

President 461

Chapter 461

Now that Ms. Moore was gone, Mark obviously felt the pain more than anyone else.

He had not gotten any sleep for the past three days. He had stayed by Ms. Moore's side at the mortuary refrigerator day and night. He never closed his eyes for a second.

The consecutive strain on his physical and mental body almost caused him a sudden death. He could

not find any place to relax or vent, so he had been very depressed.

Now that he could hug Summer's tender body in his arms and smell her delicate fragrance, he could finally release all his tension.

Mark's strength was so great that it was as if he wanted to embed Summer's whole being into his body.

He hugged her tightly, very tightly.

"Are you okay?" After a long while, Summer opened her mouth to speak.

"Mmm..." he answered in a hoarse voice. It carried an inexplicable dryness in that atmosphere.

"How did Ms. Moore suddenly end up in this state?"

"Cerebral hemorrhage..."

"How many days have you been up?"

This time, he did not say anything. He just hugged her quietly.

The intense emotions in his heart were still burning. The hurt he felt was still flowing freshly. Then, it

gradually became deep and heavy.

The air was too silent. Raising her hands, Summer gently patted his back. "Ms. Moore isn't here anymore, but she would most definitely wish for all of you to be well."

There was still complete silence. Although it had been three days, Mark still could not fully accept reality.

He had been keeping himself busy and tired so that his whole being would be mentally and physically

fatigued. That was the only way for him to stop thinking about Ms. Moore.

If he was inactive for a moment, he would think about her like mad. He missed every single thing about

Ms. Moore, and that crazy feeling only evoked a sense of emptiness, as well as remorse, in him. All of

it was so painful to the point that he almost went mad!

"Mark..." Summer softened her voice again. It was now very very soft. It was soft like a breeze

caressing his heart. "Ms. Moore was always going to leave you eventually. It was just a matter of time.

She was already old, so it was impossible for her to stay by your side forever. All humans will have to

go through birth, old age, sickness, and death. This is no exception for Ms. Moore too. Although this

death was a very sudden one, there was no sorrow or sickness for her, right?"

"Mmm..." he answered while he rubbed his high straight nose on her warm and tender skin.

"How many days have you been up?" She revisited the same subject again. The veins in his eyes were

extremely red. It only took one look for anyone to know that he had not slept for days.

"Three days..." After listening to Summer's words, he finally relaxed and softened a little.

Raine had said those same words of comfort to him before, and so had Jazz. But none of them

comforted him.

Yet, once they came from Summer's mouth, he certainly felt a difference in his heart. Perhaps that was

an evident difference between loving and not loving a person.

"You should get some rest. Things have already happened, and nothing will change anymore. Go and

get some sleep, even if it's just for half an hour."

"I miss you. I want to see you. Right now, I just want you by my side..."

Slowly, Mark's low voice rang out, but it was inexplicably dry and hoarse. He just stared at her.

The hand, which Summer had used to pat his back, was a little stiff. Her heart was beating rapidly, while her hands and feet were turning red and getting a little stiff. "Get some sleep first. You need to rest. I'll be right here," she said.

Chapter 462

The past three days had been stressful for Mark. It was natural that he needed rest. He lay on her lap and closed his eyes. After a while, he fell asleep.

Yvette stood outside the room, fuming with rage. Flames of fury rose to her chest, burning as if they were about to explode!

She was here to pick up some things. Never had she expected to see this.

The passing of Ms. Moore had left her almost at the brink of a breakdown. Her mood had just gotten

better. But now, the negative emotions were overwhelmingly triggered again.

Summer gazed at Mark's charming face silently and let out a sigh; she moved him carefully to the sofa

and planned to get a glass of water.

The moment she stepped out, she ran into Yvette, who was standing outside the door, and they bumped into each other...

Accidentally, Summer stepped on Yvette's foot. She quickly moved her foot away the moment she heard a weird shriek of pain.

