

President 471

Chapter 471

Mark could not do anything with her and frowned again. "The sight of your wedding dress is absolutely

a n eyesore, go and change into something else."

She burst into tears and laughed merrily, with tears falling from the corners of her eyes. Mark gently pinched her earlobe and hummed slightly. "Crying and laughing, you are just like a wimp."

"You're the wimp." She retorted hotly, her cheeks flushed, and her words were a little bit irritable. She

naturally turned her back to him. "Gently pull the zipper down for me."

Mark placed his gentle hand on the zipper and gently pulled it down. Summer's smooth and white back

caught his sight. His eyes sunk into the sight of it. Then, she ran into the dressing room quickly. When

she came out again, she had put on a simple long skirt.

Mark's big hand slipped and clasped her slender fingers. The two walked out of the villa side by side

and sat in a black Bentley.

His big palm is thick and warm. Unlike hers, small and thin. As if it could be broken with one fold. She

stared at his hand, but she felt uneasy after she thought about her parents.

Noticing her worrisome face, Mark raised their clasped hands and kissed the back of her hand, with the

corners of his lips curling.

There was the driver in front, Summer's face couldn't help being a little blushed, and lowered her voice.

" Okay, that's enough!!"

"Here, you can kiss mine as well..." As he said, he placed his big hand on her soft red lips.

She pushed it away and deliberately said with disgust. "You didn't wash your hands, and it's dirty!"

The curvature of his lips raised a little more and his eyebrows raised. In a blink of an eye, the car had

arrived at the apartment.

Summer still felt a little uneasy. She acted so impulsively for the first time since she was born.

"Starting to regret it?" He squinted his eyes so that he took a leisurely look at her and his thin lips kept

caressing the back of her hand. "Even if you regret it now, it's too late, baby. There's no going back

now."

The word "Baby" from his mouth did not feel embarrassing when he spit it out, but it felt like a sense of

unclear trembling and a pinch of sweetness.

Summer's spirit was relaxed a little, and she stroked his hand. "Let go of me; we're almost there."

Mark took a deep breath. He released the tie on his shirt as he felt a little tight, and his eyes were deep.

"Are you nervous?" Summer looked at his behavior and said. Mark rarely being in this state and it is

rare to see him nervous as well.

"It's just that the tie is a little tight..." he said.

U H

Summer raised her hand. When she was about to knock on the door, Solomon came and opened the door.

Realizing the two of them were still holding hands at this moment, Summer instinctively struggled with

her hands. Summer called in a guilty and unusual tone. "Dad."

In contrast, Mark said in an elegant, generous, and courteous manner, "Mr. Hart."

Solomon's sight fell on the two's clasped hands, and he coldly said, "Come in, and we'll talk about it!"

As the two walked into the living room, they saw Daisy lying on the sofa, rubbing her dizzy forehead.

Dean was sitting in the wheelchair beside the sofa.

Seeing the two walking in, Daisy stood up and pointed her finger at Summer. Her chest trembled in anger," You think you are very capable now, don't you?"

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"Mom, I—"

Mark squeezed her palm. He didn't wait for Summer to finish her sentence and interrupted her words

directly. "Mrs. Hart, the solely responsible person for this matter, is me, and it has nothing to do with

Summer."

"I'm talking to my daughter, and it is none of your business!" Daisy scolded bluntly, "Plus, we do not

welcome strangers to our home, so you may leave!"

"I am not a stranger. I am the love of her life. I told her to defy your wishes. You can resent me with all

you want, and I shall bear with it." His attitude is neither humble nor arrogant.

Hearing this, Daisy sneered, "Who would dare to express their anger on you-the eldest son of

Valentines-so please leave now!"

Dean, who hadn't said anything, finally opened his mouth. "Mrs. Hart."

Daisy's breath slowed down and she panted for a while. Then she stared directly at Summer. "Do you

still have feelings for him in your heart?"

Summer trembled, and her lips were a little dry. Mark stretched out his arms and hung around her waist

domineeringly in front of everyone in the living room.

He blocked the back road once again so she couldn't retreat. Not even a step back was allowed!

His warm and strong arms became something she could rely on at this moment. Summer nodded and

answered affirmatively. "Yes, Mom."

"Are you trying to drive me mad? Did you forget what happened four years ago? Did you lose your memories entirely?" Daisy was a little out of breath. 'Dean has been very kind. How could Summer's

eyes have been fogged, but she can't see the goodness in him!' she thought.

