

Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

#Chapter 22 - Read Love Drug (Summer and Fraser) Chapter 22

Love Drug

Chapter 22 No Longer That Foolish Girl

Jasper's face darkened.

It had been days, and neither of his daughters had made any progress.

Before calling Summer, he had already asked Margaret about the investment.

Margaret had hesitated, making excuses that she just needed more time.

Now Summer was saying the deal was still pending.

It was infuriating. The Global Project was set to launch next week.

Funding was the only thing holding it back-he couldn't afford a single delay.

Finished

Suppressing his impatience, Jasper said, "Summer, you and Trevor are about to get married. Stop acting like a child. A woman's role is to be a man's support. Stay out of trouble, and he'll like you more. Just be good and apologize to Trevor. There's no need to ruin your relationship over something trivial."

Summer let out a cold laugh. "So my value is entirely dependent on Trevor?" Jasper fell silent.

In his mind, his daughters were meant to marry well and contribute to the Stewart Group's prosperity.

That was why he had never truly given up on Margaret, even after learning the truth.

"Dad, I started in this company as an ordinary employee and worked my way up to manager. I earned that position with my own abilities. I don't need to rely on the Larson family or Trevor. And I've said it a hundred times-we broke up."

Jasper's voice hardened. "Summer, I already told you-this marriage concerns both families. The Stewart family will not allow you to be so reckless, deciding to break up on a whim."

Summer smirked. "If you want this marriage so badly, why don't you marry Trevor yourself?"

"You-!" Jasper's anger flared.

"You're trying to drive me to my grave, aren't you? Fine, I'll give you a little more time. But if you still haven't secured the investment, I'll drag you to Trevor myself and make you apologize."

Before Summer could respond, he hung up.

Staring at her phone screen, Summer clenched her jaw.

She knew Jasper wouldn't hesitate to force her into apologizing to Trevor for the sake of the Stewart family's interests.

Because he had done it before.

Back when she and Trevor had one of their biggest fights, she had sprained her wrist and gone to the hospital for treatment.

Unfortunately, it happened to be the same hospital where Peyton was admitted.

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Chapter 22 No Longer That Foolish Girl

Peyton had deliberately lured her into her hospital room.

And just as planned, Peyton suddenly collapsed to the floor.

Right at that moment, Trevor walked in.

The room was a mess, and Peyton was lying on the ground, teary-eyed and fragile.

Trevor's brows furrowed. He rushed forward, shoving Summer aside to pick Peyton up.

Summer staggered back, her arm slamming against the wall.

53%

Finished:

She heard a sharp crack from her wrist, pain shooting through her body. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

She gritted her teeth. "I didn't push her. Peyton did this on purpose."

Trevor's expression was ice-cold. "Summer, do you hear yourself? She just fell on her own? Do you think that's funny? How could you be so cruel? She's sick, and you still have to bully her?"

At that moment, the man she had loved for five years felt like a complete stranger.

Then Peyton, still nestled in Trevor's arms, sobbed pitifully.

"It hurts... It's my fault, I shouldn't have upset Summer. Trevor, don't be mad at her. It's all my fault..."

Trevor stood up, his voice leaving no room for argument.

"Apologize. Apologize to Peyton."

Summer's eyes burned with tears. "I didn't do anything wrong. I'm not apologizing."

She turned and ran.

Because if she stayed any longer, she would break down in front of them.

Her wrist, which should have healed in a week, ended up fractured and took two months to recover.

And in the end, it was Jasper who dragged her to Trevor to apologize.

Back then, Summer had loved Trevor so much that she had no dignity left.

Even though his distrust and accusations had shattered her heart, what she feared most was that he would leave her.

So when Jasper suggested taking her to Trevor to make amends, she agreed. Like a fool, she followed Jasper to see Trevor, thinking it would fix everything.

Jasper had said all the right things, apologizing on her behalf, brushing off her behavior as a moment of childish stubbornness.

Trevor glanced at her, his expression unreadable. "Come here."

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Chapter 22 No Longer That Foolish Girl

Summer's eyes welled up as she slowly stepped forward.

Trevor pulled her into his arms, his grip firm around her waist.

53%

Finished.

"Be good. Don't throw tantrums like this again. I don't like women who take my affection for granted." His voice was low. "Summer, I only feel responsible for Peyton. Stop getting jealous over nothing."

Thinking back on it now, Summer wanted to slap her past self.

How had she been so blind?

How had she let love turn her into a fool, believing that Trevor was everything she needed?

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Chapter 23 No More Love-Struck Fool

Summer forced herself to refocus.

The most important thing right now was finding Fraser and securing the investment.

52%

Finished

After thinking for a moment, she called Yvette Landon-one of the biggest stars in the entertainment industry and her longtime best friend.

Their friendship was born from shared misfortune.

Both had grown up in broken homes.

Yvette's mother, Mandy, had been vicious.

