

## President 331

Chapter 331

Maria picked them up and coaxed her again. "Little Miss Valentine, let's put on the shoes first, okay?"

Charlotte pursed her lips and said not a word. She kicked her legs again and flung the shoes even farther away this time. She refused to listen to Maria, and she kicked the shoes away again and again.

The poor Maria had to pick it up and put them on Charlotte's feet, again and again.

Mark squinted at Charlotte, who was in the midst of throwing her tantrum. The gentle look in his eyes

faded, his expression darkening. "I dare you to kick the shoes away again." His voice was deep and stern.

His stern expression on his stony face made him look even colder and fiercesome.

Charlotte was still young. When reprimanded by Mark, she shrank back in the settee and bawled.

Her shoulder heaving as she cried, her nose turning red, and she looked so deserving of pity.

Maria could not bear to see this. She drew Charlotte into her arms, gently patting her on the back to comfort her.

Mark's deep eyes looked at the pea-sized tears rolling down Charlotte's reddened cheeks and her

chest that

heaved to her cry. Mark furrowed his brows, thinking that he might be too harsh just now.

Maria comforted her, and it worked. At least Charlotte did not cry as loud as before. She was now whimpering. "Mommy. I want Mommy."

"Little Miss Valentine, your mom will come in a while." Maria reached out to wipe Charlotte's tears.

Charlotte pointed her tender little finger at Mark with tears in her eyes. "I hate you! You are a bad guy, a

liar! You told me yesterday Mommy would come in a while. I have slept for a long time, but Mommy

hasn't come yet. You're a big liar!"

"Charlotte, Mr. Valentine is not a liar. He is your dad, Charlotte's dad."

Charlotte's childish voice carried a thick nasal sound from the crying. She shook her head vigorously

upon hearing Maria's words. "He is not Daddy! He is a bad guy! He is a liar!"

Mark's narrow eyes squinted upwards, but he did not get angry. He just stared at Charlotte.

"Also, Mommy has said that she will find Daddy for me." Charlotte was in Maria's arms. "Uncle Dean

and Uncle Handsome treat me well. They will be my daddies!" 1

Uncle Dean always bought her presents and brought her for a horse ride. She liked Uncle Dean.

Uncle Handsome treated her well, too. He bought her

snacks and played games with her. She liked Uncle Handsome, too.

But Mark lied to her and yelled at her. She hated him. He was a fraudster. She did not like him. She did

not want him to be her dad.

Mark's expression darkened, his face sinking, as if dark clouds were enveloping his face. "Your mom

said he would find you a dad?"

"Mommy said that before, but I like Uncle Dean and Uncle Handsome. I want them to be my daddies."

Mark swallowed, his expression darkening even more with waves of chilling ripple in his eyes. He felt

an unexplainable anger boiling inside him.

Charlotte did not know what was going on in Mark's head. She looked at Maria with tears in her eyes,

her long eyelashes soaked in it. She looked so pitiful. "Call Mommy! I want to call Mommy!"

Maria's heart softened upon seeing her pitiful look. She reached into her pocket for her phone.

But the next second, Maria sensed a forbidding glare in her direction. She had no choice but to put the

phone back into her pocket.

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"You are bad! You are bad! You are the big bad guy! The biggest bad guy in the world! Stinker! Stinker!

Stinker!"

Charlotte saw it naturally. As she looked at Mark, she had burning flames in her tiny eyes. Badass.

"Who taught you to swear?" Mark's narrow eyes squinted. What the hell had that woman taught his daughter?

Charlotte was still fearful of Mark. She turned aside and put her arms around Maria's waist, not looking

at him.

Mark got up without a word, walked back to the closet, and got changed. As he headed out of the apartment, Maria called out to him softly. "Mr. Valentine, don't you want to take your breakfast?"

"Get her to eat her breakfast, and then Harry will send you two to another place. Don't let Charlotte touch the phone. Otherwise, don't say I didn't warn you." A deep voice was heard as Mark disappeared

from her sight.

