

## President 441

### Chapter 441

Mark put down the newspaper and looked at the fluffy little head of Charlotte who was sitting on his lap.

Apparently, her hairstyle no longer existed since she had woke up from her slumber. Her hair was as messy as a bird's nest.

'Style her hair?'

He squinted while rubbing his temples, his eyebrows twitching a little.

Charlotte was pouting. "Uncle doesn't know how to do it?" She was a little disappointed.

Mark raised her eyebrows. With his strong arms, he set her on the ground. After a long stare, he picked

up a hairbrush. 1

Obviously, it was the first time he did this kind of thing. The process was somewhat frustrating. The

strands of hair on the right he had brushed earlier would fall out of place when he proceeded to brush

the ones on the right. And when he had finally done brushing the right side, the same thing would

happen to the left. He just could not complete the mission.

On top of that, he did not control his strength well. He accidentally pulled the roots of Charlotte's hair. "It

hurts..." She was in pain until her eyes went teary.

After a long while, Mark had finally done tidying Charlotte's hair. It was supposed to be a straight ponytail. But, obviously, the ponytail deviated to a side.

"Uncle, it doesn't look pretty." Charlotte looked in the mirror while swinging her ponytail.

After looking at it for a moment, Mark agreed with her that it did not look pretty.

However, he considered his performance to be good enough for able to tie a ponytail. Then he glanced

at the hairbrush. There were few strands of hair on it— the strands of hair that he had torn off.

At this moment, the doorbell rang. A glint of dim light flashed in Mark's deep eyes. He checked the time. It's just past eight o'clock, she came this early? '

He casually opened the door. As soon as he saw it was Yvette standing outside the door, there was a hint of surprise in his eyes. "Mom."

As Yvette walked in, with just a glance, she saw Charlotte sitting on the sofa playing a game. Her delicate eyebrows were knitted together.

"Regarding the company share transfer, Why didn't you discuss it with us in advance. You did not even

bother to alert me about it before making such a decision." Yvette was still angered when she thought

about it.

Mark sat down casually, he long legs crossing, his gaze fixed at Charlotte who was playing Fruit Ninja.,

Moving his thin lips, he uttered a few words, "It was a last minute decision."

Yvette was out of words when she heard that. "Then why did you give up the custody of that kid? "

"Mom, I can make my own decision on my own affairs. There is no need to bring up a conversation about a decision that I have made..."

"Yes, you can all make your own decisions. Your dad can do it, you can do it, and Jazz can do it too.

It's redundant to ask me!" Yvette could not help but raise her voice.

Little Charlotte was trembling as she was frightened. Mark took her into his arms. He looked at Yvette

and said flatly, "You have scared the child, Mom. Did you purposely come here for this?"

Yvette was unhappy, her chest panting heavily. Hearing Mark's words, Yvette thought of something more important. She temporarily suppressed her anger and said,

"Raine will be home today. It was a ten o'clock flight. She did not let me tell you because she was afraid

that you were busy

"I think I'd better come over and tell you. Go pick her u p at the airport. She has been so busy these

days that she has not taken any break, and yet she returned overnight.

"There are still some scars on her face. I'm afraid she will feel uncomfortable for coming back for the

first time after four years apart. Thus, you can hand this kid over to me, I will take care of her."

Upon hearing this, Charlotte flinched into Mark's arms and hugged him tightly. Apparently, she was not

happy.

"I'll take her with me instead," Mark said. Obviously, he did not have the intention to let Yvette take

care of Charlotte.

Hearing this, Yvette glanced at Charlotte. A flame of anger burned within her. 'Look at how she behaves. Did she think that I would eat her? Sure enough, she is not adorable at all!

'Why would I want her? I'll have a grandson when Mark gets married.'

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Yvette left. While carrying Charlotte in his hands, Mark left the apartment and got in a black car.

He was sitting in the driver's seat, while Charlotte was sitting in the front passenger seat. Charlotte was

'slashing fruits' wholeheartedly. She did not raise her head even when Mark leaned over to fasten her

seat belt.