"You did it on purpose, didn't you?" Yvette held a cold gaze. She stared at Summer from her eyes to her

mouth. 'The more I look at her, the more annoyed I get!' 'There is no reason for me to do it on purpose,

you were standing here, and I didn't notice it." Although Summer's response was lukewarm, it was polite. Her tone was also deliberately subdued.

The living room was thronged with many guests.

Besides, this was a funeral parlor. Arguing in front of the deceased was considered a huge disrespect.

Yvette showed no concern at all. After witnessing that scene, she said sarcastically, "Why, a leopard can't change its spots, trying to get back at me huh?"

"I don't understand what you said. This is a funeral parlour, not a place to quarrel. Don't you think that

you have all your energy used in the wrong places?"

She was totally puzzled by Yvette. This was the funeral of Yvette's mother, the one who conceived, raised, and loved her since young. 'Doesn't she realize that her reaction is a bit over the top?'

"Hmph! You don't need to pretend to be kind here. I'll say this clearly again, this place doesn't welcome

you, and my mother doesn't need your respect as well. You can choose to leave, or I can get someone

to shoo you away. It's up to you."

Yvette witnessed the scene clearly. Summer would never give up; she would always come back and try

to win Mark back. There was no way she would allow her to seize such an opportunity.

After staring at her for some time, Summer treaded lightly into the room. Mark was still asleep.

However, the brows on his handsome face were knitted together, forming deep wrinkles. 'What is he dreaming about again?'

Her eyes moved slightly, she looked at his somewhat thin face and the black stubble that appeared on

his chin.

She moved forward and stretched out her hand. After gently smoothing the wrinkles between his

eyebrows, Summer's eyes moved a little. She took hold of Charlotte's little hand and walked out of the

room.

She brushed a glance at Yvette and left the hall immediately.

She had come here to see the last of Ms. Moore and funeral service instead of bickering with Yvette.

She had bought the return flight tickets before she arrived. Charlotte kept bugging for a lollipop, so she

bought two for her when they passed by William Street and headed straight to the airport. After waiting

for 40 minutes, they boarded the plane and departed.

An hour had passed after he woke up from his sleep; having not slept for a few consecutive days, Mark

had needed to rest indeed.

His eyes circled the room as he got up but didn't see Summer and Charlotte. He was the only one in the room.

He straightened his black suit with his hands as he walked out of the room. The living room showed no

signs of both mother-daughter duo too. Just in time, Jazz walked by. Mark moved his lips and asked with a hoarse voice, "Where is she?"

"She?" Jazz was stunned for a moment and then replied, "I saw her leaving with Charlotte just now."

Hearing that, Mark pulled out his cell immediately and dialed her number, but he received a notification

voice mail telling him that her cell was powered off.

Chapter 463

Mark's handsome face darkened a little. Without a word, he put his phone into his blazer's pocket.

Then, he went ahead and greeted all the guests that came. He was cold and distant, yet polite.

"Mark, where's your car key? I'll borrow it for a while. Mom said that Dad is on the plane now and he'll

arrive soon. I'm going to pick him up."

Mark threw the car keys over and turned around. His gaze landed on Ms. Moore's black and white picture. She was smiling at him as usual, and it was as if she had never left before.

However, some people would eventually leave, and there was no possibility for them to return.

Ms. Moore's passing had also impacted Gordon a lot. Both of them had been madly in love with each

other, and their relationship had never changed over the years. Now that Ms. Moore had passed on,

Gordon had also collapsed.

In the afternoon, Ronald arrived with a hurried look on his face. It looked like he had been in a rush.

He met Mark's eyes at once and asked, "Where's your grandpa?" "Upstairs..." While Mark pursed his

lips, he spoke in a

cold voice. "Why have you just arrived?" "I had a few important meetings to attend at Grudin North. I

couldn't leave." Ronald rubbed his forehead tiredly. "I just managed to take some time off and immediately flew over."

Hearing this, the coldness on Mark's face became a bit more intense. There was like a layer of ice covering it. "That is not an excuse for your behavior."

