

President 311

Chapter 311

But before she could climb more than a few steps, a hand with the heat and dryness of a man grabbed

her from behind. She was slightly startled, standing still, and the palm of her hand felt hot.

The next second, the man's deep and hoarse voice drifted into her ears. "Remember what I said, don't

see Jazz again. You don't want to mess with me."

Taunting, sneering, stinging; she flung his hand away with force, looking at him and forced her words

through her mouth. "You don't want to mess with me, either. So stop provoking me in the future."

Immediately, she left without looking back, not sparing a glance at the man.

Mark had not left when Summer disappeared from his sight. He clenched his hands, feeling like wanting to snap her slender, beautiful neck.

It was not until his phone vibrated that he pulled back his thoughts. "Hey, Jazz," he answered.

"Didn't you mean to have dinner together at the Valentine mansion, Mark? I have been back for a long

time, why haven't you come back yet? I thought you were before me?"

"Something happened on my way home. I will be back in a minute. See you soon."

He just explained briefly and hung up, then strode out towards the black vehicle that had been waiting

downstairs at the apartment.

When Summer got home, little Charlotte rushed up to her and held on to her leg, screwing up her face." Mommy, why did you come back so late?"

"I went to have dinner with someone. That is why I have come home late. Did you miss me?"

Charlotte kept nodding her head like a chicken pecking at shrimps. "I was scared that Mommy would

be taken away and eaten by the big gray wolf."

Summer smiled, reached out to hug her in her arms. "It is okay. There are policemen out there. They

will drive away the big gray wolf. Let Mommy see your belly and how much ice cream you have eaten."

Her hand landed on the chubby belly, and then ran up to her armpit and gave Charlotte a gentle scratch.

Charlotte giggled at the ticklish sensation and called for help. "Grandma, help! Grandpa, help!"

After playing enough, Charlotte lay on Summer's lap and quietly watched the Barney show with interest. From time to time, she imitated Barney with her tender voice. "Barney is hungry..."

As if this was not enough, she scurried up to Solomon and squeezed her voice. "Barney is hungry..."

Solomon burst into laughter and put a cookie into her open mouth, then patted her round butt.

She spun around and ran up to Daisy, champing at the bit. "Barney is thirsty..."

Undoing the lid, Daisy fed a spoonful of yogurt into Charlotte's mouth. She won Daisy's heart with her

adorable cuteness.

After enough of eating and drinking, Charlotte lay on the settee and kicked her legs while jabbing at

Summer's arm with her little hand and humming," Bald head guy is rubbing his belly..."

Summer was amused. She laughed and gently stroked Charlotte's belly with her hand.

Perhaps she was exhausted after having fun for a day, her chubby face flushed, and she crashed out after a while.

"When you were away for the entire day today, Charlotte had never cried. She is easy to coax, active

but well-behaved and thoughtful," Daisy said while her eyes were on her granddaughter.

Summer nodded with a smile, as she had made a decision. "Mom, I plan to return to Nokocola Bay the

day after tomorrow."

"Why leave so soon?"

"I can't help it. The exam is just around the corner. I will be very busy soon. But Charlotte and I will stay

here during the coming summer vacation."

Since it was about work, Daisy would not interfere. She nodded. "Well, if you have no time to look after

Charlotte, just call me or your dad. We can take turns to take care of her."

After chatting with Solomon and Daisy in the living room for a while, Summer gently took Charlotte in

her arms and put her on the bed in the room.

Chapter 312

Charlotte rolled her body over on the bed and fell asleep with a stuffed bear in her arms.

Taking out her cell phone and walking over to the balcony, Summer called Jazz. He picked up the phone in no time.

"I wonder if you have time tomorrow, Jazz?" She lowered her voice, speaking very softly, but enough

for the other end to hear clearly.

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Don't you want to visit those places in Santabaca? I have time tomorrow."

Jazz was brisk all of a sudden on the phone. "Okay, I will pick you up tomorrow."

