

President 541

Chapter 541

Yvette stood up, ignored her, and walked up the stairs as she laughed. It was terrifying for others to watch.

Raine was Samantha's daughter, Raine was Samantha's daughter, Raine was Samantha's daughter,

Raine was Samantha's daughter...

The phrase was like an old witch's curse, clamoring inside her head. Over and over again, it felt more

like a band tightening around her head.

Her head hurt a little more every time the phrase was repeated. It just got tighter and tighter until her

head felt like exploding.

She had actually raised the daughter of her own husband's lover for so many years. 'Hahahaha, it was

irony at its peak.'

The next morning.

Mark was already used to being a househusband these days. After waking up, he would automatically

go downstairs to get breakfast and wake the mother and daughter after preparing food on the table.

Summer never liked pure milk, but her taste had changed all of a sudden. Aside from pure milk, she had stopped drinking other kinds of milk.

Charlotte took a sip before spitting it back out. Her

pinkish face was filled with a weird look as she couldn't stop smacking her tiny lips. 'It tastes so bad.

Why would Mommy even like it that much?'

The school was the nearest to them, so Mark sent Summer to work before sending Charlotte to the kindergarten. He brought her all the way into her classroom before leaving.

So, all the students and teachers in the kindergarten knew that Charlotte had a very good-looking daddy.

Summer was surprised that Ronald stopped calling but she did not think much about it. Without his calls, she could consider her decisions in peace.

Even so, the silence was too much. It was so quiet that it was starting to become alarming...

Mark wanted to bring her out for lunch at noon because he was worried that she might not be eating well herself. Summer arched her brows immediately after hearing that.

The distance from his office to her school was far, and it was at least a half an hour journey by car. It

would be too much of a rush to have a meal on top of that, so she turned him down.

Indeed, Mark did not show up at her school, but he still had his assistant bring her a delicate lunchbox

that contained four layers.

Harry placed the lunchbox on the table in front of all the teachers in the office. "This is from the president. The food inside has been prepared according to the instructions of a nutritionist."

The lunchbox was gaining attention from the teachers, one after another. So, Summer hurriedly asked

Harry to leave before she called that man.

The call connected in a split second. Mark's deep voice was then heard from the other end. "Have you

had your lunch?"

"I'll eat it in a while. What about you? Have you eaten?"

"There are some documents I need to sign now. I'll go to a restaurant for lunch after this. Do you have

anything you would still like to eat? I will tell Harry to get them for you..."

It was the president who wanted to win his own wife's heart, but he still had to follow him around!

Mark's lips curled up a little as his eyes looked as gentle as water. He responded softly like a breeze of

spring air.

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On the other side...

Raine went to the hospital after she greeted Yvette. She was dying to know whether she was

Samantha's biological daughter too!

It took about twenty-four hours to complete the DNA test, so the results would be out in a day.

There were a lot of people waiting for the results. Ronald, Raine, and even Yvette...

Although the jade ring already acted as a piece of physical evidence, they could not be a hundred

percent certain. For that reason, they needed this last procedure to reassure themselves.

As expected, the result came out in a day. It showed that their DNA matched, which could only mean

that they were really mother and daughter.

The result was the same, but it made some people happy, some sad, and some even crazy.

Ronald was the happy one while Raine did not show much emotion. She kept her silence as if she had

forgotten how to speak. But, it was even more unbearable for Yvette. Raine really turned out to be

Samantha's daughter, meaning that she had helped her husband's lover to raise her child for decades!

The possibility of their bone marrows being compatible would naturally increase if their DNA matched.

It also indicated that the chances of the operation happening had increased tremendously...

However, Raine still has the final say on whether she will test her bone marrow compatibility or not. At

the end of the day, it was her decision to agree or not.

Ronald would obviously want her to consent to the transplantation surgery. Now that Mark knew about

this, he would definitely not allow Summer to do so. So, Raine was his final hope now.

As for Yvette, why would she even want Raine to save Samantha?

Samantha was nothing but a b*tch to her. The hatred that welled up inside of her was irreconcilable.

She just wanted her to die!

Not only had she taken her husband away from her, but she had also made her raise her own daughter

all this time. No one could turn the other cheek on a matter like that, let alone Yvette herself!

Raine was talking on the phone as she was walking down the stairs. It was Ronald on the call.