It was ten in the morning when Summer arrived at Santabaca. She did not have breakfast, but just a cup of coffee to keep her going. She went straight to Mark's apartment.

She rang the doorbell for five minutes, but no one answered the door. It seemed that there was no one

in the house.

She tried the keypad lock, using the same password that she remembered from four years ago.

Surprisingly, the door opened with a click.

Four years ago, and four years later; it turned out that the passcode to the door had not been changed.

Summer frowned and walked in quickly. There was no one in the living room. So she checked the bedroom.

Still, no one was in the bedroom. But the corner of her eyes spotted something on the dressing table: a

set of unopened cosmetics. She was startled.

Mark bought it for her four years ago. When she left, she did not take it with her because she did not

want to take anything related to him.

But it was his right not to throw away the cosmetics. It had nothing to do with her.

She pulled back her gaze, turned around, and went to the next room, where she smelled a faint scent of apple, which was the flavor of the shampoo she bought for Charlotte.

She was now sure that Charlotte had slept here last night. But where had Charlotte been taken to now?

She controlled her anger and anxiety and made a phone call. "Where have you taken-"

"Mr. Valentine is in a meeting, Ms. Hart." It was Harry's voice that interrupted her.

"When will the meeting end?"

"I don't really know, Ms. Hart. Sorry about that."

Hanging up the phone, Summer decided to go to the Valentine Group. She had to talk face-to-face to

Mark about Charlotte today.

She arrived at the Valentine Group, but the receptionist declined her request to see their company president because she did not have an appointment.

She called Harry again. Fortunately, Harry did not tell her the same thing that the receptionist told her.

He asked her to take the elevator to the 52nd floor.

The 52nd floor was the president's office. There were few staff members here. Harry stood outside the

president's office when Summer arrived. He invited her inside.

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As Summer sat on the settee, Harry asked, "Would you like coffee or tea, Ms. Hart?"

Summer had no mood for this. She just cared about one thing. "No thanks. When will the meeting be

over?"

"Please be patient, Ms. Hart. I am not sure about the time." Harry still asked the secretary to make a cup of tea for her.

"Okay, thank you." Summer thanked Harry, and then she asked, "May I know what floor the conference

room is on?"

Harry had no clue of what her intention was. So he told her. "Forty-eighth floor."

As soon as Harry's voice trailed off, Summer got to her feet and walked out of the president's office to

get to the 48th floor.

Harry came to his senses and pursued. His gut feeling told him that something was not right.

But Harry's reaction was a little too late. By the time he caught up with Summer, she had pushed open

the conference door.

The senior executives and managerial staff were reporting on the progress of their respective projects

when they heard the door swing open. They all looked

in that direction.

That included Mark. He was holding a pen in his well-proportioned hand and tapping on the file.

All eyes were on her, but Summer's face was nonchalant. She stood straight with a calm and indifferent

expression, her eyes sweeping over those people before landing on the leading man in the middle.

"Since Mr. Valentine has done such a despicable thing, this action of mine should be of no surprise to

you."

Their eyes met; one pair was cold and nonchalant, the other pair was deep as a whirlpool. It was as if

no one else but the two of them were in the conference room.

Those senior executives and managerial staff looked at each other, wondering what was happening.

Harry walked up to Mark and said in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "I am sorry, Mr.

Valentine. I couldn't stop Ms. Hart."

"It's all right." Mark pulled back his gaze. "The meeting is over."

Now there were only the two of them in the conference room as everyone else had left, and the door was closed.

Summer got straight to the point. "Where do you hide Charlotte?"



Mark shifted his posture with his legs overlapping, squinting at her. "In a place you can't find," he said

in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

His answer made her hackles rise. But she fought it back.

She stared at him with her lips turning up in a sarcastic smile. "Do I need to remind you, Mr. Valentine,

that Charlotte is in my custody? Do you know what your act of abduction looks like? You look like a

robber."

