

President 671

Chapter 671

Mark tapped on the door, his deep voice seeping from his thin lips, "Open the door, please. Let me wash your back." "No, can wash it myself." Summer refused.

"I'll treat you very gently, you won't feel any pain.

Open the door, please..." He lowered his voice, trying to tempt her to open the door.

She just ignored him and took a shower. Twenty minutes later, she came out of the bathroom and found Mark lying lazily on the bed.

She went to the dresser, sat down, and dried her wet hair. While she was drying her hair, Mark had taken the towel from her and was gently rubbing her wet hair.

"You're not well. If you keep doing this, I'll sleep with Charlotte." She gave a straight warning.

Mark narrowed his eyes, not wanting to ruin his chance to sleep with her.

She was full of worries and had not slept well the past month. So now she felt sleepy, closed her eyes, and soon fell fast asleep. Looking at the woman who fell asleep almost as soon as she touched the pillow, he felt sorry for her. She had

been tired all month.

Mark tucked her in, and then went to the bathroom to take a bath.

But later Summer woke up from her sleep. She had been sleeping soundly and was having dreams, but suddenly she felt something heavy pressing on her, and then she gasped for breath.

The next day, she went to the principal's office, accompanied by Mark, no, under Mark's watch, to ask for leave. The principal smiled like a flower blossoming in his face. And of course, he said yes without hesitation. Mr. Valentine was here, who could say no to Mr. Valentine?

The wedding was scheduled ten days from now. It seems like a rush, but Mark said ten days was enough to get ready for the big day.

For the next few days, Summer was so busy she felt like she was going crazy. She had to try on wedding dresses, evening gowns, write the invitations list, and prepare thank you gifts.

She did not have to do it herself, but she had to be there to witness the wedding, after all she had to be a part of it. .

She personally picked the sweets and chocolates, and the invitation cards were tied with red silk. Every day she was so busy that her back ached. She basically fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. Mark loved her very much. Every night he would gently massage her shoulders to make her feel better.

"It's all being taken care of and you

don't have to work so hard. You're the most beautiful bride," he said, massaging her shoulders.

"I still want to be a part of it. It's my

own wedding and

know my limits."

"Okay..." He stroked her hair. "I'll take a few days off to help you. This is our wedding..."

Chapter 672

Ten days was neither long nor short. In the twinkling of an eye, it was the eve of the wedding day.

Mark had initially planned not to hold the wedding in Santabaca and wanted to have it directly at the place where Summer wanted to go abroad. However, most of her relatives are in Santabaca, and some of her relatives were elderly. She still thought it was better to hold the wedding in Santabaca because she did not want to burden them with the long journey.

What is the meaning of a wedding? It is not about looking luxurious and extravagant, but to get everyone's blessing.

She wanted to hold the wedding in front of her loved ones and let them witness her happiness, which was all she wanted and dreamed of.

And Mark did everything she said. As long as she wanted it, he would do whatever he could to fulfill her every desire.

Instead of a hotel, the wedding took place at La Villa L'eau, one of the most beautiful places in Santabaca. With clear water, golden maple trees, and green lawns, La Villa L'eau looked like the most beautiful paradise on earth.

La Villa L'eau was, as its name suggested, built on water. There were reeds dancing in the wind over a large lake. The scenery was very beautiful.

Pure white lilies and fiery red roses crisscrossed each other, lining the boardwalk of La Villa L'eau from end to end, which was eye-catching and striking.

The guests had all taken their seats. Grace looked at the scenery and said in awe, "Mark is so romantic!"

"Yes, La Villa L'eau was just built not long ago. A lot of people have heard about it but haven't had a chance to see it, and he's holding a wedding here!" Sherman was also impressed.

"Look at this wedding scene, and think of mine. What a big difference!" Hotel weddings were not fun at all.

Sherman laughed but did not respond. She looked around. The guests were all seated. The wedding would begin in a few minutes.

Mark came in first. He wore a white shirt, a black vest, and a suit of the same color, looking handsome and elegant, and his face was radiant with happiness.

There were a lot of reporters on the scene. They were shooting fiercely, and the blinding flashing lights did not stop right from the beginning. The wedding was broadcast live from start to finish.

Television stations all over Santabaca were broadcasting the grand wedding, including the outdoor screen in the square. Among the guests were a number of politicians, celebrities and business tycoons, all of whom were Santabaca bigwigs.

Although Ronald and Yvette were put in prison, and the reputation of the Valentine family was indeed tarnished, no one dared to question the ability of the two Valentine brothers.

