

President 401

Chapter 401

"Didn't know that breaching privacy's a trend now!" Jazz clicked his tongue in dissatisfaction. At the

very next moment, he heard the sound of a car engine starting, and he smacked his lap. "My Lexus!"

After some time, there was an announcement reminding the passengers that they will start punching the tickets. Summer got onto the train while holding Charlotte's hand in one hand, and pushing the wheelchair with another.

There weren't many seat choices while Summer was purchasing the tickets, so she was forced to buy

three tickets with separate seating numbers. Fortunately, Charlotte was sitting next to a man who was

traveling alone. Summer asked him for a swap of seats, to which he agreed. Consequently, their seats

were not far from Dean's. They were only separated by a few rows of passengers so it was really convenient.

Leaning her head on the window, Charlotte played with the kite in her hands. "Mommy, are we not going to see uncle anymore?"

"I thought you hated him. Didn't you call him a bad guy too?" Summer withdrew her gaze and looked

down to her.

"I really hated him at the start. He would shout at me,

scare me, and threaten me with Kaka. He didn't even let me call you!"

Charlotte talked with her small mouth. She remembered every detail about his misdeeds.

"But he would still feed me, teach me to play with Kaka, sleep with me at night, and give me kites -

mommy, I'm starting to miss him now!"

Surprised, Summer stroked Charlotte's hair gently as she started thinking to herself. 'Maybe blood

really is thicker than water.'

'Was it too much to leave with Charlotte so abruptly without even telling him?'

Putting their past affairs aside, Mark was still Charlotte's biological father. He also gave up his custody

to Summer. Looking at these reasons, she should've at least informed him.

Even if they became strangers and have no contact with each other anymore, he still had the right to

know about Charlotte's whereabouts.

Summer clenched her fists slightly and decided to send him a text message. She pulled out her phone,

only to find out that it was already dead. So she had no other choice but to text him when she was back in Nokocola Bay.

Other than Charlotte, she was not connected to him in any way anymore...

Suddenly, she felt like her heart was being squeezed tightly by an invisible hand. The piercing pain caused her to lightly pat on her chest. Perhaps when her life was back on track and everything turned

back to normal, she would forget about it slowly...

Upon reaching the train station, Mark squinted at the scrolling displays on the screen in the waiting lobby. He saw the train that was going to Nokocola Bay was not accepting any tickets anymore.

His gaze and expression remained gloomy. It even radiated a sense of coldness.

He held clenched his fists and stared at the screen coldly as his body emitted bouts of coldness.

'How nice of her to quietly leave with my daughter!'

He did not give up his custody for her to be so unscrupulous!

He checked on the next train to Nokocola Bay, which was departing in three hours. Showing no emotions on his cold face, he went to the kiosk and bought himself a ticket to Nokocola Bay.

Four and a half hours was neither a long nor short time, but it was enough for Summer to get a good sleep. The incidents that had happened one after another had drained Summer inside out. She slept

right after she leaned on her seat.

It was exactly half-past one when they reached

Nokocola Bay. Charlotte was jumping around like a chick when they were leaving the station.

The temperature in Nokocola Bay did not fluctuate much throughout the year. Although it was summer,

it was not as boiling hot as it was back in Santabaca. Besides, it was raining when they arrived, making

it chilly.

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Dean was not visiting Nokocola Bay for the first time. He had been there quite a number of times over

the past four years. So he was no stranger to the place.

The room was dusty after a few days of being empty. Summer asked Charlotte to turn on the TV for

Dean before she started cleaning the room.

Summer cleaned room after room from inside out. There were two rooms which were just enough for

them. One for her and Charlotte and another one for Dean.

She hung all of Dean's clothes in his wardrobe and changed his sheets.

She made some light food and purposely brewed some bone broth. After everything was served on the

table, she went and called them for lunch.

Charlotte was showing excellent manners. After Summer was done ladling out the soup into small bowls, she first served it to Dean, then Summer, and herself last.

Lunch was very harmonious. While they were eating, the police station called Dean to get him to finish

up the analysis reports for a few cases.

Summer arched her brows. "Why should you look at the analysis right after your surgery? Even if they

need you, they have got to wait for at least two

weeks!"