"Mark, Grandma is not around anymore. I know you are in a bad mood and annoyed. But how could

you speak to your dad in that manner?" Ronald's square face was filled with awe.

"The last time she fell sick, you didn't even visit her once in Athana. When she came back from Athana,

you still didn't come to Norwood and visit her. Even at her passing, you arrived later than the guests.

Your work in Grudin North managed to keep you busy to such a level. There are 24 hours in a day. Are

you always busy with work and not sleeping at night?"

Mark did not bother to look at Ronald's expression and continued to speak coldly.

As Yvette approached from behind, she heard everything clearly. She stretched out her hand and pulled Mark's sleeves. "How could you say such words to your dad in front of everyone?"

"Don't lecture him. Grandma is already gone, so it's normal for him to be in a bad mood right now.

Besides, I did arrive late. That is the reality. Where's

Dad?" Ronald looked at Yvette.

"He's upstairs. I'll bring you there."

Ronald was standing by the window while talking on the phone that night. The room door had been locked.

"What do you want? I'll bring it back for you when I return from Norwood."

"You can just buy anything you see. I don't mind." The lady's voice was casual and airy with a lazy vibe.

"Okay then, I'll do that. Just let me know if you have anything that you like. I'll go and buy it for you."

It was obvious that the lady showed no interest at all but she casually replied. It was as if she had thought of something, and she said, "Oh, right! I almost forgot to inform you. I'll be taking a trip to France for the next two days."

"France?" Ronald's expression changed instantly." Why are you going to France? That's so sudden.

What are you going to do in France?"

"Travel."

The look on Ronald's face calmed down a little, and he replied, "How interesting would it be to travel to

France alone? Just wait for a few more days. Wait till I get back from Norwood, then I'll go with you."

"You should just carry on with your business. I've already planned things with my friends. The flight will

be in two days, and we'll leave then."

Chapter 464

"My bank card is in my wallet. It contains \$3,000,000. Take it with you. If it isn't enough, just give me a

call. I'll transfer more for you."

"Okay, I'm hanging up now." As soon as her voice fell, the lady hung up immediately.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Ronald casually left his phone at the side and walked over to open the door. It was Yvette.

"It's quite late already, would you like to have some food?"

"Maybe later. I'll wait till dinner time when everyone is eating together." In between those words,

Ronald stretched his hands toward Yvette's shoulder. "You've been working hard the entire time."

Yvette's face seemed tired, but hearing that, she shook her head. "Whatever my dad or Mark said just

now, don't take it to heart. They're just not in a good mood."

Indeed, Gordon's attitude toward Ronald was lukewarm. He did not even bother to glance at Ronald for

a second or utter a single word.

"I understand. It is excusable." "How long will you be staying in Norwood this time?"

"About a week. I'll accompany Dad for a while. When we return to Santabaca, I'll keep you company."

The corner of Yvette's lips twitched and raised a little. Then, she sat down on the couch to rest for a while. She had been tired these past few days.

Santabaca.

The wedding was happening in four days. Daisy and Solomon were getting busier. They were not at home for most days.

On the other hand, Summer had been staying at home every day. She had been helping Dean with his

physiotherapy. They had been taking it one step at a time with strength exercises.

Dean had been very serious and focused. He really wanted to stand up again and give her a perfect wedding. He also wanted to continue his passion.

"Let's just call it a day. Look, your head is all sweaty already." Summer was helping a panting Dean to

sit down. She then handed him a glass of warm water.

All this while, the exercises had been working well. Dean was starting to feel his legs again. Although it

was not a strong feeling, he could still undoubtedly feel them.

After that, Summer turned around and headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner. As she was about to step into the kitchen, Dean's voice rang out and traveled into her ears.

"Summer, about the wedding, are you sure you want to go ahead with it without any hesitations?"

Her body froze on the spot. Summer stood there unmovingly, and she did not even look back, so her reaction could not be seen. A while later, she nodded and replied heavily, "Yeah."

