

President 391

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Summer pulled back her thoughts and dashed towards the ward. She was now sure that Dean was hiding something from her, as far as his legs were concerned.

The attending doctor had left. Dean was leaning against the headboard, drinking water. He broke into a

smile when Summer returned. "I can almost smell the sandwich," he said.

Summer looked at him, and said calmly, "It's tuna sandwich."

"Thank you. Just leave the things here. I can take care of myself. Go see Charlotte. She must have been frightened when this happened."

"There are nurses over there. You may first take your breakfast." Her expression was calm as she handed him the sandwich.

Dean said nothing more, but took the sandwich and tucked in while Summer was sitting beside him.

He finished the sandwich after a while, but Summer still had no intention of leaving. So Dean urged

her." There might be nurses there, but Charlotte could feel scared when she wakes up without you.

Besides, I am perfectly fine. Go now."

Summer finally gave a reaction. She furrowed her brows and stared at him. "Are you sure you are

perfectly fine?"

How long did he still want to keep her in the dark about his legs' condition?

Dean had noticed something strange in her reaction. He could not help but speculate in his mind.

Could it be that she had found out about his legs?

His suspicion was proven right when Summer spoke. "When are you going to tell me about your legs?"

"I didn't mean to keep it from you. I just thought of telling you when things got better," Dean said helplessly.

When he and Charlotte were in the operating theater, Summer must have been anxious and tormented.

He did not want her to feel any more bad about his legs.

Summer took a deep breath, her expression and voice easing. "What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor said I would have to undergo surgery first, and then he would observe how well I could recover."

Summer nodded. She went to see the attending doctor in his office and asked him about Dean's legs.

Even the doctor could not say for sure. All he said was he would have to observe Dean's condition after

the surgery.

So whether it was now or after the surgery, it was still too early to tell whether his legs would recover.

She was back in Dean's ward and waited until he fell asleep. Only then she left.

Charlotte was awake, and a nurse was reading a fairy tale to her. She was sitting in bed and listened with gusto.

When the accident happened, Dean was hugging her in his arms, protecting her with his body. So her

injury was not limited, and she now looked much better than yesterday.

Charlotte greeted her sweetly when Summer came in. Charlotte then looked around the ward, as if looking for something.

Taking the fairy tale book from the nurse, Summer sat down and watched Charlotte with curiosity.

"What are you looking for?"

"The kite. I was chasing the Shaun the Sheep kite.

Didn't you bring it here, Mommy?" She blinked her eyes and looked as innocent as ever.

She was only three, and she still did not know many things, including fear, terror, and death. She just

thought a car hit her and she got a little headache.

She had forgotten about the pain and now was thinking of her favorite toy.

But her parents would not forget. The scene of the accident would linger in their mind for a long time.

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Summer's face sank, her expression serious. "Sit down," she said in an icy voice.

Charlotte was startled. She was trembling as she shrank her shoulders and sat there, motionless.

"Extend your hand." Summer's voice was still cold.

Charlotte stretched out her hand, and then she was smacked on her palm. Her cry reverberated in the

ward.

Summer raised her hand and then smacked Charlotte in her tender palm again. She hit her so hard that Charlotte's palm reddened.

Just then, Mark came in and the things that happened in front of his eyes.

"Does it hurt?" Summer looked at Charlotte.

Charlotte cried, tears flowing down her cheeks. "It hurts..."

Summer looked indifferent. She smacked Charlotte's hand again, and Charlotte cried even louder this

time and pulled her hands back. Tears continued to stream down her face.

But Summer caught her hand and asked again, "Does it hurt?"

"It hurts... it hurts... Mommy, it hurts..." Charlotte cried, her eyes and nose red, looking pitiful.

Summer raised her hand and was about to smack down again when Mark strode over and swept Charlotte into his arms.

His narrow eyes squinted at Summer with a frown. "What are you doing?"

Summer ignored him and pulled Charlotte's hand over and smacked her twice again.

"It hurts... It hurts... Mommy, it hurts... It really hurts..." Charlotte was out of breath, crying, and choked.

Mark grabbed Summer's wrist with his shapely hand. "Didn't you hear her crying for pain?" he said in a

deep voice.

