

President 321

Chapter 321

Summer had her heart in her mouth when Charlotte fell just now. She took Charlotte from Mark.
"Tell

me, are you hurt?"

"No." Charlotte did not cry, just a little frightened. She hugged Summer tightly with her arms around her

neck.

Mark quietly put those hair strands into his pants pocket. His facial expression was as deep as a
whirlpool, sucking in everything but giving out nothing.

Just now, Jazz was so scared that his palms turned sweaty. He looked now at Charlotte, cracking
jokes

to make her happy, so that she would forget the shock she had just experienced.

Mark got to his feet and gave Jazz a heads-up. He then glanced at Summer and Charlotte before he
left.

Summer breathed a sigh of relief when Mark left, but her worries remained.

What Mark said just now clearly insinuated Charlotte's identity. He must have been aware of
Charlotte's

identity. So she could not let things go on this way.

She would not let Mark take Charlotte away. She

would not let that happen.

By afternoon, Jazz and Charlotte had bonded so well that when they arrived downstairs in the

apartment, Charlotte and Jazz could not bear to see each other go.

"I will tell no one in the Valentine mansion that you and Charlotte are going to Nokocola Bay. But there

is one condition: Don't stop me from visiting you and Charlotte in Nokocola Bay."

"Okay." Summer nodded, albeit reluctantly.

She had already made a decision: she would leave by tomorrow, as she could no longer afford to wait.

Mark's words had given her a sense of crisis.

Jazz frowned, his handsome face darkening and sinking when he inadvertently saw the fading bite

marks on Summer's neck.

Summer did not notice Jazz's changing expression, as she was already up to her neck with her own

problems.

"Okay, go up now. Charlotte is already sleepy." Jazz looked away from Summer, his eyes landing on

Charlotte's little pink face. After having a day of fun, Charlotte must be exhausted. She could barely

keep her eyes open now.

"Charlotte, say goodbye to Uncle Handsome." Summer pulled back her thoughts and looked at the little

human in her arms.

Charlotte opened his already half-closed eyes, leaned forward to kiss Jazz in the face, and said with a

tender voice, "Goodbye, Uncle Handsome."

After Jazz drove away and disappeared from sight, Summer carried Charlotte upstairs.

After a fun day, Charlotte could hardly sit stably. She wobbled like a drunkard when Summer bathed

her.

Summer felt it was funny but also sorry for her. She quickly bathed Charlotte and then carried her over

to the bed.

She heard a couple of knocks on the door before Daisy's voice came. "Are you asleep, Summer?"

Charlotte frowned upon hearing the voice. Summer gently patted her on the back, and waited for her to

fall asleep before she walked with light steps out of the room.

Daisy was already sitting on the settee when Summer walked over and sat down beside her. "What's

wrong, Mom?"

"Amara told me she read from the news that the man is back. Is it true?"

Summer knew who the man Daisy was referring to.

She had no reason to hide it from her. So she nodded.

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"Did you rush back to Nokocola Bay like this usually? Is it because of his return that you have to go in

such a hurry?"

Summer had always been confiding in Daisy. This time was no different. "Yeah."

"You have been divorced for four years. Why are you still avoiding him like a plague?" Daisy was a little

puzzled at first. But then she seemed to think of something and guessed the reason out right. "Is it

because of Charlotte?"

"Yeah." Summer nodded, holding a glass of water and sipping on it.

Daisy knew it.

Summer could be better than this, Daisy thought, raising her hand and poked Summer on the forehead.

"Don't be silly. You don't have to do this because of Charlotte. You married him because you wanted

the child, and this was something he promised you. Now that you two have divorced, Charlotte should

rightly belong to you."

Her daughter had always been smart. But how could she be so confused about her own affair this time?

Gently kneading her forehead with her hand, Summer

slowly said, "Mom, I wish things could be this simple." "Then tell me why it is not simple."

"Like you said, I married him because of the child—it was a marriage of convenience. But you have got

to understand that there was only an oral agreement between us. The marriage was done according to

normal procedures. If he wants to fight for the child's custody in court, I could do nothing to stop him."

