

President 421

Chapter 421

Charlotte flew into Mark's arms like a bird, her little face rubbing against his suit pants.

He bent slightly, picked her up, raised his chin slightly, and pointed at Charlie. "That's Uncle Charlie."

"Hello Uncle Charlie," Charlotte said sweetly.

"Little beauty. Like father, like daughter. She looks just like you. Let me give you a kiss. Here's a little

gift for you," Charlie said while hugging the soft little girl.

"Is it a dress?" Charlotte blinked.

"Anything wrong?"

"Uncle, can you give me a yellow one next time?"

Mommy always says I'm like a little piggy and will stain the white dress."

Charlie smiled and snapped his fingers. "Ok, the little beauty's request is accepted. Mr. Valentine, I want her to be my flower girl."

"I'll be Mommy's flower girl. Mommy is going to marry Uncle Dean, and I will be the flower girl."

Charlotte's smiling eyes were like a crescent moon. "Uncle, let's go home."

"Are you hungry?" "No, Mommy went shopping for a ring with Uncle

Dean today. I'm going home to see mommy's ring. I'm going to see if the teacher's ring is bigger or

Mommy's ring is bigger, and which one is prettier!" She could not wait to see it.

At the little girl's words, Mark's face went completely grim. Charlie frowned. It seemed Ms. Hart was

determined to marry someone else.

Once a person like Ms. Hart was determined to do something, it will be hard to turn back...

Later, Charlie returned to Santabaca. Instead of going home, Mark went to an Italian restaurant with

Charlotte. After dinner, he asked Charlotte to call her mommy.

And told her to come to the Italian restaurant...

There was something he wanted to make clear...

Charlotte was eating a steak while holding the phone, her voice was soft and tender and her braids

waved softly in the air.

After the steak was finished, Mark asked the waitress to take Charlotte to the children's section.

Pouring a glass of red wine, he held the clear glass in his large hand and shook it gently, watching the

red liquid swirl inside.

The look on his handsome face was grim and as dark as the night sky. It was impossible to see what

he was thinking.

A moment later

The private room door opened and Summer walked in, her eyes fixed on him. "Where's Charlotte?"

As soon as she and Dean got home, she received a call from Charlotte. Without stopping, she came to

the restaurant immediately.

He drained his glass of red wine and then handed her the invitation card.

Summer raised her eyebrows in surprise. She took the invitation card, opened it and saw that the groom was Charlie and the bride was Grace.

She knew the two were dating, but did not expect them to get married so soon.

And just as she looked at the invitation card, Mark's eyes fell on the ring she wore on her slender fingers.

It was a very ordinary gold ring. The design was not complicated, but simple yet graceful...

His deep eyes rolled up in an instant. The ring undoubtedly stabbed him in the heart. His fingers clenched the transparent glass and the veins stood out on the back of his hand. The force was so strong as if he was going to crush the glass.

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As she put the invitation card away, Summer glanced around the private room and asked again,

"Where's Charlotte?"

Without words or an answer to her question, Mark stood up and his long legs strode forward. His huge

hand suddenly gripped her wrist and before she knew it, he had pulled the ring off her finger.

Startled, Summer looked at him angrily and asked, "Mark, what are you doing!"

Mark glanced at her coldly, his razor-thin lips curving up sarcastically and then looking down at the ring

in his palm. "Just so-so..."

"You despise the ring, but someone will like it. Give me back my ring!" Summer's voice was already

tinged with anger.

Mark listened as he raised an eyebrow and his eyes turned cold. "Of course someone will like it. Ha, that someone is my beloved ex-wife, isn't it?"

She met his eyes without avoiding them, nodded and stretched out her hand. "The ring!"

"Ha..." He smiled faintly and said, "But the last word I want to hear right now is the ring!"

Summer found it ironic and ridiculous that he took

her ring away from her, and then told her, so gracefully and languidly, that the last word he wanted to

hear was the ring!

"Give me back the ring, and I'll take Charlotte back, and you'll never hear what you don't want to hear!"

He glanced sideways at her and said coldly, "I know a better way to get rid of it, my dear ex-wife. Would

you like to know?"

"I don't even want to know. Just give it back!"

He snorted coldly, and then with a frosty face, he lifted his long arm, and the ring had vanished from his

big hand. Then he said to her, "It's gone..."

Now the ring was truly out of his sight.

Summer's face changed at once; she gritted her teeth, bent down and searched the private room anxiously for the ring.

They went to two shopping malls for this ring. It was not just a simple ring, it was Dean's heart.

She searched every part of the room; under the table, under the chairs, wherever she could see.

