

President 301

Chapter 301

A middle-aged woman sitting next to them looked at Summer with a smile. "Your daughter?"

"Yeah, she is a bit naughty." Summer handed a few oranges in the bag to the middle-aged woman.

"She looks well-behaved. And she is beautiful and adorable. That is how children are. They like to ask

questions, and it is quite fun."

With her child tagging along, Summer had no plans to sleep on the train. So she chatted with the middle-aged woman while taking care of her child.

It was a four-hour journey by high-speed train from Nokocola Bay to Santabaca. By the time they arrived i n Santabaca, it was 7:00 pm.

But the day was long in summer. The sky was still bright even if it was 7:00 pm. She flagged down a

taxi and brought Charlotte into the backseat.

Knowing that Summer and her granddaughter were coming back, Daisy asked Solomon to accompany

her t o buy more vegetables and fruits from the supermarket.

Daisy and Solomon had been expecting them in the living room by the time Summer and Charlotte

opened

the door and came in.

As soon as Daisy saw Charlotte, she stepped forward and held the child in her arms. "I missed you so

much, sweetheart."

"I missed you so much, too." Charlotte was innocent. She imitated how the adult spoke, causing Daisy

to laugh with amusement.

Same thing with Solomon, who grinned from ear to ear as he took Charlotte from Daisy. "Do you miss

Grandpa?"

"Yes." Charlotte's voice was loud and clear.

But Solomon teased her. "I cannot hear you. Can you speak louder?"

"Yes!" Charlotte spoke even louder.

"I still cannot hear it."

"Yes!" she was almost shouting.

Daisy could not bear to see what was happening and smacked Solomon snappishly. "That is not the way to talk to a kid. Look, Charlotte's face has turned red. It's okay, Charlotte, I will bring you yogurt.

Summer had gotten used to the way her parents spoiled Charlotte. They had been doing this from day

one.

She could not have any differing opinions and speak about it when it came to Charlotte. As soon as she did that, they would be united against her.

She went into the bathroom to freshen up. When she re-emerged, she heard Daisy on the phone with

Forrest.

Frowning, Summer walked over in surprise. "Mom, is Forrest back?"

Daisy let out a helpless sigh. "He has been back for a while."

"Doesn't he need to work?"

"Work? He has been dismissed." Daisy was boiling with anger when she spoke of this.

"Why was he dismissed? Wasn't he a civil servant?"

"He was always being late, going off early, and not performing. A new supervisor has just been

transferred over. A new broom sweeps clean. He made an example out of Forrest."

Summer knew everything then, and said not a word about it. When Forrest and Amara came home, the

dinner began.

At first, she refrained from saying anything. But she could not help herself. "Forrest, why can't you be

more serious in your work? There is not only Amara and I, but also a child to raise. How can you support him?"

Forrest was chewing on his roasted chicken when Summer spoke. He looked a little unhappy. "I am having my dinner right now. Can you not spoil my appetite?"

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"Uncle Forrest," Charlotte nestled in Solomon's arms and swiped her little finger over her cheek, "when

you have no money, Daniel will not be able to eat cookies and drink yogurt, and he will not grow up."

Solomon guffawed. "Look, even our little Charlotte knows her uncle cannot support Daniel."

There was an I-can't-even look on Forrest's face. "You have learned how to dig at me since we last met, eh?"

'Besides, my son will still grow up without cookies and yogurt.' He did not say this out loud.

"I don't care if you find a job or not, but you should not ask for a penny from Dad and Mom. Don't you

feel ashamed of yourself for asking money from Dad and Mom when you are already in your thirties?"

Summer said with a dead serious expression.

Forrest knew Summer's temperament well. "I am not as useless as you think. I have already sent out

my resume, and will go for an interview tomorrow."

"What company is that?"

"A new but very large corporation in Santabaca. It gives fantastic benefits and perks. I heard it is an MNC (multinational corporation)."