She favored her son and treated Yvette like she was worthless, often beating her

in the streets, stripping her down to humiliate her.

Mandy had even tried to sell Yvette off to a seventy-year-old man for a fourteen-thousand-dollar dowry- just to pay for her brother's wedding.

Yvette had refused. She ran away.

That was how she was discovered by a talent scout and ended up in the entertainment industry.

At one point, she had even tried to convince Summer to enter the business with her.

With Summer's looks, she could've been just as successful.

-Back then, Yvette had clenched her jaw and declared, "Once I make it big, once I have money, I won't have

to live by anyone's rules. Summer, we have to be the masters of our own lives. The day I have power, if anyone lays a hand on me again, I'll beat them to death myself."

But Summer had just been reunited with the Stewart family.

There was no way they'd let their daughter become a public figure.

Now, three years later, Yvette had gone from playing supporting roles to leading her own films.

People like them-who had clawed their way up from the bottom-once given a chance, once truly awakened, would always become the main character of their own lives.

Summer, on the other hand, had not.

And Yvette never let her live it down.

"You're different from me," she would always say. "You still have delusions about love and family. Me? I gave up on all that a long time ago. That's why I'm ruthless. You're not."

The call connected. Yvette's assistant picked up first and asked her to hold.

A moment later, a sultry, teasing voice came through the phone.

"I just wrapped up filming. Summer, dinner tonight? Haven't seen you in ages-I miss you to death."

Chapter 23 No More Love-Struck Fool

"If I go out with you now, I'd have to cover my face."

"Pfft, that just means I'm famous as hell."

"Sure, sure, big star."

52%

Finished:

Summer got to the point. "Yvette, do you know anyone who has a connection to Fraser or a way to get in touch with him?"

"You're looking for Fraser? Havenbrook's Bossman?"

"Yeah."

Yvette tapped her nails against something, thoughtful. "I'd love to meet him myself. If the Graham family invested in one of my films, I could go international overnight. But the second female lead in my current project, Amelia, always brags about him on set. She's from some noble family and keeps name-dropping him." Yvette continued, "I remember her saying that Mr. Graham goes to Skycrest Villa a lot."

"Skycrest Villa... the one at the top of North Hill?"

North Hill was lined with luxury estates, but there was only one villa above the halfway point-Skycrest Villa.

Everyone in Havenbrook knew that entire area belonged to the Graham family. Yvette picked up on the shift in Summer's tone.

"Wait a minute. Summer, why are you suddenly looking for another man? What about your boyfriend, Trevor?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you-we broke up."

"... You're serious? You actually broke up? You willingly broke up? Wasn't Trevor your precious little baby?"

Baby? Baby, my ass!

Just hearing that made Summer's skin crawl.

"It's real. It's over. Just like you said, why the hell should I lower myself for him?

I'm done being his pathetic little lapdog."

Yvette still had her doubts.

She had scolded Summer about Trevor so many times before, but she had always gone running back to him.

"Summer, did Trevor save your life in a past life? Is that why you love him so damn much? Love him enough to share him with Peyton, that shameless bitch?

You were embarrassing the hell out of me."

Summer didn't even try to argue. She just let out a bitter chuckle.

"You don't understand, Yvette. That was love."

Love? What kind of bullshit love was that?

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Chapter 23 No More Love-Struck Fool

In Yvette's world, no man was worth devotion.

If men went extinct tomorrow, she still wouldn't beg for one.

52%

Finished:

She raised an eyebrow. "Alright, then. I'll make a bet with you. If you're really over him, I'll grant you one

favor."

"You better get ready to pay up," Summer said confidently. "Because the old me is gone."

They chatted a little longer, but then Yvette's director called for her.

Summer let her go.

After hanging up, she made a decision.

She was going to Skycrest Villa.

Even if she had to try her luck, she would find Fraser.

The drive up the mountain was winding, flanked by towering sycamore trees.

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Chapter 24 Winning Over the Gatekeeper

The dense canopy of leaves cast a shadow over the road, dimming the light like an endless tunnel.

Then, suddenly, the darkness broke.

A grand estate emerged ahead, towering like a castle, majestic and imposing.

At the entrance, a security guard stepped forward, blocking Summer's car.

"Who are you?"

Summer rolled down the window,

"I'm here to see Mr. Graham. My name is Summer Stewart."

This time, she was smart enough to add, "I'm a close friend of his."

The guard gave her a skeptical look.

Finished:

A fair-skinned beauty, dressed in professional business attire-different from the women before her, who arrived in flashy, revealing outfits.

"Every woman who comes here claims to be his 'close friend. Some even that excuse is outdated."

Summer was speechless.

Fair enough.

She had underestimated Fraser's charm in Havenbrook.

Just then, a loud woof woof woof broke the conversation.

A massive, fluffy white Samoyed came barreling toward the gate.