Chapter 673

Summer met Mark at her wedding. Unexpectedly, her own wedding contributed to her friend's happiness. They were predestined to meet at her wedding, which was also a beautiful thing.

Soon, all eyes turned to a white figure approaching slowly from the other end of the boardwalk.

Summer was wearing a white wedding dress. The white dress was tailored into countless ruffles and a layer of veil lightly fogged the dress. The lace on the sleeves made the look even softer, with white roses spiraling down the vine from her fair, smooth shoulders. The tailoring of the wedding dress made her slender waist look even thinner, and the full-skirted gown made her look like a princess in the clouds, elegant and gorgeous.

She walked slowly on the boardwalk built over the lake. On both of her sides were decorations interwoven with white and red flowers. At her feet were blue waves rippling in the autumn wind, and reeds were dancing for her, swaying gently in the wind

It is beautiful. It really is beautiful. The background was golden with red maple leaves, and clear water, as beautiful as a painting. Summer looked pure and sexy,

so amazing she looked like she came right out of a painting.

The moment a woman puts on her wedding dress is the most beautiful moment in her life. She will enjoy all the attention and blessings.

And it is said that a man is extremely excited and passionate when seeing his lover in a wedding dress. Her eyes fixed on him from a distance.

His thin lips curved up, his Adam's apple rolling up and down, and his eyes deep as the sea while fixing on her. It felt like Mark could not see anything else and the only thing he could see was

Summer. He was struck by her beauty. Nothing in the world is more beautiful than her beauty now. Nothing in the world could be better than the joy she gave him...

She was all he could see and all he wanted. The veins on the backs of his large hands were slightly raised. He was restraining the impulse and desire to walk towards her with all his strength...

Daisy was holding her arm by her side and Charlotte was holding the train of her wedding dress behind her. The little girl was very careful, worried that the train would drag on the ground or that she may accidentally step on it.

Jazz was sitting in the front row with a smile on his face, looking deeply at her.

She walked slowly. Every step she took was like stepping on the tip of Mark's heart, and his heart beat faster as she moved closer to him.

It was just a short distance to Mark but Summer felt so far away. Under the gaze of everyone, she finally stood in front of him.

Daisy's eyes were already wet. She handed Summer's hand to Mark and said, "Please take good care of my daughter."

Chapter 674

"Now, the bride and groom will exchange rings."

Summer had slender fingers. Mark took out the most beautiful blue diamond ring, and it was shining brilliantly in the autumn sun. He slipped the ring on Summer's finger.

His ring was a different style. It was simple, generous, but luxurious and elegant, looking expensive. Unlike her slender fingers, his fingers looked strong. She looked at his finger and put the ring on it.

Wearing the ring is not just a simple ceremony. It means that from then on, the both of them will be tied to each other for the rest of their lives.

She belonged to him and he belonged to her. She was his and he was hers. "Now the groom may kiss the bride."

As soon as the priest finished speaking, Mark could not wait to wrap her in his arms. His affectionate eyes looked at her very tenderly.

There were flames dancing in his eyes. His fiery eyes fixed at her with so much passion in front of everyone. Summer's cheeks could not help but tinge with a faint blush. She nudged his chest.

His thin lips curved up a little, and he leaned over and

took her lip in his mouth, kissing everywhere.

She pushed him in the chest, and a muffled voice flowed from their meeting lips. "Be careful not to smudge my lipstick."

"Is it time to pay attention to lipstick?" Dissatisfied, Mark nibbled at her soft lip. He had no time to pay attention to her lipstick. "It will look ugly if the lipstick smudges..." She sighed.

"No, you will always be the most beautiful bride in my heart..." He continued kissing her, kissing her deeply, reminding her, "You should pay attention in this moment, my dear wife..."

My dear wife. The simple words easily touched her and softened her heart. How sweet.

Everyone smiled and clapped. Charlotte did her job as a flower girl well; she kept scattering flower petals.

They finally stopped kissing. He held her tightly in his arms and refused to let go, making no effort to conceal his love for her. "Now the groom will speak," said the emcee.

Mark took Summer's hand and turned to the guests. He looked handsome and awe-inspiring, but the words coming from him were soft. "Thank you so much for taking time out of your busy schedule to attend our wedding today. Your blessings make our wedding even more romantic and sacred. I will do my duty as a husband, to love her, adore her, protect her, and make her happy forever. And, of course, including our daughter."

The guests burst into applause. It was like the air was filled with their sweetness.

