

President 351

Chapter 351

"No, there are so many grapes here that are waiting to be picked. Why do you want to pick those at the

highest point?" Summer asked, with no hesitation.

"Because those grapes are red and big. I want those." Charlotte was insistent, looking at the grapes at

the highest point.

"I would weigh down Mark," Summer said in a soft voice.

When Charlotte was about to speak, a deep voice drifted over. "You won't. Just climb onto my back."

Charlotte nodded her head like a chick. "Mark is a man, and Mommy won't weigh him down, just like a

monster can't beat Ultraman, and Mommy can't weigh down Mark."

Summer really did not know whether to laugh or cry upon hearing Charlotte's logic. She wondered what

was going on in her little head.

She could understand why a child would think this way. But why would Mark also want to echo what

Charlotte said?

"Charlotte, stop messing around. The grapes here are big, too. Let's pick the grapes here, okay?"
"No."

Charlotte's voice was loud. She turned away to

ignore Summer. She was apparently angry.

"Charlotte, I am getting angry." Summer raised her voice.

"It is obviously your fault, yet you get angry. Had I grown as tall as you, I wouldn't have to ask for your

help." She raised her voice again and then ignored the two of them.

Mark came up and stood in front of Summer, then squatted down. "Climb onto my shoulders."

Who was he to order her around? Summer glanced at him and ignored him.

Mark narrowed his eyes and glanced at her with an impassive face. He then spread her legs with his hands and lifted her on his shoulders, and stood up.

Summer was stunned when she was lifted off the ground. She was embarrassed and panicked.
"Mark!"

"Hold tight. Don't say I didn't warn you," he said in a deep voice as his lips curled up.

As she wobbled on his shoulders, she quickly gripped his hair with both hands to balance herself and

gritted her teeth. "Mark, put me down."

"Awesome, Mark! Awesome! Don't let Mommy down!" Charlotte was excited, not forgetting to urge her

mom. "Pick the grapes, Mommy. Otherwise, Mark won't let you down."

Now the two of them were apparently on the same side, and Summer was on her own.

"Mark!" She forced her voice through her teeth, pulling hard at his hair, as if she was venting anger at

him.

He seemed to feel no pain. Instead, he was cool about it and even gave her a kind reminder. "You

have two choices. One is to continue this stalemate, and two is to pick the grapes quickly, and then it

will end."

Summer wished she could smack him on the head.

And Charlotte was still urging her on, her face flushing under the scorching sun.

Finally, Summer chose to compromise.

Mark's tall and steady body stood straight while Summer was sitting on his shoulders.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was excitedly giving instructions under the grape trellis. "On the left, Mommy!

Right, Mommy!"

Chapter 352

The afternoon sun leaked through the gaps between the grape leaves, and fell on the backs of the

three of them, creating a warm and harmonious scene.

"Mommy, pick more. We have to pick more. Our teacher said that grapes can be made into wine.

Mommy will make grapes into wine, and then I can drink it every day."

She walked under the grape trellises, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. "Mark is amazing! Look, I have said

that Mommy can't weigh down Mark."

Summer could not care less what Charlotte was babbling about down under. She sped up her action, wanting to end this as soon as possible.

Forget about what happened four years ago. Given the two of them were vying for custody of Charlotte,

and they were in a hostile relationship, their actions and gestures now were not only too intimate and

ambiguous but also improper.

But they could not help themselves in restraining their runaway hearts. 'This was wrong,' she secretly

told herself in her mind.

The sun in the summer afternoon was too hot. Even if there was wind, it could not cool them down at

all.

Fine beads of sweat covered Summer's forehead and back. She was soaked to the skin.

But this was not the most important thing. The most crucial thing was that the clothes of the man under

her were also soaked, and a thin layer of sweat had popped up on the skin of his neck.

She straddled his neck. Whenever they moved, she could feel the slipperiness, and her pants were all

wet. Feeling embarrassed, her cheeks blushed.

