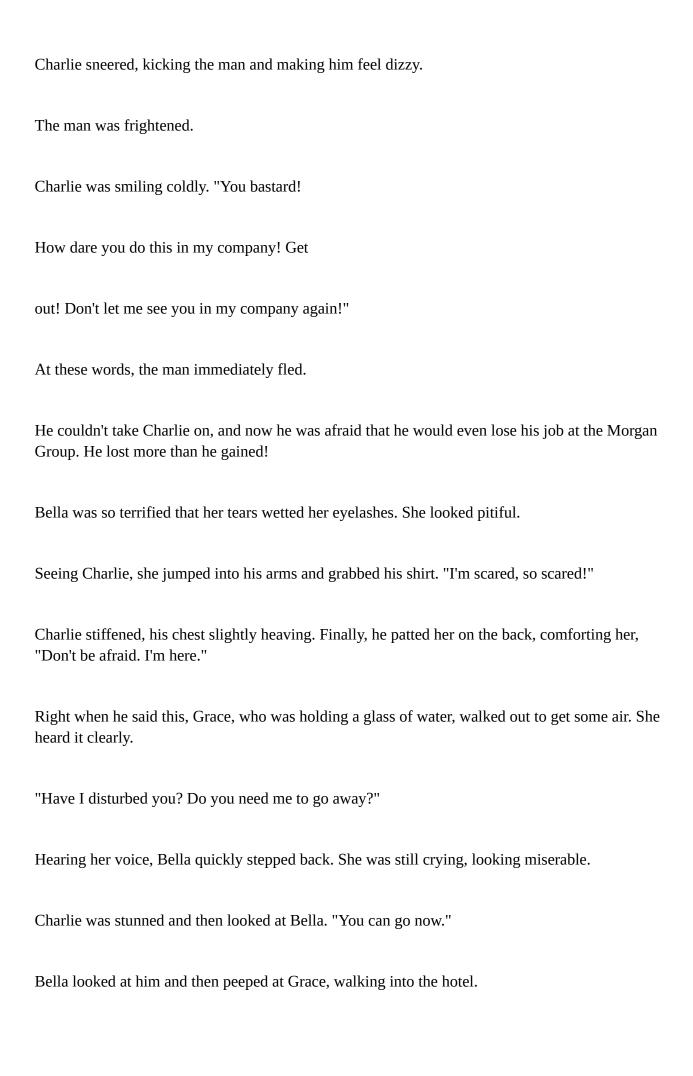
However, no matter she turned left or right, the man also moved to block her way as if playing with her.

Eventually, Bella got annoyed. She shoved him out of the way and continued to walk forward.

Yet the man's patience had run out. He forcibly held her into his arms.



Bella slapped him hard. She was agitated and panicked. There was no one around. She was afraid that she couldn't resist him. The man said, "I'll show you how crazy I am. He then began to tear her clothes. Since she wore a T-shirt, it was easy to pull off. He reached inside her clothes and touched her breasts. Bella had never experienced something like this before and was shocked. Her face was pale. Although she was also pestered in the bar, it was not that serious. She screamed in terror, but the man was so excited that he ignored it. Charlie came out with his cell phone. He was still talking to someone on the phone. Hearing the sound from outside, he walked over. Chapter 1522 Then Charlie saw what was happening! He frowned. His face turned cold. He strode over, raised his hand, and fiercely punched the man. The man wailed in pain, cursing. When he looked back and saw Charlie, he murmured, "Charlie." "Who do you think you are to call me by the first name?"



Just as she passed by Grace, Grace stuck out her foot.

Bella didn't pay attention to it. She pitched forward and fell heavily to the ground. Her kne

Bella didn't pay attention to it. She pitched forward and fell heavily to the ground. Her knees were bruised and became swollen.

She felt aggrieved, her knees hurt very much, and she had just suffered such a thing. She was so sad.

She missed Charlie's warm embrace and his faint scent of plants, but she couldn't do that again.

Grace did it on purpose, but she said elegantly and blandly, "I didn't mean it! Be careful when you walk!"

Bella felt pain in her knees and almost couldn't stand up.

She pursed her lips without speaking, struggling to get up.

Bella knew she was in the wrong, and she didn't dare to say anything.

She felt that there was something between her and Charlie.