"Are you happy, my dear?" His eyes fell on her.

Was she happy? She was wearing his wedding dress, and her daughter was standing behind wither mother and friends, who were all giving her well wishes. If that is not happiness, what i s? .

With her head resting on his arm and the corners of her mouth curved up, she answered him firmly, "Yes, am happy..." Then came the feast. The newly wed were toasted in champagne. He drank a lot in her place, too. By the time everything was done, it was already 9:00 p m. The wedding day was indeed the happiest, but also the most tiring.

Summer woke up at five in the morning to do her makeup and Hein, and then ut on tenidedaing dress, MANNS had a long day. How could she not be tired? .

Daisy and Jazz took care of the rest, so they left first and went back to their hotel suite.

Summer was so tired that she could not keep her eyes open She had! rains and put evening dress, which was close-fitting and .

showing her beautiful figure.

Chapter 675

Mark had gone out to get something. Summer leaned back on the sofa, thinking of taking a nap.

Mark came in and saw Summer asleep on the sofa. His thin lips curved up and his feet moved lightly. He then picked her up and walked straight out of the room.

The black Bentley was waiting outside the hotel. He got into the car, laid her in his arms and said to the driver, "Go to the airport." Charlie, Billy, and a group of friends were waiting in one of the hotel rooms. They had prepared some games.

After all, they usually do not have the chance to take advantage of Mark, so this was their only chance to play a trick on him. How could they pass up such a good opportunity?

But they waited for hours, from 10:00 pm to 12:00 am, and there was no sign of the bride and groom who should have been there.

Charlie glanced at Billy, swirling the wine in his glass. "What's going on now?"

"How would know?" Billy gave a lazy shrug and checked the time. "It's already 12:30. Call Jazz and ask."

As soon as Billy finished speaking, Jazz walked in with Charlotte in his arms.

Charlotte was so tired she fell asleep. Her little hands looped around his neck. Jazz said, "Don't wait up for them. They've already left."

"They left? Where did they go?" Billy frowned.

"Honeymoon. They are on the plane now, Jazz explained. He just got a text from his brother half an hour ago.

"How could he be so disrespectful to us? We've been waiting half the night, and he's gone abroad!" Charlie raised his eyebrows. "What he did was not right." Billy was unhappy, too.

"He's afraid that you guys will interrupt his wedding night. There are still guests out there, so won't entertain you guys. Be safe on your way home." Jazz asked the drivers behind him to bring out the gifts they had prepared in advance. "You've all been drinking, too. Don't drive after drinking. I've found temporary drivers for you all. Good night."

Then he turned and went to the hotel lobby where there were still many guests to attend to.

When they got into the car, Sherman looked at the driver and then at Billy, who had been drinking a lot. "When did you get the driver?" "Not me. Jazz prepared the driver for us. And he prepared the gift, too."

Sherman smiled. Jazz was getting steadier and steadier now. After all, he had grown up. He was a boy a few years ago but now he had turned into a mature, reliable man.

Summer woke up to find herself on a plane. Her mouth opened slightly' priges thiakihe the at she was

"Yes?" Mark heard a noise next to him and took off his eye mask.

"Where is this?" She was not dreaming, but wasn't it their wedding night? Why was she on a plane right now? "I'm taking you somewhere. A perfect wedding should be accompanied by a perfect honeymoon..."

Summer blinked and understood. He was taking her on their honeymoon. "What about Charlotte, and..."

"You can count on Jazz. He'll take

care of everything." Ma

Just enjoy our honeymoon." .

She kept wondering where he was taking her. It's the Aegean Sea!

The Aegean Sea was so beautiful it felt like a fairy tale. The blue sea, the white buildings, everything was so romantic, so beautiful. .

Chapter 676

The hotel they stayed at was even more beautiful. Summer could see the blue sea from the window, and there was a pool on the balcony. Everything was so beautiful.

Suddenly, she was eager to get to know the city.

But Mark dragged her back to the room. "Are you forgetting something?" He reminded her. "What?" She did not understand.

"You ruined our wedding night last night, and now you must make it up to me!"

In the end, it was only after Summer's strong protest that he did not continue. They had a good night's sleep and the next day they toured around the city together.

The Aegean Sea was beautiful, and it reminded her of one color, blue. It was so blue that the sea met the sky and, at a glance, she could not tell which was the sky and which was the sea. Blue was elegant and charming...