Yvette only overheard a few lines, but she already knew Ronald's motives. Other than the bone marrow

transplantation, what other urgent matters would he have?

Yvette waited for Raine to end her call with Ronald.

When they were both downstairs, she stood in Raine's way and asked, "Are you planning to donate your bone marrow to her?"

"Yvette, it's still too early to talk about this. There is no proof that our bone marrows match without doing any test."

Over the past two days, that was the only question she got, be it from Yvette or Ronald. They would ask her about this as soon as they saw her.

"What if it matched?" Yvette continued asking as if she would not give up until she got an answer.

Raine felt completely resigned. "Yvette, this can only be known after the test is taken."

"Okay, then let's talk about the worst-case scenario." Yvette sat opposite of her and spoke

The meaning behind her words was obvious. How could Raine not understand her?

Her lips moved slightly but she did not speak in the end. They had yet to test their bone marrows, so it

was still way too early to talk about anything.

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At the apartment.

Charlotte was craving shrimps, and Summer wanted to head to the supermarket downstairs. When

Mark, who was in the study, heard her, he switched off his computer and wanted to go along with her.

However, it was not safe to leave Charlotte alone at home. Thus, they all went to the supermarket together, just to get a kilogram of shrimps.

Charlotte sat on the trolley's seat; she spread out her arms and giggled just like a little chirping bird.

Mark was dressed in a V-neck sweater and grey casual trousers. They accentuated his tall figure.

Paired with cotton slippers, he looked relaxed and casual.

Regardless of his outfit, it did not affect his good look and elegance in the slightest. He still invited a lot

of attention; Summer, on the other hand, was busy shopping for food ingredients.

Summer paused when she passed by the lingerie section. Somehow due to pregnancy or other factors,

her breasts had grown larger. Hence the bras that she had previously bought were no longer fit. They

were uncomfortable to wear now because they were too

small and tight for her.

She browsed through the rack of bras with her fingers. She was selective that she would filter out those

with thick foam, lighter colors, and designs that could make her look older than her age.

Mark, on the other hand, loafed around the lingerie section too. He moved around and sometimes browsed through the racks.

Finally, his eyes landed on a red, sheer nightgown, and he imagined how it would look on her.

Summer picked a black one with a plain design. After getting it checked, she brought it to the cashier.

Just as she was about to pay, a bright red and sexy lingerie was placed before her, and a familiar voice came. "

Add this to the bill..."

She could not help but twitch her brows. "Are you buying this for yourself?"

"No, it's for you..." He raised a brow and even asked the cashier, "What's her size?"

At that moment, Summer blushed till her face was crimson. She raised her hand and secretly pinched

him on his arm. "Put it back immediately, or else, you wear it yourself!" Comment by Chein Ling Foo:

Original:

Summer raged.

Mistranslation, it's more like she was embarrassed.

Mark smirked. He leaned closer to her and whispered into her ears with his heaty breath and his

uniquely deep, magnetic, and alluring voice, "I really, really want to see you wear it, and parade it in

front of me..."

"I don't want to!" she rejected him, her cheeks even redder.

Apparently, this man insisted on acting against her will. "Are you sure you want to carry on? I don't

mind it because I have all the time..." Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original

However, he seemed to be on par with her

Mistranslation.

I don't think 'on par with' is accurate.

Besides, they were not the only customers; the queue had already become long, and many customers

started to complain.

The cashier asked hurriedly, "Miss, do you still want this? If you do, please let me scan it."

Mark snickered at her answer. Irritated, she secretly lifted her foot and stomped on his.

He snorted painfully. She picked up the bag from the cashier and left immediately, without waiting for

him.

They walked side by side as they left the supermarket. Charlotte was still in Mark's arms, clinging to

her newly bought puzzles, bricks, and other toys.

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Mark smiled faintly, and gently bit her ears. He answered tenderly but frivolously, "Just feeding my eyes..."

"As how I see it, you might as well hug it to sleep tonight." She joked.

"It has to be worn by you to arouse me. Without you, it's simply two pieces of clothing." He fixed his

gaze on her as if he was going to see through her. Although it was a frivolous statement, he said it so

passionately and gently.

Summer blushed and was annoyed at herself for raising the subject. She elbowed him gently, "Sh*t!"

