

President 501

Chapter 501

Summer pulled Charlotte back. "Your daddy has no money, either. If you really want that cotton candy,

sell your daddy and you will have money to buy cotton candy."

Charlotte thought for a moment and started to cry. "I won't be able to sell Daddy."

"Why is that?" Summer was curious.

"Who would want him when everyone has a daddy?"

Summer tried hard not to laugh, but she obviously failed. Mark came up from a distance and took

Charlotte in his arms. He looked at her in puzzlement. "What is so funny?"

Charlotte put her arms around his neck. "Daddy, Mommy said that only by selling you can I have money to buy cotton candy. Are you saleable?"

Mark's face darkened upon hearing this, his lips curling up. "Of course. There are so many people who

want to buy your daddy that you can't see the end of the line. Only your mommy has long hair but is short sighted, pushing Daddy away."

Summer's eyebrows twitched spontaneously. Was he overly narcissistic?

"How much are you worth, Daddy?" Charlotte blinked

her bright eyes.

"How much are you going to sell Daddy for?" He pinched her round little nose.

Charlotte shook her head. "I will not sell Daddy, and I don't want cotton candy anymore. I want Daddy. I

will not sell Daddy for any amount of money."

His heart softened. He carried her up again, proud of having a loving daughter. "Shall we go home now? Your mommy is thinking of selling your daddy. What do you say we punish her?"

"Let's punish her." Charlotte's voice was loud and clear.

"Traitor!" Summer walked behind the two of them, sounding snappish.

Back at the apartment, and before Mark had time to sit down, his cell phone rang. Ronald called and asked him to take Charlotte back to the Valentine mansion.

He frowned and did not answer.

"She is your daughter and my granddaughter. I haven't seen her even once. Do you think my request t

o see her is too much?"

Mark hung up the phone, and Summer heard it too, but said nothing. The Valentine family had the right

t o see Charlotte, and she could not stop them.

"I will go with Charlotte tomorrow." He looked at Summer.

"Okay." She felt more at ease with Mark by Charlotte's side. Charlotte was still small, and a person as

old as Yvette would do nothing to a child.

Afterwards, Charlotte wanted to watch animations again. She nestled in Mark's arms, and Summer rested her head on his lap, watching what Charlotte watched and felt bored.

Mark glanced at the time. The NBA game was showing right now. He wanted to change channels, but

when he glanced at the mother and daughter, he thought better of it.

Obviously, neither the mother nor daughter would like to watch basketball. So he decided to watch what they were watching.

Sherman parked up the car in the parking lot outside the mall. Today, she was going to shop for baby

items with Billy.

Despite only being pregnant for two months, her body had started to show, her thighs and face showing

signs of swelling.

She entered the mall, sat down, then made a call and waited. Not long after, Billy walked in.

Neither of them wandered around. They headed straight to the floor selling baby stuff. It was still too

early to buy other children stuff, so baby stuff it was.

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Billy was a major shareholder of the mall, and for this reason, the mall manager came out to greet him

at once.

While shopping, Billy did not ask too many questions, but just bought whatever baby stuff he felt happy

with. Sherman stopped him. "We don't even know if it is a baby boy or girl at this moment. Are you going to wear these baby girl clothes if it is a boy?"

"Why not? I will perform a cross-dressing show to entertain my wife. Just that I might have a problem

with the sizes." Billy raised a brow.

Sherman smiled and put her hand through his arm. "Don't buy it now. We will just take a look now and

buy it later. No hurry. And you have got to stop smoking in the future. It is not good for the child."

"Okay, you decide." Billy pinched her nose. "It's been a long time since I last bought clothes for you.

Let's go to the second floor."

The manager still followed closely, and they went to the counter on the second floor. Looking at the

beautiful fall clothes, Sherman could only smile, and then looked for bigger sized clothes.

Suddenly, Billy narrowed his charming eyes when he

saw someone approaching.

Sherman turned around, and she had also seen the person from the corner of her eye. She thought for

a moment with a frown, only then she recalled the person's name: Natalie.

After graduating from college, she had never met Natalie, and her memories of her remained the same

from the college years.

In college, Natalie always liked to wear loose clothing and did little makeup. But now, she wore a tight

top with white long sleeves, tight jeans, and high heels. She had an hourglass body, her hair draped over her shoulders, and her makeup was light.