The airport--

There was congestion on Boxjour Highway. When Summer arrived at the airport, it was almost 10:00

am. She waited at a seat after she got her flight ticket.

At 10:30 am, a boarding call sounded in the lobby. Summer got up and walked towards the gate.

When her gaze inadvertently swept across a figure's back facing her, she frowned. She felt that the person could be Raine.

After taking another glimpse, she continued walking forward, standing in the line waiting for a security

check.

The queue was very long. Summer looked around out of boredom, but was surprised to see Mark carrying Charlotte standing at the exit.

She frowned in puzzlement and surprise. The next moment a figure in white walked towards Mark. The

moment she saw the side face. As expected, it was Raine.

Seeing that they were talking, Raine stretched out her hands at Charlotte.

At first, Charlotte was a little timid and refused to let Raine hug. Somehow, after Raine said something,

she turned to Raine and allowed Raine to hug her.

Then, the three of them walked side by side to the exit. Mark and Raine looked like a beautiful couple

and the three of them looked like a happy family...

Summer withdrew her gaze. She looked rather calm, without slightest fluctuations in her emotions. She

was waiting in the queue quietly and calmly for the security check.

If it were four years ago, then she would definitely be angry, jealous. Her emotions would be swayed by

rage stirring up waves within her.

But now, it was four years later, they had nothing to do with each other.

Soon, it was her turn for the security check, followed by boarding. By the time she arrived at Nokocola

Bay, it was already 3:00 pm. When she opened the room door, she saw Dean trying to stand up.

Although there was a thin layer of sweat on his forehead, he still could not stand up, looking a little

helpless and dispirited. Slowly, he sat down.

"Don't be discouraged, as long as you are willing to train regularly, one day you will be able to stand

up," She said aloud.

Hearing this, Dean turned around in surprise. "When did you come back? Why didn't I hear a sound?"

"I just came back. I saw that you were training. So I didn't greet you," said Summer while walking into

the room. She then walked to the kitchen, "Did you starve i n the past few days when I was away?" she

asked.

"The meat buns and pasta meat sauce you prepared are enough to eat for a week. You was away only

for three days. How could I starve myself?" Dean laughed.

"Great." Summer couldn't help laughing. "Look, your face doesn't look skinny abit. You must have eaten well."

Although Dean couldn't stand up, he still kept the room clean and tidy, without any mess.

"Mom said that they have decided the wedding date for us. It will be 20 days from now. She also said

that the wedding banquet will be held in Santatabaca. Will i t be inconvenient for you?"

Dean shook his head and glanced at his legs. The only thing he regretted was this inconvenience- these two legs that could not stand up. He could not stand like a normal bridegroom.

Knowing his thoughts, Summer squatted and held his palm. She diverted his attention away with a

chuckle," That's not important at all. We'll take a pre wedding photo tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay," Dean agreed. "Where is Charlotte?"

"She will stay in Santatabaca for the time being. It must be very busy during this time. Besides, the school has already closed for summer vacation, so I will leave her there."

Valentine Mansion--

Raine had already called Yvette in advance. Yvette had been waiting for their arrival at Valentine Mansion for a long time and ordered the kitchen to prepare food. While waiting for the two to come back, Yvette called Jazz to return too.

After a while, the three figures appeared in the living room. Seeing Charlotte, Jazz opened his arms,"

Sweetie, long time no see."

"Uncle Handsome." Charlotte's fair little arms and legs fluttered happily. She stretched her arms and wanted Jazz to hug her.

They sat down at the dining table. Jazz kept feeding Charlotte, he even touched her chubby belly, "This

watermelon can be served. All we need is to cut it to pieces."

"My watermelon is too small, Uncle Handsome's watermelon is big, I want to cut Uncle Handsome's

watermelon," as she said, she raised her small hand, acting like she were to slash Jazz's belly open.



Yvette glanced at them twice. Despite feeling a bit of disgust, she did not show it on her face.

After dinner, Mark wanted to take Charlotte back to the apartment, and Jazz wanted to follow. Raine

too, she wanted to tag along.

