

President 1641

Chapter 1641

They talked in Grace's ward.

Grace was lying in bed, and Bella was sitting on the sofa.

After a long while, Bella said, "He risked his life for you. Can't you forgive him?"

"It has nothing to do with you," Grace replied bluntly.

"I know, but I like him, and I hope he'll be fine."

Bella picked up the water glass from the table and took a sip.

"If you can forgive him, then I'll quit, and you can live with him. If not, don't mislead him and tell him to give up his wishful thinking so that he can focus on his own life.

"He lost his company and almost lost his life for you. Don't you feel guilty?"

Grace was amused. "It seems that I haven't done anything. I didn't ask him to stay with me. You shouldn't have said this to me. You should try to persuade Charlie as long as you can."

Bella knew there was no need to discuss any further.

She stood up and said, "One shouldn't be so selfish."

In the afternoon, Summer came to see Grace.

Summer was relieved to see that Grace was safe. She asked about Charlie. Knowing that he was out of danger, Summer put her mind at rest.

"What do you think?" Summer looked at Grace. "I mean Charlie can give up his life to protect you."

"Summer, are you still not clear? When a man chases a woman, he can do anything for her. When Charlie wanted to marry me, he struggled against Mckenzie and promised me many things, but time has proved that all he did was just a joke..."

Grace continued, "Even so, I'm not moved. A man can give a woman anything he has when he loves her. However, when he no longer loves her, he will leave ruthlessly."

"Do you think I'll still be so easily moved? That's impossible!"

She had once been hurt by him. She would never forget it.

Summer knew that Grace used not to believe in love.

After meeting Charlie, Grace fell in love. Now she was hurt by him, she would never easily believe in love again.

Grace was afraid of love and was avoiding it.

"Anyway, you should go to see him."

"The doctor said that the surgery was successful. There won't be any problems. Besides, Mckenzie and Bella are around him. I don't need to go to see him," Grace answered.

At these words, Summer didn't say anything else.

They talked for a while. Summer left. Grace closed her eyes, trying to sleep, but she failed.

Charlie woke up at ten o'clock in the evening. His handsome face was pale. He opened his eyes, asking, "Where is she?" He was asking about Grace.

Chapter 1642

As soon as she heard this, Mckenzie was angry. "You almost died. Why do you still think about her? She is all right. Now she is probably sleeping. Since you came out of the operating room, she has

not even come to see you. I asked her to stay with you, but she coldly said that you're mainly responsible for this accident."

Bella was quiet, observing his expressions from time to time.

"Haven't you given up yet? But I feel desperate. I thought that if you got back together with her, I could live with Eaton and endure her, but look at what you've done!"

Mckenzie's chest heaved. "You almost lost your life to save her, but she did not even bother to see you!"

Charlie fell onto the bed. His thin lips were dry and cracked. He asked in a deep voice, "Didn't she come to see me?"

"How could I lie to you? If you don't believe me, ask Bella. Grace said you're mainly responsible for the accident!"

Bella nodded. "It was true. I was there when she said that. She didn't come here."

Charlie silently closed his eyes. His chest heaved violently, and his pale face turned gloomy. Was he sad? Of course, he was.

He wondered if she still loved him.

"Charlie, do you want to continue like this? " Mckenzie sighed. "Before this incident, I didn't stop you. As long as you can be with her again, I won't say anything because of Eaton.

"Even though she has flaws, I can accept her, but now I've changed my mind. I want Eaton. He's my grandson. I love him, but there is nothing I can do if you are going to abandon custody of Eaton.

"So you can try to date Bella. I'll talk to Grace about Eaton. Eaton can stay with her four days a week and with me three days a week. It's fair to anyone..."

Only Mckenzie's voice could be heard in the room.

"I think it's the fairest arrangement. I have my bottom line. You gave her the Morgan Group. I did not say anything about that. You gave up the custody of the child. I love my grandson, but I still didn't object.

"But this time you have to listen to me. I feel so sad, not to mention you...

"After this accident, I made this decision.

I'm sure it's the best choice for us. What do you think?"

Mckenzie said seriously, "Charlie, think it over. This is what I want. I know I can't get custody of Eaton.

"As long as I can stay with him three days a week, I will be satisfied. I can accept that you gave her the shares of the Morgan Group."

Bella said, "I think this proposal is very reasonable."

Charlie had just woken up after the car accident. His brain was buzzing. He was in a fret, feeling that he was about to explode.