Mark turned and looked at her... She looked so anxious, as if the thing that mattered most to her was gone. She would not mind kneeling on the ground to search for the ring even though she was wearing

a dress.

His eyes were icy cold. He stepped forward, grabbed her arm with his big hand and pulled her straight

off the ground.

Summer was wearing high heels. She wobbled as she was suddenly pulled off the ground and twisted

her ankle. The pain spread like needles pricking the foot.

Once she steadied herself, she calmed down and then looked at him coldly. "Are you done?"

Mark did not like the way she looked at him and the tone of her voice. He stared at her, his low, grim

voice spilling from his thin lips, "Is that ring really that important to you?"

"Yes. It's important." She still looked calm and unfazed. "If you're done, you can leave now!"

He gazed deeply at her, his eyebrows straight, but there was no anger in his eyes. He pulled her body

directly into his arms and raised her chin, making their eyes meet.

"You know why I made such a fuss. The only thing I want is for you not to marry Dean and to stay with

me ..." The magnetic and attractive male voice was unusually deep and hoarse, without anger,

sullenness or coldness, but with a vague and imperceptible tenderness.

Mark paused for a moment, his sexy Adam's apple rolling up and down. The three words clearly reached the edge of his thin lips, but seemed to be blocked there.

He closed his eyes slightly, and after a while, he finally managed to say the three words with some difficulty. "I love you..."

He had expected to feel awkward or unnatural after saying those three words, but he had not expected

to feel relieved. His whole body was filled with indescribable relief.

He was never a man of sweet talk...

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To be able to say these three words was the best he could do.

Summer was slightly shocked, but only for a moment. She did not expect him to say such a startling thing.

But she was just shocked; not happy, not anything else. She just looked at him quietly.

It was obvious that she did not believe him.

Without a word, and not even trying to say anything, she turned around and continued looking for the

ring.

It was... It was as if she had never heard him say that...

"Didn't you hear what I said?" Her reaction made him frown.

"I did, but it has nothing to do with me," she spoke calmly, still looking for the ring.

She had decided to marry Dean. They have even picked out engagement rings, and soon, she and Dean will be married.

So whether he was telling the truth or not, it was none of her business.

Undeniably, it would be hypocritical to say that there was no special feeling in her heart when she heard that.

She did have some feeling when she heard the three words coming from his mouth, but that emotion was repressed by her very quickly.

She was ready to move on with her life, so everything about him had nothing to do with her.

Or perhaps, this could be a different kind of manipulation.

But she did not care anymore.

Mark's pretty face went grim as he realized that his spontaneous confession had become a joke.

"You don't believe it?"

"It doesn't matter if I believe it or not, the important thing is that in a little while I'll get married, and

everything about you will have nothing to do with me."

He stared coldly at her face, his hand clenched into a fist, the veins on the back of his hand bursting with rage.

Was she so determined to marry Dean?

If he could, he really wanted to wring her slender neck straight off!

Looking into her eyes, Mark's deep eyes grew dimmer and dimmer. His long legs strode and stood directly in front of her. "So after all, you won't believe what I just said..."

No one, let alone her, would have believed his sudden confession.

Even he himself was not convinced, let alone her?

"I have already said, everything about you has nothing to do with me..."

"Maybe you still don't believe me, but I feel the need to say..." Mark said slowly, word by word, "Four

years ago on the cliff, although I hated you, the first person I saved was you. I saved her only after saving you..."

Now he knew that he had saved her not out of madness, but instinct.

Hearing this, Summer stopped searching for the ring and straightened up, looking him in the eye.

She never gave an explanation of what happened on that cliff four years ago. No, she tried to, but he

never gave her the chance.

Chapter 424

She had been holding responsibility for that incident for four years, and she did not care if it lasted longer. It did not matter to her, anyway.

But after hearing his words, she suddenly did not want to be held responsible for it. She did not benefit

from that incident.

Charlotte would surely go back to the Valentine family. She did not want Charlotte to hear from Yvette

or Baine that her mommy had been a murderer.

"It appears to you that I let go of Baine off the cliff, but have you ever wondered that if I wanted Baine to

fall off the cliff, why would I try to catch her when she fell? Wouldn't it be nice if she just fell? Why

should I make it harder for myself?

I was clinging to the cliff with my hands and my feet against the cliff. If I had not tried to save her, there

was a fifty-fifty chance I would have climbed up the cliff. I fell off the cliff because my strength was

exhausted by holding her. It's true you saved me, but I'm not the lucky one you think I am, Mark

Valentine!"

Her chest heaved slightly. As time went by, when she mentioned this matter again, she had no anger and grievance, but was simply nonchalant.

It turned out that some things really went by quietly with time...