They walked in the streets of the foreign country, hugging each other liberally, kissing tenderly and sticking together all the time. "Next time we'll bring Charlotte here." She watched

the seagulls circle over the water and sighed. She was sorry she did not bring Charlotte along this time.

"Okay." He stood behind her, holding her in his arms, his chin resting on her hair, looking out into the distance.

Speaking of Charlotte, she is in Jazz's office right now. She had a box of crayons in front of her, and she was doodling.

Jazz walked in with fried chicken and ice cream. He patted her little bottom and said, "Here's your snacks."

"Little Daddy." Her round eyes smiled happily into a crescent. She reached for the ice cream and licked it. "When will Mommy and Daddy come back?"

"Should be back soon. We're going somewhere today." Jazz picked her up.

"Where?" She licked the ice cream and handed it to Jazz, who took a big, cold bite.

Without responding, he put Charlotte in the passenger seat, fastened their seat belts, started the engine and drove away. "have no mother and father. They sneaked away at night and left me here. So sad!"

Jazz laughed and said, "You're considered lucky. have to take care of your daddy's business. I'm so busy and tired but don't get paid for it."

"Sigh! Daddy got a wife and forgot his daughter. shouldn't have expected anything from him." Jazz just laughed. The place he took Charlotte to was a prison. This was his first visit. Yvette was in good spirits although she looked older. Every time she saw Jazz, she felt ashamed of herself.

"Mark got married; these are his wedding photos." He handed her a stack of ESCA hata did rio) TAKE Ho er son's wedding. This is her regret and a consequence of her previous actions. .

She looked at them one by one, her eyes focused and serious, smiling.

They were not able to speak for long and time was up. C gite ; ecther iarldii, and handed her a lunch box. .

That 'grandma' brought Yvette to tears. She had never liked the child \ b fore, angreven ASU a grudge against her, yet now it seemed ridiculous. .

The food in the lunch box was all her favorite foods. She knew Jazz had prepared it for her. He cared about her.

Chapter 677

Jazz then walked out of the prison office with Charlotte in his arms and accidentally bumped into a female police officer who was walking fast. Charlotte's ice cream fell right out of her hand.

The ice cream was very cold and fell right onto her chest. The police officer was shocked by the sudden cold and screamed. Jazz saw it, too, and immediately put Charlotte down, reached out, and his hand landed directly on the officer's chest.

The button on her shirt was a little low, and the ice cream had fallen right there. The fair skin contrasted sharply with the green ice cream.

To get the ice cream, Jazz had to touch her chest. As soon as his fingertips touched her chest, the female police officer immediately raised her hand and slapped him in the face.

Jazz's eyes narrowed, looking a little dangerous. The police officer was a young woman in her twenties. Her cheeks were red now, and she was shielding her chest. "What are you doing?"

"The ice cream fell there, so was going to help you with it. What do you think I'm going to do to you?" Jazz sounded a little cold, and he found it funny. "can handle it myself; don't try to take advantage of m e!" The police officer covered her chest with her hands and was angry.

"Taking advantage of you?" Jazz sarcastically raised his voice, "Are you still sleeping? There are so many women in Santabaca who want to be touched by me. Why would take advantage of you? If her ice cream hadn't fallen on you, do you think I'd have stopped and looked at you?"

"I'm sorry, it's all my fault. dropped the ice cream, and my little daddy was really trying to clean it up for you." Charlotte said, blinking her eyes.

"Ok, understand. I'm making a mountain out of a molehill. Here, I've got a lollipop for you." The police officer just noticed Charlotte. She smiled and rubbed her hair. What a cute girl!

Charlotte handed her some tissues, and then Jazz picked Charlotte up, glared at the police officer, and snorted, "If you had buttoned up your shirt a little higher, you wouldn't have ended up like this."

Hearing this, the police officer's cheeks were flushed with anger. She had just been fighting with some bullies on the street, and one of them had ripped off the buttons of her shirt. It's not that she did not button it, but there was no button. He knew nothing!

Though they were far away, she could still hear the little girl's scolding, "Are you allowed to touch a

woman's chest? The ice cream dropped there, even me, a girl, was too embarrassed to reach out and clean it up, let alone you, aman? It was too private. She had to clean it herself. All of a sudden you touched her chest, no wonder she slapped you..."

She smiled at it as her anger dissipated. "Essa Reese, get your ass over here!" A roar of anger came from the office.

Hearing this, Essa quickly wiped the ice cream on her chest with a tissue in her hand. WTH! Just what is going on with her boobs. today?

First, the punk tore the buttons off her shirt. Although to grab her chest! .