"What happened four years ago was all my fault. It is the truth, and I can't deny any of it. But after this, I

will definitely not repeat the same mistakes and ill-treated her even the slightest. This is my promise!"

Daisy didn't even want to hear. "Your promise has nothing to do with anyone in our family. Please leave

this instance!"

Daisy can't forget that four years ago, she saw her daughter pale and sick in the hospital and the sight

of her daughter lying on the bed weakly. Where was he at that time?

Mark didn't want to irritate her anymore. 'Those unwelcome visits were not formed in a day, so it is impossible to melt away for a while.' he thought.

"Mr. Hart and Mrs. Hart, I will take my leave and come to visit another day."

Solomon was a man after all, and he responded coldly.

As for Daisy, she didn't even look at all.

After releasing Summer's hand, Mark's gaze fell on Dean. "Let's have a talk outside."

"Okay," Dean responded. He glanced at Daisy who was still irritated and said, "Summer, could you give

me a hand? It's a little inconvenient for me to go out."

In response, Summer walked behind Dean, she pushed his wheelchair, while Mark was walking in front. Seeing her daughter pushing Dean's wheelchair, Daisy didn't stop her.

The three of them went to a nearby coffee shop. Mark pulled Summer over with his big hand and let her sit on her side. He then looked at the Dean and uttered two words, "Thank you."

"I didn't do this for you, President Valentine. You do not need to thank me."

Summer pinned her hair back to her ears, feeling deeply guilty and uneasy. "I'm sorry, Dean."

"I was the one who wanted to end this marriage. You don't need to feel guilty or uneasy. Although I desire a woman, I can't marry a woman that I know she still loves and thinks of another man in her heart all the time. Your body language will betray your mind. Such marriage will never be happy."

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Dean drank a cup of coffee. It was light and bitter, just like his mood at this moment. "Since I can feel

my legs a little bit more these days, so I will be getting treatment at Athana."

Summer's eyes lit up in an instant, and for a moment, she had turned into an excited child who just got

a candy. "Really?"

"Yes." It's been a long time since Dean saw Summer as a docile woman. Now, with the loved one by her side, it is indeed different. After all, he failed to change her, but Mark was capable of doing it easily.

He had to admit defeat. "I will be flying to Athana the day after tomorrow, and the ticket has already been bought."

"I will come along with you," Summer said.

Suddenly, Mark's face darkened. "What are you going to do there?"

"I want to hear it myself from the doctor to say that his leg can be cured, and I have to take care of him

until he is recovered." This is what she could do for Dean.

"The doctors will be recording his progress in Athana. After that, you can hear it with your ears."
Mark

finally separated the two, how could he let them stay

together again?

Summer shook her head and refused. "I still want to go!"

"I have hired five nutritionists and three nurses. Do you think your role there can be more than them?"

said Mark in a deep voice, he stretched out his hand and pinned her tangled hair behind her ears.

"So, you are underestimating me now? I'm no worse than them when it comes to nursing or cooking,

okay?"

Mark's narrow eyebrows raised, his fingers tapped on the tabletop, he smirked. "You are quite a narcissist, do your little friends know about it?"

Summer stared at him unconvincingly and defended herself. "I am not a narcissist! Who always clamored for me to make a bowl of soup for him and left not a single drop?"

Dean always saw Summer as a sensible, a calm, and assertive woman. A person who always knew

what she wanted and what she didn't want.

However, he had never seen her with such a blushing cheek!

Mark and Summer were like a pair of ordinary lovers, a couple that casually quarreled and argued endlessly about the memories they shared.

"Well, I haven't forgotten who, was unkempt and didn't even wash her face on the day I went to get the

marriage certificate four years ago." He continued

complaining about her.

Speaking of that incident, Summer couldn't stop her cheeks still getting a little blush, and stared at him.

"Do you think I promised to be with you, so you can start becoming unscrupulous again? I think it is

necessary to reconsider."

"No, what I mean was, even if you didn't wash your face, or your appearance was unkempt, you are still pure and beautiful enough to make me head over heels.¹" He immediately corrected himself with

his sincere and deep voice. The satisfaction of seeing him that way caused her cheeks to be rosier.

"Can you be more serious?" Summer pinched his arm.

"Why not? Do I still need to look at the right time and place to praise my girlfriend?" Mark held her white

and slender fingers and played with her palms at will. It was so soft that it made him reluctant to let go.