"Are there no rooms in Valentine Mansion? Why do you have to go back to your apartment? Raine and

Jazz finally come back. Why not just stay here?" Yvette was a little unhappy.

"Yvette is right. It's still the same group of people, the four of us, when we arrive at your apartment.

Since we are all here, why the hassle? We can just stay here," Raine said with a smile.

Although her face had recovered, if one took a closer look, they could still notice the pinkish marks.

Valentine Mansion hadn't been so lively for a long time, and Yvette sat in the living room and did not

want to leave. The atmosphere was considered harmonious.

Charlotte had always been boisterous, so was Jazz. When the both met, playing on the sofa, the atmosphere was more lively than ever.

"Are you dating someone?" Raine looked at Jazz. They hadn't seen each other for four years. He had

become a mature man.

Four years ago, he was still wearing a school uniform, sporting a hairstyle with bangs. Four years later,

he was wearing business suit, with all his hair combed upwards, revealing his forehead, looking full of

spirits.

"Why does Auntie care so much about my personal issues? I'm still young so I'm not in a hurry." He scratched Charlotte's belly and listened to her giggle.

"You used to say you want four girlfriends. You said you need one to hold spoon for you, another to hold a fork for you, one that you can hug for bedtime, and another one you want to hang out with."

Jazz chuckled and pinched his forehead. "Auntie, you still remember what I said when I was four years

old. Are you looking for big present from me?"

"Nah. I don't need it. You can keep it to yourself."

Charlotte's little hands placed on his face, grinning." Uncle Handsome is embarrassing."

Raising his eyebrows, Jazz held the little girl up in the air, squinting. "Then Charlotte is now Uncle

Handsome's girlfriend. When you grow up, you will be my girlfriend. Uncle Handsome will buy you a lot

of gifts. So we are engaged, deal?"

Charlotte nodded willingly and kept saying, "Okay, okay!"

Mark got up as soon as he checked the time. When his gaze landed on Charlotte, he moved his thin lips and uttered two words, "It's bedtime."

"Mark, could you let me play with her for a while?"

Mark shot him a glare and said, "She is not a toy for you to play with."

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Charlotte crawled into his arms and wrapped her arms around his neck. Mark brought her to the room o

n the second floor while Raine was looking at his back.

Lying on the bed, Charlotte was clamoring for the cell t o call her mommy. She missed her. There was a

slight movement in Mark's eyes. After dialing the call, he handed the cell to her.

The mother and daughter seemed to have endless things to share. They could talk for two hours on the

cell.

Mark stood on the side with his arms folded, wanting t o set the cell to hands-free mode, but Charlotte,

whose round eyes were rolling around, was holding it tightly, fearing that he would take it away from

her.

In fact, it did not matter whether it was set to handsfree mode. The topics discussed between the two

mothers and daughters were totally trivial. By just listening to Charlotte's answer, he knew what questions the woman on the end of the call asked.

After a long time, Summer said to Charlotte, "Is Uncle there?"

Charlotte looked at Mark and nodded, "Yes, Mommy. D o you want to talk to Uncle?"

Upon hearing this, Mark's thin lips suddenly curved upwards. His handsome face looked soft in nonchalance, revealing a bit of pride.

"Uncle, Mommy wants to talk to you on the phone." Charlotte handed him the cell.

Mark's already smiling lips curled further upward. He took over the cell. Deep voice flowed from his

throat, ' Yeah."

"I have returned to Nokocola Bay. If you have enough fun with Charlotte, please send her to her grandmother's place."

Mark's expression changed. Words were squeezed out between his teeth, "When did you go back to Nokocola Bay?"

"This morning."

"Why did you rush back to Nokocola Bay?"

"Mark, that seems to be my own business. I'm hanging up!"

Mark raised his eyebrows. His handsome face was a little bit cold. In a sarcastic tone, he said,  
"Why,

are you worried about Dean? "

"What's the matter with you?" Summer frowned and said in a cold voice. When she was about to hang

up the phone, she heard that man's voice.

"You pick up Charlotte by yourself tomorrow!"