Mckenzie and Bella kept talking around him.

Finally, Charlie said, "My head hurts. I want to rest. You can go now." "Then can you stay alone at night? Do you need me or Bella to accompany you?" Mckenzie was worried.

He was injured. It was not convenient for him to do anything. How could she leave him alone?

"Just go. I want to be alone tonight."

Charlie closed his eyes. His voice was low." Besides, don't bother Bella again. After all, she has to work. I'll solve my problems. I don't need her."

Mckenzie waved at Bella, signaling her to leave together.

Bella felt uneasy, looking at Charlie.

Mckenzie noticed it. She shook her head slightly and took Bella away.

Charlie was left alone in the ward.

He couldn't sleep, thinking about Grace. Did she have no feelings for him anymore? Was she so cruel to him?

Did he feel desperate?

Yes.

Was he depressed?

Yes. He felt like he was in an ice house. It was so cold.

What Mckenzie said still echoed clearly in his mind.

However, it was strange that another feeling was burning inside him. It became clearer and clearer.

Looking out the window at the dark sky, Grace was lost in thought. No one knew what was on her mind.

After a long while, she got up, casually draping her jacket over her shoulders. She walked out of the ward.

As it was very late, the corridor was very quiet. No one was there. Grace stepped along the corridor. The room at the end of the corridor was Charlie's.

Through the glass in the door, she saw everything inside.

Charlie's eyes were closed. He was sleeping and looked well.

After looking for a while, Grace still didn't push the door open. Instead, she stood in the doorway.

A moment later, footsteps came from behind. Grace withdrew her gaze and turned around. It was a nurse, carrying something in her hands. The nurse looked back and muttered while walking.

When she saw Grace, she paused and called Grace in a low voice.

Grace nodded. "Are you going to put him on an IV?"

"Yes. It's an anti-inflammatory. His wounds may be infected," the nurse answered.

Without saying anything else, Grace turned to leave.

As she was about to go back to her ward, Grace thought of something and said, "Please bring him the best nutritional porridge tomorrow morning. Don't tell him I asked you to do so."

The nurse was confused but still nodded, indicating that she got it.

While the nurse changed the IV bottle, Grace didn't leave. She stood at the corner, not visible from the ward.

The corridor was not warm. It was being ventilated. She was staying at the end of the corridor. The cold air came in as if to bite her.

Twenty minutes later, the nurse changed the medicine and came out. Seeing Grace still standing there, the nurse was a little surprised. "Ms. Livingston, you can't stay in the wind. You'll get a cold. Hurry back to your room." "Have you finished?" Grace gathered her clothes, feeling a cold current running through her.

"Yes," the nurse replied.

"Is he asleep?"

The nurse wondered why Grace stood out of the ward and asked her instead of going in and having a look.

After thinking for a while, the nurse nodded. "Yes. There should be no problem tonight."

Grace said thank you with a slight smile and then left.

As she was back in the ward, Andrew called her, asking what she was busy with. He complained that she didn't come back to accompany Eaton.

Grace didn't tell him the truth and made an excuse.

If Andrew knew the truth, he would rush over with Eaton at once. It was so late, and she was not seriously hurt. Therefore, he didn't need to worry about her.

After hanging up the phone, she quickly fell asleep.

Grace got up very late the next morning.

The weather finally cleared up. Sunshine beamed through the window. She felt warm.

The doctor came and gave her a check-up, saying that she had recovered well and that there was no big problem.

Grace smiled slightly. She was still looking at the design drawings.

It was spring, and now she had to start designing jewelry for spring and summer, so she was very busy.

The doctor was idle, talking about Charlie. Charlie had a high fever and almost went down with pneumonia. Fortunately, he was sent to the hospital in time.

Hearing this, Grace stopped drawing. She looked up at the doctor, thinking back carefully. Then she remembered that yesterday Charlie gave his coat to her. He just wore a white shirt in the wind all day.

"How is he now?"

"He's recovering quickly. He's young and strong, so there is nothing serious. His injuries will take some time to heal."

At these words, Grace nodded with relief and continued to look at the drawings in her hands. She wanted to leave the hospital this afternoon.

In another ward, Charlie was still lying in bed. There was no one else in the room. He was bored and called Mark.

Mark didn't go to his company, staying at the Valentine mansion. Charlie heard the laughter and screams of the children on the phone.

"I think she may not have any feelings for me anymore. I haven't seen her in my ward since last night."

Charlie looked blandly out the window.

