

President 631

Chapter 631

When Daisy saw the girl holding a bag of presents in her hand and having a smile on her face, she had

to let her in out of politeness, no matter how much she disliked the girl.

"Mark asked me to bring you this present, Mrs. Hart. He was concerned when he saw you lost a lot of

weight." The girl smiled and put the present aside.

Just then, Summer came out of the bathroom and saw the girl, her brows upturning with surprise. But

when she looked around, he did not see Mark.

The girl had noticed her behavior and quickly explained, "Mark has gone to see Harry to collect some

documents. He will be here in a while."

'Very observant.' Summer thought, her mouth twitching, and she nodded to the girl. "Would you like coffee or tea?"

"No, thank you." The girl was well-mannered, and Summer could see that she was a little nervous.

While they were talking, Mark arrived with a present for Charlotte. He said hello to Daisy and then

looked at the girl. "We will head back to the apartment tonight, and Harry will bring you over tomorrow

morning."

The girl nodded obediently and shoved a handful of

candy into Charlotte's hands.

"Excuse me." Mark nodded with an indescribable sense of distantness and indifference.

Summer remembered that when she saw Mark for the first time, his expression looked exactly like this:

cold, without the slightest temperature. Summer felt horrible inside when she saw the two leaving together.

Hearing the girl mention Harry and him mention the apartment almost tore her heart apart. But since

she had to act in front of Daisy, she might as well make it look more realistic.

The longer Daisy looked at the girl, the more she disliked her. She got even angrier when she looked at

Mark.

It felt as if the sharp edge of your favorite coffee mug cut your lip, and it offended you, so you leave it in

the corner to collect dust. One day, another person appears, sees the coffee mug, likes it, then takes it

in front of you, and washes the dust away to make it clean and shiny again. This was exactly what

Daisy felt about Mark right now.

Daisy felt hungry. She sent Summer to buy her something to eat. After Summer left, she drew Charlotte

over and asked, "Is your daddy treating that lady well?"

"Very well." Charlotte nodded, then looked up at Daisy. "Grandma, why did Daddy dine with the lady

but not with Mommy?"

Daisy had no answer for that and just stroked her hair.

"Mommy said that she would find me a stepdad, but my friends all said that stepdads were abusive. I

don't want a stepdad. I want my daddy."

Daisy was struck dumb upon hearing what Charlotte said. So she tried to divert Charlotte's attention by

letting her watch the cartoon.

Her whimper sounded as that of an abandoned small animal; it tugged at Daisy's heartstrings.

Daisy tried to coax her, but to no avail. When Summer came back, Charlotte was exhausted and had fallen asleep.

The pain was unspeakable. She felt suffocated, with tightness in the chest, especially under her ribs.

She was on pins and needles. 1

He had never been close to any women, always keeping a distance, even in front of Grace and Sherman.

Chapter 632

Mark seemed very close to the girl, however. He even took her back to their former apartment. Could it

be that Mark had fallen in love with that girl? Thinking of what he said when he left, she was scared

and terrified. But she must not back out this time, as she was clear that she wanted him back. 1

Turning on the TV, the news was still about Mark and the girl. It made Daisy's hackles rise when she

saw the presents placed at one side. "Throw these things out."

"Why waste it since he has bought it?" Summer looked calm.

Daisy was still angry when she saw Summer's nonchalant expression. But considering that it was she

who wanted Summer to leave Mark, she had nothing more to say.

Summer's aunt called in the evening and said that she was introducing a man to Summer. Daisy readily

agreed.

Her thinking was, since Mark could find a new woman, so could her daughter. 2

She asked Summer for her opinion, and Summer had no objections and let Daisy do whatever she wanted. 2

Looking at the man behind her made Daisy lose her enthusiasm, as if someone had poured cold water

on her.

Her original thinking was that since there are few men like Mark, she did not mind about appearance

but character.

She was sitting at an adjacent table, quietly observing the interaction between the two of them. But to

her dismay, the man made an excuse and went to the men's room when it was time to pay. It was

Summer who picked up the bill in the end.

Daisy was discouraged and called Summer's aunt to give her an earful. She did not ask too much of a

man, but the man should at least be a gentleman.

There were no more blind dates for the following days. Once bitten, twice shy. She could not help but

instinctively use Mark as a benchmark. She just could not control herself.

Summer's aunt got angry at last and demeaned Summer by saying something like Summer had a kid,

and a beggar cannot be a chooser.