Mark shrugged and leaned back in the leather chair. "If I didn't act like a robber, do you think I could

spend time with my daughter alone?"

He seemed to give emphasis on the last part of his sentence.

Sure enough, he already knew what he should know, and this result was within her expectation.

"Why didn't you think of spending time with your daughter back then, Mr. Valentine?" she asked back.

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Mark's eyes were as dark as ink that could not be washed away. He stared at Summer intently, as if his

eyes would suck her in.

Summer was not afraid of him. She did not flinch, but looked him in the eyes. "If you are not answering

my question, then let me answer it for you. You were busy with your lover and had no time for your daughter, weren't you? Or maybe you had even forgotten about the fact that you have a daughter."

"You should have completely forgotten her since you have forgotten. Why do you have to think about it

four years later when you have forgotten so completely four years ago? Charlotte is a person, not an object that you may have at your beck and call and discard later."

Mark got up from his leather chair and walked slowly toward Summer. His dark, dangerous energy flowing inside him could send chills into people's bones.

But this chill did not bother Summer. She was standing her ground, staring at him, no less assertive than he was.

What she said was not wrong. So why should she avoid and fear him? 1

Charlotte was not a toy, nor an object. She was a living person, not something that he could squeeze in

his hand and discard when he was done with it.

"There is one more question I don't understand. What was on your mind when you took Charlotte away

after four years?"

She lifted her head, her beautiful neck unfolding in front of him. She tried to guess. "Four years later,

you suddenly saw your daughter had grown up, and it touched your heart. That was why you took her

away, wasn't it?"

Mark remained silent, his black pupils catching her reflection.

"But the way I look at it, Mr. Valentine, is that you didn't have any feelings for Charlotte four years ago,

but just used her as a bargaining chip for marriage. That was how Charlotte was born. It was okay that

you didn't give me damn for the past three years. Charlotte might be your daughter, but she was born

out of a mistake, not the daughter of a woman you are in love with. So I have no reason, no

responsibility, and no obligation to blame you because from your perspective, what you have done is

entirely reasonable, and I can understand it. Now I only hope that your feelings for Charlotte will return

to the way it was four years ago, and pretend that the encounter in Santabaca has never happened,

and we will let everything go right back to where it started. So you shouldn't disturb the life of Charlotte

and I, and we will not interfere with yours. This is good for everyone, isn't it?"

He could live well without Charlotte for the past four years. So four years later, the life without Charlotte

would not affect him much.

But she could not bear to lose Charlotte, without whom she would lose the focus of life, direction and

motivation.

She raised Charlotte for four years right from when she was a baby until she could walk, run, jump, and

call her Mommy. Not to mention she was so well-behaved and thoughtful.

She witnessed Charlotte's growth every step of the way. So how could she bear to let him take

Charlotte away?

Those words flowed into Mark's ears, word by word. His lips turned up, but the curvature lacked temperature, as if an icy wind whizzed through the dark night.

'Now I only hope that your feelings for Charlotte will return to the way it was four years ago, and

pretend that the encounter in Santabaca has never happened before... we will not interfere with your

life.'

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'Heck, she is so thoughtful that she has even planned everything for me.'

Mark's eyebrows were knitted together, the corners of his mouth twitching as his bitter voice flowed out

of his mouth. "You mean that although I know I have a daughter, I have to pretend that I don't know, as

if she is a stranger?"

"It will be just like the past four years, not care to know, not even aware of her existence. It won't be

such a difficult thing for you, will it?"

Summer wanted to have an amiable conversation with him. But she ended up sounding cynic.

He walked up to her. As he approached, he gripped her lower jaw with his well-proportioned hand with

force and his hot breath sprayed all over her face." How did you know I didn't care about my daughter

and not aware of her existence for the past four years, eh?"

She was so naive to think that she knew everything while he knew nothing.