"Go for the interview first. Remember to be more serious during the interview, do your homework in

advance, and hope you will get hired."

"I, your brother, have vast working experience. I still possess this common sense."

Daisy snappishly gave him a few smacks on the head. "If you had common sense, you would not have

been fired."

"Mom, can you not hit me every time? Charlotte is here. Set a good example."

"I didn't know you could feel embarrassed in front of kids. Look at those things you have done. Which

one of them isn't embarrassing?" Daisy just thought he was useless!

Forrest said nothing. He quickly finished his dinner and disappeared into his room.

Summer had set a rule for Charlotte: she had to go to bed before 9:00 pm.

But since she did not have to go to school tomorrow, and she was too excited at the moment, Summer

just let her play for a while longer.

Daisy walked in, carrying a ton of snacks that she bought when she went to the supermarket in the afternoon.

Summer frowned and could not help burying her head in her hand. "Mom, why did you buy so much

junk food?"

"Of course, it is for my granddaughter!" Daisy said as a matter of course.

"But you should not buy so many. It will only spoil her." She could almost hear her stomach ache now.

"Who will spoil my granddaughter if not me?"

In fact, there was another reason that Daisy and Solomon doted on their granddaughter. Charlotte was

growing up without her dad, and so they wanted to shower her with all their love to make up for that.

There was nothing Summer could do, but she had to rebut. "She has eaten too much sweet food recently and has cavities now."

"You may give her a little a day." Daisy ignored her and put the junk food on the table. After a momentary pause, she finally asked, "Are you planning to live like this with Charlotte?"

Summer was taken aback for a moment. She remained silent as she knew what Daisy meant.

"In those few years when Charlotte was still small, and you just got divorced, I could understand that

you wanted to be alone and slowly come out of it. I understand your reasons. But now Charlotte is three years old." Daisy looked at her with an earnest look on her face.

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"Mom, I know what I am doing. It is getting late now, go take a rest, so I can coax Charlotte to sleep,

too." She shifted the topic while pushing Daisy out of the room door.

As frustrated as she was, Daisy could do nothing about it. She let out a sigh and left.

The air conditioner was on, but Charlotte was still sweating on her forehead. Summer washed

Charlotte's face and feet, and then coaxed her to sleep. After that, she sat in front of the window,

staring into the dark night in a daze.

The next morning

After breakfast, Forrest went for the interview, while Solomon, Daisy, Summer, and Amara took the two

children to the park.

The company was in the most prosperous commercial street in Santabaca. It was a sixty-story tall building, with huge panes of glass reflecting the dazzling sunlight.

Stepping into the company lobby, Forrest was intimidated when he saw the number of people coming for the interview. He had expected a long queue, but never of this magnitude.

The lobby was crowded. Everywhere he looked, he saw peoples' heads.

'I heard that the company only has five positions open. ' Forrest was suddenly disheartened; he saw no

hope o f landing a job.

Just then, a group of security guards walked in and asked everyone to make way.

Immediately afterwards, a man who looked like he might be a senior executive came in, and whispered

something to the leading man with respect. That showed just how high the position of that leading man

was.

The man was tall, wearing an iron-pressed suit, looking proud like someone of distinguished figure. H e

was good-looking, his charming eyes slightly raised at the corners with an air of wickedness, looking

frivolous and erotic. He was fiddling with a phone in his hand while listening to the report from the

executive.

There were a few women who came for the interview and were completely fascinated by the man.

Their eyes were locked on to him, like a radar locked on to an enemy's aircraft.

Some even covered their mouths with excitement, as they did not expect to see such a charming man

here.

The group of interviewees did not stay in the lobby but entered a room where the interview was being

conducted.

A man walked in and all the staff got up to greet him." Mr. President."

"Carry on, just like before. Treat me as if I don't exist." He sat down in a chair, crossing his legs elegantly, and then sipped on a cup of coffee.

The interviewers looked at the company's senior executive in puzzlement.