Yet Charlie didn't tell her how he felt. She was unsure of what he was thinking.

Charlie saw clearly what Grace did, squinting.

Grace was smiling coldly. "Feel sorry for her? Are you going to carry her in your arms and be her knight?"

Charlie kept silent.

Yet Grace continued with a stony face," Last time we didn't talk about it, so let's talk now right here."

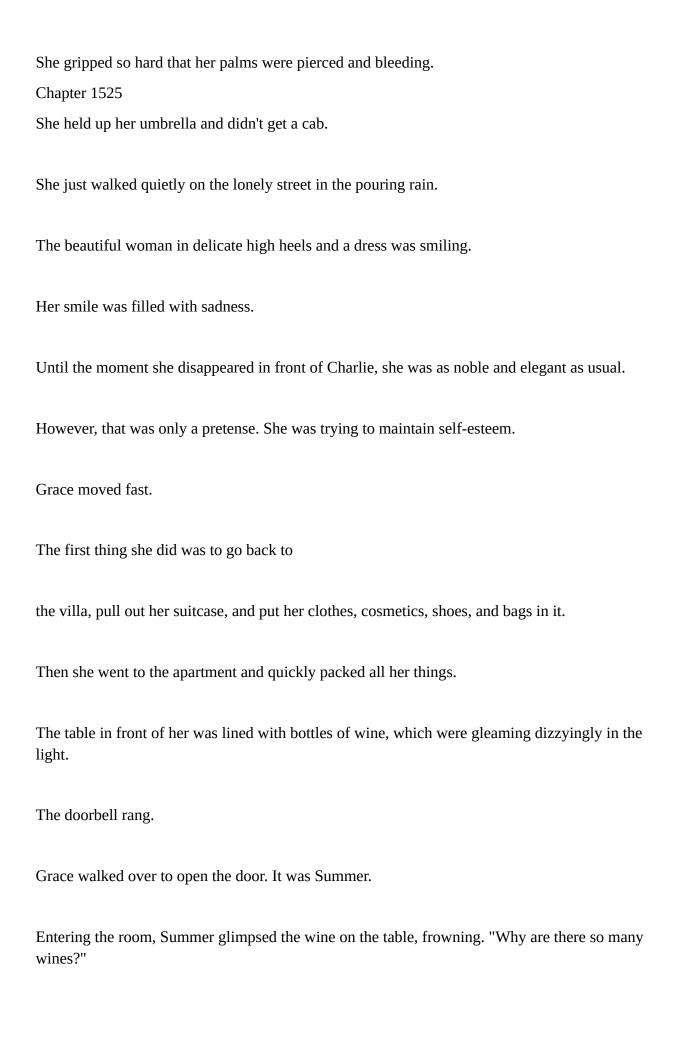
The air between the two people standing opposite each other was tense. No one spoke. "Didn't you say you want to talk to me? Why are you mute? Or you've changed your idea?" The water cup in Grace's hand was still warm, and so was the water inside. She directly raised the cup and splashed the warm water on Charlie. "I'm capricious. I can do whatever I like. Even if it were boiling water, I would splash it on your face! Chapter 1523 Charlie raised his hand and wiped the water droplets off his face with his long, slender hand. He was calm. "If she hadn't left quickly, I would have splashed the water on her face!" Grace threw the water cup to the ground and smashed it into pieces. "Well, then let's talk here," Charlie said. "Okay, you can begin now!" Grace found the most comfortable position and leaned there. The moonlight was bright, beaming down on her face through the tree. She waited quietly. She was waiting for him to speak and tell her what he wanted. Yet she felt that what he was talking about would probably not be what she wanted to hear. "Remember it? I once told you..." Finally, Charlie spoke evenly. Hearing this, Grace said with a sneer.