Daisy fell into silence, as she knew Summer had a point.

"When you two divorced, didn't you two agree on the child's custody?"

"The agreement is that I have the custodial right," Summer replied.

"Since this is the case, what else is there to worry about? What else can he do when you already have

the custodial right of the child?"

"Mom, I have checked about custodial right in the past two days; it can be challenged."

Daisy frowned, feeling puzzled. "What do you mean by that?"

"That is to say, if the father could provide better living condition for the growth of the child, then he can

challenge the custodial right in a court of law." Summer took a sip of water. "Judging by the influence of

the Valentines in Santabaca, Mom, who do you think the court will award the custody of the child to?"

"The Valentines might be all-powerful in Santabaca, but things have not yet come to that point. Why are

you so worried? I think you are overthinking."

Summer shook her head with a bitter smile. "Mom, I am not overthinking. It is just that the world is a

cruel place."

Daisy let out a sigh and patted Summer on the shoulder.

"Listen to me, Summer. Our family is neither wealthy nor powerful, but your dad and I will do our best

for Charlotte. Besides, Mark has never cared about Charlotte nor seen her once for the past four years.

He would be disqualified in this regard. So we still stand a significant chance of winning. Don't think too

much."

"Mom, he has never cared for Charlotte nor seen her for the past four years. He has not even fulfilled

his duty as a father. Besides, it was he who gave up the custodial right of the child. I completely have

the moral high ground and every reason to quash his challenge. But why do I always think so

negatively and become so timid and mushy?"

Whenever she saw Mark, she would instinctively, or reflexively, want to hide Charlotte from him. She

was out of control.

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She could have held her head high and told him in no uncertain terms that Charlotte was hers. He had

given up Charlotte and should not want her back. But why could she not do that?

This was not her, not her temperament.

"This is normal, because you love Charlotte so much. Besides, Charlotte has become a part of your

life, or even a part of you. You could not help thinking when sensing the slightest sign of danger, and

what would happen to you if you lost her. So you will not tolerate anyone taking her away. As time goes

by, it has formed a conditioned reflex. So when he appeared, your first reaction was not how to face

him but thinking about hiding Charlotte so that he won't find out. Only in this way will you feel at ease."

Daisy let out a sigh before she continued. "All mothers think alike. I can understand that you love Charlotte and care about her so much. That's why you put yourself in this situation, and even your sober sanity is now affected."

Upon hearing that, Summer started to think clearly, as if a lost child found its way home.

"So be yourself, and face the problem head-on. Don't be afraid and don't think too much. Besides, you

have m

e and your dad." "Mom, thank you." Summer leaned over to hug her.

"Now, go to bed. Charlotte might wake up in a while if without you."

"Okay, I'm going to bed now. You go to bed earlier, too. Good night."

Lying on the bed and thinking about what her mom said over and over in her mind, Summer knew that

what her mom said made complete sense.

She had told of all her worries, her trying to hide, and her panic of the past two days.

The truth would out one way or another; she could not hide it forever.

If she wanted to keep Charlotte by her side, she had to face the challenge head-on, unlike what she had done for the past two days.

After thinking it through, the burden that had been weighing her down for some time finally eased. She

lay on the bed, hugging Charlotte, and fell asleep.

On the other side, in the president's office of the Valentine Group.

The sleeves of Mark's white shirt were slightly rolled up, strands of hair dangling over his forehead. He

looked casual, lazy, yet charming. He flipped through documents with his slender fingers, his expression revealing nothing of his emotions.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," he said without looking up.

Harry, Mark's assistant, walked in. "Are you looking for me, Mr. Valentine?"

Mark dug into his pants pocket and fished out a few strands of hair. Wrapping the hair in an expensive

silk handkerchief, he handed it to Harry.

Harry took it in his hand. While he was still puzzled, Mark plucked a few of his own hair and handed

them to him, too. "Do a paternity test," he ordered succinctly.

'Paternity test?' Harry froze for a while, wondering since when did the company president have a child.