Dean smiled. "It's an emergency case, it has been one year since the case was registered. We don't get traces every day, so we can't let it slip away easily. But I'll be done with it in two hours."

"Okay, I won't interfere with your work but you have to be disciplined. In a day, you should spend two

hours for work and three for your leg exercises."

"Sure." Dean nodded. He himself was also aware of his current condition. He wasn't fit for working long

hours at all.

After they were done with their lunch, Summer cleaned up the table. Charlotte went to do her homework and Dean was working on his paperwork on his laptop.

She was still exhausted so she couldn't stay up anymore. She went into her room and slept for a few hours again. The next thing she knew, it was already six o'clock. The sky was starting to get dark due to the rain.

She realized that Dean hasn't got any men's goods yet. She then told Charlotte to behave before leaving to the market to get some fresh vegetables and some ribs. After she was done, she went over to the supermarket.

She bought everything that was necessary, from towels, toothpaste, toothbrush, men's slippers, shaver, to home wear.

It tended to rain a lot during the summer in Nocokola Bay. And when it does, it pours continuously. It

had been raining for a whole day now, and it was showing no sign of stopping. Instead, it grew even heavier.

She went to the entrance of the stairwell. Her sweater was already damp from the rainwater. She lowered her head and shook the raindrops off her umbrella.

"Oh, isn't it Ms. Hart?"

Summer looked upward. Standing in front of her was the chubby Beth. She was around the age of fifty,

and she was holding a bag of popcorn in her hand.

They lived on the same floor and would greet each other whenever they met, nothing more than that.

Summer nodded to her and said, "Hey, Beth."

"Your door was locked for a few days. I thought you don't live here anymore."

"Yep, I went to Santabaca."

"Come to think of it, I saw you pushing a man on a wheelchair this afternoon. He looked as if he

couldn't walk. Let me tell you something, don't just bring any men back to your house. You're still

young. Even with Charlotte, I'm sure you can still find a decent man and remarry. Don't let a disabled

man ruin your reputation." Beth said charmingly while eating her popcorns.

Her words sounded extra harsh to Summer. With a stomach filled with rage, Summer uttered every

single word clearly as she responded to Beth.

"Beth, please be more respectful the next time you open your mouth. He is not just a man, he is my

fiance, and we're getting engaged soon. Also, he is not disabled. He just has some difficulties moving

his legs for the time being. Please leave yourself out of my business!"

Chapter 403

Knowing that her words had backfired, Beth snorted angrily and turned around. 'What is there to be proud of? What is the difference between having difficulties moving his legs and being disabled!

'Look at the way she talks. He's just another disabled man. Did she have to be so rude, and so protective over him? Is she really that desperate for a man?'

"Your words are such music to my ears, Ms. Hart. Tsk tsk..."

A deep and cold voice came from behind, followed by a peal of applause that was rhythmic and loud.

Summer shivered lightly upon hearing those words. She turned around and saw Mark standing there behind her. His stance was upright, and his gaze cold as ice.

"Why are you here?" she asked with a frown.

He lifted the edge of his lips without showing any emotions. Stepping forward, he squinted at the transparent plastic bag she was carrying. "Men's slippers, shavers, home wear, toothbrushes, towels..."

His voice sounded very cold and deep as if he wanted his words to sink into one's heart, causing people

to tremble.

"Yes, it's quite complete. But I've forgotten the most important thing of all - birth control..."

Mark stared at her hard as he felt the blood in his body boil and rush up to his head. The heat was felt

by every part of his body. He even had a strong urge to crush her into pieces...

He did not spend all the time traveling here just to listen to her being protective over another man!

'D*mn it!' She really knew how to get on his nerves, challenging his patience and limits again and

again. All he wanted to do was strangle her until her neck snapped and break her fair legs while he's at

it!

"We are no longer married. So whatever I buy is none of your business, no?"

Summer was not angry. She just spoke slowly with a calm expression.

'Whatever she buys is none of my business... Does it mean that she was planning to get birth control?'

He was just staring at her calm expression coldly as his hands were curled into fists. The veins on the

back of his hands were protruding. He was furious.

"If you're here to see Charlotte and not to fight, then please come in." She looked directly at him before

turning around and unlocking the door.