"That is what she needs to remember. Only then she will learn the lesson." Summer's chest was heaving, the palm of her right hand red, feeling hot and painful.

Charlotte was still crying. She took Charlotte from Mark's arms, and then put her on the bed, and bellowed. "Stop crying. Sit down."

Fear consumed Charlotte. She shrank back, looking at Mark with tearful eyes.

Mark strode over, but before he reached the bedside, Summer grabbed his hand.

Her hand was still felt so soft, but her palm felt hot. He looked down and saw that her palm was redder

and

felt hotter than that of Charlotte.

His deep eyes moved as he stood on the spot. He started to understand why Summer did what she did.

"Do you remember what I told you before?" she asked Charlotte, her expression as cold as usual.

"I must not go to places with a lot of traffic, near water and play with fire without Mommy..." she spoke

haltingly as she whimpered. She did not dare to cry.

"What wrong have you done this time?" she continued to question Charlotte.

"I went to a place with a lot of cars without Mommy..." she answered obediently.

"No matter where you want to go, the first thing is to remember to tell me, and you may go after getting

permission. Do you understand?"

Children are prone to run around, and it is impossible for adults to keep an eye on them all the time.

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"Understood..."

"Speak louder. Do you understand?"

"Understood!"

"Now go to sleep."

Charlotte did not dare to make a sound. She sniffled as she lay on the bed, pulled the quilt over, and closed her eyes. Her palm still hurt, but she did not dare to say a word.

Summer loved Charlotte very much. She had hardly lost her temper with Charlotte. But when she did,

Charlotte would quake in her boots.

After a while, Charlotte fell asleep. Perhaps because of the crying, her chest was still heaving in her sleep.

Summer brought a basin of warm water, moistened a towel and wrung it out, then gingerly wiped the

tears away from Charlotte's face.

Sitting on the sofa with his long legs crossed in an elegant fashion, Mark looked on and took everything

that happened in front of him in.

His gaze was so deep that it was as if a bottomless whirlpool that sucked people in. His pupils were fixated on Summer from behind, his gaze dark as ink.

The ward was so quiet that Summer could hear a pin drop. She was cleaning up Charlotte while Mark

sat on the couch, looking at her from behind.

His cell phone vibrated in silence mode just then. He got up and walked out of the ward to answer the

phone.

"Mark, where are you now?" It was Yvette's voice.

"What's the matter?" He asked back, not answering Yvette's question.

"We have never discussed Charlotte. She is growing up and we can't let things drag on as it is. I am all

for it if you want to get Charlotte's custody. Let Charlotte come into the family and change her last name as soon as possible."

In fact, Yvette was not concerned about Charlotte's custody. Her thinking was that she wanted to

resolve the relationship between Mark and Summer as soon as possible so that the two would cut off

all connections altogether. She did not want them to live together behind her back.

Mark furrowed his brows with a trace of impatience on his face. "I know what I am doing, Mom. I will

hang up now."

Before Yvette could say anything further, the line went dead. Just then, Summer walked out of the ward.

Mark walked over and stopped her in the way, his tall body casting a shadow over her.

"Let's talk about Charlotte's custody." He gazed at her.

Summer's heart skipped a beat, her hands and feet sweating. She stood with her back straightened, rejecting him with a stony face. "I don't have time and mood to talk about this now."

"But I have."

"Mark, if you still have a bit of human touch, you should know that this is not the time to bring up this

topic."

Besides, it was not the time to talk about this topic.

Charlotte had met with a traffic accident, and she had only regained consciousness yesterday. Did he

have to be so cruel?

She looked him in the eyes, her expression calm and cold as if a pool of water. "Mark, don't you think

you are a bit too cruel?"

"Not at all." His lips twitched as he spelled out his words.

"Then we have nothing to talk about. I don't care if you are in a hurry, but we will only talk about it in

two weeks."

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Summer ignored him and wanted to leave, but Mark's sturdy body forced her to back up against the door.

He stared her in the eyes, his fiery breath spraying on her face as he clutched her jaw with his shapely

hand. "No, we have to talk now. Or else, I am afraid I will regret it later." He spelled out his words in a

deep voice.