Mark's eyes dimmed several degrees, and the sweat popping up on his muscular arms made him more

masculine and sexier.

After picking for over half an hour, Summer finally finished the area designated by Charlotte. She let out

a sigh of relief and felt at ease when she got back down on the ground.

But embarrassment followed. The rest of her pants were fine except the part between her legs was

soaked. People who were not in the know could mistake that as something else.

Charlotte was busily counting the grapes. Mark was standing behind Summer and saw her situation clearly.

He knew that his sweating soiled her pants. His face sank, and he felt heat violently rising inside him,

as if it was about to ignite him.

Sensing his gaze, Summer turned around and saw that he was indeed staring at her with his sensual eyes.

Her face blushed involuntarily, and she looked at him with cold eyes as she tried to suppress her sense

of embarrassment. "Enough of staring?"

Mark's handsome eyebrows were raised, and his hoarse, but deep and magnetic voice came from his thin lips. "Not yet. Could you please turn around so I can see you from all angles?"

"Jerk! You have no shame!" Summer gritted her teeth and cursed in a low voice.

"What do you think I am looking at that makes you think I have no shame?" He curled his lips and chuckled slyly. "Since you have thought of that, you are... Tsk, tsk..."

She hurled a bunch of grapes towards him.

Mark dodged to the left and caught the grapes in his hands, then popped a few of them into his mouth

in front of her.

Charlotte, who was sweating all over her body, ran over to pull at Summer's hand. "Mommy, hurry up,

load the grapes."

Shooting an icy look at the man, Summer wiped the sweat off Charlotte's cheeks, and then off they went.

Chapter 353

Mark stared at the two of them, the corners of his lips curled up. He then turned around and proceeded

to checkout.

After that, the cartons were loaded into the trunk. The three of them got into the car and left the vineyard. It was evening by then.

The three of them had picked eight cartons of grapes.

Eight cartons were too many for them, but Charlotte said she wanted to make wine, so they had picked

more.

They had also gotten a carton of seedless grapes. Charlotte said that the seedless grapes were easier to eat because she did not have to spit out the seeds.

The sun in July was the most brutal. After running and screaming under the sun all day, Summer could

hear that Charlotte's voice was hoarse. She gave a bottle of water to Charlotte.

Charlotte held the mineral water bottle with both hands and drank half of it in no time. She was apparently thirsty.

She passed the remaining half bottle of mineral water to Summer, and then leaned back in the back seat and protruded her belly. "Mommy, I feel like sleeping."

"Go to sleep, honey." She drew Charlotte into her arms so that Charlotte could sleep more comfortably.

During summer, whether she was at school or at home, Charlotte would usually take an afternoon nap.

But today, she did not even get a moment of shut-eye.

Sure enough, within a few minutes after closing her eyes, Charlotte was sound asleep. After a day of sun exposure, her cheeks were red.

With her hand gently stroking that soft little face, Summer felt calm and content.

After a long while, her legs felt numb, so much so that she did not dare to shift her legs. So she put Charlotte down on the seat between the two of them.

The car drove into Santabaca not long after, and then stopped in front of the hotel where Summer stayed.

Mark picked up Charlotte with his muscular arms before Summer realised what was happening. He handed her to the driver in front. "Carry her."

"Aye, Mr. Valentine." The driver took the child from Mark, quickly opened the door and walked out, then

took a taxi and left.

"Mark! You weasel!" Summer was furious at last, hitting him on the chest like an angry, juvenile lion.

She felt so enraged for the first time, her usual coolness and sensibility had gone out of the window
i n

an instant.

How dare he-how dare he take Charlotte away while she let her guard down?

Rage consumed her. It surged and jumped inside of her, as if she was up in flames as she hit him
with

all her strength.

Marked ignored the pain in his chest and caught her hands. His lips moved as a deep but gentle
voice

came out of his mouth.

"You have been with her for four years. I am her dad b y blood, but have only taken her away for
two

days. Why are you so enraged?" 1

"Did you even tell me beforehand?" Her chest was still heaving, but she was gradually calming
down.