"All right." She hung up and put the phone aside.

Now that Mark was back in Santabaca, if she and Charlotte continued to stay here, they might bump into him one day, just like this afternoon. This was too dangerous.

In order to avoid this, it was better for her and Charlotte to leave as soon as possible.

After four years, Charlotte had become a part of her

life, and she had long been accustomed to Charlotte's company, without which she really did not know

what she would be like.

She could not afford to lose her.

Santabaca was a troubled place for her right now. She had to leave as soon as possible.

Before leaving, she still wanted to accompany Jazz to certain places. After all, they had not seen each

other for four years. Besides, he also gave her brother a job. Spending a day with him and treating him

to dinner was the proper thing to do.

Jazz stood at the window answering the phone, his charming face breaking into an unstoppable smile.

Even his voice was gentle.

Sitting on the settee, Mark frowned when he inadvertently saw Jazz's facial expression from the corner

of his eyes.

After Jazz hung up, Yvette asked with a smile. "Who was that?"

"A colleague." Jazz was evasive as he slumped back on the settee and took a sip of coffee.

"Which colleague? Look at your smiling face." Yvette had not seen Jazz for four years, and she had missed him dearly.

"It is just a normal colleague." Jazz knew how tense their relationship had been.

"Then would you accompany me to the wishing well tomorrow?"

"I have a very important appointment tomorrow. Mom, you should ask Mark to accompany you. Or you

can ask Maria. I will go upstairs now."

He flew up the stairs as soon as his voice trailed off, with a smile on his face all the time.

"Who was he calling that made him smile like a Cheshire cat? Was it his girlfriend? But does he have a

girlfriend?" Yvette asked.

A light flickered in Mark's eyes as he gently swirled a cup of coffee in his well-proportioned hand.

He could see what was on Jazz's mind.

'Colleague my foot!' His lips curled upward. How could Jazz deceive him with such rhetoric?

As the back of that slender woman came to mind, the temperature of his face and eyes plummeted suddenly, with a bone-chilling bitterness.

Chapter 313

Obviously, she did not take heed of his warning.

His narrow eyes flashed with a dangerous light as he squinted and raised his head, downing the entire

cup of coffee at one go. His face darkened, as black as ink that could not be washed away.

The next morning

Summer went to the bathroom to freshen up. Not wanting to wake Charlotte up, she moved with light

steps.

But when she stepped back into the room, Charlotte had woken up and was sitting in bed, rubbing her

groggy eyes with her tiny hands.

When she went to bed at night, she liked to roll around in bed. So when she woke up the next morning,

the back of her hair would always point upward.

Summer reached to brush down her hair and coaxed her gently, "Charlotte, go sleep a little longer."

She did not plan to bring Charlotte along. But if she were to walk out when Charlotte was awake, she

would clamor to tag along. So she thought she had better coax her back to sleep.

"I don't want to sleep anymore. I want to go out with you, Mommy." Charlotte was yawning big time as

she

rubbed her eyes again. Obviously, she had not gotten enough sleep. Yet she refused to sleep anymore.

1

Summer frowned and said, "I am not going out."

"You always say that a child who tells lies is not a good child. If Mommy tells lies, then Mommy is not a

good mom, and I won't believe what Mommy said any more." She turned her back to Summer. Her hair

was still pointing upward. She sulked, looking adorable.

Summer had no choice but to take this sulking little person into her arms and apologized. "I was wrong.

I should not have lied to you. But I really have important things to do today. So could you stay with

Grandma today?"

"No, I want to go with you!" She raised her head, her eyes sparkling, looking aggrieved. "Please bring

me along, and I will behave and not ask you to carry me. I can walk on my own. Please take me out,

Mommy."

Charlotte's tiny hands pulled on her sleeve, shaking it gently, as if she were a poor little pug.

Summer's heart softened. Just as she was about to say something, the little one held onto her legs and

slid down, sitting on her feet while clinging to her legs like a little rascal.