The senior executive just gave them a shrug and motioned them to carry on.

There were about a hundred people in front of Forrest, and the interview time was short. One by one,

the interviewees came out in a few minutes' interval.

He could basically tell if an interviewee had gotten the job by just looking at their faces.

So Forrest would expect nothing from this interview. But since he had come, he might as well try his

best.

He waited until about noon, when it finally came to his turn.

As soon as he pushed open the door, he got nervous instantly when he saw the row of interviewers.

Sitting down in the middle, Forrest secretly took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down.

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The interviewers exchanged a look with each other. Just when they were about to ask questions, a

voice came as the company president, who had been quietly sitting there, rose to his feet.

He paced forward, leaning on the table lazily and asked Forrest, "So Summer is your younger sister?"

Forrest was startled, not knowing what happened. It was not for a while when he snapped back.

"Summer?"

'Why does the company president ask about Summer? This is really weird.'

The curvature of the man's lips heightened as he spoke. "Ask her to come see me, and then you will get this job. Do you understand?"

Forrest swallowed, still in confusion, not knowing what was going on. "You and my sister know each

other?"

The man rubbed his chin with his neat fingers, with a deep look in his charming eyes. "Well, we do know each other."

Forrest emerged from the company building, feeling as if he was walking on clouds-it felt so unreal.

There was no need for an interview, or questions and answers. As long as he brought Summer over, he could get the job.

He suddenly found that his sister was full of surprises. She was even acquainted with the company president of an MNC.

In the interview room, the man's lips curled up in a meaningful smile. He put down the coffee on the

table and cocked his brows lightly. "Thank you, everyone."

He then turned around and walked out of the room. The senior executive standing on the side hurriedly

followed him.

The interviewers looked at each other, wondering why the company president suddenly appeared in the interview, when he had only returned from Athana yesterday.

Who could tell what the hell was on the president's mind?

Back at home, Forrest told them about what happened during the interview. Daisy's heart skipped a

beat and opposed the idea vehemently. "He could be a bad guy. Summer must absolutely not go there."

Forrest thought it was ridiculous. "Mom, stop getting paranoid. He is the company president, not a bad guy."

"Then why did he want your sister to go there before hiring you?" Daisy felt something was amiss.

"The company president has already said that he and

Summer are acquaintances."

Solomon also expressed his opinion. "I don't think she should go either."

"He is a good-looking gentleman, and also the president of a company. He lacks nothing. To be honest,

I am afraid that he would not even look at Summer when she gets there."

Daisy knocked him on the head. "You can't judge a book by its cover!"

"You are just talking nonsense. The company offers \$ 6,000 a month for the position. Mom, Dad, do you two want me to miss such a wonderful opportunity?"

Summer, who had not spoken, said, "It is okay. I will check out who he is. It seems that he really knows

me."

Amara would not want him to miss the \$6,000-a-month opportunity. "I will go with Summer. So Dad and

Mom, don't worry."

Two people are always safer than one. So Daisy and Solomon agreed.

But little Charlotte was not too happy when she heard her mom was leaving. She writhed her body and

clamored for her mom to take her along.

Daisy swept Charlotte up in her arms and coaxed," How about you and I eat some ice cream, only then

we catch up with your mommy?"

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Coaxing a child was easy. When Charlotte heard about ice cream, she smacked her little pink lips and

licked them greedily with her tongue. Even her eyes sparkled. She stretched out three little fingers and

said, "Grandma, can I have chocolate-flavored ice cream, and eat three of them."

"Okay, three chocolate-flavored ice creams for Charlotte." Daisy smiled as she carried Charlotte to the

refrigerator and asked her to choose her ice cream.

Taking this opportunity, Summer and Amara sneaked out of the house.

The two of them took a taxi to said company. Stepping into the lobby, Summer went directly to the

reception to inquire, while Amara was looking at the majestic and beautiful decoration.