Summer wanted to avoid him because his breath blowing into her face was uncomfortably hot. But she

froze and forgot what to do when she heard what he

said, which sounded profound to her ears. "What do you mean?"

His rough and fiery fingers rubbed over her chin. He then spun around and opened the hidden

compartment of his desk and took out a few photos from it.

Summer was perplexed. She watched what he was doing.

Mark came back up to her, raising his hand in front of her eyes to show her a few photos.

She shifted her gaze away from him to the four photos.

The first one was a photo of Charlotte right after her birth. She was still so tiny, wrapped up in a towel,

revealing only her wrinkled face.

The second one was taken when Charlotte was over a year old. The background was on the way to the

park, where Charlotte staggered as she learned to walk.

The third one was taken at the zoo. Charlotte was standing next to a peafowl, watching the bird displaying its train while she called out to her mom.

The last one was Charlotte's first day in kindergarten. She apparently did not enjoy it because she was

throwing her tantrum. She carried a small school bag with her head bowed, ignoring her helpless mom

walking behind her.

She did not take these four photos, as she was in the frame.

She looked at him, feeling perplexed and shocked." How did you get these photos?"

"You are smart. Do you still need me to tell you?" Mark's lips curled up.

The rare astonished look on her face delighted him.

He knew Charlotte's identity a long time ago. That was why when Harry brought the test report, he said

he had known it a long time ago.

He did not reveal that he knew it four years ago, not when they were at the ancient castle.

Summer froze in place. She heard her own heartbeat clearly.

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Summer stood there just like that, looking at the photos quietly, her heart rate increasing a tad again.

Without the angry flames, she was stripped of her thorns. Her eyes were soft, and her face was

beautiful.

She looked at the photos while he looked at her-her delicate, petal-like pink lips, flawlessly fair cheeks,

and her heaving chest.

She was the one and the only. 1

He even wondered if she had cast a spell on him because he was so fascinated by her body.

He stepped forward, bending his tall body slightly, and before she knew what happened, he used his

sexy lips to seal her breath.

Even then, this could not satisfy him. He lifted her by her buttocks and then pressed her body against

the wall.

Summer snapped back and fought with both her hands and legs.

He was still kissing her brazenly, gripping her hands with both hands and propped them above her head.

She wished she could rip his face off with both hands. But her hands and feet were tied, and her weak

legs

made her look so fragile.

He started to become even more brazen, changing from holding her wrist with his right hand to with his

left, and then, his left hand lifted her chin, almost making her chin and neck align in a straight line.

Only when her vision started to go dark, and she was about to lose her breath, that he was kind enough to let go of her and let her catch a breath.

She panted but felt a sudden relief. Pushing him away with both hands, she glared at him. "Please respect yourself, Mr. Valentine."

Mark stood still and slowly wiped off the hair at the corners of his lips, his black eyes reeking of



unbridled lust. "You obviously have feelings for me, don't you?"

Anger and embarrassment were causing Summer's cheeks to get hotter. But she just gritted her teeth.

"For things like that, the feeling comes naturally between a man and a woman. It doesn't matter who,

and I would still have felt the same even if it wasn't you."

His provocative face made her feel more embarrassed and angrier with herself.

"You have tried it with other men?" Mark's eyes suddenly sharpened with a dark, oppressive look.

"This has nothing to do with you." Slowly, Summer calmed herself down, letting her heart rate and mind

return to normal.

She then shifted back to the original topic. "Since you already knew Charlotte is your daughter, why did

you pretend you didn't know when you first met her?"

When she thought back carefully, it only occurred to her that when Mark met Charlotte that day, he was

so calm that it was as if Charlotte were a stranger. There was without the slightest emotional ripple in

his eyes.

At first, she thought Mark had bought into the ruse and did not suspect Charlotte's identity. But she did

not know that he had already known Charlotte's existence. That was the reason he had appeared so nonchalant.

"I didn't want to scare her the first time we met.