Women needed to talk with their friends about their emotional lives, and so did men.

Anyone would be in trouble and feel unhappy, whether they were women or men.

"Is that so?" Mark thought that as Charlie was sick, he should comfort him. "Maybe she's seriously injured."

"No. My mother and the doctor said she is fine. She can get out of bed, walk, and even run." Charlie felt distressed.

Hearing this, Mark slowly rubbed his brow, saying, "Although I feel very sorry for you, I have to tell the truth. Before you became Grace's driver, nothing happened to her."

"The first day you worked for her, such a big accident happened. I don't know what to say."

Charlie gave a wry smile. "I'm unlucky these days. Let's come back to the last subject. Do you think she still loves me?"

"According to the situation, no." Mark felt that Charlie didn't need to stall for time. It was good for them to make a clean break.

Charlie fell silent.

Mark secretly sighed, knowing that Charlie must feel very hurt. Mark asked, "What are you going to do then?"

Chapter 1644

"Mark..." Charlie said in a low voice, "Even if she treats me like this, I still don't want to let her go. I've made up my mind."

Though she's cruel to me and makes me sad, my heart tells me I can't let her go..."

Mark was about to speak when Summer, who was standing beside him listening, took the phone from him.

She said bluntly, "You'd better give up as early as possible. Do you feel hurt and think that Grace is heartless?"

"Then why didn't you think about her situation? To bring you lunch, she had a car accident and almost died. She sent the lunch to your company, but you told her not to come again. How sad she was! You

hurt her much more than she hurt you!"

Summer didn't hear Charlie say that he couldn't let Grace go. She was annoyed as he said that Grace made him sad.

Before Charlie could speak, Summer continued, "Don't call him again to consult about your emotional life. Please call relationship experts."

Summer could understand that he was sad, and she hoped he would pull himself together.

Yet what happened between Charlie and Grace was a different matter.

Mark rubbed his forehead. Summer had just heard part of what Charlie said, but she attacked Charlie fiercely.

Charlie knew little about that car accident. It sounded very serious.

He saw the bruise on her forehead that noon. She walked slowly, but he didn't pay much attention to it. Moreover, he asked her not to come to the company again.

Charlie wondered if he was now as depressed as she was at that time.

He closed his eyes and knitted his brow deeply.

The footsteps came from outside. Grace stood at the door. "I'm leaving the hospital. I came to tell you this out of courtesy."

Charlie fixed his eyes on her. He was relieved to see her looking well.

He nodded. Thinking of something, he immediately said, "I've signed an agreement with your company. While I'm in the hospital, you can't hire another driver or assistant. Otherwise, you'll break the contract!"

Grace raised her eyebrows, staring at him for a moment. She then left without responding.

Charlie was a bit anxious, not knowing if she would listen to him.

Besides, even if she breached the contract, it was no big deal.

She just needed to pay the penalty. She now had so much money. The penalty was nothing to her.

When Grace returned to the hotel, the manager called her, asking, "Do you want to hire another assistant?"

After thinking for a while, Grace replied, "No need. Just keep to the original decision."

Mckenzie came to see Charlie and asked him, "Have you thought it over?"

What did he think of her proposal last night?

"Mom, I still intend to get her back. This is my real thought. I don't want to hide it from you. At that time, she had a car accident but still sent my lunch to the company. When I spoke coldly to her, was she as sad as I am now?"

Hearing this, Mckenzie didn't say anything.

"So I'm just repeating what she did for me and experiencing her feelings. Now I've realized I was indeed a bastard!" Charlie said calmly.

Bella walked in and heard it. Her heart jumped.

Mckenzie looked at the clock. It was time to go to the restaurant. She didn't stay any longer. Bella and Charlie were left alone in the room.

Bella asked after a long while, "You are a man and the president of the Morgan Group. Are you going to throw your pride because of a woman?"

"Pride..."

Charlie answered evenly, "I find that the prouder one is, the humbler they are in love."

Bella was lost for words.

Her chest heaved. She felt suffocated.

Charlie recovered very quickly this time, and he listened to his doctor. After a few days, he was discharged from the hospital.

The first thing he did after leaving the hospital was to go to the company.

When he heard that Grace didn't dismiss him, he smiled broadly.

Walking out of the company, Charlie was still delighted. He curved his thin lips and called Mark. "Don't worry. I'll do a good job.

I won't shame you."

Charlie then drove to the hotel. Grace happened to walk downstairs.

He smiled, glistening in the morning sunlight "Good morning."

