

President 371

Chapter 371

"Goodbye, Mark!" Charlotte leaned against Summer's shoulder and waved her hand with a big smile on

her face as Mark was leaving for work.

The curvature of the corners of his lips increased again as Mark looked at Summer and Charlotte for a

while before leaving the apartment with a gentle smile on his face.

Summer accompanied Charlotte to practice writing when she fell asleep halfway. By the time she woke

u p, it was 1:00 pm.

Charlotte was also taking a nap. Thinking of Sherman's abnormal behavior yesterday, Summer was

worried for her, and planned to see her at her house.

She had few friends, of which Sherman and Grace were the closest.

She would not hesitate to give her their support and company whenever they were in trouble. She told

Maria to look after Charlotte before leaving.

Summer took a taxi to Sherman's place. After paying the driver, she went upstairs and knocked on the

door. Sherman answered the door. She looked horrible with her hair sticking out at all angles, dark

circles, and dull skin complexion.

Summer gripped her by the arm and sat her down on the settee. "Tell me what happened this time? I drank all the wine last night."

She had even sacrificed her body after drinking those glasses of wine. Sherman would have to bear the consequence if she still refused to tell.

Sherman tied her hair up into a ponytail. Without saying a word, she got up and walked to one side, then took out a stack of envelopes and a bank statement and handed it to her. "Take a look at these."

Summer took the envelope in puzzlement. When she saw the name on the envelope, she muttered, "Natalie, how familiar is this name!"

"Well, she was our junior in university. She chased Billy back then," Sherman said faintly.

Summer remembered it now. Sherman, Grace, Billy, and she were from the same university, and Billy

was two years their senior.

Back then, almost everyone on campus knew about Natalie's pursuit of Billy. There were two reasons

why they were so famous. One was Billy's fame and family background. The other reason was that

Natalie fervently chased Billy, but Billy hated her and humiliated her in front of others. So Natalie had

become a laughingstock in everyone's eyes, and they all said that it would be like having angels fly out

of her ass to get next to the likes of Billy.

But Natalie was philosophical about the derision and stuck to her cause of pursuing her true love.

After graduation, Sherman and Billy got married, and Natalie went to work in another town.

"Why do you have so many letters from her?" Summer counted at least forty.

"What do you think? Why would she write to me? Of course, these letters are for Billy. He cheated on

me because of her. I found these letters from the locked drawer in his study room, and the bank

statement was downloaded from his online bank account, which he used to transfer money to Natalie."

Sherman's body trembled slightly.

Summer sat up upright. "Didn't Billy hate Natalie? Could it be a misunderstanding?"

Billy disliked Natalie so much back then that he did not even want to look at her. He kept saying that he

was disgusted by her. But why were he and Natalie together now?

"There is no misunderstanding. Natalie wrote him these letters every three, or even one month, telling

Billy where she went and what she saw."

"Have you read these letters?"

Sherman nodded, her smile more terrible than crying. No one knew how she felt when she read these

letters. It was like being pierced by needles and knives.

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"But it really is brazen of her. Doesn't she have a cell phone or a computer, that she had to use letter paper? Does this make her look more innocent?" Summer shrugged with a sneer.

While the two were talking, footsteps approached.

Billy walked in with a smile on his handsome face." Have you had lunch, honey?"

Sherman got up and threw the stack of letters and the printed bank statement in front of him. Her body

trembled uncontrollably. "Give me an explanation, Billy!"

Billy glanced down and his face changed, but it was not obvious. "You searched my belongings?"

"Yes." Sherman stared at him with a sneer. "You are angry that I searched your precious belongings without your permission?"

"Of course, not. Why would I be angry? You have every right to do that as my wife." Billy quickly restrained his reaction and chuckled, walking over to put his hand around Sherman's shoulder affectionately.

Sherman was disgusted and flung his arm away." What is the bank record all about? Why did you send

her money, Billy?"

It was apparent, shown in the bank record, that he had made four transfers to Natalie in the past years.

Although the amount was not large, they were all over one hundred thousand dollars.