Mark squinted and looked at her slim back coldly. His handsome face was covered with layers of frost

that was enough to freeze a person into cold ice.

He just continued watching her as he followed behind her. He walked into her house, holding in his anger.

After hearing some footsteps, Charlotte ran out of her room as she called for her mommy lovingly. But

as soon as she noticed Mark, she turned into a happy bird and hopped straight into his arms.

Mark bent his body and picked Charlotte up as he scanned the room. It was not too big or too small.

The decoration in the room was exactly how the woman would like it.

Charlotte was just like a kangaroo hanging on Mark's body. Her soft hands were running around his face." When are we going to fly the kite, uncle?"

"When there is wind, of course..." His voice was deep. Though his words were directed at Charlotte, his

fierce gaze was fixated on Summer.

Yet, Summer treated him as if he was invisible. She was busy with her own stuff as she completely ignored his presence.

Chapter 404

"Then when will there be wind?" Charlotte leaned her tiny body on Mark's wide and warm chest. She

insisted on getting all her questions answered.

"We'll know when we look at the weather forecast..." His gaze was still following her. When he saw her

going into the washroom with the men's goods, his anger was immediately sparked. Unknowingly, he

even tightened his grip on Charlotte.

Charlotte felt it and squirmed. "Oww, you're hurting me. And get the remote. Let's look at the weather

forecast!"

Mark let go of her instantly and picked up the remote. He then switched to the weather forecast to entertain the persistent little girl.

"Charlotte, didn't you say that you wanted to watch My Little Pony? I'm done with the computer, so you

can watch with it now." Dean was trying to move his wheelchair to get out of the room. When he saw

the flawless, notable, and elegant man sitting on the couch, he felt startled for a moment.

He carried Charlotte by her backside and placed her tiny body on his lap before wrapping her with his

arms. Mark then looked at Dean and said in his deep voice, feeling a little proud and provocative, "I'm

here t

o visit my own daughter..."

He emphasized the three words 'my own daughter' on purpose.

Summer had just got done with her chores as she walked out and said to Charlotte, "You should go shower and sleep after watching the weather forecast. You still have school tomorrow."

She had too much fun these few days. When school was brought up, she sulked and wilted like a piece

of limp lettuce right away.

"Do you not want the stickers from your teachers anymore? Or do you want your friends to know that

you play truant?"

Charlotte pouted. Even though she was reluctant, she still nodded her head. "Okay, mommy!"

Summer then shifted her gaze to Mark. "You can watch it tomorrow if you are not done with it, but we

have got to rest now. It's also time for you to leave."

Before Mark could even respond, Charlotte chimed in, "Mommy, it's cold and raining outside. It's dark

too. Could uncle stay for the night, please?"

"There is no space for him here, he is a grown-up so he isn't afraid of the cold. He can find a place to

stay by himself."

He looked at her while he listened. Then he furrowed his brows and coldly said, "Who says a grown-up

isn't afraid of the dark and the cold?"

Summer could not hold in her anger after hearing his words as she glowered at him. "Is this what a grown-u p should say?"

"It's really dark and raining heavily outside, plus Mr. Valentine is not familiar with Nokocola Bay at all.

Summer, just let him stay for the night," Dean said.

Mark sneered as he snorted ironically through his nose. 'Since when did I need his help?'

Summer looked at him and left him four cold words," Sleep on the couch."

After that, she carried Charlotte into the bathroom while Dean went back to his room, leaving Mark alone in the living hall.

It was getting darker and darker as the room went back to silence. There was only the sound of his own

breath echoing in the room. He did not expect Nokocola Bay to be that cold during the summer.

Mark heaved his body on the couch as he squinted his eyes, losing sleep.

Moments later, he heard someone creep up on him. Charlotte was carrying a blanket that was even

heavier than her as she walked toward him.

Stumbling, she strenuously placed the blanket on the couch. "Here!"

Mark's heart went soft and gave the little girl two kisses on her forehead. His voice was deep but gentle. "Quick, go to bed."

She returned him with a peck on his cheek before creeping back into her room.

Chapter 405

The next morning...

Mark woke up early. He went to the bathroom to freshen up when the new toiletries caught his attention. He sneered and opened the packaging almost instantly. He used everything she had bought

for Dean yesterday, be it the towels, shavers, or toothbrushes. Nothing was left unused.