"Mark, I have promised to talk, but you can't go overboard." She tried to smack away his hand that was

clutching her jaw. She was finally angered.

"Now keep quiet and listen to me." His hands now moved to hold her shoulders with just the right amount of force. "Perhaps, what I am going to say will be what you have always wanted."

He knew what she wanted? But he would not say this for no reason, would he? She suppressed her anger, took a deep breath, and looked at him. "All right. I am all ears."

Mark looked at her, his gaze sinking into her eyes when he spoke in a deep and magnetic voice, knocking every word into her heart. "I will not fight for Charlotte's custody. She will always be yours."

His words startled her, and she froze in place like a boulder.

She seemed to have heard a loud bang in her head, and then her mind went blank as his words came as a bolt from the blue.

She was in a daze, remaining in her posture for a long time.

He had seen her calm and cold face, and her angry, furry lion look. But he had never seen this expression of hers.

Using his warm fingertips, he drew her hair to the back of her ear. His brows were raised and his lips

twitched. "Are you still here?"

He ran his fingers over her cheek. The warmth of his skin finally brought Summer out of her daze.

She backed away a bit to keep a distance, looking at him with suspicion. "What are you trying to pull

here again?"

"Are my words not believable to you?" He narrowed his eyes.

"You are a scheming businessman, and I have been fooled once," she said. "Besides, I can't think of

the reason you do this." The reason for doing this; the reason for giving up Charlotte's custody.

His sexy Adam's apple rolled up and down his throat, his gaze deep and penetrating, like a deep ocean

and a whirlpool that could see through her.

Even he was not sure when the idea of giving up

Charlotte's custody came about.

Perhaps it came when he arrived outside the emergency room and saw her fragile body sitting alone on the bench, trembling like fallen leaves in the fall, so scared and helpless, yet she still gritted her teeth.

Perhaps it came when Charlotte regained her consciousness and tears that rolled down her cheeks had pained him dearly.

And more likely it came when he saw Summer smack Charlotte in her palm with both their palms reddening and hurt, and later, Summer so gently wiped the tears from Charlotte's face.

"You don't have to suspect my decision. Or are you going to tell me you will not accept this proposal?"

he said in a deep, hoarse, magnetic voice to remind her. "I f you continue to suspect me, I might regret

it in the next second."

Before Summer could say anything, his shapely hand had taken her cell phone from her and turned on

the recorder.

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"I will not challenge you for Charlotte's custody again. She will always be yours," he said again.

Seeing his actions and his ocean-deep eyes, she was moved, and she believed him. "I believe you,"

she said in a soft but serious tone of voice. "And thank you."

It had been a long time since he last saw her so docile. His brows moved with the corners of his lips turning up. But he was not happy about her reaction. "Just a thank you?"

"Then what do you want? As best as I can, I will-"

Before Summer could finish her sentence, Mark leaned forward and came down with his fiery kisses.

She was slightly startled. She frowned and glared at him as soon as she knew what happened.

Mark pulled away from her and looked at her. "But I keep the right to visit Charlotte anytime I want."

"You are her dad. I can't deny your right to see her. Yeah, I agree," Summer said.

"Now, where are we going now?"

"Buy Charlotte a kite."

There was a kite shop selling a dazzling array of kites not far away from the hospital.

Summer did not expect that Mark would tag along. His tall body stood in front of the shop as his hands

flipped through a selection of kites.

She stared at him from behind. After a while, she pulled back her gaze, and she chose an eye-

catching, colorful kite that was in the shape of a butterfly.

After paying for it, she saw Mark was still standing there, talking about something to the salesgirl. She

went close and only then she heard what they were talking about.

"This star kite is in blue only?"

"There is another one in orange, but it is out of stock at the moment." The salesgirl blushed, her heart

thumping as she looked at the charming man in front of her.

He picked up the blue kite with his shapely hand and looked at it for a moment, then put it back down

and frowned. "Where else can I find the orange one?"

"Sir, our kite shop is a chain store, and we have a branch on Acorn Avenue. Let me check it out for you."