As much as Summer was worried about Sherman, she knew she had to make herself scarce when the

husband and wife quarreled.

Summer got up to give Sherman a heads-up and then looked at Billy. "You had better explain yourself. I

don't want to see Sherman cry and hear something disgusting from her."

She turned around and left the apartment. Her phone rang as soon as she emerged from the elevator.

It was Dean calling.

"It is my birthday tomorrow, Summer. Can you bring Charlotte out? I have started to miss her after so

long."

"Okay, you set the venue, and I will take Charlotte there tomorrow." Summer smiled.

Dean was watching Charlotte grow up in recent years. He had become sort of her dad in Charlotte's

eyes.

"Would you like me to fetch you and Charlotte tomorrow?"

"It is okay, Charlotte and I can take care of ourselves. You don't need to come," Summer said. "Just call

me when you have the location. Charlotte misses you, too. Yeah, we will be there on time tomorrow."

"By the way, Dean, please send me the lawyer's number. I have time today and would like to talk to him."

Since things had come to such a pass, she had no clue of when Mark would submit his custodial application to the court. So before that happened, she had better be prepared.

"All right, I will send you his number right away." Dean hung up.

Summer received a message notification within seconds. She opened it, got the number, and made the

call.

It just so happened that the lawyer was off in the afternoon. He readily agreed to meet her after

receiving her call. They were to meet in a nearby coffee shop. She waited for half an hour before she

saw Freddie Brown, the lawyer, walking in her direction.

He was middle-aged, looking about forty, wearing a simple white short-sleeve and a pair of black trousers, exuding an air of capability and solemnity.

The two sat there for a while, their conversation revolving around Charlotte's custody.

Freddie was forthright when he told her that because of who Mark was, she had only a 30% chance of

winning the case, and that she had better be prepared for the worst.

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A 30% chance was indeed low.

It was 5:00 pm when Summer left the coffee shop. She felt down upon learning how slim her chance of

winning the case was. It was lower than what she expected.

She hurried back to the apartment, where Charlotte was sitting on the settee watching TV. Charlotte put away the remote control, scurried back into the room, and slammed the door shut.

Maria was cleaning the living room when she saw what happened. "Little Miss Valentine was not too

happy when she woke up and found that you had gone out without bringing her along. She is still angry

now."

"She is irascible indeed." Summer let out a smile.

"Children are like that. When she woke up without seeing you, she cried the entire time, looking for

you. At least, the cartoon could divert her attention." Maria also let out a smile.

"Let me go in and coax Charlotte. I will leave you to it, Maria." Summer stood outside the door and knocked on the door, making a voice that imitated Barney. "Hey, Baby Bop. This is Barney. Do you want to play with me?"

But the playful Charlotte gave no response. Apparently, she was angry.

"Aren't you going to open the door, Charlotte? I am going to make wine now. Do you want to give me a

hand?" She tried to lure Charlotte out.

Sure enough, after a while, the door opened ajar with Charlotte's head poking out. "You make wine?"

"Yeah, do you want to come together?" She knew Charlotte's soft spot.

"Yes!" Charlotte could not wait to open the door and came out like a happy bunny, forgetting everything

that she was angry about. "Mommy, let's go. Let's make wine!"

While speaking, she held Summer's hand with hers and brought her outside.

Summer taught Charlotte with patience, guiding her to soak the grapes, and then the two of them washed the grapes carefully. Charlotte followed exactly what her mom did.

It was only 6:00 pm when Mark returned to the apartment. He looked at Maria, who was cleaning the

living room, with his brows raised. "Where are they?"

Maria knew who Mark was referring to, and replied, "In the kitchen."

He turned around and went into the kitchen. The mother and daughter were squatting on the floor, their

backs facing him. So Mark had no clue of what they were doing.

Charlotte looked back when she heard footsteps. "Mark, Mommy and I are making wine. Would you

like to join us?" She broke into a smile.

Mark glanced at Summer, whose back was still facing him. "Is the wine your mom makes drinkable?"

he asked in a questioning tone of voice, his lips twitching.