Summer could not help but chortle. "Okay, okay, okay. Get dressed quickly, and then go wash your face

and brush your teeth."

Charlotte broke into a bright smile. She flew into her clothes, and then to the bathroom.

Standing in the room, she could hear Charlotte humming happily. "If you love me, hug me; if you love

me, kiss me..."

After they finished packing, Summer gave Daisy a heads-up and brought the happy bunny out of the

door.

At first, Summer did not want Charlotte to appear in front of any Valentines. But Charlotte was extremely clingy today.

And Jazz was the only Valentine he trusted.

She called Jazz, telling him to meet her at McDonald's. She bought Charlotte some nuggets and a cup

of orange juice, and sat there waiting for Jazz.

Meanwhile, in the Valentine mansion

Putting down the phone, Jazz walked into the bathroom with a brisk whistle. He first took a shower and

tried several clothes in front of the mirror for a long time before he chose a gray short-sleeve and a pair

of khaki pants.

A bore with a bit of brisk, yet mature and staid look.

When he came downstairs, Maria was setting the table. Mark was sitting at the dining table, slouching i

n the seat with a newspaper in his hands.

Chapter 314

Yvette was sipping on a glass of water. When she saw Jazz, she immediately broke into a smile. "You

have come down just at the right time. Come over for breakfast."

"I have an appointment, Mom. So no breakfast for me this time."

"Even if it is an appointment, you should at least eat something before you go."

Jazz shook his head and then looked at Mark in surprise. "Mark, aren't you going to work today?"

"I'm not going." He flipped a page of the paper and shot a knowing look at Jazz.

But Jazz did not notice it. He said his goodbye and left the Valentine mansion.

He arrived at the McDonald's half an hour later. He pushed in and immediately spotted Summer sitting

by the window.

His charming face broke into a smile. But he was taken aback when he saw a beautiful little girl drinking orange juice beside her.

He had quickly figured out that she must be the daughter of Summer and his brother.

Jazz pulled back his thoughts, walked over, and sat down in front of Summer, his eyes still locked on

the little girl.

She was beautiful, completely inherited from the best genes of the two of them.

Summer also ordered a cup of orange juice for Jazz. When she noticed that Jazz was staring at

Charlotte, she slowly and solemnly opened her mouth.

"Jazz, I hope you don't tell anyone in the Valentine mansion about this. I raised her since she was a baby. She has become the most indispensable part of my life. I can't tolerate anyone taking her away.

Do you understand?"

Jazz swallowed and nodded. He understood what she had gone through three years ago.

It was precisely because of this understanding that he felt sorry for her.

"Don't worry, I won't tell my brother and mom. Just that you can't hide this forever. Besides, Santabaca

is only so big; they would probably find out someday."

"I have thought through it and will take Charlotte back to Nokocola Bay tomorrow." This was a decision

she had in mind long before this.

Jazz frowned. "Just to hide from Mark?"

"That's just one part of it. The other part is that Nokocola Bay is more suitable for me, and Charlotte,

who grew up there since she was small. She has

adapted to the environment there."

Charlotte was still young, and naturally, she could not understand what the two adults were talking

about. Her round eyes stared at Jazz. "Mommy, this young man is so charming."

Jazz's charming eyes widened. He leaned forward and carried Charlotte in his arms. His heart almost

melted when his hands touched the baby smooth skin of hers. He could not help returning his

compliment. " Hey, little beauty, you are pretty, too."

Charlotte giggled, not afraid of strangers at all. She stayed in Jazz's arms while sipping on orange juice.

Summer rose to her feet. "Okay, let's waste no time. We will go to the ancient castle. What do you say?"

They headed toward the castle. Jazz liked children. After a while, he and Charlotte clicked. Summer was hearing them talking and giggling non-stop as she walked beside them.

Charlotte had given the two of them a nickname each: Jazz was Barney, and she was baby Bop.

Chapter 315

"Why are you Baby Bop, not Barney?" Jazz asked, hugging her closer to his arms.