"Okay." He nodded in acknowledgement and waited.

Did he have to be so picky over a kite? Summer glanced at the blue kite. "The blue one is also pretty

good, too."

"When both the sky and kite are blue, do you expect

Charlotte to fly the kite or to find her kite?"

The salesgirl heard that and echoed what he said. " You are right, sir. The color of the kite is too close

to the color of the sky. When the kite flies too high, it will not look conspicuous."

Frowning, Summer walked out of the kite shop without saying a word.

But before she could go far, a hand grabbed her wrist from behind. Mark raised a brow. "Hold on a second."

"You may wait, but I have something else to do." Summer tried to shake off his hand.

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His lips, however, curled up as he leaned his tall and proud body against the counter ever so lazily. He

watched her every move without saying anything, but he did not loosen his grip. Instead, he held her

more tightly.

They were not alone in the store. At that moment, the people around them were all shifting their gazes

toward their direction.

It was really inappropriate for them to act like that in public. Summer clenched her jaw as she stopped

moving and reluctantly stood still.

After half an hour, the staff finally brought their kite over to them. Compared with the blue kite, it was

evident that the orange one was more appealing.

After paying for the kites, they walked out of the shop and returned to the hospital.

Charlotte had already woken up. She was sitting on her sickbed as she played with her building blocks

uninterestedly. Her round eyes lit up as soon as she laid eyes on the kites.

"Which one do you like?" Mark asked her while he stood in front of her bed, holding up a kite in each

hand.

Charlotte looked at the colorful butterfly kite before she switched her attention to the orange star-shaped kite. She flicked her pinkish tongue on her lips and said, "The star one."

Mark raised his brows following her response as his expression turned exceptionally bright. He purposely shot Summer a look before he said, "Say that one more time but louder."

"I like the star kite. It's the same color as orange peel. Look, the star is angry too!" Charlotte pointed at

the wide set of eyes on the star. She was obsessed.

Summer furrowed her eyebrows when she met his teasing gaze by accident. 'What is he so happy about?' She really could not wrap her mind around it.

Charlotte fell asleep after she finished her lunch. Subsequently, Mark also left after he picked up a call.

Dean's operation was scheduled around the afternoon. During his surgery, Summer never left her spot.

She constantly guarded the operating theater's door. 1

The operation was over after an hour and a half or so. The doctor told her that it was a success, and everything had gone smoothly.

However, there was no guarantee regarding the mobility of his legs. Just as what was said before, it all

depended on how well he recovered.

Summer had been staying in the hospital for the past few days, but she had never changed into a fresh

set of clothes. So, she decided to head back home and bring a few sets of clean clothes over while

Charlotte and Dean were both still asleep.

Daisy and Soloman were at home when she went back. They were shocked to see her return without

Charlotte by her side, and they proceeded to question her.

Summer never wanted to keep the accident a secret from them, so she just told them everything.

Daisy's heart raced when she heard about what had happened, and her palms started to sweat. "Then

how is Charlotte now?"

"She's fine now. She can even be discharged."

Daisy shot her another question right after. "What about Dean?"

"He can't move his legs at the moment, and there is a 50/50 chance that he'll be paralyzed."
Summer

did not hide anything from them and told them everything truthfully.

"Paralyzed?" Solomon's expression changed into a serious

one.

Daisy also had a stern look on her face as she said to Summer, "Saving Charlotte is the only reason

he's met with this fate now. He is a righteous man, and we should only repay him with righteousness!"

Summer nodded. "I know, Mom."

"Both your father and I are very clear about how he's treated you and Charlotte throughout these few

years. He treats your problems just like his own-he even puts in more effort than us. He doesn't mind

that you are a divorcee, and he certainly doesn't mind that you already have a daughter with another

man. He just treats you and Charlotte well with his whole heart. Before this even happened, your father

and I already had no doubts that we wanted you and him to..."

Daisy paused for a moment before she continued, "Your father and I could see his character with our

eyes. He treats Charlotte just like his own, and you definitely won't stay a single mother for the rest of

your life. But are you 100% sure that your future husband will treat Charlotte as well as Dean does?"