Neither did I want to spook you to run away with her. I planned to create a bond with her slowly. But

you apparently didn't give me the opportunity, and so I had to create my own."

He raised his eyebrows, his voice deep. His attention was still harping on what she had just said. 'I would still have felt the same even if it wasn't you.'

He hated to hear that from her mouth. He wished he could kiss those darn hot lips of hers until she raised the white flag. 1 'Heck! She has got feelings? Which man has she tried i t with?'

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"Charlotte's custody is still in my hands. When you took Charlotte away without my permission and now

prevent me from seeing her, it constitutes an illegal confinement."

"I haven't seen her in four years. I just want to be alone with my daughter undisturbed. Is this also

illegal confinement?" Mark said with a deep voice, his thin lips curling up. 1

"Well, how long do you plan to be alone with her? Three days, five days, one week, or half a month?

There has got to be a time limit. You tell me, and I will pick up Charlotte after that."

Summer took a deep breath and suppressed the billowing thoughts in her mind, telling herself to calm

down.

Mark's eyes narrowed, his lips twitching. "Let her stay with me for four years, after which we may renegotiate the custodial rights."

He was playing her.

He did not mean to return Charlotte at all. She could no longer suppress her anger but blew her top.

"Mark, you are a jerk! A horrible jerk!"

His eyebrows twitched as he finally knew that

Charlotte learned all those swear words from this woman.

The swear words the mother and daughter used were exactly the same.

"You're confining a child illegally. I will call the police!"

"You're free to do so, Ms. Hart. I will go to court to challenge your custodial right." He stared at her with

deep eyes.

"I have Charlotte's custodial rights! We have the agreement. You promised me. You can't break your word!" Summer became agitated.

"Do we have an agreement? Where are the agreement documents?"

Her last bit of anger was completely ignited. She gritted her teeth. "Shameless! Shameless!"

"I am a scheming businessman-this is what you told me. I well-deserved this recognition. Take this as

another life lesson, Ms. Hart."

Mark squinted at her, his handsome eyebrows turning up slightly.

His daughter was about to become someone else's daughter, all thanks to this woman.

"Heck! Do you think everyone is as shameless as you?" Summer was so enraged that she just wanted

to rip his face off right now. "What the hell did you want before you will return Charlotte to me?"

"Did you really sleep with another man?" He ignored her question, frowning with his eyes glowing with

a gloomy, dark light.

She was taken aback. Ignoring his crazy question, she gritted her teeth. "What do you want from me before you will return Charlotte to me?"

"Yes, or no?" He looked sullen, as if he was only obsessed with this question.

"What if I say yes, and what if I say no? What could you do even if you get the answer?"

What made him think he had the right to question her?

Did he not sleep with Raine?

Mark's lips turned as sharp as a knife, his eyes flickering as he looked at her with piercing eyes."  
Yeah,

I wonder who the hell would be interested in a woman like you."

Who gave him the right to insult her?

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Blood from all over her body rushed up to her head in a n instant, and Summer felt hot on the palms  
of

her hands and the soles of her feet. Her hands on her sides were clenched up slowly as she broke  
into

a sarcastic smile. "How do you know other men aren't interested in me? Maybe they are into a  
woman

like m e."

"Who would it be? Dean?" Mark forced his words through the teeth in a deep voice.

"What do you want before you will return Charlotte to me?" She spelled out the words, not wanting  
to

waste time with him on such a topic again.

Was this her tacit admission?

Mark looked gloomy, the deep gaze in his eyes turning icy in an instant, and his piercing eyebrows

were knitted together. He grabbed her wrist over and looked her in the eyes. "When I get bored with

your body, I will consider returning Charlotte to you."

"You have just taught me a life lesson. Have you forgotten it so soon?"

She talked back, using what he had just said, and then pushed his hand away with the other hand,

using all her strength. "It seems that you have no plans to

return Charlotte to me, nor negotiate with me sincerely. Well then, wait for the court's subpoena."

