

President 411

Chapter 411

Dean couldn't deny the fact that this man was a natural leader. Regardless of the situation, everyone could only dance to his melody. Nevertheless, although he was drenched and appeared unsightly, it wasn't enough to hide his elegance and dignity.

"I plan to send you to Athana for treatment, what are your thoughts, Mr. Singleton?"

He had to ensure that Dean and Summer mustn't continue their current relationship; he had to put an end to it.

"This is my burden; I can decide for myself. Please don't trouble yourself, Mr. Valentine."

Mark glared, his voice croaked, and he knocked his fingers against the glass that it echoed a tingling melody. "I don't like to put my nose into someone else's business. But Mr. Singleton, you rescued my

daughter; in return, isn't it right for me to find a cure for your legs?"

Dean smiled. "I had watched Charlotte grow up; in my eyes, she is like a daughter to me, there's no need for anyone to be responsible for me; besides, Charlotte doesn't seem to recognize you as her daddy, does she?" "I have to admit that what Mr. Singleton has said is

indeed very true..." Mark smiled faintly. "But I am her biological father, it won't be long for it to be

revealed. You have no reason to reject my offer for my goal is to cure your legs, and not to harm you..."

"I have my own plans, there's no need to trouble Mr. Valentine. Besides, Nokocola Bay and Santabaca

are very suitable for my rehabilitation, there is no need to travel to Athana, thank you."

He didn't want any stranger to have a part in his affairs, although that man was Charlotte's daddy by nature.

"Since Mr. Singleton isn't interested in Athana, how about Pine Hills? It's surrounded by nature and has

beautiful scenery."

At that moment, footsteps approached, and then Summer entered the room. She had initially wanted to

go to school, but she made a U-turn and unexpectedly overheard what Mark had said upon her arrival

because she was worried.

"What are you doing?" She looked at Mark and frowned.

Staring at her, Mark raised his arrogant eyebrows and answered slowly, "I was concerned about Mr.

Singleton's legs. Since he was injured because he rescued my daughter, I have a responsibility to fulfil.

Ms. Hart, don't worry, I'm not a beast, I won't devour him..."

Her face became filled with anxiety, too much for one's eyes to bear.

"Since Mr. Valentine is so kind, Mr. Singleton should show his appreciation. However, instead of

travelling to Athana or Pine Hills, it would be simply alright if Mr. Valentine could hire two nurses for Mr.

Singleton," Summer looked on and calmly replied.

He looked at her, and his teeth itched as if wanting to gnash at her fair and beautiful neck. "It seems like I did not ask for Ms. Hart's opinion..."

"I agree with Summer's proposal." Dean quickly replied.

Summer had to work and take care of Charlotte; if there were nurses, she could be more relaxed and not wear herself out.

Ah, they seemed to be in perfect sync. But that mouth with bright red lips that spoke those words was

certainly inviting a kiss of death.

Marked gripped the glass tightly and sneered.

"Besides, shouldn't Mr. Valentine be leaving soon? If you would like to meet Charlotte, I will send her to

Santabaca during the holidays. Worry not Mr.

Valentine, in terms of care, I will keep to my word," Summer said. Her words were obviously trying to

drive him away.

"I see, Ms. Hart is driving her guest away, huh?" his voice had already turned sullen.

"Mr. Valentine, you're overthinking. We are heading out to the park now and can't attend to Mr.

Valentine.

Because of that, after your drink, please..."

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At the park.

The rain had just stopped, the air was humid and fresh, and the flowers emitted vivid scents of nature's

aroma that was pleasing to one's smell.

Most of the people were at work during this hour, so the park wasn't crowded. The tracks were

drenched by the rain, and chirpings of birds were heard.

Summer didn't speak and remained silent as she pushed the wheelchair; she looked dull as if occupied

by anxiety.

"What's wrong?" Dean asked, breaking the silence as he adjusted the napkin on his legs. Since they

arrived at the park, she had not uttered a word.

"I was thinking, when he offered you treatment in Athana, I should have agreed. Let me speak to him

again later." 1

As a matter of fact, Athana was more advanced in medical technology than Santabaca; as his injury was still in the early stage, there was no better time than to be treated immediately. It couldn't be delayed.

