

President 361

Chapter 361

She could not trust Mark to take care of the child.

"Yeah!" Charlotte jumped up from the settee and danced happily.

Summer watched her hop up and down the settee, skipping and jumping, nearly slipping a few times,

but stopped short of falling down to the floor.

Summer broke out in a cold sweat, putting her hand to her forehead and looking at Charlotte. "Can you

behave in a more graceful manner, Charlotte?"

Charlotte's eyes moved in her eye sockets as she felt puzzled. "What is graceful, Mommy?"

"It means to be quiet and behave. Haven't you seen those little princesses, wearing pettiskirts, sitting

there obediently on TV?"

Charlotte looked at her clothes for a few moments. " But Mommy, I am not wearing a pettiskirt but pants. Look!"

Summer felt her forehead pulsating. "Charlotte, the point is not about whether you are wearing a skirt

or pants, but to sit there quietly and not jump up and down."

But Charlotte still did not get it. "Mommy, why can't I jump up and down?"

Charlotte would dig herself a deep hole if things went on in this way. So Summer finally found an excuse." Because it is not pretty."

"Do you mean I am not pretty?" Charlotte pouted, looking upset.

Charlotte could never get the point and was good at talking aimlessly. Summer could do nothing about

her.

At this moment, Mark walked out of the room, his eyes sweeping over the slim body on the settee, and

his lips were involuntarily raised.

There it was; he found and had manipulated her weak spot.

"Am I not pretty, Mark?" Charlotte looked up at him.

"Let me take a closer look." Mark walked over, clasping her chin with his big hand, looking left and right. "You're pretty, very pretty."

Charlotte smiled and looked at Summer with a triumphant expression. "You heard that, Mommy? Mark

says I am pretty."

"Yeah, you are pretty." Summer pinched her cheek gently. How the hell did she need to feel pretty at

this young age? Her eyes met his inadvertently, and she quickly looked away.

Charlotte smiled like a Cheshire cat and her attention fell on Mark again. "Do you want to play a game,

Mark?"

"What game?" He raised his eyes slightly and glanced over Summer dimly.

"Let's start with a game of Rock-Paper-Scissors. If you lose, you have to do as I say."

"What if you lose?"

"Umm..." Charlotte thought for a moment, "then I will do as you say."

Mark cocked an eyebrow and carried Charlotte over to put her on his lap. "Okay. Let's get started."
His

voice was deep and soft.

She hid her tender hands behind her and started to chant, stretching the sounds of each word apart.

"Rock ... scissors... paper..."

She chanted 'paper' but made a 'scissors' shape. Mark had seen her 'scissors' and quickly changed
'rock' into 'paper'. Apparently, he lost.

Charlotte clapped in excitement, blinking her eyes. " You have got to do as I say."

Mark had got a bad feeling about it at first. Summer knew Charlotte well enough to see she was up
to

no good. She looked on, like she would wait and see what Charlotte was up to.

Chapter 362

"Mark, have you ever watched Shaun the Sheep?" Charlotte asked, as expected.

Mark raised his brows in puzzlement as Charlotte started to explain. "It's Shaun the Sheep that I saw on the street. The kids can sit on it and rock it up and down."

He could vaguely remember something like that. So he nodded. "What about it then?"

"You will be Shaun the Sheep, lying on the ground. I ride on your back, and you will rock up and down."

Mark's expression stiffened. He had no words.

"You have got to keep your word. Otherwise, you will be a liar, and I will never play games with you

again." Her callow voice sounded serious.

Could he still retract his words when things had come to such a pass?

His face darkened as he got down on all fours. Charlotte ran up to Summer with excitement. "Mommy!

Coins! I want to insert coins!"

The corners of her mouth turned upward as Summer found a one-dollar coin and gave it to Charlotte.

Charlotte climbed onto Mark's back and was ready to

insert that coin into his mouth.

Mark's face darkened even more. He refused to let that coin go into his mouth, telling Charlotte the coin

was dirty and he would get sick from it.

But Charlotte was quick-witted, telling Mark that if he was afraid of getting sick, she would insert the

coin in his ear, which would be much safer.

She was still not too happy with it after doing that. She held on to his neck. "Mark, music."

"What music?"

"You need to sing while rocking. Do you know how to sing?"

"No, I don't."

"Life's a treat with Shaun the sheep. He's Shaun the sheep - (He's Shaun the sheep). He's Shaun the sheep - (He's Shaun the sheep). He doesn't miss a trick or ever lose a beat. Perhaps one day. You'll find a way..."