Then the ice cream fell on her chest. This was not her day!

She turned and walked quickly toward the office. H Ebass les" ternpes agai. Se could hear it from the roar. .

"Why did you beat him black and blue? His nose is bleeding. How hard did you hit him?" Essa rolled her eyes angrily. "Who let him touch my chest!" "Can you tell me how many times it happened this month? Can't you make your boobs less of a problem?"

"These are real boobs. You think

they're fake and can make is way. What can do?"

Chapter 678

In the car

The little girl was still lecturing Jazz, but he already had a headache. "know made a mistake," he immediately apologized. Satisfied, Charlotte held out her little hand and said, " Give me your phone."

The phone was sitting there. She took the phone and had Jazz dial Summer's number and waited for her to pick up. "Mommy!" "Charlotte, have you eaten?" Summer's voice was soft. After a few days without seeing her, she missed the little girl already.

"Little daddy won't starve me. Where are you and Daddy? When will you be back? Have you forgotten m e? You two sneaked out to have fun without me!"

"Daddy and will go back soon. I'll bring you souvenirs. Be a good girl and listen to your little daddy, okay?"

Summer hung up the phone and enjoyed the scenery before her. The moonlight shining on the sea was as though it was covering the sea with a layer of silver light, shimmering, sparkling.

The first glimmer of sunlight appeared on the horizon. It was not yet bright. Summer looked at her side, and Mark was still asleep.

She did not want to wake him up, and she did not want to do that kind of thing as soon as she opened her eyes, so she moved very, very softly.

Even as she was about to walk out of the hotel, Mark still had no idea that she had left. Smiling, she walked out of the hotel.

Perhaps she got up too early, for the street was very quiet; only her footsteps echoed in the lane. The smell of flowers filled the air.

Even the streets here have a special atmosphere. It is not simple or boring, it is very romantic. The street was lined with flowers. A moment later, Mark slowly opened his eyes, looked down into his arms, and immediately his face turned sour. It was not Summer in his arms! It was a pillow!

He was dressed in a white bathrobe, with his bronzed chest exposed. He searched the bathroom, study, and pool, but there was no sign of her.

Standing in front of the huge window, he dialed the number and waited. As soon as Summer answered, he asked in a sullen voice, "Where are you?"

He sounded like a bitter woman while Summer, smelling the fresh air, was in a good mood. "I'm on the street." "You left your husband alone in a hotel and went out to enjoy yourself without him?" He looked unhappy.

"Weren't you still sleeping? Hubby, I'm at the souvenir shop now, do you want to come over?"

Mark's resentment immediately dissipated when Summer called him hubby. "Stand there and don't move. I'll be there soon..." It was fast indeed, and within thirty minutes Mark was standing in front of her. He gently pinched her nose as if to punish her. She glared at him. There were many people around. What was he doing?

The honeymoon was almost over and she wanted to buy some OWN! accompanied her while she was choosing the souvenirs. .

In the evening, Summer saw someone sketching by the lake. She took Mark with her and sat on the beach.

Mark, who never liked this kind of thing, raised his handsome LHS to show Heavier, and Summer frowned. "Are you not willing to be in the picture with me?" .

"Nope..." He knew how to answer her in her presence when she had that look on her face.

"Good. You know the right thing to

do." Summer smiled, ting hands ped around his neck.

Chapter 679

Mark's handsome face softened at her affectionateness. If that is one of the perks, sitting here being sketched was not that bad. The sound of the violin came from somewhere. The music played was clear and melodious. It was pleasant to the ear. With the sea behind her, beautiful music around her, with him by her side, and the sea breeze blowing, it was so beautiful.

She closed her eyes and leaned against his chest. The smile on her lips was contented and happy. He looked at her with deep, tender eyes, enjoying the moment.

The next morning, the two returned to Santabaca. They both took a nap on the plane.

When they arrived at the airport, Jazz and Charlotte were already waiting. When Charlotte saw Summer, she immediately rushed to her.

Summer held her in her arms, and the little girl kept asking, "Mommy, did you forget about me?" She could not help laughing. How could she forget her sweet little girl?

It was already afternoon. They went to a nearby French restaurant for dinner. After dinner, Jazz had something to attend to and left.

After the three returned to the Valentine mansion, Charlotte went to do her homework, while Summer went to the bathroom. Mark raised his eyebrows slightly, followed her and locked the bathroom door behind him.

Summer could not escape it. Forced by Mark, they showered together.