"Why should we agree? I didn't rescue Charlotte for his sake; so, I shouldn't receive his favor."
Dean

replied.

He witnessed Charlotte growing up and treated her

like his own daughter. But he could never accept Mark's offer just because he was Charlotte's biological father and his arrogant way of offering treatment for his legs. 1

It was like an unconscious feeling that would emerge when an enemy appeared and snatched away your precious belonging and outrageously declaring compensation. How could he accept such a thing?

"But... your injury is still in the early stage. If you receive treatment in Athana, your chances of recovery

will be greater."

Dean didn't want her to feel guilty over what happened to his legs. "Don't worry, I can arrange for my

treatment in Athana. I have a university friend who is an orthopedic, and he's also in Athana right now."

Summer cheered up at his words. But immediately, she asked, "What about the medical expenses?"

"My bank savings are sufficient for the treatment.

Don't worry." Dean assured her.

"When we return, please find out from your friend. I'll get ready the visa and passport." She decided.

She couldn't be at ease about what happened to Dean. Furthermore, with the savings in her bank card,

it should add up to be sufficient.

Dean smiled, "Why haven't I realized you had such resolute character? It's not yet too late to decide

after I've contacted him. Besides, why is there a need for us to travel there? I'll be alright on my own,

you should

remain and look after Charlotte."

Summer replied, "I will go, and look after you."

"Oh, Summer, don't feel guilty or sorry over what happened; in my heart, Charlotte is also my

daughter." Dean replied slowly, "If all you feel is guilt, I wouldn't be at ease too. The reason I rescued

Charlotte wasn't to let you feel guilty."

She stopped and let go of the wheelchair. Then she stood in front of him, looking stern and serious.

"I know you rescued Charlotte because you love her. Feeling guilty is just part of why I want to care for

you. The rest is because I find that you are a remarkable man. So... let us get married..." 1

As a man, he had a duty, responsibility, and virtue; and throughout these four years, she had understood him well.

For them to get married, she wouldn't need to worry about Charlotte anymore.

Moreover, he wasn't someone who would act rashly, neither would he have an affair; he loved children

and a family guardian.

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A simple and long-lasting life together was not a bad idea. As for feelings, she wanted to nurture it as

time went by-

Dean was stunned. After a while, he regained his composure. "Summer, do you know what you are saying?"

"Of course..." Summer brimmed. She appeared more lighthearted and looked a little sneaky. "One day I

will end up getting married anyway. Who knows how my partner would treat Charlotte. He might abuse

her behind my back. Not only do you treat her so well, you are also an upright cop. How could I let such

a remarkable man slip by?"

Dean chuckled. Summer's words sent a stream of warmth through him. His entire body was warmed

with happiness. His heart was filled with bliss and excitement. At this very moment, he wanted to

scream for joy. He felt touched. Comment by Chein Ling Foo: I revised this part coz I don't understand

what you are trying to say.

"...he felt warmth surround him, warming his entire body."

Revised version:

"Dean chuckled. Summer's words sent a stream of warmth through him. His entire body was warmed

with happiness. His heart was filled with bliss and excitement. At this very moment, he wanted to

scream for joy. He felt touched."

"You sure you won't regret it?"

"Why would I regret? Are you saying that after we get married you will hate me one day?" Summer

answered.

"Definitely not. But I would like to walk again before I marry you." He wanted to give her a splendid

wedding.

"So, if you will never walk again, you won't marry me? That's not important, isn't it?" She knew what he

was thinking, but it was unnecessary!

"But I would like to discuss this when I can walk again ..." Dean replied very slowly, "if your decision

was made out of guilt or impulse, you could still turn away the moment my legs have recovered." 1

"For me to make this statement only means that I have thought about it thoroughly and made a decision that is best for myself. What I'm doing now, I'm clearly aware."

Summer locked gaze with him as she spoke, hoping that her sincerity could reach him.

After looking at each other for a long while, Dean nodded, "I do."

He trusted her every word, and the sincerity she expressed, he witnessed them clearly.

Summer shuddered when he uttered those words. An unknown feeling filled her heart, and it felt a little

bitter.

But she knew the moment she made that decision, she would never turn back against it, and it will

never change.