The child had been taken away, and it would not help t o get angry. The most important thing now
was

to think about how to get Charlotte back.

Chapter 354

Mark hit the nail on the head. "You held her tightly in your arms even when she was asleep. If it weren't

for your legs getting numb, you wouldn't have put her down. You had been so alert. If I were to tell you

beforehand, what would you have done? You would have probably carried her and jumped out of the

car."

"Mark, she is my daughter; I have the right to take her away." She reminded him in an icy voice and flung his hand away.

"I didn't say that she was not your daughter, did I?"

"So I want to take her away." Summer spelled out the words as she stared at him.

"Ms. Hart, she is my daughter, too. Trust me, you can't take her away." Mark squinted and smiled and

reminded her as well.

"When can I take her away, Mark? You have got to give me a definite answer."

Mark raised his lips with a half-smile and stared at her with a casual and lazy look on his face.

"I can even give you two answers. The first one is that after you apply for a change of custody, you can

take her away at any time on the day the court awards

custody to you. I absolutely have no problem with that. The second answer is that you sleep with me

for a month, and I will consider giving up custody of the child." i

His thinking was that one month was long enough to make him get bored and disgusted with a

woman's body, no matter how obsessed he was with her before.

One month was enough for him to figure out if he was just fascinated by her body, or he really loved

her.

His abnormality should disappear and return to the previous normal state by then.

Summer snickered, feeling his words reeking of irony. "Mark, once bitten, twice shy. Do you think I will

be fooled a second time?"

She had been fooled into a verbal agreement to get married once. This time, she would never be

fooled again.

Even if she really gave in to his request and kept an audio record of the verbal agreement, would she

go to court with that kind of recording when he broke his word?

No way.

"Very well, it seems that the life lesson has worked well. But I still have to tell you that sometimes in

order to get what you want, you have to give up something and take risks." His voice was deep and slow.

"Haven't you heard the saying: once bitten, twice shy? You have betrayed me once, thus I am not going to trust you anymore, and I am not going to take the so-called risks."

Mark's eyebrows twitched. This time, he meant what he said, but she did not believe it anymore.

He did not want to maintain this hostile relationship, which he very much hated.

"Then, I have a peaceful proposal for you."

"A peaceful proposal?" Summer looked up at him.

"While the court is deliberating my application for custodial rights, Charlotte will stay with me. But you

may see her every day in my mansion, and I will not limit the time you see her. After the court has

decided on the rights to custody, the one who wins the custodial right can take Charlotte away. What do

you say?" His voice was deep, but lacked the usual casualness. He sounded like he meant business.

Summer said nothing. She was pondering about it quietly. After a long while, she nodded and gave her

response. "Deal."

"Great."

The two people had reached an agreement, and the atmosphere was not so tense to the point of eruption anymore. They felt more at ease with each other.

Chapter 355

Summer turned around and got out of the car without sparing a second glance at him. Mark's deep gaze followed her as she went.

She looked up and saw Dean in uniform, standing outside the hotel. He was too hard to miss, as he looked unique and conspicuous.

"How long have you been waiting here?" She quickly paced over and asked.

"Just a while before you arrived. Is he in the car?" Dean glanced at the luxurious car.

Summer nodded.

"Where is Charlotte?"

"He took her back to the mansion. Let's go to a cafe over there." Standing at the hotel entrance where

people came and go was not the best place to talk.

Besides, Dean was in uniform; he was attracting too much attention.

Dean nodded, and the two walked away side by side.

Sensing a piercing gaze coming from behind, Summer frowned. She glanced at the black car with the

corner of her eyes and then ignored it.

Mark's chest was boiling with a nameless anger as he

stared at Summer from behind, a heavy and gloomy expression clouding his face.

Just after accepting his proposal, she turned around and walked away with another man. He wished he

could go up and crush her shoulders with his hands.