The lady at the reception asked them to wait for a while, while she called the secretary's office.

A reply came after a while, asking Summer to take the elevator directly to the company president's office on the 50th floor.

Summer thanked the lady at the reception and then entered the elevator with Amara. The question that

puzzled her was who the company president was.

In fact, she should have asked the lady at the reception about the surname of the president, but she had forgotten to.

But she was to meet him soon. So it mattered little.

When Summer pushed open the door of the president's office, a face that she could not have been more familiar with came into view. She was utterly stunned, staring at him blankly, even thinking that

she was having a hallucination.

Wearing a suit, Jazz got up and walked towards her, step by step, with a smile that looked like the burning sun of July, bright and hot, on his charming face.

At last, he stopped just one pace away from her and stared fixedly at her. "Reserve my love for you

with golden quill..."

Just like four years ago, she was standing in front of the class, and he was languidly slumped in his seat in the last row, looking at her just like he was now, and uttered the poem: 'Reserve my love for you

with golden quill...'

But compared to four years ago, there were indeed some differences.

Compared to four years ago, Jazz was now a little taller. His naivety and immaturity of his salad days

had gone, replaced by maturity, elegance, and staidness.

Summer snapped back and chuckled. The only thing about him that was still unchanged was his temperament.

He came forward and gave her a big hug before she could react to it. He could smell the pleasing faint

fragrance that gave him a sense of unspeakable satisfaction.

Reunited after a long absence, a warm hug was a matter of course.

But after a long time, he still did not seem to let go. Summer had to remind him, "Jazz, I am suffocating."

Hearing this, Jazz reluctantly let her go. "Are you surprised to see me this way after four long years?"

Summer nodded without the slightest hesitation. She was indeed surprised and even excited. His transformation also surprised her.

Amara seemed to have noticed something. She could not be reconciled with the fact that Summer had

always been so lucky. She felt envious and jealous of Summer.

Four years ago, it was Mark, the charming man and dream lover of every woman in Santabaca.

Four years later, another outstanding man appeared again. The burning affection in his eyes was so obvious, hot, and overwhelming.

Why was she not as lucky?

But this company president seemed to like Summer. If so, her husband would definitely have a bright

future i

n the company.

Thinking of this, she smiled again. With her own calculations in mind, she looked at Summer. "Since

you two know each other, I will excuse myself first, Summer. I have to go back and take care of Daniel."

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Without waiting for Summer to respond, Amara turned around and closed the office door behind her

thoughtfully.

There were only two of them in the office. The smile in Jazz's charming eyes remained right from the

beginning. "Give me five minutes." His voice was as gentle as the breeze.

"Okay." Summer nodded with a smile. "Go ahead, I will drink a glass of water."

Sitting down on the leather chair, Jazz's hand moved at lightning speed as he signed some documents, as if he was in a hurry.

While drinking water, Summer's gaze occasionally swept over him. It was difficult for her to associate

him with Jazz, who never passed exams four years ago.

Jazz signed a thick stack of documents within five minutes and threw the pen on the table. "Let's go.

You should treat me to lunch."

"That's for sure. Are you okay with any type of lunch?"

Jazz nodded, staring at her beautiful face with a hint of greediness. The rest was not important as long

as he

could have lunch with her.

The two took the president's elevator straight to the lobby, and when they came out of the elevator,

people around turned their heads to look at them.

Some were fascinated with Jazz, some curious about Summer.

They got into a black car and left. In the past four years, Summer had only returned to Santabaca a handful of times, and the changes in Santabaca were tremendous. She was slightly confused for a while, wondering where to take him for lunch.

"What do you say we go to a restaurant near the school? The food there is pretty good," she said after

thinking about it for a while.

"Why not?" Jazz raised his charming eyes and turned the steering wheel to the left.

Just when the car came to a crossroads, it drove past another passing black, low-key, luxurious car. At

such a close distance, no one had noticed anyone.