But when he thought of Summer, the innocently beautiful teacher, he understood everything.

Before he left, Mark said again with his deep voice, "Be quick."

"Yes, Mr. Valentine."

His eyes curled up along with his lips. There was a light in his eyes.

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The next morning.

Summer waited until Charlotte woke up naturally.

They took their breakfast, after which Daisy took Charlotte to the park, watching her swing and feed the

birds.

The sense of urgency and fear in Summer's heart vanished overnight.

Daisy was relieved, but Summer was embarrassed by herself. "I won't make you worry about me again, Mom. I can solve the problem by myself."

"Well then, when you can't handle it, tell me and your dad, and we are all standing behind you."

"Okay, Mom."

By the time Summer and Charlotte arrived at the train station, it was 3:00 pm, and the tickets for the highspeed train had all been sold out.

So she asked Charlotte whether she would like to take a plane or a slow train.

Charlotte bit her finger and thought for a long time before she said that she had not taken a slow train

before and did not know what a slow train looked like.

Summer laughed. She bought two tickets for sleeping

berths because the journey would take 12 hours, and sitting on a seat for 12 hours straight could be too

brutal for Charlotte.

The little girl was excited about taking a slow train for the first time. When she got on the train, she sat

in the window seat, happily kicking her two legs.

Summer had bought some donuts and handed them to Charlotte, thinking that Charlotte might be hungry.

Charlotte was thoughtful. She handed it to Summer, saying, "You eat too, Mommy. I can't finish it alone."

"You're so sweet." Summer stroked Charlotte's hair and sat down opposite her.

They shared the donut, each eating from the other side. They giggled as their heads bumped into each

other like two fighting calves.

"Naughty!" She affectionately poked Charlotte's small and cute nose tip with a fingertip.

Taking the slow train had the advantage that they could appreciate the scenery outside the window, unlike on a high-speed train where everything flew past before they could take a closer look.

Sometimes the train passed through a lush forest, where green branches extended out and fluttered in

the breeze. Sometimes it passed by some vineyards where they could see grapes hanging from the vines.

Charlotte was resting her head on the windowsill, curiously looking out of the window with her butt pointing skyward. "Mommy, can we take the slow train again next time?"

"Sure, we will take the slow train again next time." Summer smiled, gazing out of the window, too.

Looking at the field outside relaxed her.

There were another two children, a boy and a girl, the same age as Charlotte, in the same carriage.

It did not take long before Charlotte ended up playing with them. They started to run around the carriage with exhilaration.

They boarded the train at about 5:00 pm yesterday. The train was scheduled to take 12 hours to arrive

at Nokocola Bay at 5:00 am the next morning. But the train was delayed midway and reached

Nokocola Bay at 6:00 am.

The sun had not yet come out at 6:00 am, and the air was cool and fresh. It felt comfortable and made

people at ease.

"Are you going to kindergarten today or tomorrow, Charlotte?"

Since Charlotte was still small, after a night of train ride, Summer was worried that Charlotte would still

feel sleepy even though she had slept at night.

But Charlotte looked all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. She creased her nose and said, "I am going today.

Teacher says that those who skip classes are not good students. I want to be a good student and get rewards for it."

"You're a good student, Charlotte." Summer chuckled. They went to get a quick bite before she sent

Charlotte to the kindergarten, after which she went to work straight away.

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The president's office on the top floor.

Tall and well-built body, broad shoulders and long legs, muscular chest covered beneath a purple short-sleeve shirt outlined his nearly perfect figure.

Purple contrasted nicely with the man's sharp facial features, making him look tough, distinctive, and

sharp.

It turns out that men in purple could also look so mature, charming, and elegant.

Harry gave the door a gentle knock. After getting a response, he pushed in and handed over the test report. "Here is the report, Mr. Valentine."

Mark reached across and took the sealed brown envelope, then opened it, and flipped through the pages.

After he turned to the result page and his eyes scanned over the text, he put the report down to one side. His face was calm without a hint of emotional fluctuation. But his slightly raised lips still gave him away.