From now on, it shall be...

They remained a little longer at the park; afterward, they went shopping and quickly returned home.

After dinner, Summer helped Dean with standing exercise in the living room. She let his arms find support on the armrest as he tried to stand up.

However, it wasn't an easy task. After a grueling two hours and many repeated attempts, he had not stood u p at all, instead, he was sweating profusely.

She scooped a bowl of chicken broth she had prepared in the morning and handed it to Dean. "Take it

slowly. It's still the first day, there's no need to hurry."

Dean remained calm and nodded in acknowledgement, "Okay."

After another round of exercise, Dean returned to the bedroom to organize his documents while

Summer prepared dinner in the kitchen.

It was 5:30 pm when she finished preparing dinner. It was also time for Charlotte to finish school. She

gestured to Dean and undid her apron as she got ready to pick Charlotte up.

But just as she stepped out of the kitchen, she saw Charlotte; her face was red with excitement, and

she held a star-shaped kite.

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She peered into the living room like a thief and immediately put the kite aside.

Mark stood behind her; he was tall, handsome, and elegant. The only thing that seemed out of place was the Shawn the Sheep bag he held in his hand.

Pouting, Charlotte dashed into the kitchen. "Mommy, I'm thirsty, I want some water."

Summer frowned when she saw Charlotte's soiled white shoes with traces of grass on them. She tugged at her collar and led her out of the kitchen. "Where did you go today?"

Charlotte became droopy, her head sagging. Her legs began kicking, and she answered in a tiny voice

like a fly, "I... was... flying my kite..."

"Today is your first day after being absent from school for so long, and you skipped your classes?"

Summer's words became harsh.

Charlotte was frightened and curled up against the wall. Mark looked at Summer, squinted his eyes, and said, "I've requested a day off from her teacher..."

As he said, he placed the Shawn the Sheep bag on the sofa and walked over. Immediately, Charlotte clung to his legs.

Upon hearing that, Summer shifted her attention from him to Charlotte. "No dinner for you until you

finish your homework."

After saying this, she ignored them and left the kitchen, and began serving dinner.

Charlotte twitched her cute little nose at the aroma." Uncle, mommy made roasted tomato soup and meat buns, and I'm hungry."

"What a nose..." Mark raised his brow and gently pinched her nose, "hold on a little longer..."

Charlotte licked her lips, her head drooping in disappointment. Then, she began doing her homework

while Mark sat beside her.

It was only because of his daughter that he could enter the house today; otherwise, knowing her character, he wouldn't even have a chance.

However, he had let his daughter down. After a day of flying her kite, she had to do her homework in

hunger.

Only Summer and Dean sat at the dining table for dinner, and the delicious smell filled the air. Dean wanted to ask for Charlotte but was stopped by Summer.

Charlotte tugged at Mark's trousers and said softly," uncle, I miss mommy's meat buns very much..."

"Uncle misses them even more. Be a good girl, keep going..." Mark raised his brow as he spoke in his

deep voice. He lowered his eyes and peeped at Dean coldly.

He had tasted the meat buns she made before, although it was four years ago...

After dinner, Dean returned to the room to work while Summer cleared the table. Unable to bear it anymore, Charlotte said in her teary eyes. "Mommy, I'm very hungry..."

Feeling sorry, Summer went into the kitchen and brought out a bowl of roasted tomato soup for Charlotte, but she didn't even look at him sitting on the sofa.

Mark, too, was hungry. His eyebrows twitched as he observed Charlotte enjoying the food.

"Uncle, ahh..." Charlotte fed him a spoon of roasted tomato soup. It would be better if she hadn't fed

him. The moment he tasted it, his hunger grew. After being separated for four years, her cooking had

improved.

Mark took over Charlotte's spoon of roasted tomato soup. As he was about to savor it, his actions met

with Summer's gaze.

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As she caught sight of it, Summer pressed her arms on her chest and observed his behavior. It felt a

little awkward. He gulped and gracefully adjusted his black shirt with his left hand. Then, he turned toward Charlotte without changing his calm expression on his handsome face. "Ahh..."

Summer twitched her brows at sight. As she turned around, she couldn't help but curl her lips. She then

quickly relaxed them.