Upon hearing this, Summer only felt that he was unreasonable, "I have already said that I'm at

Nokocola Bay now, there is no way I can pick her up.

Just send her to her grandmother's place."

"I don't have time..." His eyes were deep, dark and cold. 'She had time to go back to take care of Dean,

but she didn't have time to pick up her daughter.'

"Okay, then I will tell my mom the address of your apartment, and then when she arrives to pick up

Charlotte, I will call you."

"I don't have time for that either..." Mark's expression was getting colder and colder. He was irritated by

her words, "If you want to pick up my daughter, you will pick it up by yourself, otherwise, no one should

do so." i

Summer's calm and cold voice came, "Then you will have to look after Charlotte for a while. I'll pick her

up when I have time to return to Santatabaca."

Without waiting for his reply, she hung up the phone directly. When Mark heard only beeping sound, he

felt his chest was suffocated. It made him suffer.

'Huh, she doesn't even care about her daughter now...'

Holding the phone with his big hand, he felt like he wanted to crush it. There was a turbulence of rage

in his heart.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door.

Raine's voice came in. "Mark, are you asleep? Can I come in?"

"Okay..." Mark replied, suppressing his anger. 'I really just want to strangle her to death!' His tone was

deep.

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Knowing that she had returned to Nokocola Bay, he felt a little restless, especially when he thought that

she and Dean were alone, his distress doubled.

Baine was wearing pajamas. She had just taken a shower. While holding Charlotte in her arms, she sat

down and said softly, "Mark, when will we get married?"

She had waited for this moment for four years. Although the wound on her face made her sad, as long

as he was there, it was nothing.

Hearing this, Mark raised his handsome eyebrows slightly, and his tall body sank into the soft sofa. He

did not utter a word.

"Is it okay in one month? Just hold the wedding in Santatabaca. It's simple and doesn't need to be too

cumbersome..."

Baine faintly whispered, "Knowing that you are very busy, and I have not yet gone to work, so you can

leave these matters to me."

Although it was a question, Baine had already made a decision on her own.

"Yvette said it has to be more grand, but I don't like it that way. Besides, you are very busy. The

wedding ceremony is nothing more than a formality. As long as

I can be with you, I'm okay with anything-"

"Raine..." Staring at her, Mark interrupted her, showing a guilty expression. He pronounced, "We won't

have a wedding." 1

Upon hearing that, Raine's expression became stiff. She was holding Charlotte tighter subconsciously,

" Mark, What do you mean? "

"We won't have a wedding, and there will be no wedding." Mark's handsome face was solemn, and he

said it again that he could no longer do this with Raine.

With a trembling heart, Raine looked straight at him. There was a slight change in her emotions. She

felt agitated and depressed. "Why? Give me a reason."

"I love her," Mark uttered three words bluntly and resolutely. He did not conceal that fact, nor did he

sound unnatural. Mark uttered three words bluntly and resolutely.

"I don't believe it! Mark, I don't believe it! Isn't it me that you love?" Raine shook her head, she would

never believe his words!

This wasn't what she wanted to hear after waiting for four years. Raine had lost her usual calm and



rational composure.

"It's easy to confuse my feelings for you because we grew up together. As time went by and the

moments we spent together, I gradually realized she's the one I love. I got used to her company; I got

used to she leaving the lamp turned on when I went home every night; I also got used to her scent. But

I was ignorant. It was not until four years later that I realized these feelings..."

His voice was slow and soft, but it was enough to make Baine hear his words clearly and understand

them.

"Are you saying that our relationship of more than ten years is not worth the your relationship with her

of a few months?" Baine's nails sank into her palms, causing a sharp pain.

'We have been together for many together. And it isn't exergating to say we have grown up together.

As for Summer Hart, how long have they be together?'

"When I noticed this kind of feelings that grow in my heart. My reaction was far more shocking and

intense than yours. Our hearts don't lie. It will tell us the truest feelings-jealousy, uneasy, angry, miss..."

Baine's lips curled into a smirk. Her smile was sad and dreary. "Then what am I to you? What am I to

you, Mark?"