Things had already developed to such a point. There was no turning back anymore.

Mom and Dad had already said so much. Plus, they had also prepared for the wedding for a long time.

Everything was pretty much ready at this point.

Moreover, Dean had become wheelchair-bound with two crippled legs just to save Charlotte. How could she turn her back on this? 1

Even if her heart was...

Well, there was no if. She should not be thinking about others!

Watching her figure disappear from his sight, Dean closed his eyes. He lay in the wheelchair and pretended to be resting. Then, his hands gently patted his legs. No one knew what he was thinking

about.

The look on his face was dark, very dark...

Later, he made a call and uttered a short string of words, "I'll go over and meet you there..."

Chapter 465

No one knew who was on the other end of the phone. It seemed like a friend because his expression

appeared gentle.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, it had been for days. Early in the morning, Summer went to the

dressing room and started with her makeup.

Grace and Sherman had arrived too. Grace did not look quite well, while Sherman seemed a lot calmer

in contrast.

"What happened to you?" Sherman looked at Grace. "You appear to be in a bad mood."

"It's that old guy from the Morgan family! There are so many rules that he can publish a book about

them already. Everything I do is not good in his eyes. He's always trying to find fault with me."

Sitting on

the couch, Grace fumed with rage as soon as she spoke about it.

"That's how it is after marriage. You don't get to do things the way you want. You should also work on

your temper. The more rules they have, the more you just have to take it as a learning point."

While she ran through her shiny curly hair, Grace's red lips formed into a smirk, and she sarcastically

replied, "Everyone says that the Morgan family's business is huge. Yet, that Mrs. Morgan is stingy on a

whole other level. During our wedding, she gifted me a bracelet that was a family heirloom. I only got to

wear i t for a day. Then, she took it back and put it on her granddaughter's wrist."

"I thought the Morgan family only had one son?"

Grace sneered. "It's her daughter's daughter. It's just a bracelet anyway, I don't need it. Even if it's an

antique, I still don't need it. What I don't like is the person's way of doing things. You gave it and then

took it back again, what is the meaning of that? Why not just keep i t in the first place? Was she trying

to assert her position in the family as soon as I entered? She complains that my outfits are too

revealing and unladylike. For Christ's sake, it's the 21st century already. Does she think that this is the

baby boomer era? A scholar-gentry family, acting like a lady..."

Sherman slapped her hands a few times and hinted with her eyes. After all, it was Summer's wedding

day. It was not the time for her to rant and complain.

"I'm sorry, I didn't control my emotions well." Grace took a deep breath.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

Sherman looked at the time. "It's seven now. Could it be Dean?"

While she spoke, she opened the dressing room door and was stunned. She was about to say "Dean,"

but she could no longer speak. 'What is this guy doing here?'

"What happened?" Summer looked at Sherman in a puzzled manner. Why did she suddenly freeze there?

Then, Grace followed her gaze. When she saw who had arrived, she was in shock as well. 'Why is Mark here?'

He was still wearing that black suit from the other day. Days of being emaciated made his facial features look tougher, deeper, and more good-looking.

Ignoring Sherman, Mark lifted his long legs and walked in immediately. His eyes naturally landed on

Summer.

Sure enough, Summer was also taken aback by his presence. She immediately regained her senses."

What are you doing here?"

Mark's eyes glinted with a cold light and narrowed slightly. He stared at Summer coldly for a second.

Then, his tall figure moved forward. Without a word, he carried Summer on his shoulders and walked

out of the room.

Initially, Sherman and Grace were stunned. After they regained their senses, they immediately followed

from behind. However, before they could get close to Mark, a few men in suits came forward and stopped them.

Being carried on his shoulders, Summer wriggled, struggled, and slapped his shoulders. "Put me down

now. Mark, you're crazy!"

Yet, Mark did not care about her and put her in a black

Bentley. Then, the car drove off.

He brought her to the villa at Pine Hills and closed the doors. Mark placed her inside the villa and sat

on the couch on one side.