When she emerged from the kitchen again, she held a plate of freshly baked meat buns and, without hesitation, served it before him, and the plate rattled.

'Was it for him?'

Mark raised his eyebrows. She had not been hospitable toward him recently. It was the first time she acted in this manner, and he was quite surprised.

"Thanks, ex-wife..." he responded. His voice was a little hoarse as he stared at her gently.

To call her 'Ms. Hart' would sound very rigid, and if he had called her 'Mrs. Valentine', she would definitely chase him out of the house. 1

Staring coldly at him, Summer replied, "No thanks. You may leave after dinner because we need to rest."

Raising a brow, Mark pretended he did not hear it. Instead, he proceeded to savor the meat buns slowly.

Charlotte had never been good in Mathematics, in fact, she was awful at it. Summer tutored her attentively and carefully, guiding her gently and softly.

He observed Summer under the warm light. Her side view looked stunning, and it radiated her attentive

spirit. He was fascinated and moved.

After half an hour of tutoring, Summer stretched her limbs and looked at him. "We're tired, so we won't

see you off."

Mark gently smiled at her words and picked up his coat that was lying on the sofa. Summer thought he

was leaving and breathed a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, after he had picked his coat, he rolled up his trousers, wrapped the coat around himself,

and dived into the sofa.

"I'm tired too, hush, let me rest for a while..."

"This man really doesn't know how to feel ashamed!"

A turbulent feeling welled up within Summer's chest. She really wanted to toss the remaining meat

buns left on the table at his face.

"Hey, you should go. There are many five-star hotels i n Nokocola Bay, you could get a room easily."

She said and kicked his legs.

But Mark appeared to have fallen asleep and felt nothing. His eyes did not even flinch.

Although Summer kept kicking him, he did not budge. Charlotte tugged at her sleeve, "Mommy, don't

disturb uncle, he is tired. I want a bath and I want mommy to bathe me. There is mud on my shoes, it's

sticky and uncomfortable."

Unable to suppress her annoyance, Summer kicked him again angrily and then led Charlotte to her room.

The sofa was small and narrow, and the night would b e freezing cold. She wanted to see how long a

dignified and proud Mark could last.

After their footsteps faded, Mark opened his eyes narrowly to watch mother and daughter enter the room. Then, the room door was shut with a heavy slam.

He adjusted his body into a more comfortable position and closed his eyes again.

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She had planned to coax Charlotte to sleep then prepare her coursework. However, while she was doing so, she, too, fell asleep.

Not until her cell rang suddenly did Summer wake up from her slumber. She sat up groggily. After adjusting Charlotte's blanket, she walked out of the room muddleheaded and closed the door quietly behind her, careful not to wake Charlotte up.

Still very sleepy, Summer answered the phone, her eyes narrowly opened, "Hi, mom."

"My dear, how are Dean's legs? It has been quite a while, has there been any improvement?"

The living room was pitch black, but she did not switch on the light because she felt it was unnecessary

as she wanted to go into her room to sleep after the call.

She staggered forward with her eyes closed, led by her instincts, and replied, "Not yet, he's still

recovering. I'm helping him with his daily leg strengthening exercise. I'll let dad and you know if there's

any progress."

"Okay. So, how are you and Dean getting along?"

Summer steadied her hand on the phone, her eyes

remained closed, and she answered, "I've discussed with Dean, we decided to get married, but we

haven't decided whether to have our wedding in Nokocola Bay or Santabaca. Could you help us

choose a date? Then we can work out the other details. It doesn't have to be too grand, and... it would

be great if dad can help too..."

As she spoke, she sat down on the sofa instinctively. Nevertheless, she felt something warm and soft

beneath her hips and suspected something was amiss.

She had obviously forgotten about Mark, who had been sleeping on the sofa. At that moment, she was

sitting directly on top of his chest.

Summer opened her eyes to check her surroundings. Mark, who was on the sofa, wriggled. His dark

pupils were like those of a beast, and they were burning with flames. Even though it was dark and the

lights were off, his eyes were clearly visible.

Because he suddenly wriggled, she shrieked. Daisy, who was on the other end of the call, asked

worriedly, "What happened?"