"Surely. Mommy said it tastes fantastic." Charlotte was full of confidence in her mom and absolutely

trusted her. "Come join us, Mark."

His eyes were still fixated on Summer, who did not bother to look back. As he walked over, Charlotte

took a bunch of grapes and showed it to him with enthusiasm. "I will teach you, Mark. You have got to do

o this, this, and then this..."

Mark listened to her peculiar instructions, his brows twitching. He swept her into his arms and said,

"Now you will teach Daddy..."

Charlotte picked up a bunch of grapes and handed it to Mark, seriously like a teacher. "Mommy said

you must not peel the skins and wash off the whitish stuff."

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Summer's eyebrows moved slightly when she heard Mark's voice coming beside her, but she did not

look up and continued to do what she was doing.

When the basin of grapes was almost washed, she looked up and inadvertently saw that many of the

grapes in the bunches in Mark's and Charlotte's hands had the skins broken, and grape juice was

flowing out.

Charlotte must think that it was not fun enough; she picked up the grapes oozing with juice and rolled

them up and down Mark's face. "Mark, don't move. I am giving you a massage."

Mark raised his brows, his face darkening. Charlotte saw his expression and stopped the dido because

she was scared.

The next second, Mark's lips curled up as he picked a grape from the bunch of washed grapes, peeled

the skin, and then shoved it under Charlotte's short sleeves.

The wet grape slid down Charlotte's clothes and she writhed and giggled. Likewise, she grabbed a handful of grapes from the water and stuffed them all in Mark's black silk shirt.

Some grapes got stuck under his shirt, some were

falling through his pressed suit pants onto the floor.

Charlotte danced happily, jumping up and down, accidentally stepping on the grapes under her feet.

The clean and tidy kitchen turned into a mess in an instant, and the floor was messy and dirty. Summer

furrowed her brows. "Get out!"

Charlotte shrank back for a second, quietening down. But she did not forget to shift the blame by pulling at Mark's pants. "Mommy is asking you to get out, Mark."

"You little traitor." Mark narrowed his eyes, pretending to be angry.

"Humph! I am not a little traitor. It was you who started this. I was just following you by doing what you

did." She creased her nose and retorted, feeling not too happy.

The stomped grapes were making the floor dirtier. Summer looked at Charlotte. "You, too." Her voice

was deep and serious.

Charlotte felt hurt. She lowered her head, and clenched her little hands together, looking so innocent and adorable.

With his lips slightly raised, Mark bent down to sweep Charlotte into his arms and flicked his fingers on

her forehead. "Mommy could put up with you no more, e h?"

Charlotte pouted, saying not a word. She felt she was wrongly accused. Mark smiled upon seeing her

expression. He glanced at Summer and then looked back at Charlotte. "Does Mommy look fierce like a

tigress?"

Charlotte cautiously glanced at Summer, and then turned to hug Mark tightly and nodded like a pigeon." She looks like a tigress. Let's run, Mark."

He chuckled as he looked at Summer with a provocative look in his eyes. His charming face was gentle, and he looked cheerful.

Summer remained silent, not talking to him. Seeing his triumphant look, Summer scooped up a glass of

water from the basin and splashed it at him.

Mark was quick thinking and dodged the splash with Charlotte in his arms and then walked out of the

kitchen with a smile on his lips.

After the two of them left, Summer gritted her teeth, bent over, and cleaned up the mess on the floor.

She should not have allowed them into the kitchen.

Mark was leaning on the settee in the living room, while Charlotte hung on him like a monkey and her

little hand fiddled with the remote control.

Maria smiled upon seeing that. It looked like the relationship between Mark and Charlotte had

improved.

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Maria came into the kitchen and saw Summer squatting there to clean up the floor. "Let me do this, M

s. Hart."

"It is okay. I got this. My hands are dirty anyway."

Maria knew she should not ask, but she could not help herself. "If you don't mind me asking, why did

you and Mr. Valentine divorce, Ms. Hart?"