"I don't know how..."

Charlotte started to see Mark as an embarrassment." Mark doesn't know anything. Let's change another one: He's Shaun the sheep, he's Shaun the sheep. He's not afraid to make the intellectual leap. For brains and guile. With a wink and a smile..."

His sexy Adam's apple was rolling up and down his throat, his helpless deep voice leaking from his lips. " Shall I sing: Can't compete with Shaun the sheep. La la la la, La la la la..."

Summer tried hard not to laugh, but she could not help herself. She was holding her belly, bending forward in a muffled laughter, tears falling down from her eyes.

That muffled laughter did not escape Mark's ears. He clenched his jaw and glared at her. "How is this

funny? Why don't you give it a try?"

"You are the one who lost the game, and you should honor your bet. There is nothing to complain about. Play Shaun the Sheep." Summer retorted flatly, with a smile still lingering at the corners of her

lips.

"You're the one who will be Shaun the Sheep in the next game." Mark's eyes scanned over her again,

his voice deep but gentle.

Charlotte chimed in before Summer spoke. "If you still lose next time, you will have to carry both me

and Mommy. Also, Shaun the Sheep can't talk at this time and can only sing."

So Mark could no longer speak. He sang the Shaun the Sheep song while carrying Charlotte on his

back on all fours.

He had never been so embarrassed since he was born.

Despite the embarrassment, he had never felt so joyous before.

Charlotte only slipped off his back after three minutes and started the second game. Summer was sitting still, and had no intention of joining them.

Chapter 363

But Charlotte insisted and dragged Summer by her hand to force her to come over.

Mark was still the loser in this round. The mother and daughter were on the same side. No matter which of the two won, it was considered a win for the both of them.

Charlotte tugged at her and asked her to sit on Mark. Summer just stood there, refusing to follow the

child in playing the fool.

She would definitely not want to sit on Mark's back.

Charlotte felt aggrieved, big tears welling up in her eyes. "I hate Mommy! You are a liar! I hate Mommy!"

There was no such thing as embarrassment in her world. She did not know what the adults were thinking. All she thought was that her mom was not following the rules of the game.

Mark first looked at the tearful Charlotte, and then at Summer. "A promise is a promise. You've got to

make good on it. Otherwise, you shouldn't have gotten involved."

Summer said not a word, as she knew she was in the wrong. She should not have given in when

Charlotte pestered her.

She sighed. Having no choice, she first put Charlotte on Mark's back, and then she followed by

climbing onto his back.

Charlotte wiped her tears and broke out in a smile.

"Pesky little girl!" Summer gently poked a finger at Charlotte's forehead.

"If I were a pesky little girl, then Mommy would be a pesky woman. Mommy, it is your turn to make a

song request."

Summer pretended no more since she had climbed up onto his back. She just wanted to end this as

soon as possible. "I'm a Little Teapot..."

Mark kept working out every day, so he was well built and had a statuesque bodyline. So he could

easily carry two people on his back. There was nothing to it.

"You probably weigh 65 kilos, I guess." His eyes moved as he lifted his lips to say something to tease

her.

"Well, I am 75 kilos." Summer responded, talking back in a bitter voice. Since when was she 65 kilos?

She was 59 kilos at most.

The curvature of the corners of his lips increased again as Mark broke out in a lazy, radiant chuckle.

After it was over, Summer left quickly. But Charlotte still had not enough and refused to sleep.

Looking at the time; it was nearly ten at night.

Ignoring Charlotte's pestering, Summer forcibly took

her into the bedroom. "Go to sleep now."

Charlotte could read Summer's facial expression and knew that her mom had gotten angry now. She

stopped nagging, lying on the bed, and obediently closed her eyes.

She then got into bed, lying there, but she felt stuffy and could not fall asleep. So she sat up and took

off her sweater, wearing only a low neckline, laced white slip dress, which felt very comfortable. She

had always been wearing it like this.

Meanwhile, Mark was lying on the bed but did not feel sleepy at all, especially when he thought of her

sleeping next door and got even more alert.

How could he fall asleep when his mind was filled with the images of her lying on the bed, in the room

next door that was separated only by a wall?

He had no control of his mind. So he put on his pajamas, got up, and went to the living room.

He leaned in the shadow in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, holding a glass of red wine in his hand

without turning the light on in the living room.

He kept telling himself that he should stop thinking about her, who was lying just next door. He felt as

though the fervent desire inside him was about to explode.