Daisy was upset and ignored Summer's aunt. Just then, Mark and Makayla came in for dinner.

Summer saw them at once. She looked at Daisy and made an excuse to go to the ladies' room.

"Mark, should we sit at the table by the window?" The girl's voice was crisp and sweet.

Summer paused her steps for a split second before she held her head high and disappeared into the

ladies ' room, where she splashed a handful of cold water on her face to wake herself up. A pair of

shiny leather shoes came into view as soon as Summer emerged from the ladies' room. She looked up

and saw the face of a man whom she could not be more familiar with.

"I didn't know that you took notice." She looked up at him.

"He also has slanted eyes."

"I really can't believe your taste in men."

Chapter 633

The corners of his lips twitched, and his expression softened. "How many young girls do you think I

have?"

"How am I supposed to know how many young girls you have, and how many God has sent you?" She

asked in a mocking way.

Mark's lips curled up even higher now. The next moment, his expression became indifferent again.
"I

will leave you to it."

The man had not left yet, as he was interested in Summer. He kept on telling jokes, and she could not

stand it, finding an excuse to reject him.

In the corner by the window, the girl was smiling, and Mark's expression was soft. The two looked like a

perfect match. When she walked past the two of them, she overheard their conversation. He did not

look up at her, not even sparing a glance. It even made her feel that the conversation outside the

ladies' room just now was just her fantasy, an illusion; he was still indifferent toward her. She sank her

fingernails into the tender skin of her palms.

Daisy got up immediately and secretly sighed when she compared the two men.

After the two left, Mark looked up and saw her

disappear from his sight.

Charlotte was still crying, afraid that her dad would abandon her. She had been crying all this time, her

eyes red and swollen. She looked so pitiful.

Daisy remained silent, sighing and shaking her head as she went to settle the medical bills. Summer had not told her about the medical bills. When she got there, the nurse told her that Mark had settled the bill in the afternoon when she slashed her arm. She recalled it now. On the day she forced Summer to make her choice, Summer met Mark in the coffee shop at noon to break up with him. Yet he still came back to the hospital to settle her medical bill and upgrade her ward. She could not deny that Mark was a good man.

During this period, she also noticed that Summer had become unusually silent compared to the past and did whatever she was told without questions. Charlotte's crying eyes were red and swollen, and she kept asking for her dad.

What upset her the most was that young girl who always clung to Mark and talked to him so sweetly. It

was an eyesore to Daisy. Unlike Summer, that young girl stuck to Mark like glue, as if she had nothing

better to do. So should Summer get Mark back?

"How about you getting Mark back, Summer?" Daisy breathed a sigh of relief at last.

Chapter 634

"Every day?" Summer was startled, her voice trembling a little.

"Yeah, every day." Daisy sighed softly. "He stood there and begged me for forgiveness. I don't know

how he got the time to do that; I told him off countless times, yet he persisted."

Summer did not know that Mark had done all these things quietly.

"There are few men like him nowadays. Go for it," Daisy said.

Summer froze in place, still in shock and feeling touched. After a while, she pulled back her drifting mind and deliberately asked, "Do you want me to get him back, Mom?"

"When I say yes, it means yes!" Daisy got snappish.

A smile appeared at the corner of Summer's mouth, her heart thumping with joy. How she wished she

could fly toward him now like a bird. She was not an impulsive person, but she did not want to hold back anymore. 1

Summer nodded, turned around, and walked out of the ward. Just then, Daisy suddenly said, "If he really loves that young girl, you should just stop there. We can't be the third parties in a relationship. Do you understand?"

This was to pre-empt any disappointment and warn her. Summer paused for a second and acknowledged Daisy.

In the ward, Daisy carried Charlotte in her arms. Charlotte was the reason she softened her stance.

The little girl had lost a lot of weight. Besides, she could not bear to see that girl cling to Mark all the

time.

Summer went to the apartment. The password to the door had not been changed, so she could enter

without problems.

The girl was setting the table for dinner when Summer came in. With shoulder length shiny black hair,

the girl was gentle, innocent, and slightly shy.

She turned around and let out a polite smile when she saw Summer. "Hi there."

The sight in front of her eyes vexed Summer. She nodded and looked around the living room.

As if the girl had guessed her intention, she chuckled and explained, "Mark is in the study room. He will

be out in a minute. Please take a seat."

Summer pulled her eyes back and raised her chin. "N o, I will go in to look for him."