Grace gazed at him for a moment. She paused and nodded indifferently, but the moment she lowered her head, she smiled slightly and briefly.

"My driving skills are very good, and I'm experienced. That was just an accident. I was once a racing driver. No one drove as well as me at that time..."

Charlie bubbled, not as silent as before.

Raising an eyebrow, Grace said, "Focus on driving."

"Okay..." He immediately shut up like a timid rabbit.

After a while, Charlie rambled on again. "If you don't believe me, I can show you my certificates. One mistake doesn't mean anything. We shouldn't jump to conclusions!"

"I want to rest. Be quiet, or get out."

Charlie closed his mouth again at once.

Since Grace didn't hire another driver, Charlie was overjoyed.

It was the first step to success.

He believed that although Grace didn't love him as much as before, after this incident, she was not so indifferent to him.

He thought maybe it was because she felt guilty. Even so, he was content.

As long as she changed her attitude towards him, he was very happy.

Today Grace worked in the office. They didn't need to go out. The heating was on. The room was quite warm.

Grace had endless design drawings to deal with. What was worse, she was not satisfied with the recent designs, so she had to spend more time on them.

Chapter 1645

Charlie was an assistant, and now he had no work to do, so he stood next to her and helped her sort through the documents.

He didn't know that she had a talent for designing before. He felt amazed seeing her design drawings in front of him.

Looking at them one after another, Charlie thought that these jewelry designs created by Grace were beautiful, unique, and elegant.

Grace ignored him. She was drawing on the paper briskly, looking so charming.

Charlie stood there quietly for fear that he would interrupt her.

The room was silent. Only the sound of them breathing and her pen rustling could be heard.

It was lunchtime soon. Charlie glanced at the clock and then at Grace.

She didn't seem to want to get up and eat lunch. She was sunk in her work.

After thinking for a moment, Charlie didn't disturb her. He quietly waited for her to look up and speak.

Thirty minutes later, she still maintained the same posture, without moving.

Finally, Charlie stepped over and slowly said, "It's time for lunch."

Grace didn't respond. She propped her slender arms on the desk and rubbed her forehead.

There were several places in the design that she was unsatisfied with. She felt they were not coordinated and comfortable. She thought for a long while but didn't have a better idea. Suddenly

being interrupted, she was annoyed. She ordered with a frown. "Stop! Keep quiet. Don't disturb me."

She lowered her head again and continued to work.

Charlie raised his eyebrows. After a moment of silence, he went forward and snatched the pen from her hand. "It's already 2:30. You must eat lunch, or your stomach will hurt."

Grace was in a fret, while Charlie walked over, held her slender wrist, and pulled her towards the door.

"You have no idea how scary the stomach disease is, so you recklessly torture your body. You'll regret what you did when you suffer from it."

Grace still wanted to go back to the desk, but Charlie dragged her to the door. Grace happened to feel a little hungry, saying, "Let go of me. I'll go by myself."

He withdrew his hands. They walked out of the room together.

In the restaurant, Grace ordered spaghetti. Charlie ordered steak. They didn't talk to each other while eating.

After lunch, they went back to the office. When Grace finished work, it was six o'clock in the afternoon. They drove back to the hotel.

Andrew was still taking care of Eaton. As soon as he saw Charlie, he wrinkled his brow deeply. "You are so annoying!"

Charlie wasn't angry at all, curving his thin lips. "You're very straightforward. It's good." "Sounds like I'm your type. Unfortunately, I have no feelings for you. I'm only interested in Grace. Although you're Grace's driver, I'm warning you. You'd better stay away from her, or you'll be kicked out."

Charlie kept a slight smile. He was calm and polite.

Grace glanced back at Charlie. She picked up Eaton and said to Andrew, "I brought you the mutton and salad that you want."

Andrew stuck his hands in the pockets of his trousers and shrugged his shoulders. "Grace, replace him."

"What's wrong?" Grace asked.

"He has an ulterior motive. He's your driver but wants something else. You can't keep such a person by your side," Andrew said righteously.

Grace chuckled and changed the subject. "Hurry up and eat dinner. Otherwise, it will get cold."

Andrew frowned but didn't say anything else. He went to eat dinner.

Chapter 1646

After hearing about what Charlie did, Summer called Grace, asking what she thought of it.

Grace was silent.

She didn't know what to say.

"You're very confused and don't know what you are thinking, right?"

"Not really. He got a bad cold that day because of me. Then we had a car accident.