But he was not surprised because the result was expected. He knew long before this that this would be

the case.

Even without this paternity test, he was 100% sure that Charlotte was his daughter.

The purpose of him performing this paternity test was to shut that woman's mouth up.

'Her brother's daughter my foot! She should have come up with something better.'

Harry inadvertently glimpsed the test result, which clearly showed in bold capital letters that the two of

them were father and daughter.

'Father and daughter? So he has a daughter? But why didn't he have any reaction after reading the report?' Harry thought to himself.

Mark looked up and saw Harry's eyes. He leaned back in his leather chair with his handsome brows raised. " You're curious?" he asked.

Caught unawares by Mark's question, Harry looked awkward and quickly cleared his throat. "A bit."

Mark's lips were upturned. He chuckled, as if he was in a good mood.

Seeing Mark's rare expression, Harry chuckled and seized this opportunity. "How old is she, Mr. Valentine?"

Mark picked up his coffee from the table and took a sip, while his slender fingers casually flipped through documents. "Three years and five months old." "She is one year younger than mine." Harry smiled.

Mark looked up from the files. "This is the first time you talk about your family. It is a girl, too?"

"That's right, Mr. Valentine."

Taking another sip of coffee, Mark nodded gently and mumbled with a deep voice, "Girls are better."

"Why is that?" Harry was a little surprised. He thought all this while that Mark preferred a son. His preference for a daughter really surprised him.

The little human appeared in front of the mind's eye of Mark. When he thought of the tender skin of

Charlotte and the pink face that looked like an apple, his heart softened and his deep voice became gentler. "Girls are more... adorable. Boys are a bit too noisy."

Harry smiled. He did not expect that this would be the reason. "Actually, girls could be quite noisy, too."

His girl was noisier than any boys, so much so that he could not find a moment of peace.

Mark's handsome brows were raised as he spoke in a matter of course tone of voice. "Even so, girls are still more adorable than boys."

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Harry smiled. He did not know that the company president was such a daughter person. "I will first excuse myself, Mr. Valentine."

Mark nodded. Something came to mind, and he called out to Harry again, "Find out where Summer is."

"Yes, Mr. Valentine." Harry pushed open the door and walked out.

As expected, Harry was highly efficient. It did not take him too long before he came back in. "Mr.

Valentine, Mrs. Hart is no longer in Santatabaca. She took the six o'clock train from Santatabaca to

Nokocola Bay yesterday. Now she is in Nokocola Bay.”

Mark squinted, a layer of gloom appearing on his bitter face. His deep eyes gradually darkened, and anger flickered and billowed inside them.

Harry followed him for many years and could spot Mark’s mood changes. "Mr. Valentine, I will book the

first flight to Nokocola Bay.”

Mark's eyes were moving, and after a while, he said, "N o, get tomorrow’s flight."

"Yes, Mr. Valentine."

On the other side of the country.

The next morning.

Summer woke up early. People at the top were coming down to conduct a school inspection tour today,

so all teachers were required to be at the school early in preparation for the visit.

Charlotte had woken up, too, her round eyes rolling constantly. She got out of bed and got dressed.

"You're neat!" Summer took her to the bed and asked her to put on her shoes. "I have to go to school

early today, so I can’t eat breakfast with you. But I have prepared orange juice and sandwiches for you

to bring to the kindergarten, okay?"

"Okay, Mommy." Charlotte replied, smacking her mouth. "I can eat breakfast by myself. Um, besides, if

Mommy isn't around, I can eat two more sandwiches."

"I'm glad you know this. Are you ready? We should go now."

Because of the extra sandwiches, Summer thought Charlotte might not be able to finish them all. So

she told Charlotte to share them with other children. She then went straight to the school.

Summer came to work early today. Now it had passed the working hour in the evening, but she still had

to finish up things before she could leave.

She quietly looked down at the time. It was six-something, well past the time to pick up Charlotte from

the kindergarten. This made her anxious.

But she had to finish the report. Otherwise, no one could leave the office. She had no choice but to sit

there and wait.