He stood in the living room after exiting the washroom. That was when he heard the woman's voice coming from the room.

"Do you want to wear trousers? I think it's more comfortable to wear the joggers indoors..."

He squinted his deep-set eyes while clenching his teeth. He took two big steps and went to Dean's room. As expected, he saw her standing in front of the wardrobe talking to Dean with an expression that could not be any more gentle, just like how a virtuous wife would be...

He wanted to kill Dean first, then her!

His icy cold gaze fell on Summer as he walked towards her. His eyes were those of a cold and lonely

wolf. He lifted his toned arms and grabbed her slim wrist before dragging her out of the room. He was

so

rough it turned her fair arm red, hurting her.

"Let me go!" Summer struggled violently behind him.

He ignored her completely and dragged her out of the room. They went down the stairs but did not stop

walking.

Summer was outraged. She stretched her arm and started punching him. Their hair, face, and clothes

were drenched in rainwater the moment they stepped outside.

He was walking a little too fast, plus the floor was slippery, Summer did not pay attention and fell to the

ground as she felt a burning sensation on her knee.

Mark's chest was still heaving violently. Even the cold rainwater could not put out the raging fire inside

of him.

He let go of her hand after he noticed that she had fallen down. His face was still stiff and dark when he

bent down, intending to help her up.

However, Summer pushed his hand away. She wiped away the rainwater with her left hand and supported her body with her right hand. Clenching her teeth, she stood up slowly as her chest rose and

fell rapidly.

"I think there is something that we need to talk about ..." She limped forward after she spoke.

She thought that it was more than necessary to clear u p their relationship thoroughly. If things continue

to unfold like this, she would be completely drained.

The rain was still pouring and Summer was still in her green dress. A gush of wind blew, making her

dress dance. Together with her limping leg, the image struck the man's heartstrings as he started to

feel a sense of guilt and pity towards her. The anger that he accumulated over a day was gradually

starting to disappear.

They arrived at a cafe in the blink of an eye. There was a bell hanging on the door. Summer pushed the

door open, and it made a crispy jingling sound.

Nokocola Bay was different from Santabaca. It was not as happening as Santabaca, but it had a

different appeal. There were small streets and tiny alleyways, making the place antique and historical.

The cafe was empty at that time. Faint yellow lights were shining down from above, creating a warm

and twilighty touch to the cafe's ambiance.

They sat down at a table beside the window. Summer ordered two cups of bland coffee as the rainwater was still dripping off her body, looking like a drowned mouse.

They were sitting face to face and their coffees were served not long after. Looking at their messy looks, the server gave them the strange eye.

Summer held the cup up and took a few sips to dispel the chill she felt. She then took deep breaths to

suppress the anger inside of her, trying everything she could to not break her character.

Chapter 406

"You are Charlotte's biological father and you have all the rights to visit her. I won't deny that I left too

abruptly that day. I couldn't inform you that we were coming back to Nokocola Bay because my phone

was dead, and that was indeed my fault. I owe you an apology for this. And if you happen to miss

Charlotte or want to see her in the future, I'll bring her to Santabaca for you. I'll be sure to let you know

firsthand about everything that has to do with Charlotte from now on."

She looked at him and continued talking while holding the cup of coffee in both of her hands. "But that's

as far as it goes. So no matter what I do or say in the future, please keep yourself out of it. I think I

have been pretty clear about this, and there is no need for me to repeat myself anymore."

Mark raised his eyebrows after she said those words. His dark gaze turned sharp as he stared at her

coldly and fiercely. "Keep myself out of whatever you do or say? Just like what happened back there?"

What he saw in the house was still lingering in his head!

Her words made him extremely upset. The rage he had inside of him was sparked again, burning all his

rationality to ashes.

"Yes, Charlotte is the only reason we are still keeping in touch. You will be marrying Raine in the

future, and I will be marrying another man too..."

She knew that Mark could only be persuaded by reason and not cowed by force. Arguing with him will

never solve any problem. The only way to do it was to talk to him peacefully.

His expression shifted instantly as he said mockingly, "Marry?"