He put his well-proportioned hands back on the steering wheel and drove forward with a sunken expression. 1

The two went to a coffee shop and sat by the window. They were talking about something, but not for

long. Summer returned to the hotel after half an hour, while Dean went off in the other direction.

The depressed expression on Mark's face improved at last. He narrowed his eyes, pursed his lips, and

then started his car.

Meanwhile, the driver who was carrying Charlotte had been waiting in a car. When he saw the black

Land Rover pulled up, he took over the car and parked it up.

Mark gingerly carried Charlotte in his arms and walked into the elevator. The door to the living room

swung open, and he saw Yvette sitting on the settee.

Yvette turned around when she heard footsteps. "Mark

But before she could speak any further, Mark put a finger to his lips, telling her not to make a sound.

When Yvette saw he was holding a little girl in his arms, she was almost certain that the little girl was

the daughter of Summer.

She got up from the settee and walked over, studying Charlotte with a mean expression.

This child was surely born to that woman, judging by the similarity between their eyebrows and eyes.

But it was also Mark's child. Her eyes, nose, and mouth looked very much like Mark's when he was small.

As beautiful as the child was, she could not bring herself to like her because of Summer. She not only

disliked, but felt disgusted about the child, i

When she thought of how Summer repeatedly humiliated her and wanted to push her down the stairs,

her disgust for Charlotte deepened.

Mark put Charlotte on the bed and then went into the bathroom to take a shower. He was sweating the

entire day in the vineyard, and the sticky feeling made him frown in disgust.

He let the hot water flow down his body. As he rubbed his hand to the back of his neck, he thought of

the afternoon scene. He closed his eyes, the sharp lines of his face softening as he rubbed his fingers

that had touched the back of his neck a second ago over his lips. 1

Chapter 356

She could never compete with him for custody.

Yvette was still sitting in the living room, as she still had some questions to ask Mark.

Mark had changed into a clean set of clothes and came out. He took a sip of water. "What are you doing here?"

"Your grandma is worried about you. She wants to make sure I buy you some supplements. By the way, who is that child?" She pretended she did not know.

Unconsciously, his voice became deep and soft: "She is my daughter." His voice spontaneously became gentle.

"With Summer?" she asked knowingly.

Mark nodded, sat down on the settee, and folded his legs in a graceful fashion.

"She didn't demand things such as money from you? She was sanctimonious." Again, she tried to sound him out.

Her words caught Mark's attention. "What did you hide from me four years ago? What do you mean by

saying she was sanctimonious?" 1 "Four years ago, when you took Baine abroad and gave

me a blank check to pass to Summer, she sanctimoniously refused it. I tore up the check afterward."

Mark sat up straight on the settee. "Why didn't you tell me this until now?"

"She refused to accept the check, no matter how hard I tried to convince her. Besides, you were in

Athana, and I had forgotten about it as time went by."

His eyes were as deep as a whirlpool, his lips pressed into a straight line, and his expression did not look good.

He had been thinking that Yvette had given Summer the check, not knowing that that was not the case.

Summer raised the child for four years without using a single cent from him. He did not like this feeling

at all.

Just then, Charlotte was awake. She walked out of the bedroom, rubbing her eyes with both hands.

Coming up to Mark, she looked at him with a confused expression. "Where is Mommy, Mark?"

"She is back at the hotel and will come over to see you tomorrow." His expression and voice softened

as he lifted her onto his lap. "Say hi to Granny..."

Charlotte, who buried her cheeks in his chest and was half awake, looked up obligingly at Yvette. "Hi,

Granny."

After spending a day with Mark, Charlotte started to view him in a different light. She gradually believed

in him, trusted him, and became close to him.

Yvette did not want to be seen as mean toward Charlotte in front of Mark. Besides, she did not hate

Charlotte as much as she hated Summer. "You're so sweet. Maria, bring some candies."

Charlotte's eyes lit up when Maria handed the candies over. But Mark stopped her. "No more candies

from now on."