"Because I am small, Barney will look for food for Baby Bop. I don't have the money to buy things for

Baby Bop," she pouted and said justifiably.

Jazz broke into a smile and liked Charlotte even more. "Tell me, what else would you like to eat. I will

buy it for you."

Licking her lips, she pointed to the cotton candy on the side.

Jazz walked over and bought the largest one without saying a word. Charlotte smiled with her eyes turning into crescent moons. She held the cotton candy in her hands, but she did not eat it. Instead,

she delivered it to Jazz's mouth. "You may have it first, Uncle Handsome," she said, her voice tender.

Jazz was not a big fan of sweet things, but when he saw Charlotte's face, he felt like he was ready to take a few glasses of syrups.

Charlotte then offered her cotton candy to Summer. "You may eat it, too, Mommy."

"Thank you, but you can have it all for yourself." Summer laughed. At first, she was here to accompany

Jazz. But now Jazz ended up giving them company instead.

Charlotte liked Jazz. She called him Uncle Handsome and refused to get down from his arms. Neither

would Jazz.

He did not look like he would let go of Charlotte soon. And Summer could absolutely do nothing about

them.

Summer took a few steps forward when her eyes inadvertently saw a man with whom she could not have been more familiar with. She glanced at Charlotte, her blood rushing up to her head.

Santabaca was not a small city by any measure, but why did she bump into him repeatedly in just two

days? Why was she down on her luck these days?

Why the more she was afraid of something, the more frequent that something would happen?

That man had seen them, and that was why he was walking toward them.

Not good, Summer thought. Charlotte was still in Jazz's arms at the moment. No way she could take

her and go away quick enough.

She panicked. The last time they were in the stairwell, he had only heard Charlotte's voice but not seen

her face, yet she still panicked.

How could she remain calm now when he was walking toward them and would be face to face with

Charlotte?

She should not have brought Charlotte out today.

Noticing Summer's reaction, Jazz said in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "Calm down, and

act natural. We'll roll with the punches and lie our way out if necessary."

Nodding, Summer eased up, calming down her pounding heart. They now had seen each other; there

was no escape.

Since this was unavoidable, the only thing that she could do was to face him calmly, and not to lose her

composure.

He seemed to be here for business, judging by the group of people flanking him left, right, and rear.

Many women in the surroundings were looking over this side.

When people saw him walking toward a man and a woman, they all stopped and stood there waiting.

Summer was telling herself in her mind not to panic, but her heart could still not stop thumping when he

got closer.

At last, Mark came in front of the two of them.

"What are you doing here, Mark?" It was Jazz who spoke first.

Chapter 316

"I came here to sign a contract." Mark appeared calm, his lips sharp. He glanced at Summer with his

deep black eyes.

He then looked at Charlotte, staring fixedly at her. It was not after a long while his lips moved. "Whose

child is this?"

He felt the child looked like Summer and him.

Summer looked calm, rational, without a trace of panic. "She is my brother's child."

Only she knew how hard her heart was pounding right now.

"Really?" His eyes glanced at her with a lukewarm expression, and then again, he stared at Charlotte,

who was enjoying her cotton candy. His stony expression had a trace of gentleness. "What is her name?"

"Charlotte Hart." Summer sounded indifferent.

"Let me carry her for a while." Mark reached out his arms.

But for some reason, Charlotte resented. She writhed i n Jazz's arm and turned her back to Mark.

Her two small hands wrapped around Jazz's neck, her

chin resting on his shoulder. She continued to lick the cotton candy.

Mark's hands were in the air. He frowned, narrowing his eyes as he stared at Charlotte in disappointment.

Jazz chuckled, his charming eyes turning upward. "I didn't expect that someone as charming and popular a s my brother would be rejected by Charlotte."

Mark stayed silent.

"I am hungry, Uncle Handsome," Charlotte said.

Jazz glanced down at the time. "It is half-past one. No wonder Charlotte was hungry. It is time for lunch.