Marrying another man? Without asking for his permission? Four words, over his dead body! i

"Yes. Not only getting married, but whatever a married couple does, we will do too-"

Mark arched his brows and stood up suddenly. He stretched his arm out and grabbed onto her, pulling

her to him and making her sit on his lap. He pinned her down by her waist and locked her in his arm,

ignoring the rainwater on them. In a gruff voice, he said, "You better stop right now!"

Whenever he thought about her doing what they had done together with another man, or her flushed cheeks and soft moans, he would feel like someone had shoved a ticking time bomb in his heart. It was

a time bomb that could go off at any minute and blast him into pieces...

Summer ignored his doings and remained still. She looked at him with her pure eyes, changing the subject. "Do you love Raine?"

His brows were still brought together, his lips moved but not a single word came out.

"Then..." She paused and spoke again. "Do you love me?"

She did not think that he would respond, she looked up and continued speaking,

"If you think that me marrying another man would hurt your pride as president, you don't have to! You're

such an influential man in Santabaca. Other than Raine, there are still so many ladies fantasizing to be

with you. As for me, I am just an ordinary woman. Naturally, I would marry a man during the prime of m

y youth. You are a smart man, so you should know what I am trying to say. It's getting late now, and I

still have to look after Charlotte. I'm going to leave..."

She moved her hands to her waist. Without having to use too much of her strength this time, she removed his hands off her.

Summer stood up and started walking. When she reached the glass door of the cafe, she ceased her steps and turned back to him as she said each and every word calmly.

"Actually, the definition of an ex-wife is a man's former wife, a previous partner in the past. Raine is the

one you love, and she is already all yours now, no? So why are you still bothering your ex-wife? There

is n o way that you're obsessed with my body. There are so many women out there, there has got to be

at least one that suits your liking, no?"

She did not wait for his response after saying those words. Instead, she walked right into the rain. Her

slim figure vanished before his sight.

Chapter 407

She was walking slowly. Her legs were not being very cooperative, which meant that she had fallen too

hard back there...

His lap was still damp, but the spot she sat on still felt so warm. It had only been a few seconds since

she left, but he was already starting to feel empty. He missed her...

Missed her...

When these two words flashed across his mind, Mark was shocked as he froze in place. He was really

shocked...

Missed her...

She was just a woman who could not be more ordinary. If she had one thing special about her, it would

be her being Mark Valentine's ex-wife. That was all.

As for their marriage, it was solely based on mutual agreement. She wanted the baby inside of her, while h e needed a partner.

The reasons she was chosen were simple. Firstly, she appeared when he needed someone the most.

Secondly, compared with other women, she looked more appealing to him. She was interesting and refreshing...

Now, however, why would he miss a woman whom he had chosen purely out of the reasons he just mentioned?

The emotions that he felt left him shocked, confused, and ridiculed...

'Raine is the one you love, and she is already all yours now, So why are you still bothering your ex-wife?' 1

He thought of how she looked at him when she said those things, as well as her cold and unusually calm expression. Without him knowing, his hand was clenching the cup of coffee.

Just as she said, no matter if it was four years ago, or four years later. Raine was the one he loved all along. 1

Now, he had already gotten the woman that he dreamt of every day. So why was he bothering an irrelevant woman?

He smirked ironically as his mind was in a mess. He felt as if he was stuck in a maze, unable to find an exit.

Other than being in a mess, he also felt an indescribable annoyance. He squinted his eyes slowly as he

lit up a cigarette.

Smoke wreathed the air, causing his left eye to close a little bit more. Flicking on the cigarette, the nicotine he inhaled into his lungs made his frustrations go away slowly.

The fog that was canopying his heart had also started to vanish. Suddenly, the sun was able to be seen again. The light that shined through was like a sparkling firework. Finally, he could see and understand things clearly now. The irritation and confusion buried under him fanned out like thin mists.

The look on his handsome face was still dark just now, like a gray cloud covering the whole sky. But

now, his spirit was lifted so high up, his bright expression was almost blinding to the eyes.

The waitress who was carrying coffees on a tray unwittingly sneezed after walking out. She frowned

and went to the cashier who was standing behind the counter. "What is that pungent smell? Is somebody smoking? Why didn't you remind them that smoking is not allowed in the cafe?"