I have to take responsibility for it," Grace answered.

Summer continued, "Then do you still have feelings for him?"

"Perhaps yes, but they may disappear in the twinkling of an eye. After being hurt by him, I've changed my opinion of him. You know it."

Summer was clear about that, so she stopped asking and changed the subject. "What about Andrew? What do you think of him?"

After thinking for a while, Grace replied, "Andrew appeared when I was depressed and confused. He comforted me, cheered me up, and helped me start my career. Yet I don't love him."

Summer had experienced the same feeling.

One could only make choices by themselves. Summer had no right to give Grace any suggestions about her life.

They didn't chat for long. After hanging up the phone, Grace put Eaton to sleep.

Charlie was in a good mood, humming while walking into the villa. McKenzie was sitting on the sofa watching TV. "You're so happy today."

"Yes..." Charlie's face hadn't been so bright for a long time.

"Because Grace didn't dismiss you, right?"

Charlie curled his lips. "Mothers always know their sons better than anyone else..."

The relationship between them hadn't been so cordial for some time. The atmosphere was warm and relaxing.

"In the past, when you and Grace quarreled, I felt anxious and embarrassed. I didn't know which side to help, but I knew no matter who I helped, the quarrels were inevitable."

Mckenzie let out a long sigh, patting Charlie's hand.

"If you and Grace still have a chance to get back together, do your best to win her back, though I'm unhappy with her.

"As long as you can get her back, I'll avoid her as much as possible."

"Why did you change your mind? You firmly refused to accept her before."

"The night you were in the hospital, Bella and I left. I forgot my cell phone and went back to the hospital. When I walked around the corner, I saw Grace standing outside the door of your ward.

"She didn't go in, standing in the corridor for more than twenty minutes. She didn't leave until she knew the nurse had changed your medicine and you were asleep. I think she's not as bad as she looks. Besides, you have Eaton."

Mckenzie signaled the nurse to keep quiet that day. Mckenzie stood at the corner watching Grace.

The wind in the corridor was strong. Grace stood there for more than twenty minutes.

Mckenzie felt like she was being splashed with cold water. Grace was wearing a thin sweater. She might have felt much colder.

Mckenzie stood in the dark corner. She saw everything.

Moreover, Grace didn't dismiss Charlie. Therefore, Mckenzie intended to give in.

Chapter 1647

Deeply touched, Charlie hugged Mckenzie tightly. He had so much to say, but when he opened his mouth, only one word came out. "Mom!"

"Don't get too excited. I must warn you at the outset that I'm not making concessions to her. I'm doing this for Eaton's sake, but I still have a lot of grudges against her."

"I'm positive she'll grow on you. Actually, her bark is worse than her bite. You'll see that once you get more acquainted with her.

Mckenzie made no reply to his words.

"You were married to her for several years. How could I not have gotten acquainted with her well enough? You don't have to put in good words for her. Nothing will change my opinions of her.

"Also, Bella's a good girl. Since you've made up your mind, you should stop wasting her time. I'm saying this because I don't want her to wait for you in vain any longer."

Charlie opened his mouth and was just about to speak when Bella walked inside, bags in hand. She brought a lot of gifts with her.

The look in Charlie's eyes flickered. He glanced from Mckenzie to Bella before he said candidly, "You need to stop visiting this place."

Bella's smile froze on her face at his words.

Even her slightly bent upper body stiffened. She couldn't understand what he meant.

"Like I said, nothing can stop me from getting back with Grace. I've never thought of giving up, and I should never have said any of those words to you. Please allow me to apologize to you.

"If you keep doing this, she'll misunderstand. In these circumstances, I can't afford to allow any misunderstanding or accident to happen between me and her. Also, you and I should put an end to the mistake between us."

Charlie put it in an explicit and blunt way.

Bella didn't speak. Instead, she looked at Mckenzie.

"You're a good girl, and it's indeed not Grace but you who's my favorite, but my son's made up his mind, and then there's also Eaton. It's true I don't like Grace, but the odds are still in favor of her.

"Previously I kept thinking of letting you stay by Charlie's side, for if he failed to get back with Grace, he'd still have you, but now I've realized it's indeed very unfair to you.

"A misfortune has befallen on your mother's leg, and your father's in reduced circumstances too. Yesterday I saw your parents. I don't have the heart to keep being so cruel to you, so please go and find your own path. Let go of your obsession."

The speaker was Mckenzie.