"Why?" she resisted.

"Do you want the bacteria to chew off all your teeth?-Maria, get a few bunches of grapes and wash them."

Mark's feelings for the child surprised Yvette. It was much deeper than she had imagined. He was very

protective of her.

She frowned and decided to talk about it openly. " Mark, do you want it or not?"

She was really curious about whether he wanted custody of the child.

Charlotte was still young and understood none of this. She took the grapes she picked herself and chomped on them, totally enjoying it. "They are sweet!"

Mark got what she meant, but he said not a word. His expression deepened, and he pursed his lips.

Using his warm fingers, he wiped off the grape juice that overflowed from the corners of Charlotte's mouth.

"Mark." Charlotte smiled as he handed a few grapes up to his mouth. Her smile broadened when Mark

did not respond. "It was sour at noon, but this time it's really sweet. Try it."

Chapter 357

"Really?" Mark's long eyebrows were raised questioningly to tease her.

"Really." Charlotte nodded her head like a pigeon. "I will eat it, Mark. Look."

She plucked three grapes at a time with her tender hand, and then popped them all into her small mouth. Her round face bulged even rounder. She looked adorable and innocent. At the same time, she

did not forget to lick her pink lips. "Look, it is very sweet this time. I'm not lying."

The corner of Mark's lips turned up. He leaned forward and ate a few grapes from her hands.

"Mark, why didn't Mommy take me away with her today? Will she really come to see me tomorrow?"

"She will..."

Charlotte was relieved and looked around the living room. "Where is Kaka?"

"It is having a shower. It will be sent over in a while."

Acting mysteriously, Charlotte put her mouth to his ear and said in a very low voice. "Let me tell you a

secret, Mark." "What secret?"

Her dark eyes rolled in her eye sockets a few times, and then her innocent but serious voice came. "I don't hate you very much now."

Such simple words were enough to ease his sullenness. The corners of his lips curved upward.

Yvette furrowed her willow eyebrows as she looked at the interaction between the two. Mark did not

answer her question, but she could see that he was pampering and indulging the child.

But it did not matter to her whether Mark wanted custody of the child or not.

Summer had been divorced, and was no longer her daughter-in-law. So she would not give a damn about this child.

"Do you want grapes, Granny?" Charlotte looked at Yvette, picked up a bunch of grapes, and passed them over enthusiastically. She was proud of herself. "I picked the grapes by myself."

Yvette laughed, but did not eat the grapes. Instead, she put them back on the plate. "You are amazing."

She was insincere.

"Thank you, Granny." She was sweet and polite, her long, curly eyelashes flickering. She looked absolutely lovely.

Yvette's dislike of Charlotte stemmed from her hatred toward Summer. Charlotte was her granddaughter, but Yvette never saw her growing up and thus had little affection for her.

Charlotte started to miss Kaka and was waiting for Kaka to return. But she dozed off after a long while

of waiting and Kaka had yet to return.

"How is Baine's face?" Yvette asked.

"Don't you have her photo?" He waved his hand to motion Maria to carry Charlotte into the room.

Maria hurried over and carefully carried Charlotte in her arms. "Is it to your room or Little Miss Valentine's room?"

"My room."

"It is hard to tell just by looking at the photo. But I can see there are still scars left on her cheeks,"

Yvette said after Maria left.

"There are a few, but they are shallow."

Yvette let out a long, soft sigh. "By the way, I heard Baine say that she and her fiance have broken off."

1

Mark picked up the car key on the table and hummed softly as he stood up. "Mom, let me send you back to the Valentine mansion."

Chapter 358

"Well, you must be tired now. Just rest. My chauffeur is waiting downstairs. By the way, don't forget to

take the supplements that I bought for you. And your grandma has returned from Athana. She looks full

of beans judging by how loud she lectures people." Apparently, Mark was showing her the door. Yvette

stood up from the settee.

"Okay."

