

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.

"Let go of me!" Bella shouted, punching him on the shoulders.

"Get off me, or I'll call the police!"

She was too weak to hurt the man.

Hearing her warning, he didn't take it seriously.

"Huh, call the police? I forgot to tell you. My family are all working in the police station. Do as you like. Believe it or not, you're no match for me.

"If you want to shout for help, just do it. It is useless!"

He was arrogant.

Bella was intimidated.

She didn't know what got her into trouble with this kind of man!

She started to struggle violently and kept slapping the man.

The man was still sneering.

"You are interested in the president. Didn't you see his wife? She is so beautiful and noble. Can you be compared with her?

She's every man's goddess. Stop dreaming!"

"Don't think that the president will like you. That's impossible. Princes will only be with princesses. Instead of dreaming, why not choose me? I can give you a better life!"

"You're crazy!"

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?"

Charlie sneered, kicking the man and making him feel dizzy.

The man was frightened.

Charlie was smiling coldly. "You bastard!

How dare you do this in my company! Get

out! Don't let me see you in my company again!"

At these words, the man immediately fled.

He couldn't take Charlie on, and now he was afraid that he would even lose his job at the Morgan Group. He lost more than he gained!

Bella was so terrified that her tears wetted her eyelashes. She looked pitiful.

Seeing Charlie, she jumped into his arms and grabbed his shirt. "I'm scared, so scared!"

Charlie stiffened, his chest slightly heaving. Finally, he patted her on the back, comforting her, "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

Right when he said this, Grace, who was holding a glass of water, walked out to get some air. She heard it clearly.

"Have I disturbed you? Do you need me to go away?"

Hearing her voice, Bella quickly stepped back. She was still crying, looking miserable.

Charlie was stunned and then looked at Bella. "You can go now."

Bella looked at him and then peeped at Grace, walking into the hotel.

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 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.

"You told me many things. I don't know which one you are referring to. Besides, I don't have such a good memory!"

"I once said..."

Charlie paused for a moment.

"I respect marriage, but if I fall in love with others, I won't cheat on you or hide it from you. You won't be the last one to know it."

Grace's beautiful almond eyes narrowed slightly. She stared at him. "Go on!" "Although you saw me hug her just now, I didn't do anything else to her. I respect you and our marriage."

Charlie said very slowly.

"However, it's true that I have feelings for her."

"You have feelings for her..."

Grace was laughing coldly. Her face clouded over.

"Yes, and when I stay with her, I'm not anxious anymore. Instead, I feel relaxed and peaceful..."

Charlie finally said so.

He reached into his pocket of suit pants, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. Smoke drifted in the darkness.

"Does it feel that good to be with her?"

"She's gentle and is easily satisfied. She makes me feel comfortable."

"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.

She was walking in her silver high heels. Her black dress was swaying. She looked beautiful, elegant, and fascinating.

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.

She gripped so hard that her palms were pierced and bleeding.

Chapter 1525

She held up her umbrella and didn't get a cab.

She just walked quietly on the lonely street in the pouring rain.

The beautiful woman in delicate high heels and a dress was smiling.

Her smile was filled with sadness.

Until the moment she disappeared in front of Charlie, she was as noble and elegant as usual.

However, that was only a pretense. She was trying to maintain self-esteem.

Grace moved fast.

The first thing she did was to go back to

the villa, pull out her suitcase, and put her clothes, cosmetics, shoes, and bags in it.

Then she went to the apartment and quickly packed all her things.

The table in front of her was lined with bottles of wine, which were gleaming dizzily in the light.

The doorbell rang.

Grace walked over to open the door. It was Summer.

Entering the room, Summer glimpsed the wine on the table, frowning. "Why are there so many wines?"

"Well, Charlie and I talked about divorce..." Grace sat on the carpet.

Greatly alarmed, Summer stared at her incredulously. "You're lying!" "Why should I lie? Besides, have I ever lied to you?"

As she spoke, Grace opened the caps of all those wine bottles.

She didn't seem to be lying. Summer's heart was pounding. "Why?"

Grace poured a glass of wine. "You know."

"Because of his secretary?"

Summer's heart beat faster.

Grace nodded and downed a glass of wine.

Her heart ached.

Summer was angry, cursing with a livid face, "I'll go to Charlie!"

Grace turned around and said, "Why bother?"

"Then just let him get away with it?"

Summer was furious.

"No. I slapped him three times. His face is red and swollen. Look, my palms are also swollen. I took a piece of glass and cut his face. He was bleeding. I had intended to disfigure him," she said calmly.

"What happened?" Summer was still confused about the situation.

"He said he wanted to talk to me. He has feelings for that secretary, and when he stays with her, he's not anxious. He feels relaxed and peaceful. He said we should separate first and think about

whether we are suitable for each other..."

Grace said word by word.

Summer's chest heaved violently.

She felt sad for Grace, thinking that Grace must be much sadder than her.

"I found that a long time ago. We once had breakfast together. I felt there was something between them at that time. It proved that I was right." Grace drank one glass of wine after another.

"You had been getting on well and had never quarreled much or hated each other before McKenzie fainted. Will you possibly make up?"

"No!"

Chapter 1526

Grace said firmly. Her eyes were gloomy.

"Summer, that's impossible. You are married, so you should know that what can damage a marriage is not quarreling but being silent and running away."

Summer didn't say a word.

She had thought that the most immature among the three of them was Grace.

Yet Grace was the most mature.

"You know. I can't stand it anymore. The work in the restaurant is hard, and Charlie gives me the silent treatment every day.

"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 shook her head. "I'm so tired. I want to sleep." "Then I'll accompany you!" "Go home now. You have work and two kids. You didn't go back last night. How can you not go back again today?"