"Alright then, with all that said, I shall make a move." Dean took his gaze back; the power of love is indeed not to be underestimated.

Summer immediately said, "I will take you home and I will go with you to Athana in two days!"

Mark glanced at her deeply and said, "I will go too..."

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Squeezing the palm of his hands, Summer frowned, "Don't be a burden. I'll just go on my own. Even if

you followed, there's nothing much for you to help with."

Hearing this, Mark was a little upset. 'Why does her tone sound like she is annoyed by my presence?'

"I can push the wheelchair..." He squinted at her.

Summer was speechless. Her brows instinctively twitched. 'Push the wheelchair? Anyone can do that,

even Charlotte who is three years old can do it. What's there for him to be proud of?'

After a while, Dean made his leave. Prior to this, Mark had already prepared a caregiver to take care of

his daily needs and travel.

Thinking about Daisy and Solomon, Summer felt a little worried, "You should go get busy for the day. I

need to go home first. The house is in a mess, I have to clean up."

"You're in a hurry to kick me out already?" Raising his eyebrows, he seemed a little unhappy.

"It's not that. You've already seen how messy the house is. Let's just call it a day. I'll call you again another day." At the back of Summer's head, she was still thinking about what explanation to give to her

parents.

Squinting his eyes again, Mark stretched out his palm, "Handphone."

Although she was puzzled, Summer still gave her phone to him. His slender fingers kept swiping until h

e found his number. Immediately he typed in 'Dear'.

Leaning forward, Summer saw him typing those words and let out a slight cough. Then, he could feel a

slight chill on his back.

With his peripheral vision, he glanced at her. He also felt unsatisfied with this word. After some thought,

he changed it to Mark.

On Summer's side, she felt that it was a lot better. But he was still a little unsatisfied as it seemed like a

friend-to-friend type of appellation. He deleted it and took another second to think. In his hands, he typed out 'Hubby'. It was only then his face lit up and perfectly felt content...

This one word, it had never felt so pleasing to his eye. Just by looking at it would brighten his day.

That feeling of satisfaction was inexplicable. The happiness he felt was bigger than when his company

managed to secure a deal of a few million dollars.

Summer was dumbfounded. She was surprised by his actions. He didn't seem to be the kind of guy who would do such things.

With a focused and serious look, his long fingers continued swiping. She stared at him blankly again,

trying to figure out what else he was looking for.

Finally, his fingers stopped at the word 'Dean'. Mark glimpsed at her for a moment and changed it to 'Dean Singleton'.

"..." Summer was speechless. Did he have to be this childish?

Soon after, he returned her phone and held her tender white hands into his palm. With a hook from his

finger, he took off that gold ring. Tightening his brows, Mark lifted his gaze and looked at her, saying,

"Could it be that the ring I gifted you was made from glass, and it'll cut your fingers?"

Unexpectedly, he kept that thing to heart until today. It is just that at that time, on what condition could

she accept that ring?

She did not reply to anything and stood there staring at him.

Just with that quiet stare, it made him feel like he was in the wrong.

Letting out a sigh, Mark stretched out his hands to pull her over. He turned her over domineeringly so

that she would be facing him, "I shouldn't have asked this question, it's my fault. All of it was my fault!"

Chapter 475

"Whatever that has happened four years ago was partly your fault, but also partly mine."

Four years ago, both were in the wrong. At that time, the person that he loved was Raine. So naturally,

the scale would lean towards Raine.

No matter when or what was going, the first person that came to his mind was Raine. Looking from his

position, it was considered normal. Her mistake was that she was too rational and stubborn. So in the

end, she could not express her innermost feelings.

Looking at her gently, he held her in his embrace.

Resting his chin on her delicately fragrant hair, he sighed lightly, "Don't blame yourself. I was the one

who was stupid that I didn't realize my true feelings earlier at that time."

"Come on, I'll send you home," Mark hugged her a little tighter. Lowering his lips, he left a kiss on the

side of her sensitive earlobes.

Walking into the apartment lobby, he stopped and hugged her slender waist with his tough arms.

Looking at her deeply, he sighed, "I really wish I could walk you up..."

Lifting the corner of her mouth, Summer let out a faint

smile while adjusting his necktie, "It's not the right time for you to go up now."