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Soloman was not one to interfere in his daughter's business, but he also chimed in this time. "I fully

agree with everything your mom said. I won't say anything else, but I have to say this-we should always

have a conscience!"

"One more thing, and it's going to be hard to swallow. If Dean really becomes paralyzed, it will be hard

for him to find a partner. Regardless of how just, kind, honest, and charming he is, it won't be easy. In

this generation, who isn't realistic? If they saw Dean's legs, do you think they'd still want to be his

partner?" Daisy looked at Summer as she spoke from the bottom of her heart. "Oh Summer, we should

really have a good conscience."

"I know all that, Mom." Summer's expression was deep and dark.

At the same time, Summer understood in her heart that those were very real issues. Even if her

parents did not bring them up, she was already making plans for what she had to do.

"Good. We are not forcing you either, but you should really take some time and carefully think about

this." At the end of the day, Summer was still her daughter, and she could not bear to push her too hard.

Besides, she could see that Summer was already contemplating the matter.

She brought Summer up and knew her character better than anyone. Summer would not make decisions half-heartedly.

However, if Summer had her heart set on something, nothing could stop her, as that was her decision

after a long and thorough consideration!

As for Dean, Summer would not say that she had no feelings for him at all. However, those feelings only amounted to a good impression of a man. It was not a romantic feeling, and it definitely was not

love!

"I'm going to say one last thing. Everything will be okay once you've figured things out. Not everyone

gets to be with the person they love. But those who don't marry the person they love, aren't they living

just as blissfully and happily? Sometimes, marriage is not love."

Daisy uttered her last line very clearly in a serious and heavy tone.

After two hours, Summer left her home and went back to the hospital. Daisy and Soloman wanted to

join her, but Summer stopped them. Dean had just undergone his surgery, so he needed as much rest as he could get.

Summer did not head to the hospital right away. Instead, she made a detour to South Lane to get some

health supplements for Dean.

Though the goods in South Lane were awfully expensive, it was not entirely bad as it meant that the goods were authentic.

Just as Summer was leaving the store, she crossed paths with a few rich women. That was when

Summer experienced the mishap of bumping into her foe.

That was because the person approaching her was none other than Yvette.

Yvette always dolled herself up. Even though she was already in her fifties, she still dressed like she

was in her thirties. She was wearing a long dress with a pair of silver heels along with a decent amount

of makeup.

Summer shot her a few glances dully and pretended not to see her as she continued to walk forward.

Yvette did not speak as well but Madam Hamilton broke the silence when she said, "Isn't this Mr.

Valentine's wife?"

At that instant, the women with Yvette judged Summer from her head to her toes. They talked among

themselves, discussing nothing more than the brands she was wearing. They were praising her, but i
t

sounded like they were licking her boots.

However, Madam Hamilton's words had upset Yvette a s she corrected her, "Ex-wife."

All of a sudden, the women's expressions changed as they started to look at Summer in a different
light.

Summer's eyes were mocking her deeply as she thought that Yvette was boring. She did not care
about them and continued to make her way forward.

"Ex-wife, eh? Why didn't you say so earlier? There are plenty of rich daughters in Santabaca who
are

eyeing Mark. Should I choose a few suitable candidates and introduce them to Mark?" asked one of
the

women.

"There is no need for that anymore. My Mark might be getting married soon. I'll invite all of you to the

wedding then," Yvette spoke with an eyebrow raised.

"Whose daughter?"

"Yeah, I'm really curious now. Do you have a picture for us to have a look at her?" "Of course, I do."

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Yvette took a picture out of her purse with delight as she glanced at Summer's back disdainfully. The

women all took turns to look at the picture.

Summer was not far from them, which meant that she could still hear their conversation fairly well.

She subtly watched them from the side of her eye and saw the picture that the group of women was passing around.

'Yeah, that's probably a picture of Mark and Raine...'

But it was no longer her concern. There was no reason for her to turn back and look!

"They spent four years together overseas. The pictures they share together might even fill a whole photo album. So, what's so special about this one picture?" 1

When she reached the hospital, Charlotte was already awake. Summer then carried her to Dean's ward.