"Yes, your school can still take in one more student? Yeah, I will take her there tomorrow." A deep voice

was heard in the room as Mark walked out with a cell phone in his left hand, talking over the phone. His

brows were raised when he saw Summer. He hung up and said to the girl, "I will send you to school tomorrow."

"Really... I can go tomorrow?" The girl was excited, standing on tiptoes, her eyes bright like stars in the night sky.

Summer looked up and looked him in the eyes. "I have something to talk to you about."

"Have a seat." Mark picked up the tea on the table and took a sip.

"Can I talk to you in private?" She did not sit down, but just stared at him.

"Not here." She insisted.

Summer said nothing, while Mark walked over to the table and pulled out a chair.

Chapter 635

The girl was serving food. "Do you want some, Miss Hart?"

"No, thank you." She refused, still sitting on the sofa as an awful feeling spread and flooded inside her.

The change of roles happened so quickly. It was still recently that she was in that reverse position.

The two were having dinner, and no one talked. Summer thought it could be because she was here that the two of them did not talk.

Half an hour later, the two finished their dinner, and the girl cleaned up, leaving Mark and Summer in

the living room. Mark sat down, crossing his long legs gracefully, and looked at Summer. "What do you

want to talk to me about?"

"Can we still be together?" she asked slowly, breathing carefully.

Mark was stunned for a moment, the look in his eyes deepening as emotional ripples formed. But it

was just for a fleeting moment before it all returned to normal." What do you mean, Miss Hart?"

She had made her meaning plain enough and would not believe that he did not know what she meant.

"I literally meant what I just said."

The corners of his lips curled up in a smile, but it lacked warmth. "What do you think, Miss Hart?"

She did not get it, was not sure, and had no clue what was on his mind. "Can we still be together?" she

asked again.

"What do you mean by asking this, Miss Hart?" He was puzzled and did not answer her question.

Summer's palms were slightly sweaty, but she was determined. "I want to be with you."

His expression had always been distant, as if he had never known her. "Am I your pug that I am at your

beck and call?" he said in a mocking voice.

"I know this is outrageous, and I know I have done many things wrong. I admit I am all wrong."

Mark kept silent, his lips upturning in an indifferent smile, his gaze deepening. No one knew what he

was thinking.

She knew it was not easy to understand him, but she was not backing out. She changed the subject.

"Are you dating her?"

"I don't think I need to answer your question."

"This is very important to me. It is really important." she said, becoming a little emotional.

Mark's gaze fell on her face, staring at her just like that, as if his eyes were seeing through her. "I have

got to see your performance before I decide whether to forgive you. Please excuse me. I need to go to

bed now."

The next morning

The girl followed Mark and found that his mood had suddenly changed since last night.

"What are you doing here, Miss Hart?" Mark squinted at her and asked in an indifferent voice.

"Mark and I are going to the college, Miss Hart," the girl said. "Mark has helped me find a university.

We are heading there today."

Chapter 636

Disapprovingly, Summer insisted, "I'll give you guys a ride then."

The trio was silent on the way there. Summer was focused on the wheel while Mark was resting his eyes. The girl just wore a small smile on her face, and Summer could not tell what was on her mind.

The director of the university was standing by the gates, waiting for their arrival. When he saw the noble Mr. Valentine getting off a Volkswagen Golf, he choked and coughed.

Mark had not asked for her to come along, but Summer had already taken it upon herself and followed

behind him. She decided that she would act more shamelessly, as she thought, 'The more thick-skinned I am, the better.'

The university they arrived at was the most prestigious one in Santabaca. The director was giving them

a tour while introducing the school to them.

The girl had stayed back in the school to start her classes, and at last, the two of them were alone

again. Summer turned her head slightly and glanced

towards the man who was in the passenger's seat. She asked, "Are you going into the office today?"

He looked tired as he leaned into his seat. He gave a faint response.

When they arrived at his office, he unbuckled his seatbelt. He threw her a glance and ordered, "Get me

some breakfast."

The way he ordered her was as though he was talking to a servant, but she did not feel upset with it.

'Maybe I am becoming more shameless,' she thought.

Harry had been living on edge these days. He thought, 'Mr. Valentine has been in a bad mood these

days. When he loses his temper, it's almost deadly like a hurricane. Documents and contracts are piling

up for him to review and sign, though...'

'Hmm, he looks different today. Judging from his expressions, one could say that he's glowing.'

He furrowed his brows and shook his head. Then, the sound of footsteps could be heard. Summer

panted as she rushed over. After briefly greeting Harry, she went into the office.