Not that she was too nervous. There had been such a situation before. Charlotte's teacher would

accompany Charlotte until she arrived.

She had a good relationship with Charlotte's teacher, who took special care of Charlotte. Knowing her

job, the teacher usually did not mind waiting for her to come and pick up Charlotte late.

At last, the meeting was over, and Summer flew out of the school, stopped a taxi, and rushed to Charlotte's kindergarten.

On the way there, she took out her cell phone and wanted to call Charlotte's teacher, but found that her

cell phone's battery was dead.

There was nothing she could do about it now. Putting her phone back into her handbag, she urged the

taxi driver to drive faster.

When she arrived outside the kindergarten, parents who came here to pick up their children had all left.

After all, it had been two hours since their children finished school.

Rushing into the kindergarten, Summer headed directly to the Charlotte's classroom when she ran into

Charlotte's teacher.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Summer said, "I am sorry, M s. Bailey. I am late. Thank you for staying with

Charlotte for so long."

The teacher, Nora Bailey, frowned. She then let out a smile. "Don't mention it. But Ms. Hart, someone

came and picked up Charlotte right after school."

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Someone had picked her up?

Instinct told Summer who did it. She did not panic, but looked at Charlotte's teacher. "Ms. Bailey, what

did the person tell you?"

She could not think of anyone else other than Mark.

Speaking of Mark, Ms. Bailey thought of the perfect, charming man, who seemed to possess all the gracefulness and dignity, whose gestures were indescribably elegant.

She did not expect that Summer's husband would be such a good-looking man. But then again,

Summer was a beautiful and nice person, too. So they were a match made in heaven.

"He is... he is your husband. He came to pick up Charlotte," Nora said. "He showed me the marriage certificate. I only passed Charlotte to him after confirming his identity."

She could not believe that he even used the marriage certificate to bluff Nora. The fire of anger and cynicism consumed Summer.

She frowned when she thought of Charlotte, who disliked Mark judging by her reaction that day. So why did she still agree to go with him?

"What about Charlotte? Did he forcefully take her away, or did Charlotte agree to go with him?"

"I was here with Charlotte, waiting for you for about an hour. I tried to call you but your phone was off.

So I didn't know what happened to you. It was at that time Mr. Valentine came and stated his intention

and showed me the marriage certificate. I thought you had an emergency and couldn't come, and so

asked Mr. Valentine to pick Charlotte up," Nora slowly and carefully explained. "Charlotte said nothing,

just took my hand and asked if the marriage certificate was true. I nodded, and then Charlotte followed

Mr. Valentine away."

Summer pursed her dry lips and thanked her. "Thank you, Ms. Bailey. I owe you one."

Summer blamed herself. Had her cell phone's battery not been dead, she could have received Nora's

call and this thing would not have happened.

When Charlotte heard the conversation between Mark and Nora, and saw about the marriage

certificate, she must have guessed something and wondered if Mark was really her dad.

It was not difficult to imagine that Charlotte voluntarily went with Mark under such a circumstance.

But was the marriage certificate not canceled after their divorce? Why did he still have a marriage

certificate?

After thinking about it again, she remembered that when Mark arrived at the Civil Registry Office for a

divorce; he realized he had forgotten to bring his marriage certificate. The staff seemed to be

intimidated by who he was and so did not insist on him producing his marriage certificate. The divorce

was summarily done.

So her marriage certificate was canceled at the Civil Registry Office, but his was still with him.

Summer was fit to be tied. She took out her phone and dialed a string of numbers to call Mark, but an

automated voice told her that his phone was unreachable and asked her to call again later.

Summer called Jazz without hesitation.

Jazz was in the shower, letting the hot water sprinkle on his head, and then flow down along his

smooth and strong bronze chest.

Hearing the ringing of the cell phone, he made a long arm for it, pressed the answer button, and put the

phone to his ear. "Hello?"

"Where are you now, Jazz?"

"I'm in the Valentine mansion. What's wrong?" He turned off the shower head, then reached for a towel

t o wrap around his waist.