Charlotte was sitting at his side when she looked at him with admiration in her round eyes. "Uncle

Dean is the best! Uncle Dean is a hero!"

Dean laughed with satisfaction as he patted her soft dark hair. 'Look at this little girl.' "Also, Mommy told

me that you can't carry me and run

anymore. But Charlotte can push you and run now." She hugged Dean tightly around his waist with her

tiny arms. "Uncle Dean is the hero in my heart!"

"Did your mommy teach you this, or did you come up with it yourself?" His heart had softened completely.

"I thought of it myself. Uncle Dean is a superhero! Tomorrow, I will get you the best-est sundae ever,

okay?"

"Do you have enough money?" Dean teased her.

Charlotte shoved her fair arms into the pocket of her hospital gown. She then pulled out a \$5 note and

asked, "Is this enough, Uncle Dean?"

"What if it's not enough?"

"Then I'll get some from Mommy. I saw a lot of red paper in her purse!"

Dean had been watching Charlotte grow up. He instantly knew what she meant by red paper-\$100

notes. 'How cheeky!'

Summer watched the warm and peaceful scene of them together as she silently peeled some apples at

a corner. She suddenly understood what Daisy had said to her.

Sometimes, marriage was not love...

'Perhaps, living a simple life like this isn't that bad after all.' Summer had a sudden urge to try it.

She could see Dean's love for Charlotte with her own eyes and feel it with her heart. She did not even

spoil her biological daughter as much as he did.

Summer cut the peeled apples into smaller pieces and served them on a plate. She then passed them to Dean and Charlotte.

"No matter the environment or the weather, Nokocola Bay still surpasses Santabaca. So, we should stay there while you recover, okay?" Summer looked up and said to Dean.

"No worries, I can stay in Santabaca for my recovery. You can go back to Nokocola Bay with Charlotte."

Dean forked up an apple and fed it to Charlotte.

Summer responded in an unusually strong tone, "No, you have to go back with us!"

How could Dean be oblivious to what she had in mind?

Dean passed Charlotte the plate in his hands as he looked at Summer with a serious gaze. "Summer, you don't have to feel guilty for my condition. If I was in a situation like that with someone else, I would

still jump in to save that person, even though it wasn't Charlotte. Do you understand?

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He did not want her to feel guilty. Besides, he already took Charlotte as his own daughter. It was only

justifiable for a father to save his daughter.

"I understand, but if it wasn't for Charlotte, I would still take care of you. You were already her daddy in

her heart."

Summer talked slowly as she wanted to utter every word clearly.

Her words definitely moved him and made his heart flutter, but he still rejected her. "Summer, you should just bring Charlotte back. I will be fine in Santabaca; I'm working here too."

"You're not recovering anytime soon. What do you mean 'work?'" Summer furrowed her brows. 'Dean

can really be kind of stubborn!'

"I can't do anything that requires me to use my legs, but I'll still be able to work on the cases."

Summer did not want to talk about this with him further as she changed the subject and said, "You really don't understand me. The decisions I've made have no space for changes."

This time, the clueless Charlotte also tilted her head upward. Her mouth was still filled with apples as

she

spoke blurrily, "Don't you want to leave with me and mommy, Uncle Dean?"

"That's not it." Dean looked at her lovingly.

"Then is it because I caused your legs to be like this? Is that why you don't like me anymore?"

Charlotte blinked her small eyes, and her face looked serious.

"How could I dislike you? You think too much." Dean reached out and pinched her short nose.

Charlotte's eyes watered as she pouted, looking as if she was about to cry. "You're lying. You definitely

hate me already!"

Both her eyes and nose were as red as beets from crying. Her little shoulders bobbed up and down as

she sniffled. She looked like an abandoned bunny.

Dean could never bear to watch her cry. He was trying his best to comfort her while she was bawling.

Charlotte did not care about him as she continued to wipe her tears with both of her little arms,

sobbing." Uncle Dean hates me now! I don't want to like Uncle Dean anymore, I'll never like him again!"

Dean could not stand watching her cry until she could not catch her breath. His heart softened as he said, " Alright, Okay. I'll go with you."