A while later, the door of the next room opened as Summer came out with a cell phone in her hand. It

was Grace who called.

She was tired and had wanted to sleep, but Grace suddenly called at this ungodly hour. Not wanting to

wake Charlotte up, she went out to the living room.

Chapter 364

The light in the living room was off, and she did not intend to turn it on since she would return to the

room after the phone call.

The moonlight shone through the French windows onto the floor. She walked over slowly.

When she saw a tall figure in the shade, it scared the daylight out of her, and the cell phone in her hand slipped and fell to the floor.

"Do you have to be so scared?" Mark's voice came as he bent over to pick up the phone from the ground.

Grace, who was on the other end of the phone, heard a male voice and got excited. She could not help

but speak louder.

"Summer? I heard a man's voice. Tell me who he is. It is late at night, and you are still with a man in

your room. Are you two having a sizzling night? I do hope you are. You and Mark have been separated

for four years. I am worried about you. But now it looks like you have gotten over it and found a new

guy. I hope things will work out well for you."

Mark was delighted and angry at the same time upon hearing those words. He spoke into the phone slowly. "I am that guy you are talking about."

"Your voice sounds familiar. Who are you?"

"I'm Mark," he said.

Grace was startled for a moment, then she mumbled something in her mouth and hung up.

Summer frowned and was not too happy with him picking up her cell phone. "Give me back my phone,"

she said, extending a hand.

Mark quirked an eyebrow and did not hand over the phone. Instead, he leaned back casually, running

his finger over the screen as he typed his telephone number on it.

He was curious to know what she saved his name as in her contact list.

His charming face darkened involuntarily when he saw the result.

She did not store his number in the phone book at all, and he did not find his number on the contact list.

He scrolled through the call log and found his number. But that was it-he was just a number.

His face darkened a bit more as he continued to scroll down the call log and saw Dean's and Jazz's names.

'Heck! Dean. Jazz. What affectionate addresses.'

He was still scrolling further down the call log when Summer suddenly grabbed the phone from his hand.

He lifted his chin up to look at her, the look in his eyes so sullen that it looked like a swirling whirlpool

that wanted to swallow her.

But she ignored him, lowering her head to scroll through the messages. All three new messages were

from Sherman.

'I will see you at Club Nightshade tomorrow. Be there on the square.'

'Don't pretend you haven't read my text messages and don't give me an excuse to say that you are too

busy. I know you are in Santabaca right now.'

'Summer, what should I do? I feel so terrible now. I need someone by my side.'

Chapter 365

Summer furrowed her brows after reading the messages, wondering what happened to Sherman again.

She lowered her head slightly, her fair and sleek neck exposed. The slip dress made her already

beautiful, sexy shoulders look even sexier, her white shapely legs and wasp waist even more alluring.

Mark's gaze deepened as he saw her seductive beauty in the depths of night.

He stretched out a hand and held her chin. "Are you seducing me?" His every word sounded extremely

hoarse.

Seducing him? Was he mad?

She raised her hand and smacked his hand away without batting an eyelid. "Which part of me makes

you think I am seducing you, Mark?"

"The whole of you."

His voice was gruff, his eyes glancing at her low-neckline white slip dress.

She followed his eyes and only then she realized she was wearing a slip dress. So she looked at him with a n impassive expression. "What are you looking at, Mark?"

He did not answer her question but reached to draw her over, hugging her tightly in his arms, and then

his hand started to caress her on the waist sensually before moving down her body.

Summer fought back with both her hands and legs as she tried to get away. "Let me go, Mark!" She forced her words through her teeth.

"I won't let go..." He clenched her hands with both hands and pressed her against the French window

behind her, rubbing his solid wall of chest muscles against her. "Grace is right... Ms. Hart..."

Apparently, those words of Grace had put off the anger inside him. What was left inside him was just

relaxing pleasure.

"What has it to do with you? I warn you, before I slap you, you'd better let me go!" She was already gritting her teeth, her hand struggling to break free from his grip.

"Look at how irritable you are now."

Summer glared at him, her patience waning. "Let me go!"

"No, you should shut up now instead."

His gaze deepened before he leaned over and kissed her.

Summer turned her face to one side, trying to avoid him. But that did not work. He held the back of her

head with his left hand, preventing her from moving.

He only let off his hand when his tongue was teasing sensually into her mouth. Summer seized this opportunity and sank her teeth into his lip. She did not let off even when she tasted blood.

Mark let out a muddled grunt, gasping in pain, and his chest heaved up and down. He looked at her lustrous, yet cold eyes, and his heart skipped a beat. Only then he let go of her.