The two of them seemed to be a good match. Besides, they had Charlotte between them. They should

be a happy family. So why did they get divorced?

Summer's hands froze for a second. But she quickly regained her composure. "We just divorced like

that."

Maria did not ask any further, just feeling sorry for the two of them.

Here, in the living room, Charlotte could not seem to calm down. As Mark leaned back and looked at

his documents, she straddled his chest, wriggling left and right and feeding him grapes.

Summer saw this when she emerged from the kitchen. Mark's face sank as he read the files, as if he

found something amiss in the contract document. He put Charlotte on the settee and glanced at

Summer. " You stay in the apartment with Charlotte, and I will be

back in a while."

Summer's heart skipped a beat, as if a pebble had been thrown into the calm pool of water. Emotional

ripples spread inside her, but she just glanced at him coldly, without saying a word.

She would still stay with Charlotte, even without him asking.

But the way Mark said those words sounded as if a husband were talking to his wife. It was

inappropriate for their current relationship and situation.

After Mark left, Summer sat on the settee, only to see Charlotte playing jigsaw puzzles of My Little Pony.

"Who bought you this?" Summer asked with curiosity.

"It was Mark." Charlotte scratched her head with one hand while looking for a suitable piece of the puzzle with the other. "Mommy, Mark said that puzzles could improve IQ. What is IQ?"

Summer bent over, and picked up a piece of the puzzle that fell on the floor. "IQ is to become smarter."

Charlotte got the picture, blinking her eyes, and nodded. "Mommy, did Mark buy me a jigsaw puzzle

because I am stupid?"

The corners of her mouth moved. As Summer was about to speak, the door of the apartment was pushed open, and footsteps came. She instinctively turned her head around, her brows knitted together

in an instant.

She did not expect that they would meet in this way after nearly four years.

Charlotte also looked back. Seeing that it was the grandma who came last time, she broke into a smile

and greeted her. "Hello, Granny."

Yvette did not respond. Her willow brows were raised, and her expression changed, reeking of

resentment the moment she saw Summer. "What are you doing here?"

"I am here because my daughter is here." Summer also looked at her with cold eyes. She did not really

like Yvette.

"Who are you trying to fool, Summer? Four years ago, you failed to keep your marriage to Mark. Four

years later, you are using the child as a pawn. Do you think you can fool Mark?"

Her words sounded ridiculous to Summer's ears. "Mrs. Valentine, stop being so opinionated. You do not even care to find out whether it is me using the child as a pawn, or Mark trying to steal the child from me. You are such a nuisance."

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"You haven't changed a bit after four years. You are meaner than ever," Yvette said with a bitter expression. "Do you really think I am going to believe a scheming woman like you?"

"It is okay if you don't believe me. How about we make an agreement?" A dim light flashed in Summer's eyes.

"What are you trying to pull here?"

Summer snickered. "What can I do under your nose when you are so influential in Santabaca? You will

find what I am going to propose irresistible."

"I am all ears." Yvette looked at her warily.

"If you can convince your son to give up Charlotte's custody, I will bring Charlotte to leave Santabaca

for good, and I will never appear in front of the Valentine family again. What do you say?"

Summers' calculation was that Yvette could be a strategic piece of chess.

Yvette looked at Summer for several seconds. "Why should I trust you? I will trust anyone but you," she

said coldly.

She could not agree to Summer's proposal for two reasons. The first was that she had no clue of what

was on Summer's mind, or rather, what she was

scheming.

And the second reason was that she knew Mark liked this child. She could not imagine what would be

Mark's reaction if he found out that she was working with Summer.

"Besides, the Valentine family can afford to raise even dozens of children, let alone one. If Mark wants

it, we will support the child. It isn't even a problem." She paused, fiddling with her red polished nails

before she continued her sarcasm.

"Charlotte is the child of the Valentines and part of the family. But you are not, and you don't even think

about it. You could get to Mark four years ago only because Baine was in Athana. But it won't be long

before Baine will return. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot to tell you, Baine has canceled her engagement with

her fiance, and she and Mark will get engaged and married when she is back."