Behind it, a flustered dog sitter, Hailey, was chasing after it, breathless. say they're hi girlfriend. Miss,

"Hey, Pudding, slow down! Slow down! Someone stop him! He never runs beyond the garden-why is he charging the gate like a wild horse today?"

"Pudding, you little menace! How did you get out?"

The security guards immediately forgot about Summer and scrambled to stop the dog.

But they hesitated to grab it too forcefully.

Everyone knew-this dog was Mr. Graham's most treasured pet.

Years ago, a housemaid had made the mistake of underestimating Pudding.

She had been raking leaves in the garden when Pudding, playful as always, jumped into the pile and scattered them everywhere.

Irritated, she lightly tapped him with the broom.

Chapter 24 Winning Over the Gatekeeper

That one small act got her fired on the spot.

Since then, the entire Skycrest Villa staff knew-Pudding was the real master of the house.

Pudding barked even louder as he dodged the guards, sprinting straight toward Summer.

It was as if he were shouting: "Move! I smell someone very familiar!"

Summer stared at the enormous white fluffball hurtling toward her.

A Samoyed, strong and nearly half her height.

It was clearly older, but its movements were still agile and full of energy.

Strangely, Summer felt an instant connection to it.

She couldn't shake the feeling that she had seen this dog before.

A childhood memory surfaced.

Summer had always loved animals.

Once, she had found an injured stray puppy on the street and secretly taken it home.

The next day, Yolanda had crushed it under her foot, right in front of Summer. Summer had screamed, sobbed, and fought back for the first time in her life.

Yolanda had simply sneered, poking her forehead.

"You're already a burden-now you expect me to raise a dog too?"

The memory made Summer's stomach twist.

She instinctively opened the car door and stepped out.

Pudding skidded to a stop about six feet away, staring at her with bright, intelligent eyes.

Then-

"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

He barked like crazy, his excitement almost uncontrollable.

The maids and guards all stared, shocked.

Pudding was just like Fraser-alooof and distant toward strangers.

Even the dog sitter had spent two whole years earning its trust.

Yet the way it was acting now... it wasn't barking to scare Summer off.

It recognized her.

Summer crouched down on one knee, slowly reaching out her hand.

52%

Chapter 24 Winning Over the Gatekeeper,

"Come here."

In the next second, Pudding blinked.

Then he launched himself at her.

Summer nearly toppled over from the sheer force.

Pudding licked her arms, her hands, her face-everywhere he could reach.

It was the smell-familiar, safe, comforting.

Excited, he barked even louder.

Summer stumbled back a few steps, struggling to hold onto the oversized fluffball.

He's so heavy!

The staff was stunned.

What the hell was happening?

Did Pudding really... know this woman?

Summer, still buried under white fur, peeked out and gasped for air.

She patted Pudding's massive head and looked at the guards.

"Well... since he likes me so much, why don't I take him inside?"

Meanwhile, Fraser had just arrived home when a maid rushed over, slightly panicked.

"Sir, something strange happened today."

He raised an eyebrow. "What did Pudding do now?"

"Well..." The maid hesitated, trying to find the right words.

First, the dog charged the front gate like a lunatic.

Then, he had jumped all over a beautiful woman, refusing to let go.

Fraser frowned.

Pudding had always been picky about people.

For him to react this strongly to someone?

Who the hell had come to his house?

Finished.

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Chapter 25 The Dog's Favorite Person

Fraser frowned in confusion.

He had raised this little mutt for years and had never once seen it take a liking to any woman.

Has the dog suddenly changed personalities? Or had it finally matured with age?

His gaze darkened as he strode toward the villa, unfastening the sapphire cufflinks on his sleeves.

Every step he took carried an air of effortless elegance-highborn, untouchable.

The moment he stepped into the back garden, he stopped in his tracks.

From a distance, he caught sight of a familiar, slender figure.

So that's why Pudding had been acting so strangely.

It was Summer.

52%

Finished

She was wearing a fitted gray business dress that hugged her curves. The hem stopped just above her knees, revealing a pair of long, fair legs.

With her back turned to him, he couldn't see her expression, but her soft, clear laughter filled the garden, blending with Pudding's excited barking.

"Fetch! One, two, three... Pudding, go get it!"

She was playing with the dog, teasing it with a ring toy.

No matter how far she threw it, Pudding would dash off and bring it back.

After three or four rounds, Summer rewarded him with dog treats.

Pudding gobbled them up, chewing loudly.

Fraser raised an eyebrow.

Lately, the dog's appetite had dropped significantly.

It had barely touched its food-even the expensive gourmet meals he had specially prepared.

The only time it ate was when it was starving, or when Fraser lost his patience and snapped at it.

He had been planning to call Xavier to check if something was wrong.

If Xavier, a top-tier doctor, ever found out he was being asked to diagnose a dog, his pride would be 3 shattered.

Fraser scoffed silently.

Pudding, is this how happy you get when you see your mom?

Well, it had been nearly thirteen years.