When they arrived at their apartment, Grace and Charlie were waiting at the door. Charlie was holding

his phone as if he was preparing to make a phone call.

"You're back just in time. I was about to call you and you arrived." Charlie blinked, "How about we join

you for dinner?"

They bought a lot of groceries, even with four people, there would still be leftovers. After they entered

the apartment, the two men sat on the sofa while Summer prepared dinner.

Grace glanced at the bag she carried, in the blink of an

eye, she snatched it. Reacting quickly, she tried to grab it back.

Yet, she wasn't quick enough. Just as she reached out, Grace had already emptied the contents onto

the sofa, and commented devilishly, "Ehem. Not bad. You're prepared to wear such skimpy underwear;

are you planning to have a passionate night with Mr.

Valentine?"

"Shut up, I'll chop off your tongue!" Summer gritted her teeth. Charlie who sat on the other side heard it

and grinned at her. 'F*ck, what a humiliation!'

"I'm so afraid, so... so afraid. You're really going to cut off my tongue? Come, I'll stick it out so you can

cut it."

"You jerk! Come to the kitchen and help me!"

Grace mumbled and cat-walked into the kitchen. She wore a long dress and a pair of ten centimeters

tall stilettos; inviting her into the kitchen was the same as inviting trouble. Summer chased her out

immediately; she quietened herself, and without any disturbance, she got to work quickly.

A while later, the dining table was served with shrimps, baked beans, mashed potatoes, grilled fish

fillets, and peppered chicken cutlets.

Charlotte enjoyed the mashed potatoes the most and stuffed her mouth with them. "You'll grow up into

a potato if you keep eating them." Grace teased her.

"I won't!" she snubbed, "I will become a beautiful lady, just like Snow White."

"I think you'll be more like the seven dwarves instead." "I hate you, Aunty Grace!"

"Oh ho ho, how adorable!" Grace loved to tease Charlotte till she cried, and she really enjoyed it.

After dinner, Grace wanted to sing; she brought out the microphone and began singing, song after song.

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Charlotte had school the next day, so Summer sent her to her room and tucked her in bed. As she emerged, Grace was still singing. Irritated, she stopped her, "Enough, don't your throat feel painful?"

They were fortunate that the sound proofing was well done; otherwise, they would have received lots of

complaints from the neighbors.

"Don't stop me, let me sing my heart out. That bugger won't let me into the living room or karaoke but

makes me have ladylike behavior; if I don't vent it out, I'm going to go crazy!"

Charlie waved helplessly, showing that he too was powerless and had no idea how to deal with her.

The singing session lasted until past 10:00 pm. Finally, Mark couldn't take it anymore, he raised his leg

and kicked Charlie twice, and had him take his wife away.

He walked over and pestered her; and finally dragged her off forcefully, and the apartment returned to

its quiet state. Summer was also very tired, walked to her bedroom.

Mark picked up a glass of milk and followed suit; but his phone rang, and he answered it, "Mom."

"Raine is the daughter of that b*tch, Samantha.

Ronald had her do a DNA test." Yvette went straight to her point.

Mark was stunned and turned dark. "You sure?"

"She and Samantha did a paternity test, and the results matched." Yvette gritted her teeth. "All these years I have helped raised the daughter of that b*tch! I must have been blind!"

After consoling her and letting her calm down, Mark hung up. He frowned. The news that Raine was

Samantha's daughter was too unexpected that it shook him.

After rubbing her eyes, Summer stared at him. "Why are you standing there, aren't you coming to bed?"

"Drink this glass of milk first..." He came closer and handed her the glass.

Summer sat up and received it; in just a few gulps, she finished the milk, right to its last drop.

"There is something I need to tell you now..." he sat down beside her and gripped her hands; he raised

them close to his lips and after a while, he uttered, "Raine is also Samantha's daughter..."

He had promised not to hide anything from her, especially this as it was related to her.

As if her acupoints had been locked, Summer froze and remained stunned for almost half a day. She

finally found her voice after a long time. "Is it true?" 2 "Raine and Samantha had done a paternity test.

The

results have proven them to be mother and daughter."

'How small could this world be that Samantha was her biological mother, and Raine was her...'

She blinked and freely kissed his sexy lips.

Unexpectedly to kiss him willingly, Mark froze for a moment. Then, he gripped her chin, and they

kissed passionately.