A frightened and palpitating Summer steadied herself and patted her chest. When she was about to

give the man below her a piece of her mind, she heard her mother's voice through the phone. So, she

quickly replied, "it's nothing, mom. The lights were off, so I bumped into a chair. I'll hang up first, we can

talk again tomorrow. Uhm. Goodbye."

She hung up and gripped the hand that wrapped around her waist. In a low voice, she said, "let go!"

Both Charlotte and Dean were in the house. She could not ascertain if they had heard her. Thus, she could only lower her voice.

His blood was boiling and burning and about to gush out. He growled in a deep and low voice, "You're

going to marry Dean?"

"Yes," Summer responded, her palms pressing on his chest as they wrestled and wriggled.

They looked, however, somewhat intimate.

Had Charlotte or Dean walked out of the room, they would surely witness the scene, and the situation

would only become more awkward.

"Why marry him?" he gnarled as he maintained a vice grip around her slender waist while the flames in

his pupils were still burning.

He was too strong that Summer could not free herself after trying her best to wriggle till her face was

puffing red. She ended up huffing and puffing and gasping for air.

In the end, she gave up struggling and breathed slowly.

He raised his hand and adjusted her hair that fell beside her cheek. Although he was still in a rage, his

actions were very gentle.

"Why are you marrying him?" he asked again in a low and deep tone and stared at her.

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"Mark, don't you think you're being intrusive?" she maintained her low volume while grabbing his shirt

with both hands.

Raising his brow, Mark adjusted his grip around her waist. Then, he squinted his eyes and asked, "Do

you love him?"

Summer frowned and did not answer. She tugged silently at his grip with all her might, wanting to break

free.

He was not a cop, neither was she a criminal. Hence, she was not obliged to answer his question.

"Listen, if you aren't going to answer, we can keep doing this until morning..."

Summer took a deep breath and froze for a moment. She could not help but prick her palms with her finger so that it hurt a little. "I love him." She uttered so clearly that she could even hear her own voice.

Hearing her answer, Mark turned blank but stared into her eyes, trying to grasp her deepest thoughts.

"Four years ago, did you love-"

Just as he was about to finish saying in a low and deep voice, he suddenly choked, and his speech was cut short.

He went on to place his finger on her lips and rubbed them. "Dear ex-wife, your eyes have betrayed you.

They are clearly saying that you are not speaking the truth..."

She could not help but shudder and tilt her head slightly. She calmed her racing heartbeat before she looked up and said, "I may not love him enough yet, but I will soon become his wife. Then, I will love

him with all my heart!"

What she said was not solely meant for him; it was also directed at herself.

Mark unconsciously pinched her belly through her pajamas. His arms were tightened, his veins visible.

"Because of that, you don't have to be swayed by a married woman anymore..."

Mark said nothing but placed his hand on her head and pulled her forcibly so that she landed on his chest.

Their bodies clung to each other tightly and firmly, and there was no gap in between.

Summer's left cheek laid flat on his chest. Although separated by his shirt, she felt the firm, burning, and strong heartbeat beneath it.

The words 'married woman' really made him feel disgusted.

'Was she telling him that she is no longer available?'

Mark snorted. At this moment, even his breath from his nostrils was scalding hot. He stared at her smooth and fair collar and felt like he wanted to break her neck.

He had to break off all her wings so that she could remain in his embrace and put off any thoughts of

marrying another man!

He locked his left hand on her hair behind her head while his right arm wrapped tightly around her waist, completely restricting her movements.

Whilst inhaling the pleasant scent of the tangerine, he brought his heated lips close to her sensitive ears. "Do you believe that I can make you fall in love with me before you marry him?"

Summer did not reply. She let out faint laughter instead.

'What is he trying to prove? Is he trying to show that h e has the charm to tempt a married woman? Is

he joking?'

Hearing that laughter, Mark rolled his eyes and slapped her directly on her hip. A clear, loud slap echoed.

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Her response annoyed him very much, and her laughter seemed like an insult to his words.

"You're crazy!" She raged and immediately grabbed his shirt tightly and nipped at his chest firmly.

'Would he only be satisfied when he had woken up Charlotte and Dean?'