And, in the back seat of that car, Mark was sitting there, his tall body leaning back slightly in the seat to

get some shut-eye.

The vibration from his mobile phone jolted him up. He opened his eyes slowly, fished out the phone from his pants pocket, and answered the call.

"Mark, aren't you returning to the country today? I will pick you up at the airport." Yvette's voice came

through the radio wave.

"It's okay." He kneaded his brow, his voice deep and extremely hoarse, as if he had a cold. "I am already in the car and will arrive in the Valentine mansion in half an hour."

"Well then. I will ask the servant to clean up the room for you. See you in a while."

Casually tossing the phone on the seat, Mark shut his long and narrow eyes again. He seemed to be tired.

Summer has not been here for four years, yet this street has not changed at all. Even the owner of the

restaurant was still the same person.

When she sat down here again, she felt an unspeakable familiarity. She handed the menu to Jazz.

"You may order whatever you want."

Jazz helped himself to it and ordered a table of dishes at one go.

The restaurant owner served two glasses of water, and Summer picked one up in her hand.

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Jazz's eyes fell on her, quietly staring at her for a long while, before he opened his mouth in a serious

tone of voice. "From now on, I will not address you as my teacher, and will not treat you as my sister-in-

law, but will openly call you by name."

The way he spoke was of the hegemony and insistence of men.

Four years ago, she was his teacher, and he rarely had the chance to call her by her name except in private.

But at this time, he could openly call her name in front of everyone.

Summer's hand which was holding the glass froze in the air. The next second, Jazz's warm and dry hand cupped the back of her hand.

Stunned, Summer's hand jerked and water spilled onto the table.

As if there was an electric current running up her hand, she quickly retracted her hand, looked Jazz in

the eyes and said slowly, "Jazz, you should understand that some things are never possible."

His tall body froze then, but it was just for a second. Jazz regained his usual composure, as if nothing

had

happened before.

The food was served at this moment. The two did not continue the previous topic, but moved away and

talked about the interesting things that had happened in the school back then.

They also talked about work. It turned out that Jazz and a few of his friends had partnered up to start a

company, and he was the major shareholder.

Moving away from the awkward topic proved to improve the atmosphere.

The lunch lasted for nearly an hour and a half when Summer looked down at the time; it was 3:00 pm.

Jazz proposed to go to the scenic area of Santabaca. He had not returned for four years and missed those parts of Santabaca.

"I have something on later. Shall we go another day?" In fact, she was a little worried about Charlotte.

Jazz did not insist. He chuckled. "That's the deal. You owe me a favor this time."

"Sure. I promise I will accompany you for an entire day next time." Summer smiled.

"If you don't mind, I will head back to the office to get some documents, only then send you home."

Jazz did not let his disappointment show through.

"Jazz, I will take a taxi here. It is very convenient." "The car is parked right outside the restaurant. This

is the most basic courtesy of being a man. So I insist." Jazz yawned lazily, but the determination in his

voice was hard to ignore.

So, she refused no more and got into the car to follow him back to his office.

As the car was parked up, Jazz noticed a black car next to it. The car did not look like it belonged to any employee. It was low-key, restrained, yet elegant, luxurious, and somewhat familiar. But he did not

give i t a second thought.

After exiting the elevator, they walked toward the president's office. But for some reason, Summer's heart suddenly skipped a beat and pounded.

Her hands were on her chest in confusion, and she frowned in puzzlement.

Of course, the moment Jazz pushed the door of the room, Summer stood stiffly on the spot like a stone, as she finally found the cause for her strange feeling.

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Jazz was just as astonished as Summer was. But he quickly regained his composure. "Mark?"

The leather chair turned slowly, and Mark stubbed out the cigarette in his hand and revealed his charming face.

When his eyes swept across Summer, a cold light, which was deep and dark, as if he was about to swallow her whole, flashed across his eyes. He then acknowledged Jazz.