"I know. If they ask about what's going on between us, you can just go with the flow. Whatever

explanation that's left to be done, I'll answer them. If they ask, why are we back together again after

four years, just try and say some nice things about me. Like affectionate and kind, bold and righteous.

Just spit out whatever phrases you can think of..." said Mark with his deep voice.

Summer raised her brows, "You are..."

"Managing my image..." Flickering his eyelids, he could not help but admit, "The image they have about

from four years ago has been erased. If I don't start building a good image again, how am I going to marry their daughter in the future?"

"It's your image. You should do it yourself." The smile on her face became wider.

"You're a teacher, good with words. Using beautiful phrases should not be a hard request from you..."

Summer felt that it was a little funny, "May I dare to ask if this is a teacher's duty in your heart?"

With a deep smile in his eyes, Mark patted her head, "I am your man. Now that my image is a little tarnished, how can you not help me maintain it? Ms. Summer, please..."

With furrowed brows, she could not help but roll her eyes. But his passionate gaze was locked on hers.

He

pulled her hips closer, held her chin in his masculine hands to lift it slightly. The next second, he caught

her off guard and kissed her.

After a while, he let go of his lips. His chest was thumping slightly and the breath coming out of his nostrils were warm. Cupping her face in his palms warmly, both of their foreheads were leaning against

each other. Gently biting her high nose, "Go home..."

"Alright." Summer stepped out from his embrace, "You should go home too."

"After seeing you head up, I'll leave..." a sense of reluctance lingered in his gentle voice.

Even he felt that his emotions were wild and passionate. Just a while of separation has made him this

reluctant. He wanted to bind her to his side so that she would be with him everywhere.

It was like an immature boy in his twenties, deeply in love and in too deep. The thought of separation

made him feel empty inside.

Overflowing with butterflies, Summer nodded, turned around, and went upstairs. When she reached the

second floor, she saw that Mark was still standing at the initial spot. She smiled and waved, signaling

him to leave.

Mark lifted the corner of his mouth, but he did not plan to leave yet. Instead, he crossed his legs and leaned on his car while staring at her backside.

Reluctantly, Summer took a few glances and

continued walking. It was until her figure disappeared from his sight that Mark looked away. He got into

his car and left. That handsome face of his seemed to be in high spirits.

When Summer got home, Daisy and Solomon were sitting in the living room. With a sense of awkwardness, she gently called, "Mom, dad."

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"I'd made it very clear that it is impossible if you wished to reconcile with him. People often said you

rise from where you fall, yet you have to fall several times on the same spot!" Daisy continued angrily. "I

thought you could be more sensible, but I didn't expect you to give me such nonsense today."

Summer was without words. She didn't mention a single word about it and said, "Mom. Dad. I will be

going to Anthana the day after tomorrow."

"What are you going to do in Anthana?" said Daisy emotionally.

"I am worried about Dean because he was only able to feel his legs recently. I will come back once I help him settle down over there."

After hearing what Summer said, her parents did not stop her. "Go then. Dean is a good person and we

should repay him for his kindness."

Summer nodded and went back to her room. She began to pack her luggage. 'Charlotte would also be

coming along,' she thought.

While she was sorting her clothes, Summer's cell rang. She felt uncomfortable when she saw the two

words flashing on the screen. She sighed and picked up the

call, "Can I edit your display name?"

"What's wrong with it?" The man's voice went deep instantly.

"It's too cringy and a bit disgusting." She told the truth.

"It was just a name and you already felt cringy and disgusting. I believe if you call it out in public and

you might spit saliva all over my face. So what is so disgusting about that name, huh?"

She tried to convince him. "How about changing it into another name, okay?"

"Tell me all the names you could think of, and see if there is any of it that can make me feel satisfied..."

Summer said after thinking for a long time, "Forget about it then."

After thinking for a while, she couldn't come up with anything. Besides, the cell phone belongs to her,

and she has the right to name whatever she wants. 'Why do I need to discuss it with him?' she

thought.

Over the phone, Mark heard some noise from time to time. He raised his eyebrow and asked, "What's

the commotion over there?"

"I am packing up for the trip to Athana. You can't stop me, and I will not change my mind," said Summer.

"Okay, I will not stand in your way. I shall go and pack as well..." said Mark.

"Pack what?" Summer's hand shook while she was holding her cell.

"To pack my luggage as well, as I am going to Athana with you. I will push Dean's wheelchair at Athana, so you can't stop me either..." His voice was soft, but it sounded serious.