The current Natalie differed completely from the previous Natalie.

Natalie saw them too, and she opened her mouth gracefully. "Hello, Sherman, Billy."

Sherman was not too happy to see Natalie. She did not even spare a look at her, but just walked over

and took Billy's arm. "Let's go. I saw a piece of clothing I like. Give me some ideas."

She tried her best to get over those things, but it did not mean that she would forget.

Billy glanced at Natalie, then followed Sherman away.

Natalie couldn't care less, either. She continued shopping with her companion, with an inexplicable smile on her face.

"Billy is getting more charming nowadays, and Sherman is so lucky to marry him, and is now pregnant.

I wish I were her. Billy is a famous upper-class person in Santabaca," Natalie's companion said.

Hearing that, Natalie just put up a smile and browsed through the clothes. When he came over that day, she had seen some clues from his expression.

He would usually hug her by the waist, and they would have a small chat over red wine, then get infatuated, kiss, and then...

His expression on the settee that day was apparently different from normal days. She did not expect that Sherman was pregnant.

But it did not matter. She wondered how long Sherman could keep Billy with her.

Sherman's mood was spoiled. She randomly chose two sets of fall clothing that were relatively loose."

Let's go home and talk."

Billy glanced at her, took the clothes, and asked the manager to check out. "I am going to buy you a

drink. What would you like?"

"Orange juice."

Walking out of the mall, Billy made a call, then bought a cup of orange juice, and returned.
Sherman

kept her head low, as if there was something on her mind.

"Let's go. You can drink while walking, and I know what you want to talk about. Those things are

history, and I have completely forgotten those unintentional mistakes. Besides, I now have you and
my

little baby."

Sherman drank her orange juice and frowned. "Did she really get sick? Why do I feel she looks
better

than me?"

"She has recovered, and the doctor has her medical record. I can ask the doctor to get it if you don't

believe me. You see, I didn't even look at her just now, did I?"

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Sherman bit the straw in her mouth and glanced at Billy again. She did not harp on it, but she would

still want to see Natalie's medical history.

Besides, Billy sincerely wanted to break off with Natalie. He and Sherman had been in love for
seven

years, and Sherman was pregnant now.

He would be letting Sherman down if he continued his relationship with Natalie. So he really wanted to

break off the relationship.

When Natalie went to checkout with the clothes, the manager told her that someone had paid for them.

Natalie knew who that someone was, and the corners of her lips curled up in a smile.

Her companion was so excited that she regretted not taking a few more clothes. After all, someone was

paying on their behalf.

Natalie knew a thing or two about what was on Billy's mind. After all, she knew him well enough.

She knew exactly what Billy liked and disliked. She had the time to play with Billy and Sherman.

With the shopping bags in hand, Natalie and her companion left the mall. Natalie's brows were knitted

together as she left, as if something was bothering her

in her mind.

The moment she walked out of the mall, she saw Sherman and Billy.

The black Bentley was parked up in front of the mall. Billy opened the door for Sherman, waiting for

Sherman to get in before he went around to the driver's side.

As he looked up, his eyes met with that of Natalie. He squinted his charming narrow eyes, giving her a

few glances before getting into the car.

Natalie watched the car disappear from her sight with the corners of her mouth turning up with a meaningful smile.

Her companion saw the car and screamed in a low voice, "That is a Bentley! Oh my god! This is exactly why marrying a good husband is better than getting a good education and having a pretty face."

Natalie shot her a few glances before walking ahead. Her companion snapped back and caught up with

her. "Wait for me. Why are you walking so fast?"

Back at home, Daisy was waiting at the door.

Summer was taken aback, patting her chest with her hand. "Mom, why are you standing here? You scared me." "Where have you been today?" Daisy asked.

"I brought Charlotte to see the school and then went to Sunnyside High School for a job interview.

What is wrong?" Summer could sense something amiss with Daisy this evening.

"Who did you go with?" Daisy sounded like it was an interrogation.

"Who else can I go with other than Charlotte?" She lied, apparently.

"Oh, yeah? Since when did you start to lie to me?" Daisy poked her forehead with a finger. "You think I

am blind? His car was parked up outside the apartment. Did you think I didn't see that?"

Her forehead reddened and heated up, and she reached to grab her mom's hand, chuckling

snappishly. "Mom, when did you become a paparazzo?"