"So you think I'm not nearly as good as her. She's an angel and I'm a devil, right? What do you want to do?" Grace interrupted him. Why should she continue to listen? Charlie was still smoking. The rising smoke covered his face. The fire light flickered. "Let's separate first. After we cool down, we should think about whether we are suitable for each other and whether our marriage has to be continued..." Before he could finish, Grace raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face. She used all her strength. Immediately, Charlie's right cheek was left with a red palm print and swelled. Grace didn't know if it hurt. Yet her palm was hot and painful. She felt as if her heart was being gnawed on by thousands of ants and was torn! "Does it hurt?" Her red lips moved. Grace was still smiling charmingly. Chapter 1524 Charlie didn't say anything. He just removed the cigarette between his thin lips, threw it to the ground, and crushed it under his shiny leather shoe. Staring at him doing this silently, Grace kept smiling. She raised her hand and slapped him again. "Does it hurt?" She hit him fiercely in the same place. His face instantly swelled up. The third slap made him tilt his head. Charlie even tasted blood. She hit him with all her strength!

After that, Grace's palm was burning and stinging. It was numbed in the end, just
like her broken heart.
She moved slightly, squatted on the ground, and picked up a piece of broken glass, which was smashed by her.
Holding it with her fingertips, Grace slowly approached him.
She finally put it against his left cheek. "The two sides of your face look different. Maybe I should add something to it"
Meanwhile, she scratched his face with the sharpest edge of the broken glass.
Blood ran out and flowed downward.
Charlie stood still.
Grace moved the glass an inch down against his cheek. She closed her eyes for an instant and then threw the glass away.
"I wanted to ruin your face, but now I have no interest in it. You should be thankful. By the way"
She paused for a moment.
"There's no need to separate. I'll ask my lawyer to draw up a divorce agreement tonight. It's time to split up. To be honest, I've long been tired of you!"
Grace turned around after saying that.

After she left, Charlie felt more irritated.
He took out a cigarette and smoked again.
The strong smell of nicotine couldn't comfort him at all.
Coming into the hall, Grace still looked proud. She greeted the guests with a faint and charming smile. She acted graciously. No one knew she was deeply hurt.
When she came down, something happened in the hall.
Bella appeared in untidy clothes. She was bullied by those women in the company.
She fell to the floor. Her clothes were stained with red wine.
It was splashed all over her face and T-shirt. Bellas looked quite embarrassed and insulted.
The women around her were chuckling, waiting to see her make a fool of herself.
Grace was standing at the corner on the second floor, leaning against the wall and watching quietly.
Charlie came back from the pavilion.
Seeing what was going on, he squinted and took off his coat.
He went up, draped it over Bella's shoulders, and helped her up. Then they left the hall.
What a romantic scene!
Grace suddenly laughed, her pretty nails sinking into her tender palms.







"There is no communication between him and me. As long as I go back to the

apartment, he will leave. Even though we stay together, he rarely speaks to me. We sleep in the same bed, but back to back.

"I tried to talk to him, but he never gave me a chance.

"I'm so tired. I even wanted to give up at that time. Thus, I asked you and Sherman if I'm responsible for Mckenzie's faint."

After draining another glass of wine, Grace casually wiped the corner of her mouth, closing her eyes.

"You both said yes, so I held on.

"When I get up in the morning, he has left. When I return in the evening, he stays in the study with his endless work. We have no time to spend together.

"I deeply felt that we couldn't go on like this or we would be more and more distant from each other. I thought I had to do something.

"So, even though I was tired, I brought lunch to the company every day at noon to eat with him.

"But he just told me not to go there anymore. Okay, I asked him to go out for dinner with me. He still refused. Summer, do you know how sad I was?"

Summer wanted to cry.

Walking forward, she hugged Grace, weeping bitterly.

Grace was a proud and spirited woman. She shouldn't force herself to endure this!

"No matter how hard my work is or how cold he is, I can hold on, but after hearing what he said tonight, I want to give up..."

When talking with Charlie, Grace didn't cry.

Even when they talked about divorce and she packed up her things, she didn't cry either.

However, snuggling up to her best friend and feeling her warm embrace, Grace couldn't hold back her tears anymore. There was a stabbing pain in her heart.

"He said we should think about whether we are suitable for each other and whether our marriage has to be continued. He doubts if I am still suitable for him. Sometimes one can be hurt deeply by a few words..."

Summer knew Grace was drunk.

If not, according to Grace's character, she wouldn't have said so much.

She was simply not this kind of person!

However, Summer felt it was lucky for Grace, who would have kept this a secret.

Grace would have put on a slight smile and spoken sharply, though heartbroken.

Now she had vented out her sadness. It was a good thing.