Would you like to join us for lunch, Mark?"

Mark swallowed before a deep voice laced with meaning flowed out of his throat. "Why not?"

Jazz was startled, while Summer's eyebrows were knitted together inconspicuously.

He was just trying to be polite, thinking that Mark would decline as his staff was waiting behind him.

He did not expect that Mark would accept the invitation.

Jazz regretted it and kicked himself for making the blunder.

At first, Summer also thought Mark would decline. But it turned out to be not what she thought. She was now nervous again.

Mark glanced at the two of them and seemed to have seen something. He did not expose them.

Instead, he turned around and said something to his staff with a serious look.

Summer and Jazz exchanged a look with each other. They both frowned.

Charlotte preferred fish, so Summer chose a restaurant that served fish and chips.

They came into a restaurant, and Summer took Charlotte from Jazz. "I am taking Charlotte to the washroom. You guys take a seat."

Jazz nodded, while Mark walked towards a private box.

Inside the washroom, Summer washed Charlotte's hands and told her, "Charlotte, when we get out there again, can you please address me as Aunt, not Mommy, in front of that gentleman?"

Chapter 317

"Mommy, why do I have to call you Aunt?" Charlotte could not understand, tilting her head in an I-wonder-why fashion.

"I will explain it to you when we get home. But for now, can you listen to Mommy?"

"Okay." Charlotte nodded, her voice tender.

Something made Summer curious, so she tidied Charlotte's clothes and asked, "Why didn't you let the

gentleman hold you just now?"

Licking her sweet lips, Charlotte sniffled and shook her body as if she was cold. "I don't like that gentleman. It feels like he could freeze me. Besides, he is not as handsome as Uncle Handsome."

The world of a child is a little different from that of an adult.

Everything that children like was usually full of vigor and vitality, and even more, they love people dressed in bright clothes.

So Mark might be elegant and a charming, mature man, but his dark clothing and unsmiling face could

not win the heart of the child.

Just to be sure, Summer gently stroked Charlotte's soft hair and asked again, "Do you remember what

I said

just now? Can you repeat it for me?" "Umm... don't call you Mommy... call you Aunt." Charlotte said it

as if she was chanting a tongue twister, but she knew the meaning.

"Good." She kissed Charlotte on her pink cheek and then carried her out of the washroom.

They had not ordered any food. Summer asked for three items, all of which were Charlotte's favorite.

She then handed the menu to Jazz.

Watching Summer's actions, Mark's eyes turned gloomy with an undercurrent surging inside, but they

revealed nothing of his emotion.

They ordered few more items. Before long, the food was served.

Jazz ate little. He instead helped Charlotte cut up the fish, smiling all the time. Charlotte picked up a

piece of fish fillet and handed it to Jazz's mouth. "You eat, too, Uncle Handsome."

Jazz had taken a liking to Charlotte after a day of being together.

She was young but had never cried or made trouble. She got up and dusted herself whenever she fell.

Jazz opened his mouth and ate that fish fillet and then gave Charlotte a compliment. "This is so good."

Charlotte turned around and picked up another piece of fish fillet and reached over to Summer's mouth. "

Aunt."

The strenuous effort of reaching across the table made Charlotte's face turn red. Summer got up slightly and took the fish fillet in her mouth.

Charlotte's eyes smiled into crescent shapes. Only then she lowered her head and happily helped herself to the food.

Mark watched quietly and pursed his lips, squinting his narrow eyes as he felt offended at being ignored.

Summer did not spare a glance at Mark, but just kept her head low while sipping on her mushroom soup.

She had been panicking from the beginning, worried that Mark might grow suspicious of her.

As she shifted her posture, she felt a gust of warm fluid flowing out of her. She gritted her teeth,

knowing that it was that time of the month.

If she kept sitting there, more discharge would flow out of her body over time. Besides, her light-colored

clothes could make the stain look even more conspicuous.