"What paparazzo? You and him were standing outside the apartment. Even the blind could see that."

Daisy's chest was heaving up and down. "Are you sure you want to be together with him?"

The expression on Summer's face turned serious, and she was determined. "Mom, I want to be with him."

Daisy looked at her, frowning, because she could not wrap her brain around it. "Is Dean not better than

him?"

"Mom, Dean is a good man. Just that the feeling is different. Being with Dean is not as happy as being

with him, with whom I feel more relaxed and at ease. I know exactly what I want."

Chapter 504

"Since you say so, I will not stop you anymore. But you have got to remember that this is your own choice. Don't regret it later."

Daisy was not dumb, and she could see how Summer and Mark were getting along.

Love could hurt as much as it is beautiful. If Summer were to be with Dean, she would lead a much simpler life with less pain; she would be happy for the rest of her life. But the decision was not hers, and she would let Summer choose her own path.

"I see your point, Mom. Thank you." Summer walked over and hugged Daisy; she knew her mom loved

her s o much.

"Don't sway me with your glib talk. Charlotte will still sleep with us tonight."

Summer's brows twitched involuntarily. She then blinked her eyes. "Why don't you and dad have another baby so that you can hug the baby to sleep every night. It should be more fun."

Daisy reached over to pinch Summer's cheek. "Believe it or not, I will tear your little mouth apart. How

embarrassing it is to talk about that!" "What is so embarrassing about it? It is not like you

are a kid." Summer chuckled and swiftly darted away into the bathroom before Daisy could smack her.

Charlotte had taken a shower, and now sat on the bed, playing her favorite toys with her butt pointing

skyward.

Solomon was playing with Charlotte while Daisy was cleaning the room. Her eyes fell on the jewelry

box that had seen better days. She opened it and rummaged through the things inside.

There were rings and necklaces that she wore when she got married. There was also a bracelet that her mother-in-law gave her. A thought came to mind as she saw the diamond ring.

She took out the diamond ring, hung it on a necklace cord, and turned around. "Come on Charlotte, let

me put this on for you."

Solomon was puzzled at seeing the diamond ring. "What are you doing with this thing?"

"I remember I found this diamond ring in Summer's baby blanket. What could happen after so many years? Her biological parents must have looked for her a long time ago. It has been twenty-eight years

now, and perhaps they have forgotten about her. Besides, this jewelry suits the child. If I were to give it

to Amara, you could basically perish the thought if you wanted it back. I had better give it to Charlotte,

and avoid any unnecessary conflict later." 2

Solomon knew Amara too well, and so he said nothing

further.

Daisy hung the diamond ring around Charlotte's neck and patted her on the butt with an avuncular look

on her face. "Come on, stop playing. Come to bed with m e."

The next morning

After breakfast, Summer helped Charlotte get changed when she saw the diamond ring around

Charlotte's neck. "Who gave you this?" she asked in amazement.

"It was Grandma."

Summer took a look at it and tapped the tip of Charlotte's nose. "Your grandmother is spoiling you. I will

get your shoes, and you call your daddy."

The two had agreed yesterday that after breakfast, Mark would take Charlotte to the Valentine mansion.

Charlotte nodded her little head. Summer took out her cell phone, dialed the number, handed it to

Charlotte, and she left.

When she returned, she saw Charlotte playing Fruit Ninja on the phone. While putting her shoes on,

Summer asked, "What did your dad say?"

"It wasn't Daddy who answered the phone; it was a lady." Charlotte's voice sounded innocent. She did

not even look up as her eyes were glued to the phone and her fingers were swiping up and down the screen.

Summer furrowed her brows, and her heart sank.

Charlotte continued. "The lady said the number you dialed was busy and asked you to call again."

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Summer did not know whether to laugh or cry.

After packing up, she took Charlotte downstairs. The black Lexus was already waiting. Mark was in the

back seat as the chauffeur was driving today.

Charlotte climbed onto Mark's lap with both her hands and feet like a koala when she saw Mark.

"Do you want to join us?" Mark looked at Summer.

"Maybe not. Just you and Charlotte are fine. I will wait for you in the apartment." Summer shook her

head. 1

It was pointless to go to the Valentine mansion, considering her antagonistic relationship with Yvette.