'How can I watch my child's mother go on a trip to Athana with my love rival. Especially, after all the

hard work of winning her heart once again. What a joke!' Mark thought.

Summer couldn't help twitching her eyebrows. When she was about to speak again, her cell suddenly

died. She had no choice but to charge the cell first.

On the other side.

Charlie looked at the dark-faced man and leaned in, "What's the matter, did Ms. Hart just cut your line?"

Maybe she felt that you were over stalking her so she put down her cell?"

Mark glanced at him lightly with his darkened face. He was not in a good mood at the moment, and he

shouldn't add fuel to the fire.

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Billy was side-lying on the sofa while swiping through his phone. He lifted his head, "So, are you guys

back together?"

Being unbothered, Mark ordered his servants to pack up. This time around, he must follow them to

Athana.

Dying out of boredom, Charlie's gaze landed on Billy.' What the h*ll is this guy playing? Ever since he

stepped into the apartment, he has been playing with his phone. It had already been an hour and I've

never seen him stop before.'

He got up and walked over while staring at his every movement. Billy's movement was still faster than

his. In a split moment, Billy had deleted everything.

When Charlie looked over, Billy was swiping through Instagram.

"Since when did you get so bored to get on Instagram? This doesn't seem like the Billy Day that we

know of."

Billy looked up and shrugged. "I just realized that Instagram also brings another level of entertainment.

It's pretty interesting."

"But when did you change to a new phone again?" Charlie snatched over his phone and casually

swiped through, "Didn't you put Sherman's sexy photo as your

lock screen wallpaper?

"Why is it set as a scenery photo now? I remember your usual taste is wild, how did you turn into a

calm and sentimental guy?

"Speaking of which, why does this scenery seem familiar? San Marcaome?"

Old alleys, old houses, matched with water fountains and weeping willows. It looked very calm and

antique.

A ray of sunlight shone down from the sky and casted a shadow. It seemed faint but only a quarter of it

was visible, no one could figure out whose shadow it was.

Out of anger, Billy took over his phone and humphed," As long as there's an antique old house, it'll be

San Marcaome in your eyes. This is clearly San Mapeque."

"San Maapeque? Which area? How is it that I've not heard of this place before?" Charlie never knew that Billy had a soft spot or any sort of discovery for such places.

"Millerville of San Maapeque..." saying these four words lazily, Billy continued playing with his phone.

Suddenly, the phone vibrated. He sat up, moved to one side, and continued playing.

"I'm quite sleepy. Let me lie down here and rest for a while. Remember to wake me up before you go. I

probably can't get any sleep when I get home tonight..."

As Charlie was about to lie down, Mark walked over and casually kicked him with his long legs, "Go

and sleep at your own house. And also, you, play your phone at your own house."

Charlie could only get up. Shaking his head, he took a sip of wine, "I don't know if that smokeless war

had ended or not when I reach home."

"I thought Grace doesn't quarrel with your mother?"

"Yeah, she doesn't. Basically, all the anger she accumulates from my mother will be laid on me. I'm just

a punching bag. Tsk tsk, that's how hard life is..."

Mark did not want to hear any of their rants about life. He immediately chased them out of his

apartment.

"Should we grab another glass?" Charlie bumped Billy's shoulders. Lifting his head, Billy squinted his

eyes lazily, "I think it's better if you just go home and be a punching bag for your wife. I still have other

places to go."

Charlie joked, "Hiding a mistress in your love nest?"

It was faint, but Billy's expression did change a little. Yet it was not more than a split second, so it was

not noticeable at all. Besides, Charlie did not pay attention to him.

"Hide my ars*! Go home now, I'll get going..."

Two days later.

Summer did not manage to get the same flight as Dean. Hers was the afternoon flight. She held

Charlotte in one hand, and her luggage in the other.

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Daisy and Solomon insisted on sending them off. As they were worried about Charlotte getting

unaccustomed to the climate in Athana.

It only made Summer feel annoyed. They hadn't reached Athana yet, but Daisy and Solomon were

already dead worried.

“Overall, if Charlotte is feeling unwell, just send her back first and then you'll go over again. Do you

hear me?" Daisy advised worriedly, "Don't you dare think about saving money on plane tickets and let

my granddaughter suffer.”

"Okay. Okay. I got it!" Summer replied hurriedly. Throughout the journey to the airport, she had heard

these words multiple times so she could memorize them instinctively.