Summer refused.

How could she feel easy about leaving Grace alone? Summer couldn't go and didn't dare to.

"I'm fine. Didn't you say that I'm a devil? How can a devil be defeated so easily? It's just a man. Do you think I will kill myself for a man?"

"Summer, I won't. I love my life more than him. Changing myself for a man is my bottom line!"

Summer was still unwilling to go. Grace directly pushed her out of the hotel room.

Grace was exhausted, physically and mentally.

She was hurt so much.

She faced the white ceiling, feeling the color was harsh. Her eyes were stinging. Tears ran down her temples.

Grace slept for a long time.

It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that she woke up.

She picked up her phone. There were a dozen missed calls from Summer.

Grace sat up and called back. Summer immediately answered and scolded her angrily.

Grace quietly listened. She had never felt Summer's voice was so pleasant when she scolded her. Grace replied, "I was wrong. I shouldn't have silenced my phone while sleeping." "If you do that again. I'll kill you!" Summer said without ceremony, "Charlotte is in the hospital on an IV. Come over and keep her company."

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.

After being hit, she came out of her trance, holding Summer's hand. "It hurts."

"You deserve it! "

Summer wanted to cry as long as she looked at Grace.

"Don't worry. One won't die of divorce.

Without Charlie, I'll live much better in the future. I'll never make myself unhappy.

You know it..."

After a pause, Grace said gently.

"Summer, I won't be sad because of a man who has feelings for another woman!"

Summer was biting her lip.

Grace continued, "I had intended to go to that secretary and put her in the hospital, but I'm so tired. Why bother? "

Nodding, Summer echoed, "I know you are tired. After all, you've been busy in the restaurant for so long."

"Indeed."

Grace's voice became gentle again. Her mind wandered.

Summer said. "Don't think so much. Let's get something to eat. What would you like?

I'll buy it."

"I'm not hungry. I'll tell you when I want to eat."

Grace hadn't eaten anything for a day. She had no appetite.

Summer refused and forced her to eat.

Grace took two bites and vomited. Summer was so scared that she didn't force her again.

After returning to the hotel from the hospital, Grace opened her suitcase and saw a photo inside. It was her wedding photo.

She stared at it for a long time, took out a lighter, and lit it.

Was she sad?

Yes. Yet keeping the photo would only make her sadder.

The sweet memories haunted her. She didn't want to think back to those days when they were in love.

Now he had a crush on another woman!

Summer couldn't sleep, worried about Grace.

Mark said that it would be better to leave Grace alone.

He gave Summer a sleeping pill. Finally, she fell asleep.

At three o'clock in the morning, the phone suddenly rang. Summer instantly got up and answered. "Grace." "I'm leaving. Don't be anxious about me,

Grace said.

Summer heard the sound of wheels rubbing against the ground from the other end of the phone. It was clear in the silent night.

Summer gripped the phone. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know yet. I'm going to the airport. I'll take a flight at random."

Summer was heartbroken. "You're crazy!"

"Summer, I'm not. I've always wanted to take a trip. If I stay here, I'll go crazy. Going to a strange city, seeing strange scenery, and making new friends can make me happy. Don't keep me here. I'll be depressed. You don't want to see me like this, do you?"

Suddenly, tears gushed out. Summer sobbed uncontrollably.

She felt sorry for Grace.

In the beginning, Grace and Charlie loved each other so much.

However, Grace was hurt deeply at last.

Chapter 1529

"Don't cry. You'll make me cry, darling.

Good night..."

Hanging up the phone, Grace walked forward.

It was three o'clock in the morning. There was no one else on the street.

She cast a long shadow on the street under the lights. She looked so lonely.

She pulled her suitcase and moved forward.

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."

Paris."

Grace bought a ticket.

She thought Paris was a beautiful, romantic, and elegant city. She always wanted to go there but had no opportunity.

In less than half an hour, the flight was boarding.

Grace gathered her trench coat around her, walked over, had her ticket checked, and boarded the plane, setting off for an unfamiliar city.

Although she was fiery, traveling alone made her feel a little lonely and scared.

Yet now, she was not afraid anymore.

The plane took off. She put on a sleep mask. Tears poured down her face in the dark. She roughly wiped her face and closed her eyes.

Summer looked at the phone in a daze and then told Mark, who had just woken up, that Grace had left the city.

Mark was surprised. He hugged her in silence.

He didn't know how to comfort her. After thinking for a while, he said, "She'll be happy." "Well, she also said so. I hope she will be happy. She suffered and changed a lot for Charlie. Now she can be herself, spontaneous and fiery. I think she will be happy..."

Summer was still crying. Just thinking of Grace made her cry.

At that time, Grace and Charlie started dating secretly. When everyone knew it, they were about to get married.

When it came to their divorce, the situation was the same.

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.

"You and Grace are mysterious. When we knew you were together, you were already married. You divorced before we knew it too. What is going on between you two?"

There was a dead silence. No one answered his question.

Shrugging his shoulders, Billy picked up his glass of wine as he said, "Alright, I won't ask."

Suddenly, Mark's cell phone rang.

He answered it. Summer asked on the phone, "Where are you?"

"In the bar, but I'm not drinking. I'm just having some warm water."

Mark immediately showed his determination to quit smoking and drinking.

"Who is there with you?"

"Charlie and Billy."

Instantly, Summer's voice came over.

"Come back. They will only drag you down to their level. They are all jerks. Keep away from them!"

Mark couldn't help curving his thin lips.

"Come back quickly. Your son wants to play with you! " Summer immediately added, "Otherwise, I won't soothe him if he cries!"

After hanging up the phone, Mark was going to leave.

Thinking of something, he said to Charlie.

"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.