"Then I will first send you back to the apartment. Only then Charlotte and I will go to the Valentine mansion." Mark's lips twitched and his deep voice flew out of his mouth. "I miss your cooking."

"Send Charlotte over first, and I will call you when the food is ready."

The car came outside of the apartment. Mark leaned over and smothered her with hot, wet kisses before he let her go.

"Daddy is shameless." Charlotte was sandwiched between the two. "You two are going to crush me like a pancake."

Summer gave Mark's arm a pinch, her chest heaving up and down. "Never do this again in front of our daughter."

"Got it." Mark's lips upturned as he glanced at Summer with a meaningful look. "That means I can do whatever I want as long as my daughter is not present."

She pinched him twice more and looked at him with snappish eyes. "Watch your mouth. Now, go."

"See you around, Mrs. Valentine." Mark leaned back lazily in the seat as his deep-set eyes were fixated

on her.

"See you around, Mommy." Charlotte imitated Mark and sank back in his arms.

What the father and daughter did looked funny. But Summer did not forget to hit back at Mark.

Shameless! Who is your Mrs. Valentine?"

The Valentine mansion

Yvette looked at Ronald, who was standing at the door of the living room and checking his watch constantly, and frowned in puzzlement. "Who are you waiting for, Ronald?"

"Mark." Ronald glanced at the time again. They had agreed to come at 10:00 am.

"Is Mark coming home today?"

"No, I just asked him to send Charlotte over."

Yvette's face changed. "Why send the child here?"

"She is my granddaughter. Even the media knows that I have a granddaughter before me. How would

people see me?"

Yvette looked not too happy, but she could say nothing. Just then, Mark walked in with Charlotte clinging to his arms, her two small arms curling around his neck, hugging him tightly.

Yvette's face eased up when she did not see Summer.

"Come on, let Grandpa carry you." Ronald stretched out his hands at Charlotte and studied her, who looked 60% like Mark.

Charlotte refused, twisting her little butt to turn her back against Ronald, and buried her face in Mark's

neck. Ronald was a stranger in her eyes.

"Just leave Charlotte here, if you are busy. I will take the child to the hospital later," Ronald said to

Mark.

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"You still have to go to the hospital today?" Yvette knew that there was nothing between Ronald and

that woman, but she was still not too happy that he had to go to the hospital when he only came home

once in a blue moon.

"Yesterday's interview was not finished. I will still have to do it today." Ronald looked at her.

"Then I will go with you." Yvette wanted to follow, since she thought she was idling in the Valentine

mansion.

Ronald frowned, obviously opposing the idea. "Stop causing more trouble for me. You just stay back in

the Valentine mansion. I will be back soon."

Mark raised a brow when he heard the word 'interview.' "What interview?"

"Your dad started running a medical welfare program recently. A leukemia patient from Grudin North is

receiving treatment in the hospital. He has to be there in the afternoon, and reporters will be there to

interview them," Yvette explained.

"Then you should go alone and leave the kid here. She is afraid of strangers." There was another reason for that. Mark did not want to expose Charlotte to the media prematurely. She was too young.

"The media have been asking about the child yesterday. As the grandfather of the child, how will people think about me when I know nothing about her?"

"Exactly, just let your dad take the child with him. He is the child's grandfather. What are you worried about?" 1

Mark looked up at Ronald with a sedate expression. "I will pick her up at the hospital in an hour."

Ronald asked Yvette to get some sweets and snacks, thinking of ways to build a bond with Charlotte.

After all, Charlotte was a child. She was still shy of strangers a moment ago, but now, after half an hour, she was bouncing off the wall again and sweetly addressing Ronald as Grandpa.

Ronald had nothing personal against Charlotte. Instead, he put her on his lap and started to adore her

for her bright smile and cheerfulness.

Mark did not leave but sat on the settee with coffee in his hand, watching Charlotte with a smile

hanging at the corners of his mouth, and his furrowed eyebrows gradually easing up.

He gave Yvette and Ronald a heads-up, and then carried up Charlotte and said a few words to her before leaving the Valentine mansion.

In the apartment

Summer was cleaning up the room. There had been a cleaner taking care of the apartment unit. So the

place was relatively clean.

While doing the chores, Summer spotted a red velvet box on the cabinet. She picked it up curiously, opened it, and found a diamond ring lying inside.