Her voice trailed off, and she spun around and walked out of the president's office without looking at

him again.

She had been fooled once, and he thought she would still be fooled a second time?

Who did he think she was-someone he could bully and insult at will?

Summer did not know how to describe her feelings when she walked out of the Valentine Group

building. She just felt at a loss, her steps floaty.

How high her chances would be when the custodial case went to the court?

But irrespective of the chances, she would not give up easily.

Mark stood in front of the huge floor-to-ceiling window and looked down at the streets below.

The busy traffic and the pedestrians looked as tiny as ants. Catching a glimpse of her would be difficult.

Waiting for the court's subpoena?

His thin lips curled up in a smirk, his expression gloomy. She really thought she was his match?

In the apartment.

Maria could not do anything about Charlotte, who was sitting on the settee. She refused to eat or drink, but

just sat there.

Charlotte looked at her with those tearful eyes and said she wanted to call her mom and grandma, and

that she really missed her mom so much.

Maria's heart was broken, but when she thought of Mark, there was nothing she could do.

"Little Miss Valentine, just eat a bit. You have eaten nothing for a day, so just eat a bit, okay?" She coaxed Charlotte softly.

Mark saw Charlotte curled up on the settee and refusing to move when he stepped in.

Maria let out a sigh of relief when Mark was back. "Mr. Valentine, she hasn't eaten much for today."

"Give it to me." He nodded and extended his hand.

Maria quickly handed him the bowl. Mark took the seat next to Charlotte, scooping up a spoonful of food. His angular face had a hint of gentleness. "Open your mouth."

Charlotte became even more resentful when she saw Mark. She turned her back to him.

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Bad guy! Stinker! She could not see her mom! He was a big liar!

Mark got up to change a spot, now sitting opposite Charlotte and coaxing her with patience. "Open your mouth."

Charlotte's eyes reddened like a poor little bunny. She felt Mark was annoying. Her two little hands slapped indiscriminately, only to hear a clang as the bowl dropped to the floor and broke into pieces.

And the hot porridge in the bowl was all spilled onto Mark's arm, his pants, and shirt.

Maria had just cooked the porridge, and it was still steaming. Mark's arm was fiery red from the burns.

Maria was shocked and hurried over. "Here is the towel, Mr. Valentine."

Charlotte knew she was in trouble, her body curled up tightly in the settee's corner, as she was too afraid of looking at Mark.

Mark took the towel, but he did not clean up the spilled porridge on his body. Instead, he picked up

Charlotte and moved her to a clean spot. "Are you hurt?" he asked. He was not angry, his voice deep,

but gentle.



Charlotte closed her eyes in fright, expecting to get scolded. But when she heard what Mark said, her

long curly eyelashes flicked gently, and then she carefully opened her eyes into slits to take a peek at

him.

She quickly closed her eyes again when she saw he was looking at her. Mark saw that and took that all

in, raising his handsome eyebrows and chuckling.

"Go get changed, Mr. Valentine. I will take care of

Little Miss Valentine."

After making sure that Charlotte was not scalded, Mark picked up the towel and got up. He put aside

his smile and looked at Maria. "Please cook another pot of porridge."

"Yes, Mr. Valentine." Maria disappeared into the kitchen.

And Mark went into the bathroom.

When he reappeared from the bathroom, he had changed into a set of sportswear, which was simple

and gave him a touch of casual charms.

The porridge was ready, and Maria was carrying it over. "Mr. Valentine, I will feed Little Miss Valentine."

"Let me do it," Mark said, and put Charlotte on the chair at the dining table. "Here you go."

Charlotte still refused to eat, but she was no longer throwing her tantrum after breaking a bowl. "I don't

want to eat porridge. I want Mommy."

"Little Miss Valentine, have some porridge. Otherwise, you might get a stomach ache." Maria was concerned.