She didn't nip too tightly with her finger, but moderately so that the pain would get very intense. He let

out a few snorts and slapped her hips again. "Dear e x-wife, you better heed my words, I'm not joking..."

Agitated by his words, Summer strengthened her force and replied similarly, "You better heed my words too..."

They exchanged gazes, her eyes flaming bright while his being deep as the ocean.

After a long while, he released her and gave her two deep stares. She got up and quickly returned to her room, whereas Mark squinted his eyes.

Summer heaved a sigh of relief as she sat on the bed. She could still feel the heating sensation radiated from his body.

She felt her jaws itch, but it soon became calm.

The next morning.

Charlotte wanted to pee but was too lazy to get up. So, she rolled toward Summer and murmured,

"Mommy, I want to pee pee..."

She brushed her aside and opened her eyes. "Be a good girl and go to the bathroom on your own,

okay? Or else, Logger Vick will come and catch you."

Charlotte's eyes opened wide when she heard those words. She sprung off the bed and dashed out of the room.

Summer collected her clothing, but just as she had put them on, Charlotte rushed in anxiously.

"Mommy, uncle is missing! Did Logger Vick catch him?"

Surprised, she replied after recollecting her senses, "Logger Vick won't catch grown-ups, he will only

catch disobedient children. Uncle must have left because of something else."

"Why won't Logger Vick catch grown-ups but only disobedient children?" Charlotte leaned beside her

and rubbed her eyes; it was apparent that she hadn't been to the bathroom because her legs were crossed and rubbed against each other.

Frowning, she thought for a little while and simply answered, "because Logger Vick isn't strong enough

against grown-ups; be a good girl and go to the bathroom quickly, or you're going to pee in your pants."

Nodding, the little one conveniently picked up the phone on the shelf; she tapped on the Fruit Ninja game as she ran off to the bathroom.

After getting out of bed, Summer tidied the bedroom and living room. There was a tiny vibration as she

glanced across the sofa.

After breakfast, she recalled her conversation with Daisy to Dean; without objecting, he nodded in agreement and suggested they head out to the mall to select a ring.

Summer felt it was too early to do so as there were still many unprepared tasks.

"It's our custom to have an engagement ring, and a wedding ring; although we don't have an engagement, but we shouldn't break the custom. We'll treat this ring as the engagement ring."

Summer tried to argue with Dean but was unsuccessful; in the end, she had no choice but to agree.

Charlotte gulped down her milk, and her eyes glittered. "Mommy, is it like the ring that teacher wears on

her finger?"

"You cheeky little girl, quickly finish up your milk and mommy will send you to school."

Chapter 419

On the other side

In the bar

There were many lakes on the seashore, so even the bar was built by the lake, literally beside the mountain and the water.

Charlie took two shots of spirits and passed one to Mark, who was reclining on the sofa. "Mr. Valentine,

please."

Mark's eyes flitted over the spirits, his left hand resting on the side of his temple, kneading gently. "I'm

not interested. What brought you here?"

"It's very difficult to hear from Mr. Valentine that he's not interested in liquor. I came to bring you a wedding invitation card." Charlie sat down with his legs crossed, looking debonair.

"Yours?"

"Yup..."

"With Grace?" His tall body bent slightly, as he reached out for a glass of warm water and took a sip.

"How do you know?"

"The way you and Grace look into each other's eyes is s o hot that it almost burns each other to death.

You've

always said that marriage is the grave of love. What happened now?"

Charlie's lips curved upward and said, "I am now willing to die in the grave. Is there a problem?"

"You can do whatever you want. How about Billy?"

"He's half-dead. Sherman caught him giving money to that junior, and now he's asking me to transfer

the money for him. I won't do it."

Mark's handsome brow furrowed. "What's he up to?"

"I don't know. His relationship with Sherman has been going downhill for years anyway, but he's still

giving money to that junior after she caught him. Anyway, he deserved it! Let's not talk about him.

What's wrong with you? We haven't seen each other for just a few days. Why are you looking so

haggard? Anyway, don't you love your aunt? Why are you here now?"

Charlie sneered at him, and got a cold stare back in response.

"She said she's going to marry another man and love him as much as she could..."