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Chapter 25 The Dog's Favorite Person

She had planned to use Pudding as an excuse to get inside and find Fraser.

But after playing for a while, she had genuinely started enjoying herself.

The Samoyed was fluffy and affectionate.

Its black, intelligent eyes seemed to see right through people.

Despite its large build, it loved to act spoiled, licking her every chance it got.

Just a single pat from her, and it wagged its tail happily.

It felt so familiar.

If she didn't know better, she would have thought she had raised it before.

Samoyeds were known to be deeply loyal to their owners.

Still crouching, Summer stroked the dog's soft fur.

"Why are you called Pudding? You don't seem like a Pudding at all. Did Fraser name you?"

Woof woof! Woof woof!

Suddenly, Pudding caught a familiar scent.

Ignoring Summer completely, it bolted past her.

Summer turned around, just in time to meet a pair of dark, deep-set eyes.

They were black, yet gleamed with a faint, sharp light-like polished obsidian.

He stood there, one hand in his pocket, his tall frame relaxed.

The top few buttons of his dress shirt were undone, revealing a sliver of pale collarbone.

The reserved, refined aura made him look even more... dangerously attractive.

As Pudding leaped toward him, Fraser caught it with one steady arm. Summer barely looked at him for a few seconds before quickly averting her gaze.

52%

Finished.

She had thought that after weeks of not seeing him, the memory of that reckless night would have faded.

But just one glance, and those heated, breathless moments came rushing back. Her ears burned.

Fraser carried Pudding effortlessly, walking toward her with slow, deliberate steps. His towering presence completely overshadowed her.

"You looking for me?"

Summer tensed slightly.

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Chapter 25 The Dog's Favorite Person

Just standing in front of him made her hyper-aware of how strong his presence was.

Even the way he looked at her made her instincts go on high alert.

She inhaled deeply. "Yeah. I need to talk to you."

Fraser kept one arm around the fluffy dog.

Both he and Pudding stared at her intently.

His voice was flat, unreadable. "About what?"

Summer hesitated. Discussing business while he was holding a dog just felt... strange.

"Can we talk somewhere more private?"

Fraser lazily glanced at Pudding.

"Hailey, take Pudding for a bath."

The dog sitter, who had been waiting in the distance, immediately stepped forward to take him.

But as soon as Pudding was set down, it flopped onto the ground and refused to move.

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Love Drug

Chapter 26 A Wish Worth 500 Million?

529

Finished.

Pudding flopped onto the ground between Fraser and Summer, whining and refusing to budge.

Hailey tried calling him over, but the dog ignored her completely.

Summer crouched down, gently scratching Pudding's head, her voice soft and coaxing.

"Be good, Pudding. Go take your bath. I'll come find you later."

The next second, Pudding's attitude completely changed.

His tail wagged, and he obediently trotted off with Hailey.

Fraser frowned.

Unbelievable.

He had raised this mutt for years, and the moment Summer appeared, the dog forgot who had been feeding him all this time.

Summer cleared her throat, "How old is Pudding?"

"Thirteen."

"That old already." Summer smiled. "He looks really well taken care of."

"You don't remember him at all?"

Summer met his gaze, her clear eyes filled with confusion.

Remember?

How could she possibly remember a dog that was thirteen years old?

Fraser knew then that she truly didn't recall.

She had no idea that she was the one who had rescued Pudding all those years ago.

"Forget it," he said. "What do you want?"

Summer hesitated for a moment, then got straight to the point.

"Sorry for coming to your home unannounced. I actually went to the Graham Group office today but couldn't see you, so I had to think of another way."

Fraser arched an eyebrow, his tone casual.

"You went to my company, then came to my house. Must be something important."

When it came to work, Summer was serious.

"Yes. The Stewart Group is currently expanding into overseas markets with the Global Project. Mr. Graham, would you consider investing? The returns are high, and it fits the Graham Group's investment standards."

Chapter 26 A Wish Worth 500 Million?

Finished

She had been playing with Pudding just moments ago, her cheeks still tinged with

a rosy flush, a light sheen. of sweat on her forehead.

Her eyes, however, were sharp and focused.

More importantly-she hadn't gone to Trevor for the money.

She had come to him.

Something about that pleased him, though he didn't show it.

He gave a nonchalant hum.

"Then why don't you-"

Fraser cut her off. "With those returns, the Larson Group shouldn't refuse."

He was clearly asking: why not go to Trevor?

Summer carefully chose her words.

"I believe the Graham Group has a more structured and refined investment approach. That's why the Stewart Group is reaching out."

That was true.

But it wasn't the whole truth.

Fraser wasn't satisfied with that answer.

"Summer, the Graham Group has an investment department. If you want to pitch a project, you can go through them. Submit your proposal, let it go through the selection process, and wait for a decision."

She knew that.

The Graham Group's investment division was one of the most sought-after in the world.