"What are you doing here?"

"She asked me to bring you back for dinner in the Valentine mansion." Taking back his gaze from Summer, Mark had little emotion on his face, as if he was only seeing an insignificant stranger.

Mark did not say who she was, but Jazz knew that he was talking about Yvette. He picked up some documents and said, "I will return after you."

Mark gave a faint response and strode out of the office. But the moment he walked past Summer, his

footsteps seemed to pause for a moment spontaneously.

As short as the encounter was, it caused such a strong

emotional perturbation. It was not until he disappeared from her sight that Summer took a deep breath

to relax her tense muscles, and to become natural again. But her heart was thumping even more violently than before, as if it was going to burst out of her chest.

She was not even his ex-wife in his eyes, and at most was just a stranger, as his eyes had already made it clear.

He was also a stranger in her eyes, and so there was no need for her emotions to be affected by a stranger. Was it not?

She was chatting with Jazz in the car, but she was obviously absent-minded.

After a while, they arrived downstairs at her apartment. Summer thanked Jazz before he drove away.

Turning around and taking a long breath, Summer suppressed her emotions that should not have arisen in the first place, and regained her usual indifference and calmness.

She lost her composure earlier only because she was not mentally prepared for the unexpected encounter. She would not react the same way again in the future -definitely not.

At the corner of the apartment, a man was standing arrogantly and staring coldly at the approaching woman. His tall body was in the shadow under the stairs, his outline was cold, and his deep black eyes

shone like the eyes of a night wolf.

She was walking forward, unaware of her surroundings. But when she stepped into the stairwell, a deep male voice suddenly came. "Mrs. Valentine."

The sudden voice freaked Summer out. She trembled slightly and spun around to look.

She was stunned when she was eye to eye with the man.

But Summer quickly snapped back and took a deep breath, then stood still, looking him in the eyes unflinchingly.

"Mr. Valentine, we were divorced four years ago. Please address me by my name." She frowned and

reminded him indifferently.

His lips curled up in a sneer, but he said nothing.

Striding over with his tall body casting a shadow over her, he stared straight into her eyes silently for a

long time before he spoke with a deep and cynic voice.

"You are as docile as a little sheep when you are with Jazz, but with me, you have thorns all over your

body, eh?"

"This has nothing to do with you, Mr. Valentine." She pressed her lips together and looked at the man in

front of her coldly.

Mark reached out his slender fingers to pinch her delicate chin and looked at her with his piercing eyes,

as if it was an act of punishment. "Settling for the second best-so you are now planning to seduce Jazz,

huh?"

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Sneering, Summer slapped his hand away.

"Instead of being nosy here, you should have gotten lovey-dovey with your lover. Besides, I have

nothing to do with you now. You have no right to interfere in my affairs, no matter who I want to

seduce." Her voice reeked of sharp cynicism.

Mark quirked his eyebrows, his eyes flickering as he looked at her with a smile instead of anger. "It

does not matter, but if you want to seduce Jazz, it will be another matter. My advice to you is to perish

the thought."

Having not seen him for four years, he had become even more good-looking, mature, and bewitching,

but at the same time, more shameless.

"To give up or not, it is not up to you." She sneered provocatively.

Mark snorted a frosty smile as he stared at her. "Fine. We shall see."

The corners of Summer's eyes raised as she smiled and nodded. "So, can you leave now, Mr.

Valentine? The last thing I want is to be called a mistress."

This little pink mouth of hers had become more and more eloquent. He wished he could tear it off.

He leaned over and pulled her into his arms all of a sudden. Their bodies had zero distance. The next

second, he planted his lips on hers in fervent kisses.

She completely did not expect this. Immediately struggling with all her strength, she raised a hand and

slapped him across his charming face.

He did not dodge, but let her slap him in the face. His lips looked sharp as he looked at her coldly, as if

he would swallow her alive.