"I love him. I'm not afraid of waiting. I can wait as long as it takes. I really can!" Bella was insistent.

"There are circumstances in which you need to know where the limit is. It'd be best if you know when to let go, but if you don't, I'll show you I have my own ways of dealing with things."

Bella felt a throb in her heart as if it were being ripped apart. Was it really necessary for them to put it this way?

"Women can't afford to wait that long, and women's youth is too short, so you need to understand why I'm doing this, Bella, though I also hope you'll wait and my son will change his mind.

"But there's no telling if any of those will happen. It all depends on the divine will. If your paths are meant to cross again, you two will be together—"

Mckenzie still wanted to smooth things over.

But Charlie interrupted her, "It's getting late. I'll have my chauffeur drive her home."

With that he grabbed Bella by the arm and strong-armed her out of the Morgan family's villa.

His chauffeur was already waiting outside. Charlie shoved her into the car. "I was indeed wrong to give you hope. Now I'm going to shatter all the hopes you're holding on to. I have no feelings for you whatsoever. Just go, and don't ever come back!"

Although Mckenzie hadn't consented to it yet, she was swayed.

And Grace's attitude towards him had softened a little as well. He couldn't afford to make even the slightest mistake at this crucial juncture!

Eventually Bella was forced into leaving by the chauffeur.

The chauffeur locked the car doors, and she couldn't open any of them, no matter how hard she tried. Her face contorted with

anger.

Charlie always arrived very early to pick her up. He would buy her her favorite breakfast and then wait in the car. His care and concern for her could be deemed scrupulous.

He always kept in mind her favorite foods and favorite beauty products, and he would buy them all and deliver them to her whenever he had the chance.

Every day he bought a bouquet of flowers and put it on her desk.

The expression in Grace's eyes flickered as she looked at the flowers on her desk. Out of the corner of her eye, she sneaked a glance at him...

Now Charlie could take almost everything into consideration. He was meticulous. No matter whether Grace could think of it or not, Charlie always covered all the bases.

Bella had called in sick, and she hadn't come to the company for four or five days. She had been sleeping at home all along, and she hadn't even been eating.

Her mother pushed open the door of Bella's room and called Bella's name in a low voice, a frown on her face.

Bella ignored her mother and pulled the quilt over her head to block out her mother's voice.

Nobody could get through to her, and she didn't want to hear anybody's voice. All she wanted was to stay in her room alone.

"You can't stay at home away from the company forever, can you?"

"Why should I go to the company?"

This time Bella abruptly threw back the covers and sat up. "There's deep enmity between the new president and me. How am I supposed to work in there when he keeps harassing me?"

Her mother stiffened. She hadn't bargained on hearing about this. After giving it some thought, she said, "Did Charlie call you in the past few days?"

"No."

Bella's chest was heaving in and out. There hadn't even been a text message from him, let alone a phone call.

"He's always been a good entrepreneur, hasn't he? And he's quite business-savvy too. Now that you can't stand working in that company, you might as well go and start a business with him." "Start a business?" A grim smile touched Bella's lips. "His mind is completely occupied by Grace. He's been

working as a babysitter and a chauffeur for her at the same time. He's rushed off his feet. There's no way he can spare a thought for something like this."

Her mother furrowed her brows. "He's given all the shares in the Morgan group to Grace and her child, hasn't he? Is he not anxious at all? That's a huge enterprise. He's really okay with that?"

"He's totally okay with it, and he doesn't care at all. The other day I was worried that he might be upset about his company, and I suggested starting a business with him, but he's completely uninterested."

After hearing her words, her mother lapsed into silence.

"I'm not afraid of suffering hardships or setbacks, as long as he puts his mind to it, but he has no intention of doing that whatsoever, so no matter how hard I try, all my efforts will be in vain." Bella was really heartbroken.

Chapter 1648

Her voice was very feeble, and her face was bloodless because she hadn't eaten for days.

Her mother said, "Then you should give up, Bella. Maybe he's indeed not the right guy for you."

Bella's hands clenched hard around the quilt as transports of emotions flooded over her in waves. "Are you suggesting I let it go?"

"What else could you possibly do?"

"It's been such a long time, and now you're asking me to quit?" Bella asked bitterly, staring at her.

"There's nothing else you can do. You and Charlie are not meant to be together. Much as I like him, this is clearly not going to work out between you two."

Bella bit her lip tightly. Her sharp canine teeth even left deep marks on it.

She sat there quietly, saying no more.