Summer gently patted her on the back, quietly soothing her. She didn't stop Grace from drinking.

Everyone had an outlet for their emotions. Summer thought she shouldn't stop Grace.

Grace had suffered for so long, and things had become like this. She must be very depressed. Summer decided to accompany her.

Grace bit her red lip so hard that it was left with bite marks.

She was crying. Her tears were like scattered pearls, rolling down her cheeks.

Summer was afraid that Grace would pierce her lip. She suppressed her sorrow, asking Grace to open her mouth. "Just cry out. It will be alright..."

Chapter 1527

Being hugged by Summer, Grace was wailing with a red face, like a child who had lost her way and couldn't find her home.

Called by Mark, Summer told him that she wouldn't go back tonight and would stay at the hotel.

Grace was sitting on the ground surrounded by many bottles that were all drained by her. Her breath smelled of alcohol.

Early the next morning.

When Summer woke up, she saw Grace sitting on the bed and hugging her knees

in a trance.

Summer felt sorry for her, gently shaking her arm. "Why don't you sleep more? You wake up so early."

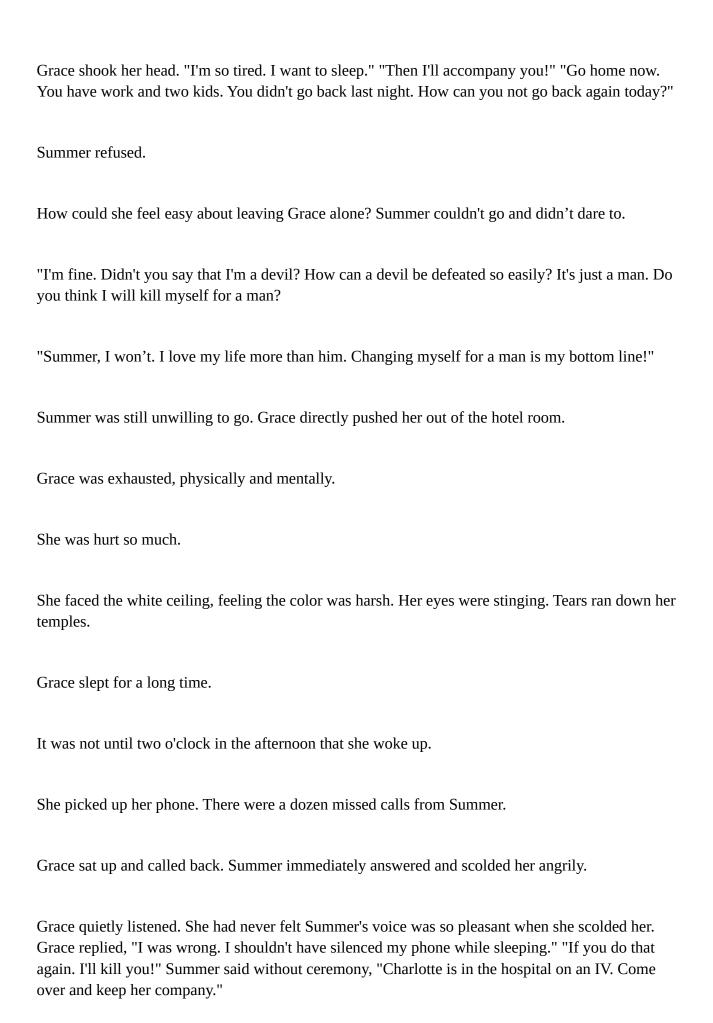
Grace didn't sleep all night. There were dark circles under her eyes. She looked haggard, curling her lips. "I've slept enough.

"Grace," Summer called sadly.

"Eh?" Grace slightly tilted her head and looked at Summer. "What's wrong?"

"Let's go shopping."

Summer thought that Grace loved shopping, which might be a good distraction for her.