'Since I just underwent my surgery, I can't start work anytime soon. I'll just take it as a vacation and spend some time with Charlotte.'

Charlotte wiped her tears away with her fair hands as she finally broke into a smile. She looked over to

Summer and blinked a few times as if she was trying to say 'I'm good, aren't I?'

Summer's eyes smiled along with Charlotte as she gave her a big thumbs up. Charlotte's smile grew even wider.

Soon after, Summer went to the doctor's office and asked about the important things she should pay attention to.

Afterward, she went over to the reception and asked about the hospital bills. The hospital told her that

all the payments had already been paid for under Mark's name.

Summer froze for a moment before thanking the staff. She then left the hospital and bought three train

tickets for Nokocola Bay.

At the same time, she made a phone call to her parents and sent her regards. She also informed them about her decision, for which they gave their full blessing.

She thought to herself that she would be able to take care of things on her own. Her parents were not

young anymore, so it wasn't the best for them to be so busy with her affairs.

Mark never stepped into the hospital from noon until night, but he did give Charlotte a call at around

8.00 p m.

Summer was not in Charlotte's ward as she had gone out to get some stuff and send her luggage back

through courier services, which was why Charlotte was the only one who talked to Mark on the phone.

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The phone call lasted for a long time and Charlotte could not get her hands off the phone. She was

chuckling and her eyes were bent into crescents. No one would know what Mark was saying to her at

the other end of the phone.

She finally hung up after half an hour. The nurse took the phone from Charlotte's tiny hands and put her to sleep.

The train was leaving at nine the next morning. Summer was pushing the wheelchair while Charlotte

was carrying her little backpack with an orange kite in her arms. Obediently, she walked by Summer's

side.

After that incident took place, it taught her a lesson and she learned to be more disciplined. She would

walk closely behind Summer without wandering off even when her hands were not being held.

They were already at the waiting lounge before the boarding time.

The place was crowded with people and the noise was overwhelming. There was a middle-aged man

who let out a strong burp from eating too fast, "Bwaaaaap..."

"Pardon me for being so rude. It was not me, it was my food. It just came up to say hello, now it's gone

back

down below," Charlotte said mischievously while dragging her childlike voice.

The people around her were amused and couldn't stop laughing.

Summer and Dean looked at each other as they smiled helplessly.

At that moment, she felt her phone vibrating. She looked at the caller ID, stood up, and walked to a

quieter place before answering the call. "Jazz."

"Are you still in Nokocola Bay with Charlotte? I just got back from Athana, and I'm planning to drop by

in the next few days. Don't forget what you promised me back then. You have to make me your guest

there," Jazz said as he yawned.

"Yes, for sure."

"Where are you now? Why is it so noisy there?" Jazz arched his brows.

Although she was standing in a corner, the phone could still pick up the noise of people walking and talking very clearly.

"I'm at the train station. Just on the way back to Nokocola Bay."

"On the way back? Then where are you now?"

"I came back to Santabaca because I had some errands to run here. I am going to get my ticket now.

Give me a call when you're at Nokocola Bay. Bye."

Valentine Mansion

Jazz was lying on a couch sluggishly. He held a cup of coffee in one hand and played games on his phone with the other as he shook his head. "Tsk ts, no sincerity at all. She didn't bother to drop by to

say hello even when she's back in Santabaca, yet she's returning to Nokocola Bay so soon."

"Who was on the phone with you?"

All of a sudden, a deep voice rang behind him. Jazz was so startled by it he dropped his phone on the

ground.

Jazz patted his chest and turned around. He saw his brother, who had just got out of the shower. His

muscular and athletic body was in a set of sportswear, looking fresh and casual.

"I have my freedom and rights to talk to anyone, Mark. Don't be too much of a busybody, you'll age very

fast..." He grinned cheekily.

His deep eyes swept across him and ignored him for being so loquacious. He took a few strides

forward and grabbed his phone to check his call log.

When the number that couldn't be any more familiar burst into sight, Mark lifted his jaw almost instantly.

His handsome face turned dark in a blink of an eye as if it was covered with gray clouds.

He stretched out his arm and casually tossed the phone back on the couch. He then changed his

shoes and walked right out of the living room.