But Summer had no fear. Neither did she avoid him. Instead, she looked him straight in the eyes. "The

grass is always greener on the other side; is that what is on your mind? Your beloved woman cannot

satisfy you, and you come back looking for an ex like me?"

"I wish I could rip that little mouth of yours apart— nothing good seems to come out of it."

"Baine can say things that pleases you, gentle like a dove. You could hear as much as you could. Why

bother to come here to seek excitement?"

Mark said not a word. Instead, he squinted his long, narrow and dark eyes and stared fixedly at her. A

cold light flickering in his eyes seemingly wanted to freeze her into ice.

Summer did not want to be seen as weak. It had been four years and there was nothing between them

anymore. What right did he have to insult her like this?

But when she saw the conspicuous handprint on his charming face, the anger in her dissipated a bit,

and the handprint looked pleasing to her eyes.

Just then, she heard footsteps before the complaining voice of little Charlotte came through the stairwell. She could hear it clearly. "Grandma, why hasn't Mommy come back? Does she not want Charlotte anymore?"

"How could she not want you? You are so well-behaved and thoughtful. Your mommy just went out to

buy you fairy tale story books. She will be back soon." It was Daisy's voice.

"But you said that just now Mommy will be back soon. I have waited for so long and she hasn't come

back. Grandma, was Mommy taken away by the big gray wolf?" There was a lump in her throat. "I don't

want fairy tales anymore. I just want Mommy back."

"Have you forgotten, Charlotte, that there are police officers? The police officers have guns that can kill

the big gray wolf. We will wait a little longer and Mommy will definitely come back."

Summer froze with bated breath as she heard the voices in the stairwell. She panicked, her body shivering slightly involuntarily.

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She was afraid that Mark would hear it.

She would be lying to think that she was not scared.

She was afraid that Mark would take Charlotte away. After all, Charlotte was his child, too.

But at this time, she also understood more clearly that she must not panic and let him see the slightest

clues on her face.

She took a deep breath to calm herself down, then quietly studied his expression, trying to find out whether he was paying attention to those voices.

But there was no emotional fluctuation on his charming face. His darkened eyes just stared deadly at

her, as if they were chopping her up alive.

She felt relieved, her tense muscles easing up, yet she still could not help swallowing nervously.

As long as his attention was on her, he might not hear what Charlotte said.

Daisy was heard coaxing Charlotte back to the house. Charlotte sounded reluctant but was carried back into the house without complaint.

It was not until the footsteps disappeared that

Summer felt a sense of relief. And now she was more confident.

"Shouldn't you leave now, Mr. Valentine? There is nothing to talk about between us. What we should

say, what we can say, we have said it all."

Mark curled up his lips with a bitter expression, his deep voice filled with warning as he squinted at her." You had better stay away from Jazz. Or else, do it at your own risk."

"That's funny. You may control yourself, but can you control others?" She snickered.

Evoking a frightening smile, he slowly leaned forward, looking down at her with the corner of his sexy

lips turning up into a ruthless smile. "You had better not doubt my words. I am a scheming

businessman-this was your conclusion about me last time. So a businessman like me will hit you where

it hurts. Do you understand?"

Standing with her back straightened, Summer folded her arms on her chest and deliberately asked, "I

don't understand why you are so resentful of me being together with Jazz."

"Seeing my brother sleeping with my ex-wife and doing all those things that we have done together before really disgusts me."

"Only you can be so sick and disgusting. Have you ever felt disgusted when you sleep with your aunt?"

She felt like giving him a fair one.

His gaze was deep, like a vast ocean, with waves billowing inside. Mark said not a word, but just stared

at her.

Summer closed her eyes for a while, then opened them up slowly. Was he feeling bad for Raine and was angry at her at the moment?

Actually, she did not have to do this.

Had she not told herself to forget? Why should she bring up things that make her feel sick again?
Four

years had passed; so why bother to think about it?

Without looking at him or saying a word, Summer turned around and dashed up the stairs.