"Mark! Let me go, it's my wedding day!" She was angry and anxious.

Yet, Mark looked very cold. Then, his deep voice rang out, "I know it's your wedding day. You don't

have to remind me again and again."

"Then, what are you doing right now?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm kidnapping the bride!" Mark answered while he raised his brows.

Chapter 466

"You lunatic!" Summer glared at Mark. Then, she moved forward while lifting her white wedding dress a

t the ankles.

There was no way Mark would let her go, so he hugged her to prevent her from leaving. His muscular

chest, hard as iron, pressed against her; his warmth and gloomy aura enveloped her. Mark said, "I've

been a lunatic since a long time ago. Don't you even think about going to this wedding ceremony. I will

never let you do as you wish!"

"You-" Summer was anxious. She gritted her teeth and kicked him.

"You can only wear that beautiful white wedding dress for me, not for the other men!" said Mark. In his

mind, he thought to himself, 'Not only is she wearing a white wedding dress, she has even put on

delicate makeup. How dare she still want to marry Dean?

There is no way I will allow that!'

Mark could see the flaming anger in her eyes. She was stubborn yet beautiful.

"Don't marry Dean..." His voice became softer. "Don't marry him..." he repeated his request.

His low voice sounded helpless as he pleaded, "Don't

marry him. Let's start again, okay?"

Summer's body stiffened, and she stopped kicking him. Mark spoke again, "You, me, and Charlotte.

The three of us can start all over again."

'Start again?

'How is it possible to start over again between us when things have already progressed this far?'

"It's not possible, get up and let me go..." Her tone was softened. It does not sound irritated as before.

"The hotel's wedding banquet is ready. The guests have arrived and my parents are also waiting. Dean

will come picking me up soon. Mark, just let it be..." said Summer.

Summer would definitely become a laughing stock if she did not show up at the wedding. She would be

deemed ungrateful towards such a kind man like Dean and put him in an embarrassing situation. Her

parents would surely hate her to her core.

Mark's eyes stared at her deeply, as if trying to devour her entirety, his Adam's apple bobbing as he

gulped.

Summer wriggled and shifted her gaze away from him. At this moment, she felt the atmosphere was very uncomfortable.

On the other side.

The hotel.

All the guests had arrived, and the emcee presiding over the wedding was present. Now, they were waiting

for the entry of the bride and groom.

Daisy and Solomon both wore brand-new clothes. They stood at a side with Charlotte, smiling and greeting the guests.

It was almost eleven o'clock, yet there was no sight of the wedding couple.

Daisy could not help but get a little anxious. She whispered to Solomon, "Did something happen?"

"What are you thinking about? How could something happen? Dean must have been late and decided

to go straight to the bridal shop to pick up Summer. Let's just wait," said Solomon.

"You're right, Dean mentioned in the morning that he might not come to the hotel, and he will come after picking up Summer. I almost forgot," said Daisy.

They continued waiting. After waiting for another half an hour, Daisy was getting more and more anxious. She was thinking about calling Dean to ask about the situation there first...

Even though Daisy knew it was a little inappropriate, she took out her cell and dialed Dean's number.

However, no one answered the call.

Daisy frowned. "No one answered the phone. What is going on?"

Chapter 467

"If you ask me, I'll say that you're just too impatient. Dean must be occupied at this moment, so how

can he pick up your call? We've waited the whole morning, it won't make much difference to wait a little

more," Solomon comforted.

"This isn't about how much time we've been waiting. The point is, it's already 11, and they need to start

the ceremony at 12. If it begins after 12 o'clock, it's considered bad luck in Athanian tradition."

With eyes staring at the entrance, Solomon waved his palm and waited. "In my opinion, you are just being superstitious."

"Urgh, men really don't know anything at all!" Daisy pinched his arms. She could die from anger just by

talking to him.

After a while, her phone rang, and Dean's name was on it. Daisy immediately picked up the call.