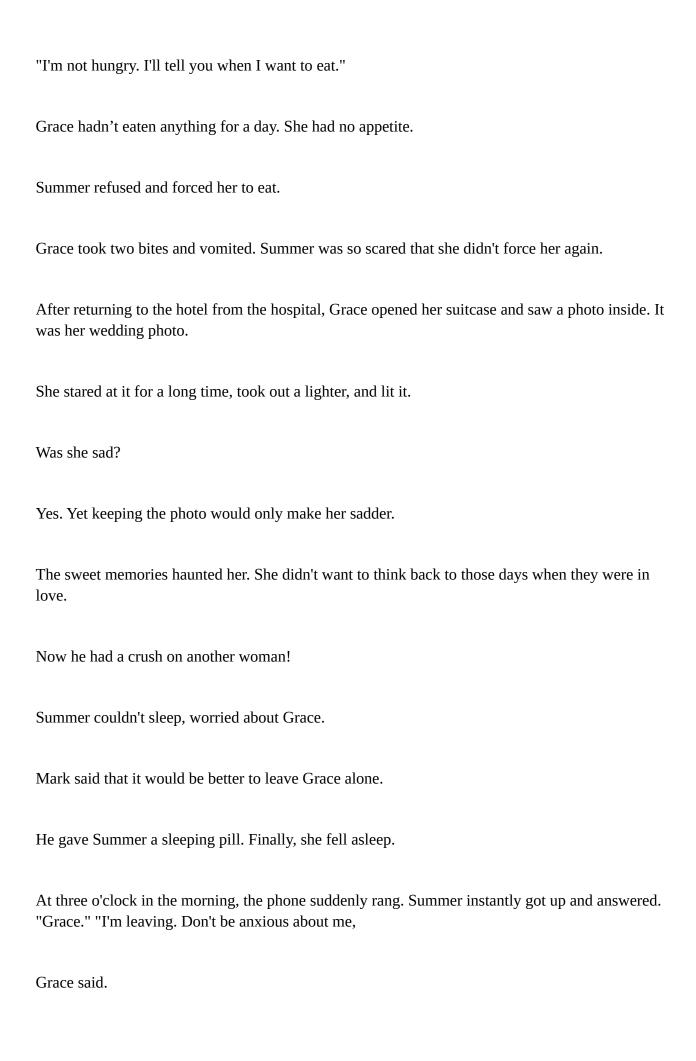
Grace said, "Okay." She changed into a green dress, casually tied up her curly hair, and put on flat sandals and sunglasses. Though weary, she was still gorgeous. Grace didn't make Charlotte cry this time. Charlotte was a little uncomfortable with that. "Grace, why didn't you make me cry today?" Grace answered, "I'm tired." Charlotte thought for a while and said," Just make me cry, or I'll feel strange!" Grace rubbed her hair. "I don't have the strength. I'll make you cry next time. Two times!" Summer was speechless. Subsequently, Grace called the lawyer and asked him to come over. They drew up the divorce agreement in the hospital. Her request was very simple. She was not interested in the Morgan family's property at all. She just wanted Charlie to sign it at once. She had enough money to support herself. Chapter 1528

The lawyer said he understood. Grace nodded. "Give the divorce papers to him the day after tomorrow. There's no need for me to see him from now on."

Summer's eyes were filled with tears. She hit Grace on the shoulder.

Grace looked weary and dazed, not as energetic as before. She was sitting there staring blankly. No one knew what was on her mind.







She took out her earphones and put them on. She used to hate this singer, who was not handsome but married a beautiful woman. He cheated on his wife at last. Yet now she wanted to listen to his song," Rescue". "The lights twinkled in the street. Suddenly there was a cold wind. The memories are sweet but distant. It can't save me from sorrow. I drift like an abandoned ship. I make you cry every night. Dreams are like balloons... "Love makes us together. Hatred asks for freedom. Yet love and hatred are entangled..." She stood in the deserted street, looking around. It was a bright street with neon lights shining all the time. However, the air around her was so cold. She was the only person there. She stood quietly for a few minutes, stopped a cab, got in, and leaned on the window. She watched the familiar scenery slowly recede as the night wore on. She was moving forward, and the city was getting farther and farther away.

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning when she arrived at the empty airport.

Grace went to the ticket office and asked," Is there a flight that will soon take off?"

The staff checked and answered, "Yes.