She grumbled to herself as she wondered why Mark was such a picky eater. He does not like juice and

does not fancy baguettes nor croissants. She got him a lot of food, but there was none that fit his

appetite

'But I've got no choice. He's the king now, after all.'

She gave a half-hearted smile and headed to the cafe again. She got some mushroom soup and some

other food that he would like.

Going back and forth took quite some time, and she only reached the hospital around 11 a.m.
Seeing

as her body was fine and had gotten better, Daisy would be discharged.

She would only have to return in a few days for some therapy sessions. Summer drove Daisy home
and headed to the office after.

"Don't you think what you're doing now is self-torture? You should've made up your mind from the start.

Look at you now, wagging your tail at his call," Grace scoffed and said.

Summer laughed and replied, "Hadn't you always wanted to see how pathetic I could be? Now's your

best chance to. What do you think of it?"

"Cut the bullcr*p! Say, have you asked him who the girl is yet?"

Holding her phone, she froze and said, "I didn't because I've made up my mind. No matter who she is t

o him or if they are together or not, I would give it my best shot to get him back. Do you think I'm
horrible?"

"Pfft! No! As long as they aren't married, there's still a chance for everyone!"

"Thanks, haha..."

"Why are you giving this so much thought? Just go and break them up! Give it your best shot! I have

high expectations of you."

He glanced at his wristwatch and said, "We'll see."

"Okay. Then, would you like some tea?" she asked again.

"No. Get this space cleaned up. I don't want to look at this mess here," he ordered as he signed some documents.

Chapter 637

The driver had driven to the kindergarten in the end. The black Bentley drove steadily on the road with

the two of them sitting at the back.

She was not used to the quiet atmosphere, and she shifted in her seat. It felt uneasy and awkward for her.

His gaze swept past her and saw her small movements. He arched a brow at her and looked deep in thought, 'She looks so much better looking all stiff and awkward now.'

'Maybe I've been too nice to her in the past, spoilt her even to the point that she had acted so recklessly and was so stubborn. Maybe what she needs is some punishment.'

Charlotte ran into his arms as though a puppy off its leash. She squeezed into his arms and said,

"Daddy, Daddy, I missed you so much! So very very much!"

Mark lifted his hands and pulled her close. He asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Yep! I had some pasta and sausages! I had two big plates of 'em!" she exclaimed and gave a thumbs

up.

Just when Summer had wanted to speak, Mark's phone rang. He answered it, and his tone was gentle

and soft.

They were not sitting far apart. It was close enough for her to hear their conversation clearly. She heard

the girl from the call asking him to go over to her, and he had agreed.

"I hadn't had dinner yet, neither did you. Let's bring Charlotte to have dinner together," she proposed on

purpose.

He didn't react to her words. Instead, he plastered a small smile on his chiseled face and said, "You

girls go ahead. I still have some matters to tend to."

In the middle of his words, he opened the car door. Summer acted quick and held onto his arm.

His gaze fell on her and he pulled his arm away. After giving Charlotte a kiss on her cheek and pinching

her cheek, he got off and left.

Soon after, Summer's eyes reddened as tears welled up in her eyes. She lifted her hand and wiped

them away while scolding herself under her breath, 'Why am I acting so pathetic? I'm already a mom. I

have to control my feelings well.'

'It's not like he shouted at me or laid his hands on me. Why on earth did I tear up for?'

She stared at his broad figure as he walked away.

After making sure Charlotte was seated properly, she calmed herself down and stepped on the

accelerator as she drove away.

The truth was, she was not afraid of being shameless nor was she afraid of being ordered around. She

was not scared of anything. Her only fear was him falling for someone else.

Grace had told her before that Mark was not the kind that would fall for someone easily. He's loyal, and

his feelings are strong and do not easily waver.

She agreed too. Having spent time with him for so long, she knew what he was like. She knew and

understood his character.

But, she thought, 'The way he had been treating the girl is different. It's not the same as how he used to

treat the women he had. He was nicer to the girl than he was to Baine.'

'Even though he was serious in relationships, there was still a possibility of love at first sight for him.

How can I not worry?' Summer could not help but ponder and overthink.

The car had accelerated, and Mark squeezed his eyes shut as he thought, 'She's driving so boldly.

Where is she rushing to? To hell?'

She was exhausted. After giving Charlotte a bath when they arrived home, she laid on bed and rolled

around as her mind wandered about.

She rolled over and forced herself to close her eyes.