Countless startups and companies dreamed of getting funding from them.

But even submitting a proposal required an initial screening.

And once accepted, it would go through multiple rounds of evaluation before final approval.

If she went through the normal process, not only would she run out of time, but there was also no guarantee she would get picked at all.

After a moment of silence, Summer finally asked, "Fraser, the favor you owe me... can it be exchanged for a 500 million dollar investment?"

"Summer."

Summer instinctively straightened her posture.

Oh?

So now she was trying to use that favor to buy money?

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Chapter 26 A Wish Worth 500 Million?

Impressive.

That night, when she said she'd be his woman, she clearly hadn't meant it.

"You've already used your favor," Fraser said.

Summer's pupils shrank slightly. "When?"

Fraser smirked, amused.

He leaned in, his lips nearly brushing against her ear.

"That night."

His warm breath sent shivers down her spine.

Summer's ears turned red.

Memories of that wild night came flooding back.

He knew how sensitive her ears were.

Finished-

That night, he had teased her mercilessly, sucking and nibbling at her earlobe, leaving her helpless under

his touch.

Her voice was unsteady. "But... you never agreed to anything that night."

Fraser looked at her leisurely, watching as her face turned redder.

"But you still asked for it."

Shameless businessman.

Summer bit her lip, annoyed.

If she had known, she never would have made that impulsive offer.

"Summer," Fraser said, his voice deep and slow, "when asking for a favor-or an apology-it requires

understand that, don't you?"

sincerity. Y

Summer frowned slightly.

She met his gaze, their faces close enough that she could see her own reflection in his dark eyes.

Summer hesitated. "What kind of sincerity?"

Fraser chuckled.

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His gaze lowered slightly.

"How about... sleeping with me again? Do you dare?"

His voice was calm, but his eyes burned with an unmistakable heat.

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Chapter 27 A Long Overdue Kiss

Summer's body went rigid, every nerve on high alert.

"I... I don't want to."

"But I do."

"Why... why me?"

52%i

Finished.

Fraser's arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her tightly against him, pressing her soft curves against his solid frame.

Summer pushed against his chest, but it was useless.

His presence surrounded her, his crisp, masculine scent filling the space between them.

"I told you," he said, his voice low and deliberate. "We fit together perfectly. Or maybe... I just like your body."

Summer instinctively tensed, her legs pressing together.

"That time... it was an accident."

Fraser's dark gaze traced her face-the gentle arch of her brows, the delicate slope of her nose, the soft pink of her lips.

His eyes darkened further.

"But didn't you say you wanted to be my

woman?"

Summer's breath hitched. She pressed a hand against his chest, stumbling over her words.

"I... I..."

Fraser frowned.

"Are you regretting it?"

His voice wasn't harsh, but Summer could sense that if she dared to say yes, she might not walk away unscathed.

"No, no," she blurted out.

He was the one who had refused that night.

Now that she was fully sober, she couldn't bring herself to say those words again.

She forced herself to speak.

"That night... you didn't agree, so..."

Fraser's voice dipped into something dangerously smooth.

"Are you ready now?"

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Chapter 27 A Long Overdue Kiss

Was he asking if she had made peace with it? If she was ready to be his?

52%

Finished

Summer's mind went blank.

She had thought that night was behind her.

She never expected him to bring it up again.

Standing so close, she could see every sharp, handsome detail of his face.

Her ears burned.

Fraser tilted her chin up, forcing her to look at him.

His gaze was deep, burning like the summer sun-hot enough to leave her trembling.

Fraser had originally planned to take his time, letting her come to him naturally.

But then Margaret showed up, making him wonder if Summer would turn to Trevor for the investment instead.

That was when he realized-his patience had been a lie.

He couldn't wait any longer.

Three years ago, when he returned to the country, he had seen Summer at a business event.

Just one glance, and he had recognized her instantly.

His heart had nearly leapt out of his chest.

Because years ago, she had disappeared without a word.

He had searched everywhere, but she was nowhere to be found.

And now, here she was.

She had grown up, dressed in an elegant white gown that flowed like the wind.

Her long, slightly wavy hair danced lightly against her shoulders.

Her features were delicate, her eyes bright like the stars.

She was breathtaking, glowing like the moon in a midnight sky.

Step by step, she walked toward him.

Fraser had thought-maybe, just maybe-she had recognized him too.

His heart pounded with anticipation.

He reached out a hand.

"Summ-"

But then she walked right past him

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Chapter 27 A Long Overdue Kiss

Not even sparing him a glance.

She went straight toward another man.

Fraser knew him-Trevor Larson, heir to the Larson Group.

A direct competitor of the Graham family.

52%

Finished

Fraser watched as she looped her arm through Trevor's, smiling up at him with warmth and devotion.

Her entire world was filled with Trevor.

Fraser's fingers curled into his palm as he slowly withdrew his outstretched hand.

Too late?

Later, he had looked into her background.