All his emotions and feelings-restlessness, anger, yearning, all his emotions-were for Summer. What about her?

"Baine, sorry, I owe you a lot. I feel guilty." Mark's eyebrows were knitted as he was staring at her.

'You feel guilty...'

He had so many emotions when it came to Summer

Hart. What's left to her was only guilt?

Raine felt as though her heart had been stabbed by a needle. The pain was intense, stirring a turbulence within her. Tears flowed down her soft cheeks like a stream in silence.

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"I have waited for four years. What I want to hear is not 'sorry' or about you feeling guilty. You know

these are not the words I want to hear..."

"I know what you have wished for. Unfortunately, I can't grant your wish, Raine. What's done is done,

and I should not make things worse. I can't give you what you want. I can only choose the right time to

make things clear. I will try to make up for what I owe you..."

She had almost been raped, and she was pushed down the cliff, causing her face to be disfigured.

These were all because of Mark Valentine, and he had the obligation to compensate for her loss.

The tears were flowing down her cheeks endlessly, like a stream of water dripping, clouding her vision. She forced a smile. "How are you going to make up for it?"

"I will do my best to compensate for your loss..." Compensating her was all he could do.

"I thought we were different from other couples, but reality told me otherwise. We were in love for a

dozen years. I thought we were finally together after going through thick and thin. Yet, in the end, you

have fallen in love with another woman." 1 "Why do you have to give me such a big surprise when I have just returned home?"

Tears were streaming down Raine's face. Her voice was tremulous. She put down Charlotte, got up, and left the room. 1

Charlotte sat there. Apparently, she did not understand what the adults were talking about. She tilted her head and asked, "Uncle, you made auntie cry."

"Go sleep." He retracted his gaze. Lay her down and covered her with the quilt. "Sleep tight."

Closing her eyes, Charlotte fell asleep. Mark had not slept yet. His eyes were narrowed as he leaned against the window. He, indeed, owed Raine a lot.

Early the next morning.

The chef had the breakfast ready. Yvette was already sitting at the dining table. Raine walked down from the second floor. Her eyes were still swollen.

Immediately afterwards, Jazz also went downstairs. He frowned when he did not see Charlotte around,

so asked, "Where is Charlotte?"

"It's not like she was your child, yet you hold her so dearly. What will happen when you have child in

the future? Besides, why do you adore somebody else's child? If you really like one, you can have your

own," Yvette said.

"Mom, that's Mark's child, not an outsider." Jazz grunted in dissatisfaction. "I go upstairs and check."

Upon seeing this, Yvette just wanted to slap him on his back twice. Why did he care so much about other people's child? 1

Jazz arrived at the room, but there was no one inside so he turned around. As he was walking downstairs, he dialed his cell, "Mark, where are you?"

"I'm at the airport. What's wrong?"

"Why did you go to the airport this time? Where is Charlotte?"

Mark replied with a deep voice, "I'm sending her back to Nokocola Bay. I'm hanging up."

As soon as he said that, he hung up. Yvette sitting in the living room heard the word 'airport' and frowned, "Airport? What happened?"

"Mark is now at the airport. He's sending Charlotte back to Nokocola Bay. I guess he had enough fun

with Charlotte, but I haven't had enough fun yet. He really ignored his little brother's feelings!" Jazz muttered in dissatisfaction.

Upon hearing that, the look on Baine's face changed. Her slender fingers involuntarily clenched the spoon.' He's sending Charlotte there or just to see Summer Hart?'

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Suddenly, Raine got up, put down the spoon, and left the dining table.

"Raine, where are you going?" Yvette watched. She was puzzled because of Raine's unexpected behavior.

"Something came up, I have to go out. I can't take breakfast with. Please excuse me." She was running

upstairs as her voice trailed off.

The airport--

Mark hugged Charlotte and stepped into the lobby. He was waiting for Harry to get them flight tickets.

When he looked around, he accidentally saw Billy and Sherman coming from far. He slightly raised his

eyebrows.