She scolded herself, 'Why do I care so much? I've decided to be shameless to get him back. Since

tomorrow is the weekend, I'll bring Charlotte out.'

"Daddy, where are you going? Mummy said we can go fly a kite together since it's Saturday today! I've

even brought along my star kite with me!"

Chapter 638

The girl had worn a beautiful smile on her lips, and to Summer, it was even more blinding than before.

The girl looked happy.

Carrying Charlotte over to her arms, the girl gave her a piece of candy and said, "Why don't you come

along with me and your daddy? I will get you a lot of fun things to play with."

"Mummy, can I go with Daddy please?" Charlotte asked. Her words had implied that she was not

tempted by the fun events, instead, she had just wanted to spend time with her father. Charlotte did not

have a bad impression of the girl as she thought, 'She doesn't feel like a bad person nor is she

unfriendly.'

"Sure." Summer caressed Charlotte's face that was lit with excitement. Since she decided to be thick-

skinned, she was going all out. She took a deep breath and said, "I'll come along as well."

A troubled expression plastered on the girl's face.

Mark shifted his gaze to Summer, and his gaze fell upon her. Moving his lips, he said, "I don't think it's

appropriate for you to come along. You don't have to."

Only Summer knew how much effort and courage she had mustered for her to announce that she

would tag

along, and in a casual tone too, hence when she heard his reply, she felt her heart shatter.

Despite feeling awkward, she forced a smile and said, " Oh, then you guys go ahead. I'll go get my car

and leave."

Turning away, she stepped ahead. She felt her legs wobble, and when she got in her car, her hands gripped on the steering wheel. She laid her head against it, and strands of her hair fell, covering her face. She felt her tears well up.

Unconsciously, she was reminded of Raine, and how she was treated the same before.

Raine received the same treatment from Mark, but he was not as cruel as he is now. His actions may look or feel cruel, but he had still cared for her.

'What about me then? Who am I to him?' Summer thought.

How different am I from Raine?'

Somehow, a wave of despair and loneliness filled her heart. The trio left, and she had been left alone in

her car.

The girl's alluring appearance and his cold words were as if clips of a movie flicking through her mind o

n repeat.

She had wondered how much longer could she hold o n. She thought, 'If he still loves me, I would do

anything it takes. No matter how cruel he treats me, I will thicken my skin as much as possible and endure it with a smile.'

'But if he loves that girl, I don't know if I could hold on that long. Even now, I feel like I'm on the verge of giving up...'

'Should I just not hold on and let go?'

'If our feelings are mutual, we have to stay together, without a doubt, but if his heart no longer has me

in it, even if I continue my efforts and cling unto him, he would just be annoyed with me.' After reasoning with herself, she lifted her head, took a deep breath, and started her car.

Since she did not have to go to school, and there was no one at home, she aimlessly drove around town.

After dinner, she went to a library to do some research. Her phone vibrated, and she gave it a glance. It

was from Mark. She answered, "Hello?"

She placed the book she was holding on the table, and grabbed her keys as she replied, "I'll come over."

"Can I ask for a favor, Ms. Hart?"

"What is it?"

"Please get a pint of matcha-flavoured ice cream on your way here. Thanks," he said.

Summer pondered, 'Matcha-flavoured ice cream? Did Charlotte ask for it?' When she drove past South

Lane, she stopped and got down to get some ice cream.

Chapter 639

She froze and thought, 'Was he trying to condemn her for disturbing them?'

"I'm sorry." Her eyes looked somewhat glum. She placed the ice cream on the table.

The girl happily took it, and she smiled with her eyes curving into crescents. She thanked Summer,

"Thank you so much, Summer. Why did you trouble her to purposely get this for me, Mark? I could've

gotten it myself tomorrow."

Mark's thin lips curved into a small smile. He still felt cold despite the smile.

'So it was for her, not Charlotte...' Summer thought.

"May I know which room is Charlotte in?" Summer asked politely with a hint of reservedness.

"In my room," he replied with his brows arched.

"Thank you."

After she shut the door, she had her back against the door and slid down. She felt her tears well up,

and she tightened her fists on her sides. Only after a while did she carefully carry Charlotte up who was

sleeping on the bed.

If what he had said in the afternoon was not impactful

enough for her to give up, the words he said when she arrived and the favor of getting ice cream for his

lady were definitely impactful and hurtful enough for her to let go.

'Perhaps what he said was right. No one would be willing to wait at the same spot forever,' she thought.

He was so reserved and distant with her as if she was a stranger or merely a guest to their home.