Grace was alone. Did she feel scared going to a strange city in the deep of night?
Summer wondered if Grace had already boarded the plane and left the city that gave her sad memories. It was not bad for her.
When Grace came back one day, she would attract everyone's eyes.
In the bar.
Mark, Charlie, and Billy were drinking.
The atmosphere in the room was not good. They were silent.
Billy raised the glass, tilted his head, and drank the wine in one gulp.
He was still in shock. "Hey, are you and Grace really divorced?"
Charlie silently drank his wine.
Grace left a distinct cut on his right cheek.
Hearing this, Mark raised his narrow eyes. He didn't drink wine. He was just sipping warm water.
His two kids and Summer didn't like the smells of alcohol and cigarettes, so Mark
was trying to quit smoking and drinking.
"Since you don't answer, then it should be true!"
Billy continued.



"By the way, I almost forgot to tell you. Grace left the country last night at 3 a m. Summer and I don't know where she has gone. She didn't tell us, but I think you're not interested in knowing that..." Mark then went away. Hearing the news, Billy raised his eyebrows. Charlie was stunned. His hand holding the glass of wine stiffened, and so did his body. A moment later, he lowered his head to drink. Billy gazed at him for a while. He had no idea what made Charlie and Grace split up! Billy had something to do in the Day family's villa, so he couldn't stay with Charlie for too long. Billy had to go back by nine o'clock. Thus, Charlie stopped drinking and walked out of the bar with Billy. Then one went east and the other went west. Charlie didn't go back to the apartment or the villa. He went to the hospital. Mckenzie was asleep as usual. He was unsure if she would wake up. He began to deal with the company's documents. His cell phone vibrated. He picked it up. "Mr. Morgan, I can't go to work tomorrow. I want to take a day off." It was Bella. Chapter 1530

Charlie grunted, quickly writing on the document. He didn't say anything else. Bella gripped her phone with her left hand. Her lips moved. She wanted to say something but was hesitant. A moment later, Charlie's voice came over again. "Is your mother going to leave the hospital?" Bella nodded. "The doctor said that she has recovered, so she can be discharged tomorrow." She was tempted to ask him, "Will you come over tomorrow?" Yet she was too timid to say that. "Give your mother my regards." He said and hung up the phone. Bella failed to ask him that question. She held her phone and sat down on the edge of the bed, feeling that she was not bold enough. "What did your president say?" Bella came out of her trance. "He asked me to give his regards to you." "Bella, is your president married yet?" The middle-aged woman sat up in bed. "He's divorced." Bella got up and got a cup of warm water for her mother.

Her mother smilingly said, "Bella, I think your president is very nice. He's goodlooking, noble, and

polite."

Bella smiled and didn't say anything.

The middle-aged woman continued, "Our family is poor. Since you were young, we have been bullied by our relatives. They all look down on us. If you can marry him, we can hold our heads up in front of them."

Bella knew what her mom was thinking. She curled her lips without speaking.

She felt that she was just a step away from being with Charlie. She thought that

Charlie was interested in her and that he was a decent man.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have smiled at her so gently, complimented her on her cooking, driven her home on a rainy night, helped her send her mother to the hospital, hugged her, or accompanied her...

Charlie was well-known in Santabaca.

Those female employees in the company read the magazines every day, which he appeared in, and there were countless beautiful women around him.

Bella didn't think she was pretty.

Yet the president was good to her. She felt maybe she was different to him...

Early the next morning.

Charlie was having a meeting at the company. They were preparing for a contract with a foreign firm. He couldn't slacken off.

The phone in the pocket of his trousers vibrated. He frowned, reaching into the pocket and directly dismissing the call.

The person who was speaking seriously in the meeting was the project leader of the foreign firm. The conference room was very quiet. Everyone was listening attentively.

The next moment, Charlie's phone vibrated again. He still dismissed it.

However, someone was stubbornly calling him, so Charlie kept dismissing the calls.

After the meeting, he returned to the office, took out his cell phone, and called back.

It was the manager of the restaurant. The restaurant had been closed for four or five days. Many customers called him, asking when the restaurant would open again.

"Close it for now. I'll inform you later."

Charlie said briefly and hung up.

Immediately after that, the phone rang again. He was annoyed, picking it up." Hello?"

It was his mother's caregiver. Hearing the angry male voice, she was startled.

"Mr. Morgan, it's me. Your mom will possibly wake up soon. I just saw her fingers moving gently..."

Instantly, Charlie's eyes gleamed. He swallowed. "I'll come over immediately!" He was so excited that his chest heaved.