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They continued until they were out of breath before they were satisfied. She leaned on his warm chest

and took a breather; she heard his heartbeat; it was strong yet so assuring. Calmly and softly, she

answered.

"I'm fine, it's just the news that is too shocking; but if this is what fate has prepared for me, I will accept

it..."

She felt blessed to have him by her side...

There was a common saying that 'everyone has his or her own destiny, and destiny toys with man'.
At

that moment, she could fully comprehend its meaning.

"If that's the case, wouldn't Raine be eligible for Samantha's bone marrow transplant too?"

No wonder for the last two days, Ronald had stopped pestering her. 'He must be aware of the situation

too. Could he be planning to shift the responsibility to Raine?'

In just a short time, she had pieced the puzzle together.

"Although the compatibility rate is higher among parent and child, it doesn't mean it is always

compatible. Everything remains uncertain until the results are out." "But..." Summer raised her head

and stared at him, her

hands grabbing his pajamas. "I really hope that their bone marrow would be compatible. In that case,

my bone marrow wouldn't be needed anymore, and I can bear this child at ease. Are my thoughts very

selfish?"

She said Ronald was self-centered. But at this moment, she was no different from him.

Although she had no sentiments toward Samantha, she had given birth to her. How could she be so

heartless and let her die?

'Right now, if Raine's is compatible, not only

Samantha can be saved, but I can also escape this fate I

"It's not." He kissed her forehead tightly, "it's very normal, there's nothing selfish about you..."

That night, Summer didn't sleep well; she dreamt, but her dreams were very messed up; although she

slept, she was still tired.

The next morning.

Raine went to the hospital for the bone marrow compatibility test. She planned to only do the test but

had no intention to participate in the transplant.

There was neither any harm nor benefit to her should her bone marrow be compatible; if it was

incompatible, they wouldn't need to bother her anymore.

It wasn't about whether Summer's bone marrow was compatible; even if it wasn't, there was still hers.

But what would she do while being caught in between her biological mother and Yvette?

Regardless of the outcome, it still favored her...

It was enough for Ronald to be overjoyed; however, Yvette only stared at her gloomily.

Everyone waited with throbbing hearts for the results. After two days, the results were out.

As Raine arrived at the hospital, Ronald had already collected the results. She found him along the corridor, sitting quietly and in a daze.

"What's wrong?" she was puzzled at his expression. 'What exactly had happened?'

Taken aback, Raine read the report; the compatibility rate was indeed very low, and she could ascertain

that no trickery was involved.

Incompatible. Both her and Summer were Samantha's daughters; and now, because her compatibility

rate was too low, there was only Summer left...

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Seated beside Ronald, Raine became silent too. The lights in the corridor lit up her face and revealed

her troubled expression.

Ronald drooped between his legs; he appeared to have aged. Until now, he still couldn't accept the

results. He had placed all hopes on Raine, but now, everything had collapsed...

Despaired and unstable, it spoke very much about how much Ronald loved Samantha. After observing

him for a long time, Raine looked away, sighed, and consoled him, "Ronald, don't be so sad."

Yvette was still resting when she heard the news. She immediately sprung up from her bed. Feeling on

cloud nine as never before, she had the maid prepare lunch.

However, she still felt a little uneasy, worrying that Raine and Ronald had attempted trickery, and

produced a false report to deceive her, so that she would let her guard down. She didn't believe it

completely. So, she secretly sent someone to the hospital to ascertain the credibility of the report.

The result spread like wildfire. Within a short time, even Mark and Summer were informed.

Summer stood in a daze as her hand holding the glass

of water stiffened; she immediately forgot what she wanted to do.

This turned out to reciprocate the saying she had in mind earlier, that luck and fate toys with humans...

Although it wasn't so much of a feeling after knowing that Raine was Samantha's biological daughter, it

had indeed brought some relief. When God closes a door for you, he will leave a window open.

She thought that God had left her a window, but unexpectedly, that window was tightly shut, and airtight.

And this moment, all her blissful imaginations crumbled, and everything was back to square one.

"Mommy, mommy, mommy..." Charlotte skipped around her, and let her voice trail.

Summer regained her senses after a long while. She lowered her head and looked at Charlotte, "what

is it?"