"Dean, where are you right now? Have you arrived at the bridal shop? Have you met Summer already?

How long will you take to reach here? Can you rush here by 12 o'clock?"

As soon as she opened her mouth, Daisy blabbered incessantly in one breath. There was no room for

air a

tall.

Solomon, who was standing by her side, could not help but pull her arm, signaling her to ask her questions one by one.

On the other side of the phone, there was a moment of silence. It was only after a while that Dean slowly answered, "Mom, I'm sorry but I can't go on with the wedding. Let's just cancel it."

Hearing this, Daisy was stunned, and she stood there like a statue. After a while, she said, "De-Dean,

what did you say? Did I hear you wrongly?"

"Mom, you didn't hear me wrongly. I'm sorry!" Dean purposely answered in a slow manner.

"Why? What is going on?" Daisy's legs turned weak, and she could not stand straight. All of a sudden,

darkness flashed before her eyes.

Upon seeing this, Solomon quickly held on to her body and took the phone from her. "Why can't you go

on with this wedding? What is your reason?"

"Dad, everything has been prepared to this point, yet I'm saying these things. I know I'm being irresponsible, but I have my own reasons for this decision. I have failed both of you, and I'd like to apologize."

Dean's tone was sincere, earnest, and full of guilt.

"What is your reason? I want to know the reason for your actions right now!" Solomon became serious

and

looked stern.

"Feelings can't be forced..." Dean paused for a moment, "As for the full reason, I'll explain at home later. I'm sorry for creating another mess for all of you to handle."

Since everything had been said, the wedding definitely could not go on. Whatever mess that was left

had to be cleaned up.

Solomon instructed the master of the ceremony to make a brief announcement to apologize and call off

the wedding at the last minute.

All the present guests were puzzled, and they had curious gazes. While they frowned, they started to talk about what was going on. Why did they suddenly call off the wedding?

Ignoring everyone's indifferent look, Solomon and Daisy maintained a smiley face to clean up the mess.

Although Daisy was trying hard to put on a smile, her head was throbbing. Throughout her whole life,

she had never faced such an embarrassing situation before.

"But...I don't want us to end here. I want to pester you for the rest of my life, just like this. What should I

do?"

As he gently rubbed his sharp nose against her collarbone, a gush of warm breath spread on that part

of her neck.

Summer's body trembled, and she pushed him away." Mark, you can't continue to act like this anymore..."

"Then what should I do? What do I have to do for you to stay by my side? How can I dispel your thoughts of marrying Dean? Tell me, I'll do it..."

Chapter 468

The intensity of Mark's gaze dug deep into her. It stared through her soul, consuming her whole. His

tone of voice was low, but humble and pleading.

He was wearing a dark-colored suit over a white shirt and a silver-gray tie at the neckline. The

extravagance that radiated from him was extremely elegant, and it was in stark contrast to his imploring

words. He was not the kind of person who'd lower his voice.

But when it came to love, who would not be humble?

Her heart was trembling and beating fast, but the words that came out were still the same. "Mark, you

cannot act this way anymore. We can't do this anymore."

"No matter what, as long as you say it, I will make it happen. Summer, I'm not kidding..."

Mark's words could not have been more serious; even his sunken eyes became deeper. His

seriousness made people feel a little flustered.

Summer's heart was messed up, panicked, moved, and even, just a little bit, she might impulsively say

yes to him. She was terribly frightened of him being so focused and serious.

She just forced herself to shake her head in silence.

"Just one last time, is it really impossible between us? " He gazed into her eyes a little deeper, and his

voice became hoarse.

Summer nodded her head as she sounded in a low and dull voice.

His arms around her tightened further as he was struck by her words, they were like sharp, thin silver

needles, piercing the tender flesh of his heart; It felt hurt as the pain spread out.

His embrace was so strong that Summer felt as if he were trying to embed her in his own body. After a

long, silent wait, she heard him respond. "Okay..."

A word that was ordinary yet significant. It signified the end of their relationship.