As Yvette emerged from the apartment, she thought of the telephone call she received in the morning;

Ms. Moore was complaining and expressing her dissatisfaction with her and Ronald.

When Ms. Moore suffered from a cerebral hemorrhage and underwent treatment in Athana, Ronald had never visited her. It was undeniably unbecoming of him as a son-in-law.

Now that Ms. Moore was back from Athana, Ronald had to go to Norwood, no matter what.

She took out her mobile phone, dialed the number, and pressed the call button. There was no answer.

Anger boiled inside Yvette. Since he did not pick up her call, she would keep calling until he answered.

The call finally got through after six or seven

attempts, and she heard heavy breathing at the other end. 1

"What are you doing? Why did you only pick up after s o long? I have been trying to call you for seven

times!" Yvette was upset.

"I am busy with documentation work. Someone is coming for an inspection tomorrow. Please cut it short if you have anything to say." Ronald's voice was a little hoarse.

Yvette sensed something amiss. "What's the matter with your voice? You sound like you have a frog in

your throat."

"I have caught a cold. Just cut to the chase. What's u p?" Ronald urged.

"How could you catch a cold on such a hot day? I wonder how you take care of yourself. Do you want

me to go to Grudin North to take care of you?"

"You are run down yourself and may not get used to the weather here. I will feel bad if you fall sick. Just

stay in the Valentine mansion. I will make time to go home."

Ronald apparently just wanted to brush her off. But Yvette had fallen for his sweet talk and not sensed

anything amiss. Her initial anger had dissipated." Whatever you say. By the way, my mom is back from

Athana. Make time to visit her in Norwood. Or else, she would be angry." "All right. Is there anything

else? If not, I will hang up."

"Okay, remember-"

The line went dead before Yvette could finish her sentence. But at the moment he hung up, Yvette

faintly heard a female voice calling Ronald. The voice was tender as the murmur of rain.

She shook her head, thinking she must have imagined it. 1

Ronald had been treating her better than previously for the past four years. Sometimes he would return

every couple of months, although he would not stay overnight in the Valentine mansion. He would also

go shopping with her, have dinner with and buy clothes for her. Even the press in Norwood reported they were a model couple.

The next day

Summer woke up early, freshened up, and then took a taxi to the apartment. Maria, who answered the

door, immediately knew that Summer was Charlotte's mom. 1

Charlotte was playing with Kaka when she heard Summer's voice. She rushed over and hugged her legs. "Mommy!"

Summer carried her up in her arms and thanked Maria before sitting down on the settee with Charlotte.

Chapter 359

Mark had gone to the office. There were only the three of them, including Maria. So Summer felt at ease.

She spent the entire day with Charlotte until evening. She looked at the time. It was 8:00 pm. She thought about cooking some porridge for Charlotte before leaving.

While she was busy in the kitchen, Mark returned and inadvertently saw the white high heels in the hallway. His eyes moved and the corners of his lips turned upward.

Summer emerged from the kitchen with a bowl of porridge. "Come take some porridge," she said in a

soft voice.

"Mommy, didn't you prepare some for Mark?" Charlotte looked at the only bowl of porridge on the table.

"No, Mark is not hungry. He must have eaten. You may have it all. I will have to leave soon to catch the

last bus."

Charlotte frowned in puzzlement. "Why do you have to catch the last bus, Mommy? Can Mommy sleep

here, Mark?"

Mark narrowed his eyes and locked them unto the

slender figure of the woman from behind. "Of course." His voice was deep but brisk.

"Yeah! Mommy can sleep here, too!"

"Mark has a girlfriend. His girlfriend will be sad if she knows I am sleeping here." She lowered her eyes

and did not look at Mark.

"Girlfriend? But I never see Mark with any girlfriend." Charlotte turned around. "Uncle, do you have a

girlfriend?"

Summer was holding her breath involuntarily. Her hand that was holding a spoon froze for a second in

the air. Not that she was curious. She still wanted to hear his answer.

She quietly waited.