They would get engaged and married when Baine was back?

But that was none of her business.

Her hands were involuntarily clenched together on her sides, but she maintained a nonchalant smile on

her face when she looked at Yvette.

Yvette had got no clue about what her expression meant, especially that smile hanging on her lips. It was irritating. "What are you laughing at?" Yvette asked.

"Nothing. I just laughed at your boring life. Four years ago, you tried all means to separate them. Four

years later, you are happy to see them get engaged. What is the point? You must have too much free time in your hands."

"You-" Yvette was pissed, glaring at Summer, her chest heaving in anger.

"Do you really think I am fond of being part of the Valentine family? I used to be part of the family. But

you couldn't even afford to pay the alimony when we divorced. Do you really think I am keen to be part

of it again?" Summer snickered. "Oh, yeah, I almost forgot; you tore the check. I knew you couldn't afford it, but you didn't have to embarrass yourself like that."

Yvette's face turned pale. She was in anger. She lost every time she argued with Summer. She was always being ridiculed.

"Very well. You'd better remember what you said today, and I hope you won't end up becoming a mistress of someone."

As young as Charlotte might be, she knew that Granny and her mom were arguing with each other.

She was not too happy when she heard Granny was calling her mom a mistress. She glared at Yvette.

"Old Hag, don't scold my Mommy!"

Charlotte liked Yvette last time. But now she disliked her because Yvette called her mom a mistress.

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Old Hag...

Yvette put her hand to her forehead, looking at Charlotte with anger. "How could you be so rude?"

"You called my mommy a mistress first. That was you are the Old Hag. You were being rude first, not

me." Charlotte knew who was first at fault.

Like mother, like daughter; Charlotte was rancorous and mean, Yvette thought.

Mark should see the true faces of this mother and daughter.

"Where is Mark?" Yvette was boiling with anger. She looked over at Maria, who was standing nearby.

"Mr. Valentine has just gone out for work." Maria did not like Yvette either, as Yvette was mean.

Yvette sat down on the settee, looked at Maria, and spelled out her words. "Kick her out."

She was referring to Summer.

Maria was in a pickle. She glanced at Summer and then at Yvette again, then stood still.

Yvette picked up the coffee on the table and took a sip. "Aren't you listening to me now? She is no

longer my daughter-in-law, but a stranger. It is getting late

now. How can you let a stranger stay in my son's apartment at this hour? It is either you kick her out, or

I will fire you."

Maria still stood there in a dilemma. Summer chuckled with a cynical expression.

Four years have passed, yet Yvette had never improved in her character and self-cultivation.

"You don't have to do that. I will leave." Without looking at Yvette, Summer picked up Charlotte and

walked out of the apartment.

Now there were only Yvette and Maria in the apartment, and the house was unusually quiet.

Yvette was still boiling with anger. She downed one cup of coffee after another while Maria stood by

and watched with caution.

"Call me immediately as soon as you see that woman coming to this apartment. You got me?" She

calmed down after drinking five cups of coffee.

"Yes, Mrs. Valentine."

Yvette was here for Mark. She wanted to ask Mark to accompany her to Norwood.

Ronald would take a direct flight from Grudin North to Norwood, and would not stop in Santatabaca.

Besides, Ms. Moore missed Mark. Yvette thought it would be nice if Mark could go with her. She did not

expect to run into that bitch here.

Yvette stayed in the apartment for nearly an hour before she started to get bored. Having no point to keep waiting, she grabbed her handbag and left.

As soon as Yvette left, Maria called Mark and told him what had happened.

Maria could not afford to offend either side. It was Marks' mother on the one hand, and Charlotte's mother on the other.

So she downplayed the entire episode and just told him that Yvette and Summer had an unpleasant exchange, and Summer had left with Charlotte.

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Even if she could not agree with Yvette and Yvette was at fault, Yvette was still Mark's mother. She could not badmouth the mother in front of the son. No one would like to hear that.

Mark's voice deepened as he asked Maria to call Summer.