The cashier stretched out her arm and pulled the waitress's sleeve. She then pointed to the direction of

the window with her chin, signaling her to look over.

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The waitress placed the coffee on the table and looked over. Suddenly, she became speechless as she

gulped.

"Loser! Weren't you just nagging me about our smoke-free policy? What made you so quiet now?"

"To be able to meet such a handsome and charming man, I would choke on second-hand smoke all

day!"

"Out of ten people who come here, nine of them will either be women or a couple. Even if there's a man, he would look ridiculously hideous. This man right here is definitely the best of the best!"

The two staff were laying on the counter with their eyes glued to the man. They whispered to each other as they stared at him intensively.

Mark's lips curled when chuckled softly. He placed his left hand in between his brows and started massaging his forehead. He could not stop chuckling as he found himself... utterly ridiculous...

He had been dominating the business field for ten years, and he was just getting better and better.

Nevertheless, his legendary name was well-earned.

He was always cautious and meticulous in business-related matters. He could accurately predict the other party's intentions just by their words or actions, never making a mistake.

But he would never have thought that he'd be so terrible in managing his love life. He was so dull-witted, to the point that he was comparable with a retard.

He always thought that the woman he loved was Baine, but he had no idea when his feelings for her changed.

Perhaps it happened before he gifted Summer the makeup products; maybe it was after. But one undeniable fact is that he had already developed feelings for her for a long time.

Or else, he would not be this furious when she handed him the divorce papers.

He also would not have prioritized her over Baine when both of them fell off the cliff at the same time. H

e would not have made sure that she was safe before saving Baine...

On top of that, he would not have had murderous thoughts when he saw her picking clothes for him. At

that time, his eyes were bloodshot, and all he wanted to do was to kill Dean before he killed Summer!

Those feelings were so strong and chaotic, but he still failed to notice them time after time. How ironic!

2

His temples started throbbing when he was reminded about his own theory, where he concluded that

he was just obsessed with her body. Summer was not the one he wanted to choke now. He just wanted

to choke

himself!

There was an uncountable number of women who had better figures than her. But he had never felt

any excitement or strong feelings whenever he was with them. Things were just flat.

However, when he was with her, it was a surging sea. The waves were so strong he could barely keep

his stance. She was the only woman who could bring him such pleasure, a pleasure that could even be

felt in his bones!

There was not a better feeling than the pleasure she brought him when their bodies became one. The

sensation that he felt was off the roof. It was so strong it made his body extra sensitive.

He had four whole years to sort out his feelings, but he still could not do it. There was no denying that

he was utterly dull!

Mark massaged his temples with both hands. His Adam's apple could be seen thumping in his throat. H

e sat his tall figure back in the chair as he slowly unbuttoned his shirt to feel more relaxed.

His whole body felt relieved as he finally got an answer. He was ecstatic from head to toe, feeling a sense of freedom that he had never felt before.

It was such an easy thing, yet he still needed an eternity to figure it out...

He had grown up together with Baine since they were children. The first person he fell in love with was

also her. The deep love he had for her lasted for twenty-over years, which was why he never doubted

his feelings for her,

It could even be said that he was hypnotized deep into his bones to push away his true feelings.

Chapter 409

Although they were always together during their four years in Athana, it was never as natural as how

they were before.

Most of the time, she spoke, and he listened; and there were times where he felt indifferent,

uninterested, nonchalant, and sorry.

There wasn't anything that could spark a conversation, but at that time, he couldn't understand why...

He stood up and pinched his forehead as he walked up to the counter. When he noticed the no-

smoking sign, he pointed and dully uttered, "Excuse me."

"N-N-No worries..." The cashier blushed and stammered.

The girl serving coffee gave a typical answer. "It's okay, smoke all you want."

Mark squinted at her words; a faint smile appeared on his sunken expression. He took out several

banknotes and handed them to the cashier.

Following that, he turned around and went outside the cafe.

As the bill was being printed, the cashier held the change and called out to him as he left, "Sir, your change."

However, all she heard was the clear tingling sound of the wind chime.

"Hey, did you notice his chest was dripping wet? It's s o sexy, even my limbs are shivering!"

"Of course, his chest is so firm too, and his bum looked so sexy in his wet pants!"