"Hey, Mark." Billy was pulling a suitcase with his hand. His smiling eyes were full bright, beaming spirit.

"Look at you, you're holding a baby like a dad now. Where are you heading?"

"Nokocola Bay. What about you guys?" Mark let Sherman to take Charlotte from his arms.

Charlotte and Sherman were very close. With her soft little hands wrapping around Sherman's neck,

Charlotte greeted her with a peck on her cheek," Auntie Sherman." "My company is working on a project during this

period, so I have to travel to Sanctum Isles for it. Sherman has not been feeling well these days, so she's not going with me. She is here to see me off."

The two chatted for a little longer. At this moment, Harry returned with flight tickets, and the boarding

call was broadcasted. After bidding goodbye, Mark carried Charlotte and left.

Sherman was still waving at Charlotte with a smile on her face. Her expression was soft and gentle.

"All right, Honey. Just see me off here. It's about the time to board the plane. Come, give me a hug."

Billy reached out and hugged Sherman into his arms.

"Go. Please take good care of your health." Sherman chuckled and pushed his body away. "It seems that the security check has already started. Go."

Leaning over, Billy kissed Sherman two more times before walking towards the security checkpoint.

Sherman stood there, watching him go through the security check, chuckling and waving at him. Not

until she had no longer seen him did she turn around and leave the airport.

She had let go of the past, so she stopped fussing over it. She was no longer cold and prickly like a hedgehog to him. So far, things between them seemed to work out well.

Although she still had no way of forgetting that incident, she would try to control herself, and would not

use it as a weapon when the two quarreled,

stabbing them all over the body with injuries.

On the plane-

putting the suitcase in place, Billy lay down on his seat lazily. As if thinking of something, he took out

his mobile phone, dialed a series of numbers, and connected.

"Have you boarded the plane?"

"Yes. I'm on the plane. It will take off right away, how about you?" Natalie's voice was gentle and moving.

"I'm sitting on the plane at the moment. Sweetie, come, call me Daddy let me listen to it again." He picked up the tail, his voice was a little soft, but he really missed those two words, there was an inexplicable excitement.

Natalie was a little annoyed, but she softened her voice, enough to make the man feel soft and numb,"

Daddy..."

Billy narrowed his eyes when he heard it, and then he said, "You go to San Mapeque and settle yourself down. I will take care of Sanctum Isles and then fly to San Mapeque to accompany you."

"Can't I go to Sanctum Isles? I'm tired of traveling alone, too lonely."

"Hey, there are too many reporters in Sanctum Isles, it's not suitable there, but only a few days, can't wait?"

Natalie had always been observant about his emotions. She knew when she should stop so she wouldn't irritate or disgust him. "Okay, I see, then I will wait for you in San Mapeque."

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"Good girl. Call me Daddy again..."



At this time, the flight attendant on the plane came over. With a polite and decent smile on her face, she said, "Sir, the plane is about to take off, please turn off your phone."

Raising his eyebrows, Billy slightly blinked. Not until he had heard the word 'Daddy' in soft and coquettish tone from the other end of the call did he hang up and turn the cell off.

The two had planned ahead. They would leave the city separately. Natalie would arrive at San Maapeque

first. She would book a room and settle down while waiting for Billy. They would reunite after Billy

settled some business for the company.

There were too many reporters in Sanctum Isles. Due to Billy's status, he could get busted anytime.

But in San Maapeque, things were different.

Nokocola Bay.

When Charlotte returned to where she lived, the door was locked. It seemed that nobody was there.

Charlotte smacked the door hard with her fair and soft little hands as she shouted, "Mommy, I'm back.

Open the door, Mommy!"

There was no sound from the room. Upon seeing this,

Mark took out his cell and dialed it. However, what he heard was, [The person you called is

unavailable, please leave a message after the beep.]

He did not stopped. Instead, he kept trying. Yet, the voice mail notification remained.

A stout woman came back from grocery shopping passed by. When she saw the super good looking

man -Mark-and Charlotte standing outside the door, she said kindly, "Charlotte, your mommy is not at

home."

"Auntie, where did Mommy and Uncle Dean go?"