After hearing the explanation, the look on Mark's handsome face changed slightly, but soon the emotion in his eyes changed dramatically. His big hand tightened and the veins on the back of his hand

burst out.

When he got to the top of the cliff, what he heard coming from her mouth were those cold words to Raine.

Raine's dangerous situation, coupled with what Summer had said, had created a real sense of disgust in him.

And then, in the midst of the fight with the two men, he heard Raine and her arguing on the cliff, but

what he did not expect was that as he heard the words 'let go', she actually let go of her!

He indeed felt a deep sense of revulsion at that moment. He thought she was merely joking, but he did

not expect such a thing to actually happen...

With a little smile, Summer said, "Well, that was a human life after all. I don't think I'm that evil. I'm also

afraid of bad karma and nightmares. You obviously overestimate my mental strength."

He looked down, gazing at the soft, nonchalant smile on her lips. Instantly, his heart seemed to be run

over by something. Pain, remorse, and self-mockery filled his heart.

It was the first time in his life that such chaotic emotions had surfaced in his heart. The feeling was so

complex.

When Raine fell off the cliff, he was completely blinded by a flood of disgust, pain, and impulse.

And now, listening to her nonchalant, untroubled words, he felt how ridiculously ironic he had been.

In fact, she was just a woman and she was pregnant. The fact that she was able to hold Raine with one

hand for so long was clearly the limit of what she could handle.

It was a simple fact that he had never thought about. If it was not stupidity, what was it then?

"Four years ago, why didn't you ever—"

But before he could finish, she cut him short:

Chapter 425

"Explain? After falling off the cliff, you only paid attention to Raine. It's not an appropriate situation to

explain anything, and I'm not an ungrateful person. Then the day Raine woke up, I went to the hospital

to give you the divorce papers. Raine and I had a quarrel, and you signed the papers and told me to get out.

Actually, it doesn't matter whether I explain it or not..."

His handsome brow furrowed sharply. Her tone of indifference cut through his heart like a knife. Mark

rolled his Adam's apple up and down and slowly said, in his deep, hoarse voice, "Sorry..."

Summer's clear eyes stared at him quietly, and then she whispered,

"I'm not explaining this to get an apology! I just want you to fully understand that I, Summer Hart, am

not the self-righteous sinner in your mind. I didn't gain anything from that incident, and I don't owe you

anything!

The marriage four years ago started because of the agreement, and at the very beginning of the

marriage, you made it very clear that the marriage was just an agreement, and it was I who initiated the

conflict between Raine and me in the first place. Hence I want to apologize.

And Raine is the pure lover in your heart. When you heard me push her off the cliff, in your position,

you must have hated me, loathed me, and you must think that I'm an evil woman. I really understand all

that.

So I don't hold grudges against you. Now that you know the truth, there's no point in pursuing it any further.

For the past four years, Dean and I have had a wonderful life. And you and Raine are doing great in Athana.

So you don't have to stir things up. We don't need to contact each other again, except about Charlotte..."

At the end of the day, she was the one who started the argument with Raine, out of her ego.

He made it very clear when they got married. She failed to control her own heart, fell in love with him,

and then mistook their relationship as a normal couple. When a husband cheats, a wife has every right

to be angry and argue about it.

But at that time, she apparently forgot that their relationship was different from others.

"There's nothing going on between me and her, and it's not what you think..."

Mark's deep dark eyes stared at her, and it was rare that he actually took the time to explain himself to

her. His voice was hoarser than before, obviously afraid of her misunderstanding:

"In the four years in Athana, in addition to treating her face, I also dealt with things at the head office--"

"Really, there's no need to talk to me about any of this because it's none of my business. Where's

Charlotte? I'll take her home and you go back to Santabaca. I'll send Charlotte to Santabaca on

Friday." She was unusually calm.

Four years ago, these explanations would have delighted her. She would have thought that he cared for her in some way, or liked her.

But four years later, these explanations could not stir up any emotion in her.

"Charlotte is in the children's section..." He looked at her and spoke softly. Looking at the calmness emanating from her eyes, he wished to smash it with a stone.

When facing him, he would rather her attitude be angry, cynical, or deliberately sarcastic. Such a reaction meant he could still irritate her, and she might care a little. He hated her for being so calm.

Being calm meant she did not care anymore. She had moved on, and it would eventually slip away from her memory.

Chapter 426

Summer turned and walked straight out of the room, and just as she was about to brush past him, his

big hand clamped on her wrist.

Mark had regained his calm and cool self. He pressed his thin lips together tightly, and had clearly realized that no matter how he tried to explain, it was useless.

"I am not an emotional person, even to the point of being insensitive. Raine and I grew up together, and

I can't deny that she was the first woman I ever fell in love with.