Stopping is not only a torture but also a capital punishment for men.

Instead of putting out the blazing heat inside him, this kiss had ignited his fervent desire.

Summer raised her right hand and aimed for a slap on his face. But before she could hit his face, Mark

caught her hand. "Your temper has become hotter and hotter, eh?"

Her chest was heaving. She calmed her breathing down and then said slowly,

"Mark, I can get along with you now only because of the peace agreement. Please don't try my

patience."

Chapter 366

Summer pulled her hand back from his grip, walked back to the room and closed the door, then lay on

the bed and closed her eyes.

The reason they could get along peacefully was because of the peace agreement.

She was very busy, very anxious; wanting to take Charlotte's custody back. So she did not have so

much time, or the mood to fight and waste her energy on him all the time. She did not want to end up

physically and mentally exhausted while still having to face everything herself. The only thing she

wanted most was Charlotte's custody.

It just so happened that she agreed to the peace agreement he proposed at this time.

In fact, she had to agree to the peace agreement, as it was the wisest choice.

If she did not agree, Mark would definitely not let her see Charlotte, and the change of custody he

proposed to the court would definitely go ahead.

Then, she would be the ultimate loser—she would not get to see Charlotte while the court proceeding

would carry on.

The peace agreement would let the two of them live in

peace. She got to see Charlotte every day, but going to court would still be the ultimate outcome. But it

was still much better compared to being without a peace agreement.

But there was only peace during the custodial right battle.

In the end, whether she won Charlotte's custody or not, her relationship with Mark would return to what

it was previously.

She had never forgotten the things that happened four years ago.

Sometimes, the sense of calm was only superficial. After a period of calmness, even bigger waves

might be set off.

In the living room

He put his shapely hand to his lip, where he was bitten. It felt painful at the slightest touch.

That woman was truly ruthless.

It seemed that he could only take a cold shower again tonight.

He had lost control of his impulse just now.

But when he inadvertently saw her lustrous, icy eyes, h e could not bring himself to hurt her.

He wanted her, wanted her badly, wanted to crush her body into his. But when he looked into her eyes,

he realized he could not do it.

He could not bring himself to do that to her.

The next day

When Summer and Charlotte woke up, Maria had gotten breakfast ready while Mark had headed off to

work.

After breakfast, Dean called and asked her to meet for a while, and she agreed.

Charlotte bounced off the wall, wanting to go when she heard it was Dean. She said she had not seen

Dean for a long time and that she missed him.

Summer glanced at the weather outside the window. For some reason, this summer was unusually hot.

Today's temperature had hit 39 degrees.

So Summer did not want to take Charlotte out, fearing that she might get a heat stroke. The weather

was just too hot outside.

Charlotte creased her nose. She was not too happy about it, but she did not throw a tantrum. After breakfast, Summer went to the place that she and Dean had agreed to meet at.

Summer could feel heat waves hitting her face in the late morning, even before noon. She felt as if she

was inside a steamer and her back was sweating profusely after walking for just a while.

Chapter 367

They were meeting at a cafe. The air-conditioner was on full blast. The sudden temperature change caused her to tremble involuntarily as she entered.

Dean has been waiting inside. He had never let Summer wait for him whenever they met in the past few years. He always arrived in advance at the agreed venue. Probably he had foreseen that she would be thirsty. Dean had ordered a glass of orange juice for her in advance. The orange juice was not chill but at room temperature.

She gulped down the entire glass of orange and felt much refreshed, as if the stuffy heat had left her.

"I have gotten you a lawyer. He is Santabaca's most well-known lawyer." Dean then ordered her another iced cola.

"How about the lawyer's fee?"

"Don't worry about the lawyer's fee. It is very reasonable. I have taken care of it." Dean did not tell her

exactly how much it was.

"You have paid for it? How much? I have got to pay you back." Summer frowned.

"Don't worry about it." Dean hurriedly stopped her." You need to support Charlotte. I know you don't

have

much left."

"You shouldn't have. You have helped me a lot in the last four years. I couldn't accept any more

kindness from you." Summer insisted on paying him back.

She had indeed gotten many favors from Dean in the last four years. He had helped her with her

personal and family problems many times.

"Charlotte treats me as her uncle. So let's treat this as a gift from your daughter's uncle. All you have to

do is to take back Charlotte's custody."

Summer could do nothing about it. "Dean, please accept the money. Otherwise, I won't be able to

sleep." She addressed him by his name.