"I really want to rest on his chest! Ack! I shouldn't be thinking about that, otherwise I'm going to get a

nosebleed." The coffee girl scrunched her nose and threw down the towel. "Get to work!"

In the room, Charlotte was awake; she had dressed herself up, and her tiny hands rubbed her eyes.

When Summer had collected, suppressed her emotions, and had calmed down, she walked over and patted Charlotte's buttock gently. "Good job! Quickly wash up and let's have breakfast."

"Mommy, is there egg tart for breakfast?" She licked her lips; although she was still groggy, she was already thinking about food.

"Yes, there's egg tart and milk. Come on, stop rubbing your eyes."

Dean was getting used to his mechanical wheelchair; i t was unexpectedly easy to use, convenient, and could go anywhere he liked.

"You're improving quickly." Summer stood behind him and chuckled. "We'll do some leg strengthening

exercise in the afternoon; but you seem to be enjoying your wheelchair ride."

Dean smiled, "I've been a cop for such a long time; I hustled every day and almost had no time for rest.

It's really comfortable to be seated here now."

"I see, it's a blessing in disguise. But no matter how carefree you feel, you still must stand up quickly.

Alright, let's have breakfast."

As she spoke, Summer went into the living room. There was milk and soy milk, freshly made using the

machine, steaming with vapor.

As they gathered around the dining table, the door flung open, and a tall figure stood before them.

"Uncle!" Charlotte jumped off her chair and dived toward Mark. "Mommy made breakfast; uncle should

join us too."

Chapter 410

Contrary to Charlotte's cheerfulness, Summer fixed her eyes on him and frowned. 'Had he not

understood her words from this morning?'

Nevertheless, whether he understood them, it wasn't her concern anymore; from this day onward, she

had decided to start anew and live a good life.

Firstly, she had to buy a house. She considered settling down in Nokocola Bay as the house prices were lower than Santabaca's.

Charlotte had already grown up, and it wouldn't be good to be without property in the long run, be in

Santabaca or Nokocola Bay.

Mark squinted his eyes and stared at Summer; they were blazing.

Nevertheless, he knew what was in his heart and what he wanted; he wasn't going to let her go again...

1

After a while of exchanging gazes, Summer retracted hers and looked at Charlotte. "You have only ten

minutes left before you're late, do you want to get punished today?"

Charlotte returned to her seat and asked, "But mommy, uncle doesn't have breakfast." "Mommy

prepared only breakfast for three, there isn't

any more left." Summer sipped her soy milk and looked at Dean. "Would you like some jam?"

"Just a little bit." Dean sat away from the jam so he couldn't reach it.

Summer passed him the jam, and after he had finished, she put some jam on Charlotte's bread,"
Finish

it quickly."

All the while, she didn't glance at Mark at all.

Charlotte nibbled at her bread and felt sorry for Mark because he had nothing to eat. "Uncle, you can

have m y egg tart."

Reluctantly, Charlotte stretched out the plate with four egg tarts. Raising his brow, Mark smiled, "You

can have them."

After breakfast, Summer was going to send Charlotte t o school, then head off to work, but was worried

about Dean. "I left some meat buns on the table; if you're not yet hungry, we can have it together when

I'm home. Give me a call if anything happens. If anyone tries to cause trouble, call the cops

immediately, let the cops deal with him!"

'Was there anyone who is trying to cause trouble? Was she implying that he would bully Dean?'

Mark frowned hard; he was displeased and pursed his lips as he locked his gaze on her slender figure

as if h e was going to tunnel and pierce a hole through her.

"Alright, I got it. Don't worry, off you go to work." Dean responded while acknowledging her worry.

Nodding, Summer led Charlotte out and left for school together.

Thus, it was only Mark and Dean who were left in the room. They had nothing in common; hence, it

was an awkward situation.

However, it was Dean who felt terribly awkward; On the other hand, Mark was relaxed, casual, and showed no signs of awkwardness.

Moving his wheelchair, Dean headed toward the room. Mark got up and strode in front of him, blocking

his way. He casually spewed out two words, "Let's talk."

"What about?" Dean frowned; there was nothing in between them worthy of a conversation.

Mark poured himself a glass of warm water and casually reclined on the sofa, and squinted his eyes gently.