'Back then, he would have sent Charlotte home to me, and not ask for me to come over.'

'In the end, he has changed too.'

She smiled bitterly at her thoughts. She stepped out of the room and saw them whispering to one

another. With a smile, she said, "Thank you for having Charlotte today, and sorry for the trouble."

"It's no trouble at all. Charlotte is so cheerful and adorable. Anyways, why don't you let Mark send you

home, Summer? It's getting late now," she said while having her ice cream.

Mark eyed the girl and moved his lips to say flatly, "Busybody."

"No, that's fine. I drove over. Good night," Summer said, and she left the room carrying Charlotte on

her shoulder.

The elevator slowly closed. She leaned against the wall and told herself that she had enough, 'This is

it. I'm done.'

Mark stood by the window and watched until they drove into the night.

Summer had stopped coming to the apartment nor the office the next day and the days after. She had

not called or texted him at all.

Mark's defined brows knitted tightly together. His previously relieved mood was reverted back to being

stressed and tense. It had hit rock bottom.

Summer had been busy to the point that she had no time for herself to catch a breath. She had

purposely kept herself busy.

'Only by keeping busy can I distract myself from the pain I've been feeling. If I don't have the time, I

won't be able to think about him and those trivial matters.'

'I was the one who pushed him away, and even though it's painful to see him fall for someone else, the

pain and ache will go away soon...'

Daisy had helped to babysit Charlotte. When she saw how Summer had looked recently, she let out a

sigh and then proceeded to make dinner. 1

"You just got off work? Go and wash your hands then

come eat. Mr. Witt has been waiting for you."

After exchanging their greetings, she went to the washroom and washed her hands. When she

returned, there was a new guest, Makayla.

They chatted happily at the dining table, and the dining area had a harmonious mood. Then, Kolby had

brought up Patrick.

Chapter 640

Summer was perplexed as she asked, "You know Patrick too? He was my colleague in school. We

were both English teachers for the same class, but he had left only after 2 days of work."

"He was my schoolmate back when I was studying at Athana. He had hurried back to Athana because

his father had suddenly passed away, and his mother had fallen ill.

The reason why he came here in the first place was because of a woman."

"For Paine, right?"

"Yeah."

Summer nodded. She had not expected Patrick to be one who was spoony, but he left a good impression on Summer even though they had only met about six times.

After dinner, Kolby and Daisy went into the room while Summer and Makayla stayed in the living room.

Fruits were prepared for them.

"Why did you come over? Did you need something?" Summer asked politely in a friendly tone. She had

no reason to be hostile with Makayla after all.

"Do you hate me, Summer?"

"Of course not. I don't have a reason to."

Makayla smiled and replied, "I just returned from school, and Mark said Charlotte left some clothes in

the apartment so he told me to let you know to get it."

Summer nodded, signaling that she understood, "I'll head over to his place later. I'll fetch you along as

well."

"I don't want to trouble you. I have to go back to school later, and I'll stay there for the night."

Kolby, who was done with Daisy's check-up, had walked out of the room. In a swift movement, he

grabbed his coat on the rack and asked, "Which university are you studying at?"

Makayla answered. Kolby lifted his chin, glanced, and winked at her as he said, "It's on the way where

I'm heading to. I'll send you."

"Thank you," she said with a blush dusted on her cheeks. She lowered her head and threw glances at him as she peeked.

The three of them left the house together and separated ways after. Summer went to the right while Kolby and Makayla went to the left.

Summer stood in front of his apartment. Instead of keying in the passcode and walking in like before,

she rang the doorbell. It rang but no one had come to answer the door. She rang it again.

The doorbell rang, and Mark knew it was her, but he just stayed still, ignoring it.

She did not intend to unlock the door herself, so she kept ringing the doorbell again and again. After a

long while, the door was finally answered, and she was met with that stone-cold expression of his.

"May I know where Charlotte's clothes are?"

Mark was dressed in a pair of white sweatpants, and his hands were tucked into the pockets as he looked at her coldly.

Looking into his eyes, she stayed silent. Then, she walked past him and went to his room. As expected,

she found Charlotte's jacket on his bed, and she grabbed it.

"Pardon the intrusion," she said politely and gave a small nod before stepping out of his house.

"I should go now. I won't ever cause any trouble to you again, Mr. Valentine. Don't worry," she smiled

and replied. Then, she left. 1

"That's great," he yelled as he thought, 'She could always piss me off so easily.'

'Everything's just f*cking great!'

'Is she using my words against me now?'