"You're worrying too much. Don't lose sleep over just a little money. If those corrupt officials, who

embezzle millions, think likewise, they would lose sleep for the rest of their life,” Dean joked.

"If that was the case, then there would be no corrupt officials on the street. By the way, did the lawyer

say what were the odds of winning?"

This was her biggest concern right now. How sure could she be in the legal battle for Charlotte's custody?

"It is hard to say. The most important thing is that Mark is the opponent, which raises the level of difficulty in this case. So it is hard to say what the odds are right now."

Dean knew that very well. Mark was the mover and shaker in Santabaca.

As many connections as Dean had in Santabaca, he was not a comparison to Mark. Besides, if the lawyer he hired was Santabaca's best lawyer, then Mark must have hired the world's best.

They were the underdog, judging from the current situation,

Summer nodded, but she was disheartened. Her expression was cool. She would not take this lying down. Instead, she would fight till the end, as long as there was a glimmer of hope.

Immediately afterwards, Sherman called her several times. Dean saw this and said, "Let me send you

there."

They walked out of the cafe and got into Dean's black Hyundai, which had parked up on the side of the

road. Dean sent her outside the Club Nightshade.

He glanced at the bar but did not ask her anything. He knew Summer well enough to know that she was not a party person.

He just reminded her not to drink too much. He waited until she disappeared from his sight, only then

he started the car and left.

How could Summer not know what was on Dean's mind?

Especially after learning that she had been divorced, he became more aggressive in pursuing her and

had gone to see her at her home three to four times.

Daisy and Solomon have met Dean before. Daisy liked him for his honesty, saying that he was not a crafty person.

Chapter 368

Summer had no words for Daisy's comments, which sounded as if she was looking for a son-in-law.

She liked Dean, but that kind of like was a feeling that stemmed from pride, honor, and appreciation of

a friend, not love.

Like does not equate love.

Sherman was completely hammered, lying on the bar, unable to balance herself. She was three-months pregnant but her belly had yet to show.

"You're obviously not thinking about yourself and your child by drinking so much." Summer went over

and smacked her on the shoulder.

"I don't want the baby..." She suddenly looked up, her expression terrifyingly calm.

Summer was taken aback and sensed something amiss. It unnerved her to see Sherman behaving this

way. "What happened?"

Sherman refused to tell her, but just laughed and poured her a glass of wine. "I will tell you when you

have had enough."

"Please tell me first."

Sherman shook her head and chuckled. "You drink

first, and I will tell you once you have had enough. Otherwise, I won't tell you. I mean it."

Summer wished that she could strangle her on the spot. She glared at Sherman, picked up a glass of wine, and knocked it back.

Summer had known Sherman for so long and knew that Sherman meant what she said.

"When I finish drinking, I will kill you if you still refuse to tell me." Summer snapped as she gulped down

the wine.

It was just that she was not good at drinking. Plus, Sherman picked all the strongest wines for her. A

few glasses down the guts, and before Sherman could say anything, she blacked out.

Sherman chuckled, tears flowing down her cheeks. She said to the unconscious Summer, "Do you

know why I always like to drink with you? Because you always make me laugh when I feel the saddest

and most painful, Summer..."

Afterwards, Summer's phone rang, and Sherman picked it up. Without waiting for the other person to

speak, she said, "She is in Club Nightshade."

She glanced at the phone, finding the phone number familiar and so thinking it must be an

acquaintance. She hung up and then drank to her heart's content again.

It was Mark who called. When he arrived at Club Nightshade, he saw the two women lying drunk, in a

mess.

He quietly cursed, carried Summer up in his arms, and then called Billy so he would come over to pick

up the other woman.

Soon after returning to the apartment, Mark carried her back to the bed in the room. She was obviously

drunk, mumbling something in her mouth unconsciously, pulling her clothes off and complaining of the

heat. Mark was lying on top of her at this time.

The strong wine felt like it was burning inside her. She just wanted to leave, and tore off her short-sleeved clothing, with only her black underwear on.

Mark involuntarily gasped.

He had been abstinent for four years. How could he stand the temptation now?

He had lost control of himself, even if she did not entice him. Let alone in a situation like this.

He gritted his teeth, his desire having a tug of war with his self-control. Damn it.

Summer knew nothing about his situation and was still complaining about the heat. When her hands touched something cold, she kissed him and loved the feeling.

Chapter 369

Mark's lips started to twitch, and his forehead and hair darkened as if clouds were hanging over him.

It was she who deliberately seduced him.