It was that same diamond ring that Mark once wanted to give her, but she rejected him back then. She

did not expect that he would keep it until now.

"What are you looking at, eh?" Mark randomly threw his windbreaker on the settee and looked at the

woman from behind.

His voice, which came like a bolt from the blue, startled Summer. Her heart pounded and the diamond

ring dropped from her hand to the floor with a loud clang.

The diamond ring rolled up to his feet. He picked it up with two fingers and stared at her, his lips turning

up. "You searched my things, huh?"

She flushed and felt embarrassed of herself, yet she refused to admit it. "I didn't. I was just helping clean u p your room."

Mark raised a brow and looked at her in all seriousness. "So are you saying that you accidentally took

out the diamond ring?"

She glared at him and hissed with her brows knitted together. "I will put it back then. Do you have to

question me like the police?"

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Summer reached out to snatch back the diamond ring, but Mark took a step forward and clutched her

lower jaw with his hand. "Who was this diamond ring bought for, whose finger was it intended for, and

who was the one rejecting it? I think you have probably forgotten all about it. I was merely asking a few

questions, and you lost your temper so quickly. You are unconscionable."

She used her tongue to moisten her dry lips, but she said nothing.

"I heard about the marriage proposal of you and Dean. Were you the one proposing it?" Mark was

fiddling with her hair leisurely as he spoke.

"Why ask when you already know about it?"

Mark started to tighten his hand on her lower jaw and said snappishly, "Can't you learn to be demure as

a woman and teacher? I can't believe that you have proposed to a man. Where have all the propriety you have learned so far gone?"

Summer remained silent, stopping short of rolling her eyes. "What does proposing have to do with propriety?"

"Okay, why don't you propose to me, then? Come on." He raised his brows, his lips upturning as he stared at

her and waited.

She looked at what he did and blinked. "I don't have time for this."

"Since you have proposed once, you should have more experience for a second one. Come on." The pitch of his voice increased toward the end of his sentence as he waved to her.

She smacked his hand away and put up a halting hand at him, looking annoyed. "I am in the midst of

cleaning up the room. Go away if you are not helping."

Mark was not too happy with her cavalier attitude." What harm can it do by proposing one more time?"

"It would do no harm." She threw the rag on the table." But are you trying to find fault right now?"

"If you propose once again, I will just sit on the settee and never disturb you again. How about that?"

He squinted his eyes and tried to persuade her.

Summer poked his chest with her finger. "I know what you are trying to pull here. You want me to propose to you so you can put that diamond ring on my finger, isn't it?"

Despite being exposed, Mark still looked natural with a smile on his face. "Has anyone ever said that

you are smart, Summer?"

While speaking, he grabbed her hand that poked at his chest, then lifted it to his lips.

She blushed, feeling as if fire was burning on her skin, her heart thumping.

"Come on, propose one more time." He did not give up.

But Summer was not fooled. "No. It is enough to do something like that once, and I won't do it again."

Mark panicked slightly upon hearing that. She proposed to Dean, but not to him. Right now, he wished

he could smack her butt a few times to vent his spleen.

He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around, so that they were eye to eye. His eyes lit up

like torches as he gazed at her. "Then let me do the honor instead." 1

But before his deep voice could leave his mouth, Summer put her hand to his lips. "It is not the time yet."

He stared at her solemnly, his magnetic voice flying out of his lips. "You have rejected this diamond ring

once. Do you think you can still throw it away a second time? I tell you what, no way."

Summer chuckled and wrapped her arms around his narrow and muscular waist while burying her face

in his neck. "Hey! Has anyone ever said that you look cute when you are jealous?"

"Are you making fun of me now?" His face darkened, unsurprisingly. He looked down at the top of her

head.

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"No, I just don't want you to be so impulsive. You know how the relationship between me and your

mother is-we are like oil and water. I don't want to commit until this relationship is mended. I don't want

my future husband to be caught between his wife and mother. This is my second marriage. I want to

treat it solemnly, and manage it, so that it will last."

The relationship between her and Yvette was bitter. One quarrel was nothing. But what if quarreling became a norm between them?

He was a man who had his own job and had a lot of business entertainment, which was tiring enough.

A family that was always in a quarrel would eventually upset him.

"Besides, is our current relationship not good enough?" she said. Perhaps she was a bit gamophobic now.