"Is he there right now?" she directly asked.

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Jazz's brows were knitted together, his voice deepening involuntarily. "Are you looking for Mark?"

"He took Charlotte away. I can't find Charlotte now, and his phone is turned off. Could you please help

me see if he is there? If he is not there, I would need you t o help me go to his apartment."

Jazz eased up his brows. "Mark took away Charlotte? Didn't he inform you about it?"

"Do you think I would have let him take Charlotte away if he called me?" Summer asked back flatly.

This was a simple question. Mark knew that if he made the call, she would be suspicious, and might not even let Charlotte see him.

So he wisely chose not to inform her, but to pick up Charlotte directly.

"Okay, I see. I will help you now. Don't worry. Wait for my call." Jazz hung up and went to Mark's room.

Summer put her cell phone back into her handbag, and then went to the supermarket across the street

and bought a bottle of mineral water. She then sat on a bench, sipping a mouthful of water as she calmly waited for Jazz's call.

Was she desperate?

No, she was not desperate, nor worried. He took Charlotte away because he knew he was Charlotte's

dad.

Even if he might not like Charlotte, would he be so cruel to his biological daughter? The answer was an

absolute no.

So she was not desperate nor worried. The most important thing at the moment was that she must not

let him take away the custody of her child.

She had long anticipated this would happen one day. Mark was not any Tom, Dick, and Harry; no way

she could bluff him with her crappy lies.

Since he had seen Charlotte and was suspicious, he would investigate. All this was within her expectation.

Meanwhile, in the first-class cabin on a plane.

Charlotte was sitting on the leather seat by the window, and Mark was sitting next to her with his lips

curling upward.

Charlotte's lustrous black eyes moved in the sockets as she looked down at her hands that were

twisted together. After hesitating for a while, her tender voice came. "Can I see your marriage certificate?"

She disliked and hated this gentleman, but her teacher, Nora, said that the marriage certificate was authentic. That meant he and her mom were married, weren't they?

The curvature of his lips increased again as he heard what Charlotte said. She was kind to him for the

first time.

He sat up slightly. Using his well-proportioned hand, he fished out the marriage certificate from his pants pocket and handed it to Charlotte.

Charlotte took it in her tender little hands, her eyes looking at photos on the marriage certificate unblinking. They were indeed her mom and this

Uncle Rascal.

'Since Mommy is married to this Uncle Rascal, is this Uncle Rascal my daddy?' she thought to herself.'

Mommy always said that I was fished out from the lake of Nokocola Bay, but I never believe it. Ms.

Bailey has already said that babies are born from mothers' bellies, and it is laboriously painful. So I have to love Mommy and be her good girl.'

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But Charlotte still did not quite understand one thing: how could her mom's belly fit a child the size of

hers.

But her teacher would not lie. She was definitely not fished out of the lake, but born out of her mom's

belly.

She could never hide what was on her mind, and all her thoughts showed on her face.

Mark's heart softened, his deep but gentle eyes staring at her. His lips twitched as he spoke in a deep,

awkward tone of voice. "I am indeed your dad." 1

He had never interacted with such a small human before. So much so that his expression was rigid. He

just did not know how to interact with her. 1

"Really?" Charlotte tilted her head, not believing what he said because her mom had never told her he

was her dad.

"Of course. What would you like to drink-juice or coke?"

Charlotte shifted her body. "I don't want any drink. Didn't you say that Mommy will come? When will

she come? I only want Mommy. I don't want juice or coke."

She did not believe what Mark said. She wanted to ask her mom if she had a dad and if he was her dad. She only believed what her mom said.

Mark's eyes moved. He then stared at her face that resembled his, and then that part of his heart softened. "You mom will see you on the next plane."

Charlotte looked out of the window. She missed her mom. This Uncle Rascal told her that her mom wanted them to fly to another place first while her mom took care of a few things, after which her mom

would come to meet her. Had her mom not yet finished taking care of those few things?

Mark had never interacted with children before. He looked at Charlotte's reaction and frowned in silence.