"I called mommy so many times, but mommy didn't hear me." Charlotte pouted, her eyes glittered and

rolled playfully. "Mommy must be thinking of daddy! Mommy is dingier than Charlotte!"

She stared annoyingly at the mischievous Charlotte and uttered directly, "Do you want me to throw away all your messy toys on the sofa?"

As she spoke, the little one shook her buttock and instantly disappeared without a trace, like the wind;

only an unordered noise echoed from the living room.

There were no classes on Saturdays. Furthermore, Summer was troubled that she returned to her bedroom and slept.

At the hospital.

Ronald remained silent, but Samantha saw through his expression. "It isn't compatible, is it?"

But regardless of how indifferently she was, he uttered, word after word. "I will surely find a way to save

you!"

"These words of yours are sufficient, the result doesn't matter anymore." Samantha leaned on him and

smiled widely.

The more she smiled and made it sound indifferent, the stronger Ronald felt urged to cure her, and his

determination was unwavering.

At Valentine mansion.

Yvette became at ease only after she received the result. With a sinister smile, she gloated and

rejoiced.

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Because Raine's bone marrow wasn't compatible, there was only Summer left. How would Mark

possibly agree to allow her to donate her bone marrow to his mistress, Samantha? 1

Although she disliked Summer or the child she was bearing, the child had certainly arrived at the right

time. Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original

Although he couldn't wait to see Summer or the child she was bearing,

Mistranslation

Even the heavens were in her favor. It only meant that the vixen, Samantha, was not going to have a happy ending!

It was already 3:00 pm when Summer woke up. Charlotte had unknowingly snuggled up and slept beside her, burying her face within her chest.

She moved her body carefully and planned to prepare lunch. After a long day and a few hours of rest,

Charlotte would surely be hungry when she wakes up. Just as she had put on her slippers, her phone rang.

She leaned forward and picked up her phone. The screen displayed a string of numbers; although there was no name, it was a familiar number; it was Ronald.

She stared at the number and shuffled her fingers; however, she didn't answer the call but left it to ring.

Afterward, the screen returned to its blank state.

It hadn't been a minute before her phone rang again; she tapped on silent mode, tossed her phone aside, and went into the bathroom; when she emerged, the screen was still lit; she furrowed her brows

into a riverlike shape and answered the call.

"I'm waiting for you at the cafe below Mark's apartment. If you aren't free to come down, I shall go
u p

to his apartment."

The call ended with the voicemail, and Summer furrowed her brows more intensely.

She woke Charlotte up. It was apparent that the little girl had not slept enough and was unwilling to
get

up. She carried her into the bathroom, washed her face, and brought her downstairs.

The cafe wasn't far away from the apartment, it was just a stone's throw away. As they entered, the
waiter led her to a room; there was Ronald, who had been waiting for quite a long while.

Ronald appeared tenderly when he saw Charlotte. He carried and entertained her for a while; then
he

let a waiter bring her to the children corner.

"You must have known why I came to meet you."

"Yes." Summer poured a cup of tea calmly. The tea leaves were tender green, and its scent filled the
space.

Ronald steadied himself. "To be honest, I don't believe that you're a heartless person; so, what is
your

answer?"

The tea was so aromatic that it could calm a troubled person. Summer nodded and answered, "I'm certainly aware that I'm not heartless; therefore, I will not harm the child I'm bearing; and I agree with you, very much."

"I will never sacrifice my child to save her." She spoke the truth, and it was her honest opinion.

They had been discussing this subject for more than three times; but it was never fruitful.

He kept quiet and so did Summer. She held her teacup and admired the scenery of the back garden.

Although she appeared calm, her emotions were rumbling.

Therefore, sentimental sacrifices were both relative and mutual. How much someone had sacrificed for

you, you would naturally want to do the same.

On the other hand, if someone had never sacrificed anything for you but wished to take from you, it was obviously impossible, and it was simply common sense.

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As she was still lost in her thoughts, a loud thud was heard. She turned around curiously and only to find Ronald on his knees.

Astonished, she froze to her spot, and went into a daze for a long time.

"There is no suitable donor now, only you can save her. The doctor has said that treating leukemia in

its early stage has the highest chance of recovery. If this golden opportunity has passed, the recovery

rate will be reduced by half. Please, I beg you today."