"No. I don't want porridge. I want Mommy. I miss Mommy." Charlotte was unyielding. Mark extended

the spoon over, and she turned her face away.

"The big gray wolf may come for you if you don't behave." Maria coaxed, trying to frighten her into taking the porridge.

Charlotte was still small, and she must not go starving.

"Big gray wolf won't bite, and there are the policemen. The policemen have guns and will drive away

the big gray wolf." She did not forget to retort, and her words were well-structured.

She was too smart for the trick. Maria had no more trump card. "Mr. Valentine, could you please cajole

Little Miss Valentine? She hasn't eaten for an entire day. She should at least eat something."

Coaxing her? How? Mark's charming face froze, stiffening.

Maria went into the kitchen to clean up. She had been busy cooking for Charlotte the entire day, but

Charlotte had not taken a bite. She needed to dispose of the leftovers.

A while later, Maria heard the barking sound of a dog coming from the living room. She was shocked

and stopped what she was doing and came out of the kitchen.

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Maria was struck dumb, not knowing what Mark was doing.

A huge German Shepherd was squatting in the living room, baring its teeth and growling.

Mark was sitting at the dining table with Charlotte on his lap. Charlotte was in fear, her two hands clenching on Mark's clothes in front of his chest.

Mark then delivered a spoonful of porridge over, and Charlotte opened her mouth and ate. She no longer resisted.

Maria was even more dumbfounded. She had asked Mark to coax Charlotte, not to frighten her like this.

Mark brought out a big dog instead of talking to Charlotte nicely and coaxing her. Even Maria was frightened at seeing the big dog, let alone Charlotte.

But she could understand that; few men knew how to coax children.

This method obviously worked well. Charlotte had finished an entire bowl of porridge.

Handing the empty bowl to Maria, Mark carried Charlotte back to the room, put her on the bed, and took off her shoes. "Go to sleep."

Charlotte peeked at the dog in the living room through the gap in the door, which was open ajar. She was still in fear. Mark pulled the quilt over her. "Go to sleep now. Or else Kaka will come in," he said in

a gentle tone of voice.

Kaka was the name of the German Shepherd. Charlotte quickly closed her eyes.

Mark chuckled. He waited until Charlotte was sound asleep before he returned to his room and looked

at his documents.

An hour later, he suddenly pushed everything aside, feeling upset.

And the culprit that upset him was that woman.

She had feelings when making out with someone else? Who was that man? Dean Singleton?

The more he thought about it, the more irritable he became. He put his hand to his forehead and gently

kneaded his brow, then got up and walked over to the wine cabinet for a bottle of wine.

As he walked past Charlotte's room, he heard a whimper inside the room.

Mark stopped and frowned. Turning around, he entered the room and flicked the light switch on.

A bump was wriggling under the quilt. He walked over and pulled the quilt away, only to see Charlotte

crying. Her eyes reddened, tears and snot on her face. She looked pitiful.

Charlotte buried her face in the quilt and whimpered when she saw Mark. "Bad! You are a bad guy!  
You

are a big bad guy! You don't let me see Mommy, and asked the big dog to bite me. Get out! I miss

Mommy, I want Mommy..."

She was small in size, alone in the dark room, crying her heart out with tears and snot all over her face.

A soft sigh leaked out of Mark's mouth. He softened, feeling sorry. He took her out of the quilt with both

hands and wiped her tears away. "Stop crying."

She felt wronged and there was no way she could stop her tears. He said what he said while she cried

even louder than before.

"Stop crying."

Bawl!

"Kaka is out there."

"You are a big bad guy! I miss Mommy. I want Mommy!"

He kneaded his forehead with his fingers. At last, he gave in. "Do you want a cell phone to call your mom?"

Charlotte, who was still crying a second ago, had stopped crying completely all of a sudden. She looked at Mark with tears still in her pitiful eyes, extending a hand. "Cell phone, call Mommy."

Charlotte turned on a dime. Yet Mark could do nothing about her and her tears.