"It's normal. They are both adults. Ms. Hart is not yet thirty and in the prime of her life. It's only natural

that she wants to get married now."

Charlie looked at him with a smile on his face and asked, "Are you just going to sit here and do nothing?"

"Of course not, I'll get her back..."

"You've spent a lot of time with Ms. Hart since four years ago. What kind of feelings does she have for

you? Didn't you ask?"

The muscles in Mark's handsome face moved slightly and his jaw rose with ego as he gulped down the

rest of the water from the glass. "Ho..."

Last night, he did plan to ask her, but after hearing her answer to Dean, he actually backed away, afraid

of hearing her cruel answer.

"Does Ms. Hart know how you feel about her?" Then Charlie said to himself, "I wouldn't expect you to

say anything. What the hell are you doing?"

Mark kneaded his forehead and didn't answer, slightly irritated.

"I think it's a miracle Ms. Hart didn't chase you away. You're in love with your aunt, yet at the same time

hovering around her like a fly-"

The next second, the windbreaker had covered Charlie's head directly. Mark frowned and said,
"You

know, regarding Raine, I don't-

"You don't love her, do you? Mr. Valentine, do you have any idea how big the news is about you
and

your aunt? The entire Santabaca knows that you're in love with Raine, okay? More importantly, you
didn't deny i t."

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"Not only those people, even my fiancée thought you were in love with your aunt. At that time she
thought she was watching Romeo and Juliet every day! You're the only one who knows your heart.
We

don't know. M s. Hart doesn't know.

After all, you loved your aunt so much four years ago. You just didn't sneak into your aunt's
window like

Romeo did..."

"Never mind that. If you love Ms. Hart, at least let her know. Do you really think it's okay for you to
hang

around Ms. Hart like a nuisance? You're obviously making her think you're just trying to have sex
with

her, you know?"

Charlie reached out and clapped him heavily on the shoulder:

"It's actually easy to say those three words to the woman you love. If you love her and want her to know, then you must say it. You can never guess how someone feels inside.

We don't know what's going on in someone else's mind. Just like you don't know what's going on in Ms.

Hart's mind, Ms. Hart doesn't know what's going on in yours. For example, Grace and I can't figure each other out without expressing ourselves..."

In fact, the time the two spent together was a little too short. After ten or twenty years together, they would know what the other was thinking as soon as the other opened the mouth.

His eyes moved slightly and the hard lines of Mark's handsome face softened slightly. "When are you

going back to Santabaca?"

"Soon. I just came by to give you an invitation and have a drink with you. What else?"

"Since you have nothing else to do, let's go see my daughter before you go back..."

Charlie became interested. He looked at the time. It was two o'clock. "Let's go, I have a gift for her..."

"Let's wait for another two and a half hours..."

"Why?"

"Yesterday I went to school without telling her mother and took her out to fly a kite. My daughter was

denied dinner as punishment when she went back home..."

"Hahahaha..." Charlie couldn't stop laughing. It really amused him.

The two then continued to spend time at the bar.

When it was time to leave, Charlie's phone rang. Mark turned to look at him.

Charlie picked it up and whispered the name to him, Billy.

"You help me transfer \$200,000 first, I'll pay you back later." Billy said.

"I'm at an important time in my life. Do you think I'd have a better life if Grace found out? And why are

you so interested in your junior?" Charlie was speechless.

Mark stepped forward and grabbed Charlie's phone with his big hand. "If you really want to make the

transfer, get your best secretary to do it."

Then he hung up. Charlie frowned at him and said, "You're giving him another option."

"You think you can stop him if he wants to do it? If it doesn't work through you, he'll think of some other

ways."

"What if Ms. Hart had her heart set on marrying someone else?"

Mark's face stiffened, his fists clenched and he said not a word. His long legs strode straight ahead and

Charlie followed with a shrug of his shoulders.

Apparently he did not think about this possibility. No one would stand in place and wait for someone all

her life. This was reality, not a fairy tale.

In fairy tales, love is a story that lasts until death, but the reality was that people who love each other

may not stay together for various reasons.

Or if Ms. Hart had set her heart on marrying someone else, what else could he do about it?

They arrived at the kindergarten just as the students were leaving school. It was a beautiful sight to see

two amazing men standing together.