Not knowing what Bella was thinking, her mother wanted to say something, but after giving it some thought, she remained silent and walked out.

Bella was now the only one left in the room.

Hugging her knees, she rested her chin on her kneecaps. Nobody knew what she had in mind.

It was a long while before she pulled out her cellphone, called Charlie and requested him to meet her in Blue Bay Cafe.

Charlie refused flatly, believing that there was no need for them to meet again at all.

Bella tightened her grip on her phone, feeling as if her heart were being cut in half.

It was as if the tender flesh of her heart were exposed, blood gushing out of the wound inexorably.

After hanging up, Charlie told Grace honestly, "It was Bella. She wanted to see me. I rejected her. In no circumstances will I see her again."

"Now you're only my chauffeur and assistant. You just have to do your job As for your private matters, you don't have to explain any of them to me. Firstly, I'm not interested, and secondly, it'll distract me from my work. Understand?"

Grace was still scribbling away quickly with her pen. Her tone of voice was particularly casual and cavalier.

"I don't care about any of that. The only thing that concerns me is if you might misunderstand me. That's the only thing I have concerns for. I don't care about anything else! "

Charlie expressed his truest thoughts.

Grace made no response. She just kept working as if she couldn't be bothered to reply to him.

An involuntary sense of loss clutched at Charlie's heart. Sitting on the side, he began to sort the drafts of drawings, faint dejection etched on his face.

In the past he couldn't understand, but now he finally came to know the full meaning of the words "One who doesn't want to be helped can not be helped."

Though he was an assistant, his workload wasn't really heavy.

Watching Grace working flat out, Charlie wanted very much to share her burden.

But he knew nothing about design, so he could only sit there watching.

Therefore, the scene in the office was like this: Grace was staring unblinkingly at a draft of drawing in her hand, whereas Charlie was gazing at her idly.

His gaze was so intent as if his eyes were burning, threatening to melt everything with the scorching heat. He just stared at her unblinkingly.

Originally, all Grace's attention had been focused on the drafts of drawings, but the gaze from the man beside her was so amorous that she could distinctly sense it.

She wanted to ignore it, but he was sitting there like a statue with his eyes fixed on her. Even the most thick-skinned person would find it unbearable.

Frowning, she grabbed the corner of a book without lifting her head and hurled the book at him.

Charlie failed to dodge in time and the book hit the corner of his eye. He instantly clutched his eye in pain.

"If you really have nothing to do, go and mop the floor for me. I didn't pay you that much money to have you sit here like an idler."

After hearing her words, Charlie stood up, picked up the mop on the side and began to mop the floor.

He had never done anything like this before, but now he was doing it quietly, looking quite meek.

After mopping the floor, he cleaned the desk and watered the flowers beside the window, bustling around.

Soon it was time to punch out. Charlie had bought many nibbles which used to be her favorite and put them in his car.

Chapter 1649

She could eat some snacks when she felt bored.

He spent half an hour with Eaton before going back to the Morgan family's villa.

He walked out of the bathroom with a teacup in his hand and went downstairs only to see Mckenzie staring out of the villa. Surprised, he frowned. "What's the matter?"

"Bella's here." Mckenzie pointed out of the window. They could distinctly see Bella from this position. "Should we let her in?"

"No!" Charlie answered without hesitation. "Since she and I can never be together, I shouldn't give her any hope. Don't let her in."

But Mckenzie felt that it was beyond the pale.

Apart from anything else, Bella was a girl, and this was no way to treat a girl.

"A few days ago, when I made up my mind, I decided to sever ties with her, but you had nobody to talk with in this mansion and I was worried you might feel lonely, and you happened to find her company enjoyable, so I acquiesced in your permission to let her in."

"The sky's a bit sullen. I'm afraid it's going to rain in a few moments. I think we should let her in."

Charlie frowned, took a sip of tea and said, "She has five senses as we do. She'll leave when she's tired, sleepy and cold."

Mckenzie was just about to say something else when Charlie pushed her towards the staircase leading upstairs.

On that night, Bella stood outside the villa until half past ten.

But the gate of the mansion never opened. She left top-heavy.

Charlie and Mckenzie believed that Bella, having been given the cold shoulder, would come to understand the situation, give up and never show up again.

But the two of them were clearly mistaken.

The next day Bella came again, and this time she stood there until half past eleven in the evening.

On the third day, it was raining, but even so, Bella still waited until half past nine, all her clothes drenched with rainwater.

This time Mckenzie really didn't have the heart to just watch anymore.