For quite a long while, they carried Charlotte in their arms. It was only when the boarding time was nearing did Daisy and Solomon leave.

As the boarding announcement was broadcasted, Summer turned around. As she was about to hold Charlotte's hand and walk, she felt a huge force pulling her. Then she was pushed to a pillar. Even before she could react to what was happening, her lips were locked in a kiss.

Charlotte's big round eyes blinked while biting her fingers. Then, she covered her eyes shyly.

As if no amount of kiss was enough, Mark pressed her hard onto the pillar. He was trying to indulge in

her sweet scent.

Many passengers were walking pass them and those who noticed couldn't help but stare at them.

As soon as Summer regained her composure, she hit his chest while struggling. Her cheeks were

flushing," How dare you do this, there are so many people watching. Charlotte is also here. My parents

haven't gone away yet. Let go of me quickly."

He stepped back but did not let go of her. Both of his hands were pushing against Summer's two arms.

He stared into her eyes for a long while as if he wanted to look deep into her insides.

Facing his deep stare, Summer's whole face was blushing. She frowned a little and with a flirty voice,

she said, "Can you stop staring at me like this? You're making me shy."

It was as if a dash of light flashed across his deep stare, his eyes became bright. With a smile, Mark's

slender body pressed forward and bit her lips.

"When did you get so shy? Also, why does it feel like I'm your underground lover when you said that?"

"You should get up first. Talk nicely, Charlotte is still here. This is such a bad influence on kids," she

was

pushing his chest.

While Mark was staring at her red cheeks, more and more people were staring at them. Then, he finally

stood up. He bent down and carried Charlotte in his arms.

"Uncle rascal shame shame. Kissing mummy." Charlotte giggled while pinching his earlobe mischievously.

"From now onwards Charlotte can't call me uncle rascal anymore. Call me daddy." Mark tried to correct

the little girl.

Charlotte did not really hate him that much. She looked towards her mummy. Summer winked and nodded with a smile.

Seeing this, Charlotte opened her mouth and said in a soft childish voice, "Daddy."

Mark's heart almost melted to the ground. It was as if huge waves were hitting his heart. He then gave

the little girl kisses all over her face.

The two of them walked side by side. Summer's gaze landed to her side from time to time. And the corners of her mouth lifted instinctively.

They boarded the plane and landed in Athana early in the morning.

There was a driver waiting for them. And as soon as they landed, they immediately hopped on into the

car and headed to Dean's villa.

Dean was basking in the sun in the garden. When Charlotte saw him, she ran into his embrace. Sitting

on his lap, she grabbed the piece of bread that was by his side and ate it.

"How are your legs?" Summer felt a sense of relief upon seeing his normal complexion. This showed

that he was much more comfortable with life in Athana.

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"The doctor was here yesterday. As for the treatment, the plan has been drafted; we will carry on with

the surgery tonight."

Mark scanned the villa, "Is there anything that is still lacking?"

"It's perfect, Mr. Valentine. All your preparations are adequate and thorough."

Not long after lunch, they went to the hospital for the surgery. The operation ended quickly in less than

an hour. The doctor was smiling brightly, which meant good news.

Surrounding Dean were all specialists, and Summer wasn't of any use to them. Nevertheless, the nurses wouldn't let her come closer too.

Dean's condition improved greatly after a day. With the doctor's approval, Summer went in and had a

quick chat with him.

She was asked to leave after a while, and she sat drearily on a long bench.

Disapproving, Mark helped her up and said, "Come with me to a place, it's very interesting."

Before Summer could ask about the place, he had already led her out as he carried Charlotte.

She was thinking of another place. Never had she expect him to bring them to a basketball court. She

frowned and looked at him. "So, this is the interesting place?"

"Come sit down and watch the game with me. Not only it is my favorite, it is also the most important

match-LA Lakers versus Miami Heat."

Summer sat sleepily beside him. Apparently, she had never been interested in basketball. On the contrary, Mark squinted his eyes and focused all his attention on the court.

She leaned to one side and fell asleep on his shoulders. Feeling sympathetic, he adjusted her head gently, carefully, and tenderly.

At her age, Charlotte had zero understanding of basketball, nor did she know what it was. All she did

was fumble her tiny hands over his face.

While Mark was watching the game, she stood on his lap and fiddled with his face, molding it into all

kinds of shapes.