Ronald was a well-known figure in both Santabaca and Grudin North. When had he pleaded with anyone before? Summer was the first and the only one.

Although it hurt his pride and was unbearable, he still had to do it!

Summer could tell that Ronald loved Samantha.

Otherwise, why would a prominent person do such a thing for a woman. If it wasn't love, what would it

be?

Although she was stunned, she was touched by his actions, but it did not mean that she was willing to

sacrifice her child.

Let nothing overstep each other. No matter how deep their sentiments were, it was confined between

him

and Samantha, it had nothing to do with her.

What mattered to her was the child she was carrying. And at this moment, Summer felt she was heartless and selfish.

As she faced a kneeling elder and regained her composure, she immediately bent down and helped him up. "I hope Mr. Valentine will not persuade me again with this matter. Whatever I have decided, it will never change."

Ronald sat up; his gloomy expression was as dark as a cloudy sky. "Is there no room for a change of mind?"

"No, sir." She answered, out of respect as she addressed him formally.

Without revealing anymore of his emotions, Ronald left the cafe as he no longer had the need to remain.

Summer breathed a long and heavy sigh. After staring out of the window for a few seconds, she fetched Charlotte from the children's corner and returned to the apartment.

At the hospital, Samantha was sleeping soundly after the doctor had examined her and had given her an injection.

"Mr. Valentine, the patient isn't in good condition; the longer it is delayed, the more complicated it will

become. The other patients are delaying because they don't have any suitable donor. But you, despite

having one, why are you constantly delaying the procedure?" the doctor questioned him.

Ronald didn't answer; he turned dark, and his brows formed a stern look.

"Mr. Valentine has witnessed the deteriorating health of the patient. If a suitable donor is available now,

we can proceed with the transplant immediately."

As the doctor explained, Ronald realized that she had lost her fairness; her face had yellow smudges,

and she was losing a lot of weight.

As the medicine lost its effect, Samantha opened her eyes, and the person she saw was Ronald.

Which woman wouldn't be touched when a man stays beside her to see her through her darkest and toughest moments?

Ronald was indeed tired, so he nodded, and returned to his hotel not far from the hospital.

However, Ronald lost his sleepiness; he couldn't watch his beloved die before him; thus, no matter what it

took, he had to save her.

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At this moment, all Summer cared about was the child in her womb. Her concerns were also rested upon the child...

Like what had happened before, she had no idea she was pregnant. Thus, she did not have second thoughts when it came to donating her bone marrow. However, the problem arose because of the child.

'If she weren't pregnant, there was nothing she would need to worry about...

'Therefore, should I...' 1

An idea appeared in his head. Ronald blinked, and then squinted his eyes upward.

When Mark returned to the apartment, Summer had prepared dinner and was serving the soup.

Mark rubbed his lips and stared at her twice; then he took off his jacket and casually tossed them onto

the sofa.

"Did anyone approach you?" he asked.

Since Raine's bone marrow wasn't compatible, it was only natural that everyone shifted their attention

toward her. Anyhow, there were only two persons who

would approach her; it could only be either Ronald, or Samantha.

Before Summer could speak, Charlotte, who was slurping her yogurt drink chirped, "Ya, grandpa did."

In an instant, Mark raised his brows. "He approached you?"

"Yes, it was regarding my bone marrow. I had rejected him and made myself clear; so, I think he won't

approach me anymore."

Summer arranged the dishes and locked her gaze upon him. "How about you? Are you alright?"

'Since Ronald and Yvette had a big fight, he won't be anyhow at ease, right?' That was what she thought.

Rolling his throat, Mark sat on the sofa; he turned around and answered tenderly, "I'm fine..."

"Phew. Wash your hands and get ready for dinner." Summer arranged the cutlery and then helped Charlotte onto her seat.

She had made pancakes for dinner and served them on a plate in bite-sizes; they were beautiful, and

the smell filled the air.

Upon hearing his words, she furrowed her eyebrows and wanted to smack his head with the spatula.

'Since when did he become so playful and frivolous?'

"Oh ya, when are you going to wear 'that'?" Mark pinched his tired eyebrow and lazed on the chair.

"What do you think?" Summer let out a sexy smile, accompanied by mischievous intent. "How about

tonight?"

"S-Sure..." he smiled too, and his lips formed an alluring curl.