It wasn't easy for a girl to display such perseverance. Though Charlie didn't want to accept her, there was no need to be so harsh on her!

But Charlie's attitude was very firm. "She's a stubborn girl. I'm okay with adopting a ruthless method if that's what it takes to shatter her fond hope."

Bella developed a high fever after going back that night and nearly fainted. She was taken to a hospital where she received intravenous fluids.

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Grace had almost finished all her work in this country, for the workload was not really heavy. After a phone conversation with Dominick, she felt that she could go back to France now.

She had told her mother about the matter when she was in the fourth or fifth month of her pregnancy, and then she had taken her mother to France. She had settled down in France.

Her mother hadn't seen Eaton for quite some time, and she had been calling every few days. She would call Grace first and then Andrew.

Her mother and Andrew always had a lot to talk about. They video-chatted quite often, Andrew holding Eaton in his arms.

Sometimes they actually talked for two hours.

They talked about a lot of things with obvious relish, from Eaton's diet, sleep to his bowel movements, which made Grace feel rather resigned.

On this day, when Grace was talking with Dominick on the phone, Charlie walked inside.

Naturally, he had heard their phone conversation clearly.

His chest heaving in and out violently, he stared deep into Grace's eyes. "You're going back to France?"

"I think you heard it when I said that on the phone."

Grace didn't raise her head and kept bustling around.

Charlie hurried up to her in two big strides and gripped her shoulders hard. "I'm going with you!"

"You're just my chauffeur and assistant in Estain. My work in this country is over, and I have another chauffeur and another assistant in France. Your service is not needed in France." "I can do anything. I don't have to be your chauffeur and assistant. There are other things I can do."

He was filled with anxiety, and his tone of voice was quite urgent.

Grace lifted her head and gazed at him. " There's no vacancy for the moment, which means you going there won't be any good. Besides, you have an undertaking here.

Forget it."

Chapter 1650

"I've given up even the Morgan group for you. What could possibly mean more to me than you and Eaton?" Charlie enunciated, having made up his mind. "I've made a decision already. Wherever you and Eaton go, I'll go with you. I swear!"

Grace's chest was heaving slightly, the look in her eyes flickering. The office was very warm because of the air conditioner, so she was wearing only a thin sweater.

She could feel the scalding heat from his palm seeping through her sweater. It was as scorching as magma.

She made no remark.

Charlie's anxiety intensified. He was really panic-stricken. It had never crossed his mind that Grace would return to France.

He had nothing to coerce her, and neither did he have a way to convince her to stay. He felt so anxious as if a thousand ants were gnawing at his heart.

Unable to endure his panic anymore, he stooped down and pressed his lips hard onto her rosy ones. He lost his marbles and kissed her with all his might and passion. It was as though nothing could stop him anymore.

It was a very deep kiss.

She kept scratching, hitting and biting him, but he didn't slacken his grip at all.

Instead, Charlie deepened the kiss as her resistance intensified.

Seemingly having lost his mind, he roughly ripped apart her sweater with both hands. Grace kicked him, hit him and jabbed him in the groin with her knee.

But the pain didn't stop him. He lapsed into hysteria, strong-arming her with brutal Strength-

Grace hit him again, but he didn't feel anything as if he were wooden. He just kept tearing off her clothes, stripping her...

He was beside himself with panic and fear. It was as if this was the only way to prove that she was still by his side, and the only way to make himself feel her existence...

Grace's rosy lips were seamlessly covered by his mouth.

Charlie's movements were rough and merciless but also clean and quick. Merely moments later, Grace's clothes were taken off.

Biting the tip of his tongue, Grace said through gritted teeth with difficulty, "Enough!"

But he didn't seem to hear her and just kept undoing her last piece of clothing.

Her mouth was blocked, and she could hardly even breathe. Her hands and feet were immobilized, and she was unable to move an inch. No matter how loudly she cursed him, he didn't slow down a little.

As though having gone crazy or been possessed by some supernatural entity, Charlie couldn't hear anything or feel any pain.

Finally, Grace was stripped naked. Charlie, a well-built man, lunged forward and pinned her under him.

Grace was still struggling with all her strength in an effort to wriggle free, but Charlie's eyes were red with longing.

She opened her mouth and demanded, "Get off me!"

Charlie didn't hear her. This time Grace opened her eyes and gazed fixedly at him." I'm going to say this one last time. Get off me!"

He didn't show the slightest inclination to let go of her.