"Good enough?" Mark raised his eyebrows. They could not even dine and sleep together, yet she called it good?

"It is not bad. We have never gone through courting before we married. So why not make up for it during this period and enjoy the experience?"

Mark nodded, resting his chin on her head, his hot breath sprinkling on her as he wrapped his arms around her wasp's waist. "Okay, whatever you say."

He really wanted to put that diamond ring on her finger to make a statement that she was his fiancée and keep other men's hands off her.

This would make him more at ease, like taking a pill of reassurance. But he was willing to follow her

thoughts, just as she wished.

She wanted the relationship to last just as long as he wanted it to be. He was enraptured at hearing her

saying that she wanted the relationship to last. He was joyous, excited, and touched.

In the hospital

Before the reporters arrived, Ronald carried Charlotte up in his arms and walked into the ward while

Samantha was leaning against the headboard, reading a fashion magazine.

She still looked beautiful, her expression casual, as if she was not worried about her health condition.

She frowned when she saw Charlotte. "This is..."

"My granddaughter; Mark's daughter." Ronald sat down beside the bed. Charlotte's pockets were full of

colorful candies.

"Do you want some, Grandpa?" Her tender hands opened a pack of candies and fed one to Ronald.

Ronald let her be, taking the candy into his mouth. Charlotte then unwrapped another one and handed

it to Samantha. "Would you like one?"

"You are so sweet." Samantha let out a smile. "Take off her shoes, Ronald, and let her come up to me."

Charlotte sat on the bed and took out all her candies from the pockets, then piled them up like a mountain and played with her butt upturned.

Charlotte was bending down while playing, and Samantha inadvertently saw the diamond ring hanging

around Charlotte's neck from the corner of her eye.

Samantha's eyes lit up. She coaxed Charlotte while reaching to fish out the diamond ring from

Charlotte's neck. Her heart skipped a beat, and she froze in place when she saw the ring.

Ronald noticed her expression, and he asked in curiosity. "What is wrong?"

"This diamond ring was the one I put on the baby," Samantha said slowly.

"Really?" Ronald smacked his hand on his thigh with delight written all over his face. "They say good

things happen when you least expect them to. Don't worry. I will ask someone to find out the truth about

this diamond ring as soon as possible."

After spending an afternoon in the hospital, Ronald returned to the Valentine mansion. When he

arrived, Mark was already waiting in the living room.

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When Charlotte saw Mark, she rushed over and called out in her sweet voice, "Daddy!"

He looked at Charlotte, studying her face, and only when he did not see any signs of her crying, he

acknowledged Ronald. But just when he was about to leave, Ronald called out to him. "Can you help

me make an appointment with Charlotte's mom? I would like to meet her tomorrow."

Mark turned around with a frown. "What is it about?"

"Nothing. I have yet to meet her officially to say hello when she has given birth to a lovely

granddaughter like Charlotte. I would like to invite her to dinner tomorrow."

"I will tell her." Mark raised his brows.

Yvette's face looked like smudged paint, changing colors and did not look too good. "Why invite her to

dinner?"

"She gave birth to a child. We the Valentines should not have such a cavalier attitude toward her. If the

media picks up on this, they will make a mountain out of a molehill. Besides, it will be just a meal. Not

that we are allowing her to be part of the Valentine family. Why such an overreaction?"

Ronald said, and then took out a diamond bracelet and handed it to her. "I know you like diamonds.

This is for you."

Yvette was enraptured and did not harp on the earlier topic. She put on the bracelet, but made a

request. "I will go with you tomorrow."

"Okay." Ronald did not stop her. All he wanted to do was to sound Summer out, and then let Samantha

take a good look at her, and see if she could remember the characteristics of the child that were like

Summer.

Mark told Summer what Ronald had said. Summer frowned, thought for a moment, and said, "Okay, I

will go.

"I will go with you."

"Then send me and Charlotte home now." She glanced at the time. It was 9:30 pm, and it was dark.

Mark raised his brows and let out a long sigh. "How I wish I could keep you here."

"Do you know you look like a whiny woman right now?" She chuckled.

"A whiny woman needs to be satisfied; you should know that." His eyes lit up with fire as he nudged her

with his shoulder.

Summer pinched him snappishly, and then picked up Charlotte. "Stop messing around. Send us home

now."