He wanted Summer to send Charlotte back to the apartment, or he would pick them up from the hotel

tomorrow afternoon.

Maria heard voices in the background, as if Mark was in an important meeting. The line went dead after that.

It was 10:00 pm by the time Summer reached the hotel. She carried Charlotte and used the elevator to

return to her room. Charlotte was sleeping the whole time.

The screen of her cell phone lit up as soon as she placed Charlotte on the bed. It was Sherman calling.

She picked up the phone and walked away from the bed. "How are you and Billy doing? Have you two

talked it over?"

"He said that Natalie was ill in the past few years, and she had no family or friends. He felt guilty for

what happened between Natalie and him after getting

drunk four years ago, and that was why he sent her money."

"Was she ill for real?" Summer frowned.

"Yes, she was. Billy showed me her medical record. Now she has almost recovered, and Billy has

promised me he will never send Natalie money again. He said that he had kept the thing from me

because he didn't want me to think of the previous incident and feel sad." Sherman's voice and even

breathing were soft.

"What about you-do you trust him?" Summer continued to ask. Now that Billy had explained. It was all

up to Sherman whether or not to believe him.

"I believe him." Sherman paused for a moment, and then continued. "I want to believe him. If you were

me, would you believe him?"

Summer shook her head. "Sherman, you may be empathetic, but not this time. You can't know a

person completely and what he is thinking."

Marriage is a life event. It is not about going to a shopping mall and seeing a piece of clothing and asking you whether it is beautiful. They are incomparable, and things are not as simple as that.

"I know what I am doing. Just tell me, if you were me, would you believe what he said?" In fact,

Sherman did not know what she was doing. She wanted to believe, but hesitated. She did not believe

him, but everything he said was so reasonable. His narrative was flawless, completely reasonable.

"I won't believe him," Summer said slowly. "If I were you, I wouldn't believe him."

"Why not?"

"Even if those letters were sent to him by Natalie, and like he said, he felt guilty for Natalie and sending

her money because of guilt, why did he still keep those letters in the drawer after he had read them?"

Summer could not wrap her brain around this. Why did he keep those letters?

If he was really afraid that Sherman would discover those letters, the wisest thing for him to do was to

throw the letters away, was it not?

"Perhaps he didn't manage to throw them away yet..." Sherman said.

Summer had no words. She could hear that Sherman wanted to believe Billy and was just finding a reason to do so.

"Summer, I have been with him for eight years, and we have gone through so many things. Although

something like that has happened, it happened only because he was drunk. Since then, he has never had an affair. This time, maybe he really gave Natalie money out of guilt. I want to believe him."

Sherman said slowly. Obviously, she had already made up her mind.

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"Well, it doesn't matter what, as long as you want it, I will stand by your side and support you," Summer

said.

"Okay, after telling you so much and for so long, I feel better now. Go to sleep. Good night."

"Good night." Summer did not feel like sleeping at all. She sat in front of the window, staring out at the

night and thinking of him again.

Yvette's words were ringing in her mind; Raine canceled her engagement because of Mark, and they

would get engaged and married when Raine was back.

Mark had accompanied Raine for four years in Athana. He naturally knew that Raine had canceled her

engagement for him.

When she was in Santabaca, she had witnessed how Mark forced Raine to think for herself about what

she really wanted and what their relationship really was.

Now Raine had found her true feelings, and Mark had gotten what he wished.

There was no wonder he did not mention Raine again after the two met, nor did he mention it once in

front of her.

Maybe Mark thought it was unnecessary to talk about it again. It must be that the wound on Raine's

face had

healed, and he was just waiting for her to return to get engaged and married.

Besides, there was no need to tell an outsider about it. Was it not?

She knew she was that outsider.

It seemed that she had only now come to her senses and see the reality. But the most ironic thing of all

this was, she learned the truth from Yvette.

So who was she to pass comment on Sherman when she was more stubborn than Sherman was? She

could not stop feeling hurt upon hearing the truth from Yvette. It pained her so much. Her heart had

been torn into pieces.