After she had enough, she took a packet of snacks and stuffed bits of them into her mouth. After that,

she also fed some to Mark.

He paid no attention to her mischiefs but held on to her and chewed on the snacks she fed him.

Surrounding them were all Albanians. They were mostly men who were passionate about basketball.

They were whistling and cheering.

Summer, awoken by the shouts and screams, rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked at him. He had a serious expression and paid full attention to the court.

In fact, for him to be this serious apart from work emitted an inexplicable charm.

Charlotte stood on his lap and was busy braiding his hair. At a young age, she already knew how to split the hair evenly and tie them up.

But where would she find a hairband?

Summer chuckled as she observed them carefully. Charlotte intelligently removed her own hairband as

she braided Mark's hair. It was an unbelievable display of busyness for a little girl.

Mark shifted his attention to her, "You're awake? Was the noise too loud?"

He seemed oblivious to his daughter's behavior. However, Summer chuckled and said nothing.

Afterward, Summer turned her attention to the court. Suddenly, her eyes opened widely. She pointed at

a player in the court. "Isn't that Lebron James?"

Mark was puzzled, so he asked curiously, "You know him?"

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Mark was puzzled, so he asked curiously, "You know him?"

"My brother and dad love watching the NBA. I've watched it with them a few times, so there are only a

few players that I know. That one, is Dwayne Wade." She pointed with her slender fingers.

He hugged her and said, "Hmm, you know quite a lot too..."

Summer became energized, "Can we get their signatures after the match?"

"You want them?" he asked.

"I'm giving them to my dad and brother. They love the basketball superstars," She answered naturally.

"No problem," Mark smiled as he answered.

She brimmed and added, "Leave an extra one for me."

He became displeased and asked, "Why do you want it?" His voice was deep.

'Can't he speak normally? Why must his speech be so haughty?'

He hugged her again, then in a gentle tone, he spoke teasingly beside her ear, "Babe, won't you want

mine instead? Full body, half body, nude, topless; whatever

and how many you want, and at any angle at all isn't a problem..."

Unable to bear it, Summer blushed and punched his chest several times, smirking, "Then, it's still better

to have David Beckham's portrait."

"Just you wait, let me think of how to deal with you..." He lifted her chin and kissed her aggressively as

his eyes displayed his intense and burning jealousy.

Not until they had returned to the villa after the basketball match did Mark realize his hair was in a

mess. There was an upright stump in the center that looked ostentatious. Comment by Chein Ling Foo:

Original translation:

There was an upright stump in the center that was rocking back and forth.

Mistranslation found. Corrected.

He had carried this hairdo from the basketball court to a supermarket and a restaurant before returning

to the villa. 'How many people have witnessed this countenance?'

At that instant, he turned gloomy. Aware of her deeds, Charlotte quickly hid behind Summer and

giggled.

Having to hold her laughter was simply unbearable. Finally, Summer began laughing too, and her laughter gradually became louder.

Mark stared at them calmly. First, he carried Charlotte to the room and disciplined her. Then, he turned

to

Summer.

Their laughter continued for a long while in the room before it finally died down.

The three of them then lay on the bed. Charlotte was already asleep in the middle while Summer lay on

the left and Mark on the right.

"Come, sleep with daddy..." Mark changed the subject. He carried and placed Charlotte on his chest.

After a while, Charlotte became disgruntled, "Daddy, you're too hard. Mommy is softer. I want to sleep

with mommy."

She climbed off his chest and went toward Summer. Hugging her waist, she murmured, "Mommy smells so nice!"

Mark rolled his eyes at the sight and felt compellingly uncomfortable.

He moved one of his arms and placed it over her tender waist. Summer stared at him as if telling him

not to make further attempts.

He rubbed his nose with his hand; he had no choice but to retract his arm. Comment by Chein Ling

Foo: Original:

She reached out and rubbed his nose;

Mistranslation, corrected.

"Go back to your room and sleep." She lifted her leg and kicked his gently.

Rolling his eyes, he pretended not to hear it but turned around with his back facing her and slept.
'Our

daughter really knows how to pick a time to wake up!' Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original:

however, Charlotte woke up!

Mistranslation, corrected

'Such impudence!' Summer couldn't do anything but simply ignored him. She patted Charlotte gently so

that she would fall asleep again. Nevertheless, she fell asleep after a while because she was

exhausted too.