Her legs were weak and she walked out of the bathroom panting. Then, she saw Charlotte lying on the bed. When Charlotte saw her, she patted her side and said, "Mommy, come to bed."

Then Mark came out and said in a deep voice, "Go back to your room." "No! You and Mommy sneaked out to have fun without me. must sleep with Mommy tonight!" She was not afraid of him. Mark strode over to Charlotte, picked her up and carried her out of the room.

Charlotte refused and screamed, her little hands slapping her daddy on the back, shouting, "Mommy help! Mommy help! Daddy's gonna kill me!"

They had only been apart a few days. Where did she learn that from?

Summer missed Charlotte, too. She felt a little sorry. She grabbed Charlotte from Mark and pointed to the door. "Tonight we'll sleep together and you'll sleep alone." "Yay! Love you, mommy!" Charlotte jumped up and down excitedly and made proud faces at her dad.

"We're just married, and you're giving me the cold shoulder so soon?" He narrowed his eyes, showing no sign of leaving.

Charlotte did not obey. She pushed her daddy out of the room with her tiny hands. "Daddy, go out! Mommy, come and push Daddy out!" .

Together they tried to push the man out. Mark, on the other hand, was relaxed and looking at them lazily.

Summer did not have the strength. After several attempts

take a break." .

Charlotte pouted and stamped her foot angrily. "Mommy, how could you!" "If you want to sleep here, sleep in the middle, or you'll sleep in your own room."

Charlotte was even more discontented, but she knew

stop. So then angrily she lay down beside him and hugged Summer. "Mommy smells so good."

Chapter 680

"Tell Mommy, what did you do with your uncle these past few days?" Summer felt that Jazz was very patient. He could take care of the kid for seven or eight days by himself.

"We did a lot of things. He took me everywhere to play, bought me toys, took me out to eat, and went to see Grandma."

Charlotte said with a tender voice. She did not understand the love-hate relationship or complicated situation between adults. She was just a child.

"Uncle also brought Grandma something she likes to eat, and showed Grandma Daddy and Mommy's wedding photos, and then Grandma cried. So sad!"

Summer did not respond. She just looked up at the man opposite her. His face, though calm and gentle, was not as relaxed as before.

"By the way, we accidentally bumped into a female police officer when we left. The ice cream fell out of my hand and right onto her chest. Uncle reached out and tried to wipe the ice cream off her chest, and she slapped him. A very loud one!"

She could picture the scene Charlotte was talking about. She chuckled and patted Charlotte on the back to make her fall asleep.

She was so sleepy that she fell asleep while patting Charlotte on the back. She soon woke up after a short sleep and her throat felt dry, so she opened her eyes and sat up to get a glass of water.

But out of the corner of her eye she caught sight of the figure standing at the window. The room was dark. He stood there as if he were enveloped in darkness, with a cigarette between his fingers.

She blinked, tucked Charlotte in, and walked softly over to him, then wrapped her arms around his waist. Surprised that she would wake up, Mark stubbed out his cigarette and asked, "Why are you awake? Are you choked by smoke?"

"No, don't you think you should pretend to be startled by me and scream out loud?" She joked, rubbing her cheek against his broad, warm back, soaking up the warmth.

"knew it was you. How could possibly be startled?"

"like this one. It's kind of warm." She stood in front of him, staring deeply into his eyes. "Go visit her."

It was obvious who she meant; she knew it, and so did he.

He stared at her silently, and Summer reached out and gently stroked his face. "We're all just fine, aren't we?"

Mark took her in his arms. He held her so tight as if he wanted to inlay her into his bones.

"Fortunately, we are both safe, so there is room to forgive, otherwise will never forgive her. will go with you tomorrow." "Okay..." He whispered a word from his throat.

Actually, Summer said that because she did not want to see him smoking in the middle of the night. She did not want him to worry.

Her hatred for Yvette had not completely disappeared, so if she did go, she would only pretend to be fine. The next day

The two went to see Yvette in prison. When Yvette walked out she burst into tears as the one she felt most guilty about. .

Yvette could hardly believe that Mark would be willing to see her again!

Mark narrowed his eyes, looking at her. As Jazz had good spirits, so he was relieved...

"Mark..." Yvette's voice broke as she looked at him through the window. As long as he would come and see her, all would be well.

"How are you doing?" A sentence came out of his thin lips. Or rather, that was all he could say.

"I'm fine, really fine, as long as you're doing well..." She was in fare

when she Sanntteri behind him, apologizing repeatedly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm really sorry!"