She wasn't Summer Leonard anymore-she was Summer Stewart.

No wonder he couldn't find her all these years.

She had been too busy loving Trevor.

Loving him so much that the entire upper-class circle knew about it.

And Fraser couldn't understand why.

Trevor wasn't as good-looking as him.

His personality wasn't better.

And, most importantly-he didn't love her as much.

How could she be so blind?

How could she grow up still being so foolish?

What the hell had she been thinking all these years?

Now, Summer stood before him, flustered and breathless, her lips slightly parted.

Her throat was dry, her pulse pounding.

Then, in one sudden motion, she pushed up on her toes, wrapped her arms around his neck, and pressed soft kiss against his lips.

His lips were cool, thin, and dangerously addictive.

Before she could stop herself, she flicked her tongue against them.

Fraser's gaze darkened instantly.

Caught off guard by her initiative, his pupils shrank, but only for a second.

Just as she started to null away his arms tightened around her waist

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Chapter 27 A Long Overdue Kiss

With a firm grip, he crushed her against him, deepening the kiss.

Unlike her tentative, cautious peck, Fraser's kiss was rough and consuming.

52%

Finished.

His teeth nipped at her lips before prying them open, his tongue sweeping inside, demanding everything.

He kissed her like he was claiming her.

Summer's knees nearly buckled, her breath stolen away.

The only thing keeping her standing was the strength of his arms around her.

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Chapter 28 The Deal Is Sealed

Fraser finally pulled away from the kiss.

Summer's lips were slightly swollen, her gaze hazy, breaths uneven as she leaned against him.

She steadied herself and looked up.

"Fraser... was that enough sincerity?"

Fraser chuckled, finally understanding her game.

His lips curled into a lazy smirk.

"Summer, you've grown bold. Trying to seduce me, hmm?"

Finished

Seeing that he wasn't upset, she cautiously asked, "So... will you invest 500 million dollars into the Stewart Group?"

Fraser tilted his head slightly.

"You agree to one condition, and the Graham Group will invest."

"What condition?"

His smirk deepened, his voice slow and deliberate.

"Break up with Trevor. Stay far away from him."

Summer had already broken up with Trevor.

But clearly, no

one believed it.

Was this just a man's damn possessiveness?

Fraser and Trevor had always been rivals in Havenbrook's elite circle.

He probably just didn't like the idea of a woman he had touched still being tied to Trevor.

Summer nodded without hesitation. "Fine. I've already broken up with him."

Fraser narrowed his eyes slightly.

He hadn't expected her to agree so quickly.

His deep gaze swept over her, trying to read her expression.

But she gave nothing away.

Just then, a loud bark broke the tension.

Summer instinctively pushed Fraser away.

Even though they were at Skycrest Villa, surrounded by his people, she still felt a little flustered.

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Chapter 28 The Deal Is Sealed

A fluffy white blur came sprinting toward them like a lightning bolt.

Pudding had finished his bath.

52%

Finished.

His fur was soft, clean, and glowing under the sunlight.

Woof woof woof!

Hailey ran after him, breathless.

"Slow down, Pudding! Slow down!"

Summer barely had time to react before the dog barreled straight into her.

But instead of falling back, she was steadied by a strong arm.

Fraser had pulled her in at the last second, catching both her and the oversized fluffball with ease.

He adjusted his grip on her, muttering with mild disdain, "Summer, do you even eat? You're skinnier than Pudding."

Skinny?

She called this perfectly proportioned.

At 5'5", she was barely 110 pounds.

"Mr. Graham, you clearly don't understand," Summer huffed. "This is the ideal figure for a woman."

Fraser raised an eyebrow.

"Is that so?" He smirked. "I think you could stand to gain a little weight. It'd feel better to hold."

This man!

Summer's cheeks flushed slightly.

She took a step back and set Pudding down.

The dog was solid-easily over 80 pounds.

And he clearly loved throwing himself at people.

If he kept this up, Summer had a feeling her waist wouldn't survive.

She ran her fingers through his freshly washed fur.

"Pudding, you smell amazing after your bath."

Pudding wagged his tail and, as if understanding the compliment, licked her hand in response.

The warm, ticklish sensation made her giggle.

Fraser's gaze darkened slightly.

For some reason watching Pudding act so clingy made him inexplicably annoyed

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Chapter 28 The Deal Is Sealed

With a casual flick of his foot, he nudged the dog aside.

Pudding barked in protest.

Fraser barely glanced at him.

"Behave."

Summer crouched down, shielding Pudding.

"Don't be so mean to him."

Fraser let out a slow exhale, looking at her in mild disbelief.

"You've only known him for a few hours, and you're already acting like long-lost soulmates?"

Summer ignored him and focused on playing with Pudding.

"Pudding!"

Woof woof woof!

"Pudding, go fetch that toy ball!"

Woof woof woof!

The dog immediately sprinted toward a sycamore tree and grabbed the ball between his teeth.