There were some things that she could not forget completely, no matter how hard she tried. That was

the reason Sherman had chosen to believe Billy.

There was denying that she had started to adjust her thinking after hearing what Yvette said.

There was no need to let things go on this way. Mark never had her in his heart; it was the same just as

now as four years ago.

Mark loved Baine. He did not want Baine to get hurt. He always rushed to Baine at the first moment,

when she was in danger. He loved Baine and take care of her day and night, like a precious gem.

He was like this when she fell from a cliff during an earthquake in Grudin North.

Mark was not unfeeling. Just that he had given all his love to Raine.

After experiencing something like that on the cliff, no matter how deep she loved, or how painful she

felt, she could no longer allow her heart and mind to be moved by him.

When they met again, she should be calm, nonchalant, and distant toward him, just like facing a

stranger.

The emotional perturbation that should not have surfaced had surfaced during this period was all her

fault.

She sat there and thought through it. It was not until dawn that she fell asleep.

She got up late because she slept late last night. When she opened her eyes in the morning, Charlotte

was already awake with her hair sticking out at all angles and holding her breakfast cookie in his arms.

Charlotte looked so groggy, almost half-asleep, yet she was still voracious.

She pulled herself out of bed reluctantly, took the cookie from Charlotte, and put it away. "Shall we first

brush our teeth?"

Summer stood on the floor washing her face and brushing her teeth, while Charlotte was standing on

the vanity top with her butt upturned. Charlotte kept swallowing, as she liked the smell of the

strawberry-flavored toothpaste. "Mommy, I really want to eat strawberries."

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"Hurry up to clean yourself up. After breakfast, Mommy will take you out to buy it."

Charlotte opened her eyes in the morning, thinking of nothing else but what to eat. She really was a child.

Summer tied Charlotte's hair after coming out of the bathroom. Her hair was black and thick, unlike hers, which was too soft.

"Mommy, why did you quarrel with that grandma yesterday?" Charlotte stood there and asked.

"Then tell Mommy, who taught you about the Old Hag? Who did you learn that from, eh?"

Charlotte pursed her lips. "I learned that from TV.

There is the Old Hag in the Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

"Isn't it Snow White and the Huntsman?"

"No. It's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. It's an animation film. There is a character called the Old

Hag. I learned it there."

Summer's brows twitched involuntarily. She wondered what happened to animated films nowadays.

"Don't call people that next time. Okay?"

"But she scolded Mommy."

"That is my business, and I will handle that. You shouldn't call people names. Did you hear me?"

Charlotte pouted and nodded reluctantly. "Alright, Mommy."

"Well, let's have breakfast now, and then we will find Uncle Dean. It is his birthday today."

Charlotte's eyes lit up. "Uncle Dean's birthday? So we can have cakes, Mommy. Can you give Uncle

Dean a big strawberry cake?"

"It is more like the strawberry cake is for you." Summer poked the tip of her nose, and Charlotte smiled.

Dean had been waiting at the agreed place when they arrived. He was not in his usual police uniform

but a smart and elegant attire.

Charlotte spotted him at once. "Uncle Dean! Uncle Dean!" she yelled as she ran over excitedly.

With arms outstretched and he squatting down, Dean let Charlotte plunge into his embrace. He then

lifted her up in the air in a pampering fashion. "Did you miss me?"

"Of course, I miss you." Charlotte nodded her little head.

"How hard and long did you miss me?"

"It was very, very hard, and very, very long. As long as Superman can fly." Her voice was innocent, yet

serious.

Dean could not help but pinch her little nose. "You are getting more and more naughty, eh?"

"Uncle Dean is getting more and more handsome." Dean's heart blossomed as Charlotte gave him a

kiss o n the cheek.

Summer interrupted them when she saw the two had no plan to stop. "Have you set a venue?"

"Yeah. A few best friends of mine will join us. Let's go now." Dean smiled.

They hopped into the car and off they went. Before long, the car stopped in front of a restaurant.
Dean

undid his seatbelt and asked, "They all like Estainian cuisine. Don't you like it, too? Or would you prefer

Italian or French?"