"Your mommy and Uncle Dean went to take prewedding photo today. They should be back in a while.

Do you want to wait for them at my home?"

This morning, when she had gone out for workout, she happened to see Summer as soon as she got in

her car. That time, Summer was pushing a the wheelchair while talking on her phone. She overheard

her saying stuff like wedding gown and photography, s o she roughly got the idea what Summer was

doing.

Upon hearing this, Mark's expression turned icy cold i n an instant, so cold so that it could freeze

people. Veins was bulging on the back of his hand as he squeezed his cell. He felt like wanting to crush

it into pieces.

'Take pre wedding photo. Huh, how dare she do this!'

'As soon as she left our daughter to me, she returned to Nokocola Bay just because she wants to take

pre wedding photos with another man.' Anger burst within him, it was as if he could set the entire place

ablaze with his rage.

He asked the woman in a deep voice, "Excuse me. Do you happen to know where she is taking her prewedding photos?" His tone was chilly.

He had never knew that she was this determined to marry Dean, that she was even planning to take prewedding photos. Mark's tall body tensed. He was extremely upset.

"I don't know much about this, but judging by time, they should be back soon. After all, they went out

before dawn. Look, they are back."

Mark turned around, looking in the direction. Summer was pushing Dean's wheelchair, the two of them

still talking about something.

When she saw Mark, Summer's expression was also a little stiff and surprised. She didn't expect him to

take Charlotte back to Nokocola Bay. On the phone, she had thought she had said it very clearly.

Stepping forward, Mark strode on his long legs. With his deep and dark eyes, he looked at Summer's

face. His lips curled into a smirk.

"It turns out that you didn't want to pick up your daughter because you were busy taking pre wedding

photos with another man. Well, that's what you mean b y busy."

"If Mr. Valentine called in advance, we will pick her u p, so why do you have to say it in a harsh way? "

Dean did not like Mark's tone, so he sounded slightly cold.

Mark raised his brows and looked over with his piercing dark eyes. "We? Huh, Officer Singleton can't

wait to play his role? Never did I ask you, so you don't have to answer me." His tone was sarcastic.

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Mark glared at Dean with a menacing gaze. It was so intimidating that as if it would kill him in an

instant.

Apparently, he was in rage, fury and anger. In his mind, he wanted to twist Summer's slender and

beautiful neck.

She had rejected his proposal, then turned around to take pre wedding photo with Dean and going to

marry Dean. This was unbearable for him.

When Dean was going to say something, Mark had already turned around and reached out to grab Summer's wrist, leading her downstairs with great force.

"Let go, Mark! Let me go. What the hell are you doing?" Summer struggled, wriggling her arm, but every move caused her severe pain.

Dean saw Mark grab her wrist, and she was in pain and could not break free. He could not move so all

he could do was watching her being dragged away.

After leaving the residential area, Mark pulled her into a cafe where she had been in the last time. Only

then, he let go of her wrist.

Rubbing the hot and painful area, Summer frowned, "Mark, What are you doing? Did you lose your mind?!"

Mark sneered. The air surrounding him was cold. He

leaned over and forced a kiss on her lips.

Summer struggled and wriggled, but to no avail, so she bit his lip. He only let go of her when his lips

bled.

Mark was panting hard. After casually wiping away the blood on his thin lips, he sneered. "I'm losing my

mind? I said I wanted you. Yet, you left our daughter to me and turned to take pre wedding photos with

Dean Singleton. And you say I have lost my mind?"

"He and I are getting married, so of course we had to take pre wedding photos-"

Before she finished her sentence, Mark leaned forward and kissed her hard again.

This crazy man!' Summer smacked his chest with both hands, yet she could not move him the

slightest. Therefore, she could only bite his lips again. This time, the smell of blood spread in the lips of

both of them.

When they finally let go of each other, their lips were smeared with blood. Summer's chest was panting

hard. She was angry. "Mark!"

He ignored her and asked, "Do you still want to marry him?" He was breathing heavily.

"Yes"

Again, he kissed her, even harder than before, and she bit him on his lips again.