Who knows, her pants might have been stained with her menstrual blood. Gritting her teeth, she

brazened i t out and got up from her seat, then walked straight out of the private box awkwardly without

looking at them.

Jazz was playing a game with Charlotte, so he had not noticed it. But Mark's keen eye had taken that

all in.

Chapter 318

After a while, Mark got up from his chair and headed out of the private box without a word.

"Where are you going, Mark?" Jazz looked up.

"I've got to answer a call." Mark waved his phone in his hand and walked out calmly.

Summer dashed into the ladies' room and took off her pants, which were stained. There was no way to

clean i t.

But this was not the point. The thing was, she did not have a sanitary napkin in her handbag. Things

got worse when she found she did not even have any tissue paper.

Her period usually was delayed for three or four days. This time, it came a week earlier. She was caught unprepared.

There was no toilet paper in the washroom, either. So she sat on the toilet and felt what a bad day she

had today.

All the bad things seemed to have come upon her at once.

She let out a hapless sigh, unsure what to do for a moment. The only way was to call Jazz and ask him

if he could help her buy a pack of sanitary napkins.

It would be embarrassing, but that was the only way.

She took out her cell phone from her handbag and was about to call Jazz when the deep voice of a man called her name in the washroom.

She could not help but tremble for a second. It was clearly Mark's voice. But what was he doing in a ladies ' room?

She frowned but did not respond. Mark became impatient. "Tell me if you want sanitary napkins."

'Sanitary napkins?' Summer hesitated for a moment. " Yes!"

"Which cubicle are you in?" His magnetic voice turned deeper.

"Just put it on the floor and I will pick it up." Her voice was flat and cold. She gritted her teeth, feeling

embarrassed, but she would not reveal it in front of him.

She then heard something was placed on the floor, and then Mark spoke. "We need to talk when you come out afterward."

Summer's hand holding the doorknob trembled involuntarily.

His words were unnerving her for no reason.

'We need to talk...'

What did he want to talk about? She could not stop speculating in her mind.

There was nothing more to talk about between them since they were divorced. Could it be that he became suspicious of Charlotte's identity?

But his reaction had been calm, without the slightest emotional fluctuation all this while. Apart from trying to hold Charlotte and staring at Charlotte for a long time, there was nothing amiss about him.

Perhaps she was overthinking. But she could not rule out this possibility, could she?

With a complicated thought, she pushed the cubicle door open ajar and saw a white paper bag on the

floor.

She was taken aback for a moment, then bent over to pick it up, and closed the door back again.

She reached into the paper bag and saw a pack of sanitary napkins, a pack of pads of the same series,

and a pair of white cropped shorts.

Chapter 319

She stared at the things inside the paper bag, and the corners of her mouth curled up in a mockery.

It had been four years since they last met. She did not know that he had become so thoughtful.

After changing into the new pants and tidying up things, Summer opened the cubicle door, washed her

hands, and then walked out.

Mark was leaning against the wall by the window outside the ladies' room. He must have been waiting

for her for a long time.

"Since you have come out, Ms. Hart, let's talk." He now stood straight, his eyes dark that looked like a

bottomless pool fixating on her.

"I don't think there is anything to talk about between u s. There is even no need for us to talk," Summer

said flatly, her face calm.

She then walked away without looking at him again.

Mark looked on and frowned as she went, his charming face getting colder and colder. His lips twitched

as he slowly forced words through his teeth." Charlotte Hart..."

The name startled Summer. The next second, her heart thumped uncontrollably and her palms were sweaty.

She stood on the spot and turned her head around with the corners of her mouth raised in a calm and distant smile. "What do you mean, Mr. Valentine?"

Mark looked at her, his charming eyebrows arched as he walked towards her slowly, and then looked

down at her with a pair of dark eyes. "Are you sure about the child's identity, Ms. Hart?"

"Whose child would she be if not my brother's? You think she is yours?" She sounded calm and nonchalant.