Summer watched, amazed.

"Pudding is so smart. He understands so many commands. Was he trained?"

"No."

"...What?"

A dog this well-behaved and responsive hadn't been trained?

Fraser explained casually, "He just doesn't like strangers."

Summer hesitated.

So Pudding didn't usually like unfamiliar people?

Then why was he so attached to her?

Maybe it was because she had always fed stray dogs as a kid.

Maybe she just naturally carried a comforting presence for animals.

That was why Pudding was drawn to her.

Fraser saw right through her thoughts and smirked.

Finished

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Chapter 28 The Deal Is Sealed

"Guess you've got a scent Pudding likes-must be that dog mom smell."

Summer was speechless.

The evening breeze swept through the garden, lifting the strands of hair framing her face.

The hem of her dress swayed gently with the wind.

Finished.

Chapter 29 A Name from the Past

Fraser's gaze softened for a brief moment.

He reached out, tucking a stray strand of hair behind Summer's ear.

His fingertips brushed against her skin, warm and deliberate,

Summer instinctively flinched.

Her ears felt like they were on fire.

Desperate to cover up her flustered state, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

"Why is he called Pudding?"

Fraser's expression shifted slightly.

A fleeting memory surfaced in his mind, making his usually sharp eyes turn strangely gentle.

"The person who found him... really liked pudding."""

Liked it so much that every time he waited for her at the hospital, he always had pudding ready,

And every time she arrived and saw the dessert in his hands, her entire face would light up.

Her dark, bright eyes would sparkle with delight, her smile soft and warm.

She was so easy to please.

Until one day, she never showed up again.

And the pudding in his hands melted, one after another.

Later, Fraser had bought out the entire company that produced them.

It was a name chosen on a whim, but one that carried far more meaning than anyone knew.

Summer looked up at him, puzzled.

"So Pudding wasn't originally yours? Someone else found him?"

She couldn't help but be surprised.

Fraser, Havenbrook's Bossman, had adopted a stray?

"How long have you been taking care of him?"

7

"Thirteen years."

Summer nodded slowly. "That must mean that person was really special to you."

That was the only reason he would care so much about the dog.

Fraser shifted his gaze from Pudding back to Summer, his tone uncharacteristically serious.

Finished

ea, 12

Chapter 29 A Name from the Past

"Yeah. She was important to me."

Another first love. Why did men always have a first love? Trevor had one. And now Fraser did too.

Summer didn't know why, but the thought left an unpleasant feeling in her chest. Maybe it was the trauma Peyton had left behind.

32%

Finished:

She hesitated before asking, "And where is Pudding's original owner now?"

Fraser's voice was light, but there was an underlying sharpness.

"She doesn't remember him anymore."

Summer frowned.

"What? Pudding's so cute. How could she forget him? Who could be that heartless?"

Fraser's lips curled slightly.

Did this woman have any idea that she was insulting herself?

His tone was lazy, almost amused.

"She's just that heartless."

She had forgotten not only the dog-but also him.

Summer met his

gaze.

For some reason, Fraser's eyes seemed darker than usual, like he was hiding something just beneath the

surface.

Before she could dwell on it, Pudding came bounding toward them again, toy ball in his mouth.

This time, just as he was about to launch himself onto Summer, Fraser caught him mid-air.

Woof woof!

The dog protested, clearly saying, I want Mom to hold me!

Fraser, unimpressed, gave him a firm pat on the head. Fraser, unimpressed, gave hi

"You're too heavy. You'll crush her."

Summer blinked, a little embarrassed.

She could handle holding Pudding.

Her waist might suffer a bit, but she wouldn't break.

"Let's go," Fraser said.

"Where?"

"Dinner"

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Chapter 29 A Name from the Past

"Oh."

Summer wanted to say she wasn't hungry.

52%

Finished.

Now that she had secured the Graham Group's investment, she was more interested in heading back to the office to finalize details for the global expansion.

But.. leaving right after sealing the deal probably wasn't the best move when the man footing the bill was standing right in front of her.

In the villa's grand dining hall, Summer played with Pudding while Fraser was in the kitchen.

She glanced over at the tall figure by the counter.

His head was slightly lowered, his side profile sharp and well-defined.

Every feature seemed meticulously sculpted-deep eyes, straight nose, a strong jawline.

His rolled-up sleeves revealed toned, muscular arms.

There was something captivating about the contrast between his refined presence and the effortless way he handled the knife.

No wonder people said that men who could cook were the most attractive.

Trevor had never once cooked for her.

Yet here was Fraser, casually making dinner himself.

Summer took Pudding's paws in both hands and swayed them playfully.

"Fraser can actually cook?"

Woof woof!

Pudding barked excitedly as if agreeing.

Fraser shot a glance at them from the kitchen.

"You and that dumb dog sure have a lot to talk about."

Summer stood up, brushing off her dress.