"Go back to Santatabaca with me!"

"No-"

Mark continued to kiss Summer hard. With the force that he exerted, it did not look or feel like a kiss. It

was more like he were trying to swallow her. At this moment, she was left with no strength to bit him.

"Do you love him?"

"Love-"

It was another kiss. Summer's legs went weak, and she felt a little dizzy because she couldn't breathe

fresh air.

The wound they inflicted on each other's lips were at the same level. Mark would raise a question. As

long as he was not satisfied with the answer, he would kiss her like a beast.

Back and forth, over and over again, until Summer didn't have the strength to stand up. Eventually, she

had to sit on a chair at her side.

'This man is insane!'

Chapter 450

The two waiters were a little dumbfounded. They did not regain their senses after a long time.

Summer calmed down her breath and had her heartbeat slowed down, and looked around, but

inadvertently saw Raine standing opposite the cafe, and their eyes met.

Mark noticed something off about her so he followed her gaze and saw Raine who was standing opposite.

Raine strode on her feet and walked towards the cafe after standing there watching them quietly for a few seconds.

Never had they expected the three of them would meet again under such circumstances after four years.

Raine entered the cafe. She landed her gaze on Summer. Without the slightest change in her expression, she greeted her, "It's been a long time." 1

At the same time, Summer was calm too. She responded flatly, "Long time no see." 1

The next moment, she got up and looked at Mark whose expression was grim. She could not tell what

he was thinking. "You guys talk. I have something to do, so I'll leave," she said.

It must have something to do with Mark that Raine

found them here. No matter what, Summer did not want to get involved in the affairs between them.

And, just as she was about to walk past Mark, he moved his hand and grabbed her wrist.

His grip was strong, even stronger than just before, that it made her wrist more painful and hot. She



gritted her teeth while speaking in a low voice, "Mark, let go!"

Without a word, he clenched her wrist just like that. Having his gaze locked on Raine, he exerted a slight force in his wrist, pulling Summer back to the seat.

Seeing this scene before her, Raine felt fluctuations in his chest and could not stop panting violently.

With another hand, Summer tried twisting the big hand that restrained her hard, but to no avail. She got

angry, so she reached out and pinched the back of his hand.

However, although she clearly saw a bruise on the back of his hand where she pinched, he seemed to

feel no pain. It was as if his hand were sturdy as iron that nothing could harm it.

She did not understand why she had to sit here when he wanted to talk to Raine!

"Raine, I already told you all of my thoughts when we were in Valentine Mansion last night. I owe you a

lot but the one that I love is this woman that I'm gripping now..."

Staring deeply at Raine, Mark slowed down his voice." Even if she had taken pre-wedding photos with

other men, I still want her. Do you understand?"

Hearing this, Summer was stupefied. Her fingers stopped pinching the back of his hand. There was an

uproar in her mind.

Raine bit into her lips with her white teeth until a long white mark was formed. "Our relationship of more

than ten years is not worth the relationship of a few months?"

"Raine, love has nothing to do with the length of time. It is about feelings and their intensity. It is like

two glasses of wine. One would give off a moderate taste, whereas the other one would just make

someone drunk with only half a mouthful of it.

"In this way, I am that moderate glass of wine..." Raine's clear voice was accompanied with a sarcastic

tone. "I have never told you about the reason that I left home for years. I don't want to hide it now,

because it's unfair to me..."

Listening to her words, Mark put Summer's hand on his thigh. He could feel the burning sensation from

the back of his hand, all thanks to her.

"Do you think that I left home for years because I had met someone else? No, I didn't. Yvette forced me

to leave. She cut her wrist with a blade. Blood flowed all over the place that time. She threatened me

that if I hadn't left, she would not go to the hospital and would rather die there. Did I have a choice?"

"Even Ronald threatened me. He said he would cut ties with me if I had maintained our relationship.

You won't know how much pressure and pain I had to make such a choice..."

Back then, she had indeed suffered a lot. She was an orphan raised by her brother and Yvette since she was a child, and she could not bring herself to be that heartless.