"Why not? Why can't she be my child?" Mark's deep voice and every word he said sent her heart pounding.

She closed her hands and sank her fingernails into the skin of her palms until she felt the pain. She then sneered. "You have a fantasy prone personality or some other mental illness, Mr. Valentine? I can't believe that you are taking the child of others as your own. See a psychiatrist."

Mark smiled instead of getting angry. His lips curled upward as he clutched her chin with his well-proportioned hand and looked her in the eyes. "Since she is your brother's child, why does she look like you, and even more like me?"

Summer raised her hand and smacked his hand away. "Of course, she looks like me; I am her aunt.

But I can't see how she looks like you."

Mark was not agitated, and he now said nothing but stared at her and chuckled with the corner of his

lips upturned.

His smile gave out nothing of his emotion, but it freaked out Summer. He hid his thoughts and emotions

so well that she could not read him.

Still staring at her with his dark and charming eyes, Mark leaned forward, drawing his face closer to hers but stopping short of kissing her on the lips.

Summer frowned. She felt a faint tingling sensation. Using all the strength she could muster, she tried

to push him away.

Knowing that she would resist, he held her hands with his muscular hands and raised them above her

head, and clamped her kicking legs between his to restrain her.

He then brazenly licked the tiny black mole on her neck while a deep voice came out through his

mouth." As long as I think she looks like me, then she looks like me. And let me remind you that the

outcome will silence you. Let's wait and see."

Chapter 320

Summer was engulfed by panic and anger, not afraid of the pain. She head-butted Mark and forced

her words through her teeth. "Let go of me!"

The two heads collided with a dull thud. Mark groaned in pain and let go of her hands and feet at the

same time.

The impact hurt for sure. Summer clearly felt the pain, even numbness, on her head.

"Undeniably, you really have a fantasy prone personality!" She snapped and left without looking back.

After she disappeared from his sight, Mark raised his hand and stroked his lips with his slender fingers,

the gaze in his eyes as deep as the sea.

'I have a fantasy prone personality disorder? Heck! We shall see.'

When Summer came back into the private box, Charlotte was kneeling on Jazz's lap. The two of them

were playing the hand game of rock-paper-scissors.

"Next time, I will form scissors, and you are to form paper. Okay?" "Why is that?" Jazz cocked an eyebrow.

"Because Uncle Handsome has won one... two..." she counted with her fingers while mumbling, "one,

two, three, four, six-

"Wait a second." Jazz interrupted her, cupping her small hand in his. "Where's your five, Charlotte?"

"The tiger ate it, Uncle Handsome. Since you have won six times, can you let me win once?" She blinked.

The way Charlotte counted was all too familiar to Summer. Charlotte usually skipped five, jumping from

four to six when she counted.

Whenever Summer asked her about why she skipped five, she would justifiably tell Summer that the

tiger ate it.

"Well, let me think about it." Jazz narrowed his charming eyes and pointed at his cheeks. "I will let you

win this time if you give me two kisses on my cheeks."

Without further ado, Charlotte raised her head and gave him a peck on both sides of his face.

Mark pushed open the door and was walking in when he saw Charlotte kissing Jazz.

His narrow eyes raised involuntarily as he squinted at Jazz, who was enjoying Charlotte's kisses. It was

a glaring sight.

Charlotte was actively jumping up and down on his lap when she slipped and fell to the floor.

Jazz's face abruptly changed. Just when he was about to catch Charlotte, Mark was one step ahead of

him, catching Charlotte before she hit the floor. In that split second, Mark swiped his hand over

Charlotte's head. By the time he pulled back his hand, he had a few strands of soft hair in his palm.

The fall frightened Charlotte. Her little pink face turned pale, but she did not cry.

Mark lifted Charlotte up. He was startled when he came into contact with the tender skin of Charlotte. H

e never held a child before and never knew a child's skin would feel like this.

Charlotte turned her head away, pouting and held out her hands at Summer. "I want Aunt. I want Aunt."