Two hours later, the plane landed at the Santabaca airport. During the flight, Charlotte had fallen asleep

in the leather chair, and she was still asleep after the plane had landed.

Cocking his eyebrows, Mark bent down slightly to carry Charlotte into his arms, his action clumsy and

awkward.

Charlotte usually went to bed at 9:00 pm, and it was now 10:00 pm. She was too sleepy to open her eyes.

A black vehicle had been waiting outside the airport. Mark carried Charlotte and strode over to the vehicle, then got in and let Charlotte sleep in his arms.

He carried her with one hand and fished out his cell phone from his pants pocket with the other. He turned his cell phone on and saw 12 missed calls, seven of which were from her and five from Jazz.

He tapped with his fingers and made a call. It was picked up almost instantaneously, and Summer's angry voice blast through the phone. "Mark, where have you taken Charlotte to?"

"Take a guess." His lips twitched as he said slowly. "Of course, a place you can't find."

His words agitated Summer even more. "Mark!"

"Santabaca," Mark said again in a deep voice. He could almost see her angry face. He looked down and from the corner of his eyes, he inadvertently saw Charlotte frowning at the noise. So he hung up.

"You-" Before Summer could respond, the line went dead. All she heard was the disconnect tone.

She looked at the phone, her anger going through the roof. Just then, her phone vibrated again; it was

Jazz this time.

"I went to Mark's apartment. There was no one there. I will help you find him. Wait for my call."

Jazz was moving fast. Summer could hear his rapid footsteps in the background. "Jazz, no need to

look for him now. I have just talked to him over the phone.”

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"You talked to him on the phone?"

"Yeah. It is late now. You go home and rest."

Jazz was relieved. "Okay, call me again, if anything. And Charlotte is Mark's child, so don't worry."

After hanging up, the first thing she would do upon returning home was to book a plane ticket.

Buying a plane ticket for today's flight was impossible. So she could only take the first flight tomorrow.

Summer was tossing and turning the entire night, thinking of Charlotte. She got little sleep.

She was not worried about what Mark would do to Charlotte, but about whether Charlotte would cry or

sleep without seeing her.

Charlotte had been sleeping with her every night since she was small. Now that the little human was no

longer in her arms, she lost sleep as she felt an emptiness crawling in her body and mind.

Lying on her side, her eyes occasionally glanced at the cell phone next to the pillow. Maybe Charlotte

would call over, so she kept the phone close by.

But the phone did not ring the entire night. But at

least that meant Charlotte did not cry. So she felt more at ease.

Summer hurried to the airport before first light. She had never stopped for a moment.

In the apartment.

Mark was in pajamas and sitting in front of the French windows. He still looked charming, just with a

tinge of casualness and carelessness.

On the large bed in the room, Charlotte's small body was lying there like a starfish. After a while, she

sat up in the bed, rubbing her groggy eyes with two small hands. She was still half asleep, mumbling

and calling her mom.

After getting no response, she put down her small hands. When she found herself in an unfamiliar room and decoration, she jumped off the bed and ran out without wearing shoes.

Hearing the pedaling footsteps, Mark looked up and frowned when he saw the barefooted Charlotte running over. "Where are the shoes?"

"Where is Mommy?" Charlotte furrowed her brows, like just him.

"Go put on your shoes," Mark said calmly without answering her question.

"Where is Mommy? I want Mommy." Charlotte did not put on her shoes, just asking for her mom.

He helplessly looked away from the soft but

disobedient little human and called out, "Maria."

Maria, who was busy in the room, quickly came out. Upon seeing Charlotte's bare feet, she spun

around, took out a pair of shoes from the room, and said to Charlotte softly, "Little Miss Valentine, shall

we put on the shoes first?"

Maria was transferred over here last night to take care of Charlotte.

While speaking, Maria carried Charlotte and sat her down on the settee, then squatted in front of her,

bending slightly as she helped Charlotte put on her shoes.

But Charlotte was uncooperative. She kicked her legs and wanted to see her mom.

The shoes that Maria had just put on her feet were flung away at once.