Just as Mark was about to speak, the ringing of a cell phone interrupted him. It was Summer's cell phone.

She snapped back and eased up, forcing a smile at the untimely phone call.

She was fairly shocked to realize that she was so eager to know his answer. She must be crazy.

She put the spoon in the bowl and picked up the phone. Dean was calling about the lawyer.

Summer walked to the balcony. After talking to Dean about the lawyer's fee, she turned around and was about to return to the living room when she saw a tall body standing behind her.

Mark stood behind her, his shadow shrouding her, his gaze as deep as the cast ocean. He came close to her and looked at her eyes with a deep and fathomless expression, as if he wanted to search the deepest part of her pupils, sucking her in and ultimately swallowing her.

"There has never been a second woman in this apartment. You are the one and only. Stay here for the night."

His voice was as gentle as the breeze. He sounded like he was flirting with her.

Those words and tone of voice made her heart race involuntarily.

There was no one else but only her reflection in his eyes, as if she was the only one in his world.

His deep eyes that were as black as ink were now flashing with a profound, seductive charm.

If a man's eyes are too long and narrow, he will only appear more vicious and ruthless when he is heartless. But if he is affectionate, his eyes could make women wallow in his affection.

Summer pulled back from her runaway thoughts after a while, then suppressed her emotions and throbbing heart that should not be there. She restored the same calm and coldness as before, as if nothing had ever happened.

Chapter 360

It was not proper for her to stay overnight here, considering their current relationship.

And she did not know what he felt and thought when he said that.

She also did not understand what he meant when he said those awkward words.

With their current relationship, it was not suitable for her to stay here, let alone stay overnight and sleep here.

"That won't be necessary. The hotel is not very far from here." She looked away and declined his offer.

Mark was not surprised by the answer. A dim light flashed in his eyes, and he narrowed his eyes.

She was just as stubborn as she was four years ago.

But since he proposed the peace agreement that day, their relationship had eased. They were no longer hostile toward each other.

He was happy with this change.

"Are you afraid that I will do something to you? You seem to be timider now."

His words sounded a little provocative.

Summer frowned, ignoring him as she walked away.

Mark reacted at once, stepping out with his left leg to block her way. His narrow eyes were raised up.

"Are you sure you won't stay here for the night?"

"I have already answered."

He kneaded his forehead with his shapely hand, eyes still on her. "Up to you, Ms. Hart. It's just that

Charlotte has been crying a bit badly for the past few nights."

Summer's eyebrows twitched, not really believing in his words. Had Charlotte been crying so badly,

Charlotte would have called her.

But she did not even receive a call from Charlotte for the past few nights.

"The German Shepherd is not there for nothing. It has its uses. At least, it could scare the child."
Mark

shrugged, turned around, muttering to himself absentmindedly.

Summer looked at him from behind and raised her voice involuntarily. "You scared her with a
German

Shepherd?"

Charlotte was cynophobic. She would usually run away when she saw dogs. Let alone a big German
Shepherd. It would scare the daylights out of her.

Mark stood there and turned his face slightly. "I know little about coaxing children. Since the big
gray

wolf didn't work, a German Shepherd might. It turned out that I was right," he said in a deep voice.
After

a

momentary pause, he continued, "I would have to bring the German Shepherd over again tonight. If

she still cries nonstop tonight, two German Shepherds might work better. I've got to try that out."

Mark did not turn around or turn his head but just walked away, squinting his eyes to observe her
reaction.

He then went into the bathroom to take a bath.

Bringing over two German Shepherds? So this was what he thought was the way to keep the child from

crying?

Summer's brows were knitted together tighter and tighter. She had expected that this man did not know

how to take care of children. But she did not know that he would use such an absurd method.

Charlotte returned to the living room. Charlotte was sitting on the settee, watching My Little Pony, clasping her feet with her hands and giggling from time to time. 1

She turned her head when she heard footsteps, her eyes lighting up with expectation. "Will you stay with me tonight?" "I will," she said after a moment of hesitation.