Darkness filled the night outside while sizzling hotness permeated inside the room.

The next morning

A ray of glaring sunlight shone on her through the window. She opened her eyes and saw a solid wall

of chest appear in front of her eyes.

Her pupils dilated for a moment. After a while, she snapped back and sat up in bed.

The soreness and lack of strength nearly overwhelmed her. She saw clothes of men and women strewn on the floor. It was a mess.

It was self-evident what happened last night.

But she drew a blank as to what had exactly happened last night.

Still, she could not control the anger that boiled inside her, her chest heaving up and down.

"Good morning." The man opened his eyes, lying on

his side with his sturdy arms propping up his head. His eyes rolled in his eye sockets as he casually and lazily stared at her.

His face looked groggy, as he had just woken up. He appeared casual and slovenly, but his expression

suggested he was satiated, refreshed, and the charming energy of lust emanated from his body. The thin quilt had slid down to the waist, barely covering his lower body.

Fury consumed Summer. She kicked his chest with all her strength. But Mark unhurriedly caught her

leg by the ankle, immobilizing her. "Mark, you are despicable!" She forced the words through her teeth.

She should not have stayed here in the first place. She should not have believed his words. How could

she believe his words?

"Why do you say I am despicable?" Mark looked at her with a nonchalant expression, his face unusually deep. "Do you need me to remind you of what happened last night?"

Summer looked at him with bitter eyes, without saying a word.

He raised his brows and let go of her leg, then leaned back on the headboard and squinted his left eye.

"Yesterday, you drank with Sherman and blacked out."

Her heart skipped a beat. Speaking of drinking, she thought of Sherman's abnormal behaviour.

But, before Sherman could tell of those abnormalities, she passed out and could not remember a thing

about what happened after that.

"I brought you back to the apartment and put you on the bed, and then you kissed me." His voice turned soft.

She still said not a word but started to see some fragmented images in her mind. She tried to recall as

she stared at him with cold eyes.

Mark did not care and continued to speak. "You held on to me and stopped me from leaving..." 1

Summer's brows were knitted together tightly.

There was no need for such a topic to continue, and so Summer cut in. "That's enough."

Chapter 370

She pieced the fragmented memories together and finally remembered everything.

It was precisely because she remembered that she was so annoyed with herself, feeling angry and ashamed.

"Don't you need me to continue reminding you?" He was so kind and considerate. "The first time around, I was drunk and entered the wrong room, and then that 'accident' happened. But this time, it was you..."

Besides the soreness all over her body, she had a headache and felt dizzy. Obviously, this was the result of a hangover.

She did not want to hear a word from him. Indeed, she was to blame for what happened last night.

This thing would not have happened had she not gotten drunk.

She ignored him, wrapping herself up with the thin quilt and shuffled into the bathroom.

Now she realized she could not really drink.

Something would always happen whenever she got drunk.

Mark watched her going into the bathroom and then pulled back his gaze. Seeing the mess on the

floor, he

frowned and made a phone call.

She felt more refreshed after having a shower.

Summer frowned when she was about to walk out of the bathroom. She realized she did not have any

clean clothes to wear. There was nothing she could do about it but to put her dirty clothes back on.

But when she walked out of the bathroom, she saw a new set of underwear and a long green dress on

the bed.

She raised a brow, knowing who prepared it. There was no need to pretend. She walked into the

dressing room and changed into the new underwear and long dress, all the right size, fitting her neatly.

She came to the living room, still feeling weak. Maria had prepared breakfast, and Charlotte was

swinging her legs. When she saw Summer come out, she yelled with her sweet voice, "Mommy!"

Summer gave her an acknowledgement and slowly walked over and sat down beside Charlotte, all the

while ignoring Mark, who was sipping on coffee.

Mark's eyes fell on her, squinting and staring at her.

The ankle-length emerald green dress made a perfectly nice contrast with her fair, lustrous skin,

looking refreshing. The tight-fit waistline of the dress accentuated her beautiful wasp waist line.

He took a sip of coffee, his sexy Adam's apple rolling up and down his throat. He raised his head and

gave her a meaningful glance. "The dress fits you well." "Hooligans and perverts always have a keen

eye for female bodies."

Summer snapped back without looking at him. She had a glass of milk and served Charlotte porridge.

So was she saying that he was a hooligan and a pervert?

Mark was not offended. Instead, he had never felt so good. He sipped on his coffee and curled his lips.

After breakfast, Summer brought Charlotte back to the room and let Charlotte practice writing while she

took a rest to recover her strength.