Afterward, he got up and tidied up his suit. His Adam's apple bobbed as he said, "Since this is what you

truly desire, I will grant your wish. From now on, I will no longer pester you, nor will I see you again.

Even if we meet, we will be strangers..." His tone was polite yet cold and distant.

At that moment, what Summer felt in her heart was not a sense of relief but a weight heavy as rock pressing on it.

Mark strode on his long legs to exit the room. As soon as his hand reached the doorknob, he stopped.

A thought came to his mind so he asked, "I have one last question. Whether it was four years ago or four years later, have you ever had any feelings for me?"

She was taken aback; her heart was pulled like a string that was about to be broken. It was tight and painful.

"I'm willing to give up Charlotte's custody right for you and even compromise to let go of you. From now

on, I won't disturb you anymore. I just want the true answer from the bottom of your heart. I believe my

request is not too much..."

This time, his voice was a bit more hoarse.

'Now that both of us have finally decided to stay away from each other's life, I should not say things that

may stir his heart.'

Summer's eyes were narrowed. With her hands at her sides clenching her wedding dress tightly, she said slowly, "Not at all."

"Thank you..." Mark thanked her politely. After a pause, he added, "I will ask the driver to escort you

back to the hotel."

Chapter 469

As his voice trailed off, Mark walked out of the room. He politely closed the door behind him despite

his arrogance and indifference.

The room went completely silent. Summer's breath was floating and flowing in the air, so lonely and

thin.

Her heart was filled with emptiness. Her eyes could not help but become teary. Tears flushed out of her

eyes and ran down her cheeks like a dam flooding its banks as soon as her sensitive nerve was

touched.

As of this moment, their relationship had finally come to an end!

Summer began to sob, and her tears fell rustlingly, ruining all the makeup, but she didn't care about it.

She tucked her head between her legs and let it be.

However, the door was wide open again without her knowing, and Mark walked in. He squatted and

approached her, his distinct fingers touching her soaked face, wiping away the tears. "Why are you

crying so sadly? Didn't I promise to let you go..." said the man in a very low voice.

Her body stiffened because she had never expected him to turn back. Yet, she refused to lift her head.

"It has nothing to do with you, I just accidentally pierced

my eyes with my hair." Her voice was nasal from crying.

"Summer, when are you going to stop lying to me, huh? " He rarely showed distress and helplessness

in his deep eyes when he was in a grim expression. "Your hair is all well combed, so how could it

pierce your eyes? If you can't even tell a lie, so how can I let go of you..." His eyebrows were knitted

tightly.

Such warm words made Summer wanted to cry even more. She buried her head in tears, and her

voice was vague. "I didn't lie, and all I said was the truth."

At this moment, she already knew clearly. Whether it was her feelings or the emotions in her heart, they

were all revealed.

"D*mn! To hell with the truth!" He finally couldn't help but explode. He felt like wanting to slap her on her

hips a few times. He gave her a deep stare. "Is it that difficult to admit that you have feelings for me?"

Apparently, his kindness was his obstacle!

"No, I harbor no feelings for you, not at all." She denied it stubbornly like a donkey in a mud puddle.

Mark took a deep breath, and he suppressed the irritable emotions in his heart and let the irritability gradually calmed down. At that moment, he took her into his arms and placed her on his sturdy thigh.

His slender and tender fingers combed through her hair. After holding back his emotion for a while, he

finally opened his mouth.

"You will always be so stubborn, and never be obedient. I heard that someone did not go to bed until

midnight during the past four nights before her wedding day, and that someone has become less talkative and was in a daze more frequently, huh?"

Summer startled, and her shoulders stopped shaking, but how could he know these?

"Dean told me that you still have feelings for me in your heart, and you can't conceal it from him. He

can see through clearly and understand..."

This time, Summer lifted her head and looked at him with her red and swollen eyes. "Why would he tell

you this?"

"He understands your temperament and knows you are stubborn as a bull, and you feel guilty for him.