"I don't like sitting around for a free meal. Do you need help?"

"You can cook?"

"Of course."

She had learned how to cook at a young age, always preparing meals for

Yolanda.

Later, after getting together with Trevor, she had taken cooking classes just to match his picky taste.

Fraser's dark eyes lingered on her for a moment before he gave a simple instruction.

"Just sit and wait"

Chapter 29 A Name from the Past

Minutes later, he carried a few dishes to the table.

52%

Finished.

Chapter 30 A Contact Worth Saving

Finished

The table was set with barbecue ribs, sautéed pork with vegetables, chicken and wild mushroom soup, and steamed salmon.

Fraser's sleeves were still rolled up, revealing the defined veins on his forearms.

As he placed the dishes down, his long fingers moved with effortless precision, elegant yet firm.

Summer blinked and quickly averted her gaze.

She remembered exactly how those fingers had made her tremble, how they had pulled her into an overwhelming wave of pleasure.

Her face burned.

She fanned herself with her hand.

"Hot?"

Summer pressed her lips together. "A little."

Fraser moved without hesitation, reaching out to touch her face, his fingers trailing to her earlobe.

Summer went completely stiff.

Fraser smirked, leaning in just enough for his breath to graze her skin.

"Your ears are red, Summer. What are you thinking about? Hmm?"

As he spoke, he lightly tugged on her earlobe.

A strange, tingling sensation shot down her spine.

Summer jerked back, quickly dropping her head, pretending to be completely focused on the food.

"Nothing-I'm just hungry. Let's eat."

Fraser chuckled softly but let it go.

He casually split a plate of barbecue ribs, setting half on the floor.

Pudding trotted over, happily munching away, his tail wagging like crazy.

Summer observed the scene.

"Pudding really loves your cooking."

"He's picky."

Of course, a picky dog could only be the result of a spoiled upbringing.

Summer took her seat and began eating.

The atmosphere was oddly peaceful-just her, Fraser, and Pudding in the quiet villa.

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Chapter 30 A Contact Worth Saving

She took a bite of the ribs.

The rich, smoky-sweet flavor melted on her tongue, tender and juicy.

She had always been confident in her own cooking, but this...

This was better.

No wonder Pudding loved it.

She did too.

Summer found herself eating more than she expected, sneaking a few glances at Fraser.

This man was full of contradictions.

Unlike Trevor, who carried an air of cold detachment, Fraser's presence was different-casual, yet commanding.

There was a lazy sensuality to him, a reserved elegance.

52%

Finished

Even sitting there, eating, he exuded a quiet dominance, the kind of refined confidence only someone raised in power could possess.

Dinner ended.

Seeing that it was getting late, Summer prepared to leave.

More than anything, she was worried Fraser would ask her to stay the night.

But instead, he grabbed his coat.

"I'll take you home."

"My car is here. I can drive myself."

Fraser narrowed his eyes.

"Summer, if you don't want to go home, that's fine too."

Summer was speechless.

In the end, Fraser still drove her back.

Pudding whined, wanting to follow her, but Summer reassured him she'd visit again.

Finally, the dog settled down.

Thirty minutes later, Fraser's limited edition luxury car pulled up at Brookhaven Estates.

Just as Summer reached for the door handle, something crossed her mind.

"Fraser?"

He tapped his fingers lazily against the steering wheel, his voice teasing.

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Chapter 30 A Contact Worth Saving

"Hmm? Miss me already?"

Summer choked on air, coughing a few times.

This man was ridiculously full of himself.

She composed herself before speaking.

4.52%

Finished

"We... don't have each other's contacts yet."

Worried he'd misunderstand, she quickly added,

"I mean, since the Graham Group is investing in the Global Project, it'd be more convenient to coordinate over WhatsApp."

Fraser raised an eyebrow.

He extended his hand.

"Your phone."

Without thinking, Summer handed it to him.

"Password?"

"My birthday."

She reached out to take the phone back, ready to unlock it herself.

But before she could, Fra fingers swiftly tapped in a few digits.

The screen lit up.

Summer's eyes widened.

He knew her birthday?

How?

She stared at him in disbelief.

Fraser ignored her shock, scrolling through her WhatsApp contacts.

When he saw that a certain annoying name wasn't in her chat history, his mood lifted slightly.

In a few quick taps, he saved his number and pinned the chat.

His movements were smooth and decisive.

"Hey, that's my phone."

She grabbed it back.

This was her WhatsApp-he couldn't just go around pinning himself at the top!

Greer's tone was indifferent like he hadn't inct claimed a coace in her contacts

21:50 Wed, 12 Mar

Chapter 30 A Contact Worth Saving

"It's your phone. So you write the contact name."

He leaned back, watching her.

Summer looked down.

The default profile picture was Pudding's fluffy face.

The name simply read "F.G."

She could leave it like that.

But Fraser was staring at her, his dark eyes deep and unreadable.

Finished