The next day

Mark came to pick up the mother and daughter at 10:00 am. Charlotte was keeping her head low while

Summer was glaring at her.

He carried Charlotte up and looked at her, then at Summer. "Did you just scold my daughter?"

"Her two pockets were full of candies. She kept stuffing candies into her mouth quietly last night.

Look at how many cavities she has now."

He chuckled and put Charlotte on his lap, then pried open her mouth. Summer was right; there were cavities in a few of the innermost teeth.

"Easy. She is still young, and we need to talk to her slowly. She will learn from her mistakes and improve."

They were sitting in the backseat, but Charlotte lay in Mark's arms and refused to let Summer hold her.

Summer poked Charlotte's forehead with her finger."

Ingrate. Sulker. And you, please stop pampering her like this."

Mark looked askance at Summer with his brows raised. "It is okay. After all my daughter's teeth have

dropped off, I will get her gold dental implants."

"You are completely off message." Summer glared at him. "She would be completely spoiled if I were to

let you take care of her."

Chapter 510

In a hotel

When the doors of the private function room swung open, Summer frowned because beside Ronald, she also saw Yvette and another woman.

This woman was beautiful, with an indescribably graceful essence, and her beauty lay in her charm and demeanor.

She could sense that this woman was quietly studying her. So who was this woman?

They came up to the table, and Mark pulled a chair for Summer before he sat down beside her.

Samantha's eyes were darting between Summer and Mark, looking at them with a meaningful look. But

no one knew what she was thinking.

She did not expect to see that Ronald's son completely differed from him. Mark was graceful and distinguished. No one was like him.

When it came to Summer, Samantha observed her for even a longer time. She discarded Summer when she was still a baby, so she could not recognize her.

They all exchanged some pleasantries and Yvette had not shown her temper, for today. The food was

served before long.

Ronald was very caring during the entire time and had taken special care of Summer, who felt awkward

with his actions. She was not a big fan of a party like this.

"What a beautiful bracelet you have there, Mrs.

Valentine." Samantha looked at the diamond bracelet on Yvette's wrist. It was sparkling in the light and

looked really beautiful.

"Really? Ronald gave it to me yesterday. He always has a classy taste." Yvette beamed when speaking

of the bracelet, smiling as if she were a flower in full bloom. It was obvious that she was showing off.

"I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Valentine are a loving couple. Now I can see why," Samantha said, the corner of her mouth upturning.

Summer ignored the conversation between the two of them. Instead, she was busy feeding Charlotte.

Mark looked nonchalant as he took some fish fillets and placed them in front of the mother and daughter and then watched them polish off the food on their plates with a smile on his face.

The three of them were immersed in their own world, as if they were the only people dining here, and

had nothing to do with the other three people sitting across from them.

But Summer could still sense the woman's stare occasionally. She wondered what this woman was staring at.

Something came to mind just then as she recalled the woman who stood with Ronald with their back

facing her when she walked out of the tart shop that night. She suddenly realized that this woman in front of her resembled the woman she saw that night.

Meanwhile, Yvette was enjoying showing off her diamond bracelet by waving her hand in front of everyone as a way of telling everyone how sweet her relationship with Ronald was.

Samantha had a meaningful smile hanging at the corner of her mouth. But no one could see what was

behind it. She leaned slightly to the left and shifted her posture. Ronald was on her left, his expression

looking serious, but underneath his visage, he was holding back something.

Charlotte had behaved for a moment before she got noisy again. She picked up a fork and made a long

arm for the colossal red king crab in the middle of the table. She was struggling with her short arm. Just

as she got a hold of it, she dropped the crab along with the fork on the floor.

She pouted, turned around, and looked at Summer. But deep inside, she was afraid of getting chided.

So before that happened, she fired her first salvo of complaint. "Look, Mommy, the crab bullied me."

Summer made a helpless frown, picked Charlotte up, and put her in Mark's arms, then poked the tip of

Charlotte's nose with her finger. "Naughty girl."

She then bent down to pick up the fork from the floor when she inadvertently saw something that disgusted her. She froze in place.

Under the tablecloth, Samantha had kicked off her high heel and was rubbing Ronald's leg with her bare foot.

She had no words for what she saw, but just felt consternated, disbelief, and disgusted.