In addition, your parents have prepared for the wedding to the extent that you will not hesitate to go on

with it. But what he wants is not for you to feel guilty, understand?"

Mark paused for a second before he continued, "With that said, after Dean and I talked about it, the decision was to call off the wedding."

A bomb seemed to be dropped in her mind, blasting her in it, and she was stunned.

‘Wh-Wh-What did they plot behind my back?’

Chapter 470

"I'm your man. I'm the father of your child. No matter how heavy the storm is, I will safeguard you from

it. I will take care of all the mess, and you only just have to stay in my arms," said Mark.

Summer's chest was panting hard, she was still breathing heavily. His warmth was enough to stir all the

strong feelings in her heart. Her heart was pounding loudly, she wanted to speak, but she seemed to hold back.

She bit her lips deeply. She sat there, her hands tightened as she was struggling violently in her heart.

His gaze fell heavily on her lips. At the moment, there were two deep biting marks on her lips which

were as delicate as petals of the flower. His big hand lifted her chin. "I don't like you biting your lips. I

will deal with your parents, leave them with me. Dean will gradually recover once he feels his legs

again. On top of that, let me know if you have any other concerns. I will deal with all of it as well," said

Mark.

As Summer was staring at him, she felt as if something had blocked her throat that she couldn't make a

sound.

"It's okay if you still refuse to be with me. I won't force you, wipe your face, and I will let the driver take

you

back to the hotel," said Mark.

Mark twitched his thin lips, and his voice slipped out. He had never spoken as gently and kindly as ever. It was enough to melt all women away. Just that there was some bitterness in it.

As soon as his voice trailed off, he got up and walked out of the room. In the end, his handsome expression was stained with a little gloom and loneliness.

'Perhaps, Dean was not entirely right. Maybe she has no feelings for me at all.'

Mark's back was as tall as a tree. His words were so tender, and the warm hug made her feel hot. But

at this moment, he had distanced himself from her bit by bit.

"He has told me to stay and let him defend me from the storm. He will clean up the mess that my parents have to deal with. Dean can feel his legs again and has gradually recovered. And most importantly, my feelings for him are still very strong. So why am I hesitating?"

The voice in her heart yelled strongly, wanting her to go and grab him, go and keep him, and go all out

to hold on to him!

She no longer hesitated or thought about it. She stood up, ran forward, hugged him tightly from behind

with her hands, and pressed her cheeks against his warm and broad back.

As soon as Mark felt the sudden force of the collision, he knew that Summer had finally hugged him.

Words cannot describe his sudden ecstatic moment as he was overwhelmed by joy. He asked with his

rather flat and stubborn voice, "You do know what it means to make such a move, right?"

It took just one fleeting moment to pull one from devastation to happiness!

"I know," said Summer. She could feel her heart beating in her chest, so frantically, fiercely, and rapidly.

Her hands and feet were hot.

Mark's Adam's apple rolled. He turned around. His gaze on her face was deeper. It was hot and intense

like a blazing flame.

Feeling a little embarrassed, she turned away her head. When their eyes met, she was a little at a loss.

She did not even know where to put her hands.

Suddenly, his long body leaned down. As soon as his thin hot lips landed on hers, she felt a soft sensation. He kissed her!

His big and warm hands held her still wet face.

"Remember this, and I will not let you go," said Mark.

His tall and straight nose was against hers. Her mind was still blank, and her heart was still beating out

of order. Unable to bear it, her body went wobbly.

The big hand fell on her shoulders, setting her on a seat at the side. Mark half-kneeled in front of her.

His rough fingertips wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes. "Wait here, I will see your parents first. I'll accompany you to go home after I have settled with..."

Shaking her head, she grabbed his hand. "I will go with you."

"You can't bear separating from me now, huh? Stay here for now. The servants are waiting outside, you

can inform them what you need, and I'll be back soon," he said softly.

"I still want to go with you. Let's go together." She was determined to face the problem together with

him.