But after getting married to you, I have been attracted to you bit by bit since I got along with you day

and night.

I got used to living with you and the way you made me feel, but I didn't realize it.

Or should I say, that I've never seriously thought about it. I've only been with you for a few months, and

I thought I only have a short-lived interest in you, but I didn't expect it to be love. The love of a few months I have for you is enough to outweigh decades of love.

At that moment when I saved you from the cliff in spite of my anger, I felt at ease. And I felt crazy. You

cannot imagine the shock and guilt I felt for Raine..."

Narrowing his eyes, his voice sank deeper and deeper: "Otherwise, I wouldn't have bought you

makeup, and I wouldn't have lied when you asked me where I was when I got home from a late-night

meeting with her. Neither such things nor such actions would be my usual behavior. I have never been

a player or a heartless person..."

Today alone, he had made many exceptions, all for the first time. This was the first time he said 'I love

you', and the first time he said so much to explain one thing.

Anyway, he was responsible for this ending...

Her eyelashes moved gently and her body shivered slightly. She did not look back at him. Her face was

calm, but she pushed away his heavy grip on her." Maybe. I'm gonna go take Charlotte home. He is still

waiting for us at home..."

Who was the 'he' referring to? It goes without saying. The one simple word made Mark tense all over

his body, as if he was going to be strained to death.

His Adam's apple rolled up and down, and his face was as dim and grim as the dark of night. He stared

at her, raised his large hand and placed the ring in her palm.

The ring had been held in the palm of his hand for so long that it had acquired his body heat. It was

only such a small thing, but it made his thick palm feel so uncomfortable.

"I won't let go, and I won't give up like this..." In the end, he looked at her and all he could say was, "I

want you..."

"Whatever you want to do is none of my business. It's all in your head, that's all."

She freed herself from his hand and walked out of the private room. Summer asked the waitress to take her to the children's section. Charlotte was playing on the slide, her little face tinged with pinkness.

When Charlotte saw her, she rushed into her arms, waving her little hands and shouting excitedly, "Mommy!"

After putting her shoes on, Summer carried her out of the children's section while Mark was waiting

outside the revolving door of the restaurant. Outside, it was raining again. The rain was coming down in

torrents.

There were a few pedestrians on the road, and the taxis on the road were already full. She could hardly

get one for them.

Charlotte pulled at her arm, trying to get down.

Thinking Charlotte needed to go to the restroom, she put her on the floor, only to find her tiny body

sitting in the passenger seat of the black car, waving excitedly, "Mommy, get in the car."

If she kept standing here, she probably would not get a taxi even if she waited for two hours.
Finally,

she got into the back seat.

Charlotte was playing My Little Pony in the car. She watched it without blinking and kept giggling.

But the two adults in the car were silent and neither of them spoke.

Chapter 427

The rain outside the window was getting heavier and heavier, and the water was flowing down the
window. Moments later, they reached the residential area.

The car was not allowed to stop at the entrance to the stairs in the residential area, so it could only
stop

at the entrance by the flower bed, which was still some distance from the entrance to the stairs.

He took off his black trench coat, turned to Summer and handed it to her. "Put it on."

Summer glanced at him and, without reaching for it, she took off her coat, picked Charlotte up from
the

passenger seat and covered her up.

Then she opened the door and got out of the car. As she was getting out of the car, Mark got out of
the

car and grabbed her wrist. Then he wrapped the trench coat around her and Charlotte before letting go.

"Thank you." Summer was polite yet distant.

His eyebrows moved slightly but he did not speak. He stood and watched her and Charlotte disappear

from sight, then casually wiped the water off his face and entered the car.

He was already wet, and his shirt was completely soaked in rain water and clung to his skin, showing

his strong, muscular chest.

Even his suit pants were dripping. He squeezed the water out of his suit pants and leaned back, his tall

body slumped in his seat.

Staring grimly at the lighted window, he picked up a cigarette between his fingers and lighted it up, his

left eye slightly narrowed by the smoke curling upward.

One cigarette after another, and in a few moments the cigarette butts almost filled the ashtray.

In the room

Charlotte did not get wet at all, and Summer only got a little wet, but the black trench coat on her was

soaked through.

After saying goodnight to Dean, Charlotte fell asleep. Summer took a look at the trench coat, and went

to the bathroom. After she showered, she washed the trench coat.

The trench coat was wet, so she took it to the balcony and hung it up.

When she returned to her room, Charlotte was sleeping soundly. Tomorrow was Saturday and there was no class. She seemed to remember something, looked up the date of the invitation card and found

it was the day after tomorrow.

She quickly turned on the laptop to book the plane ticket for tomorrow, only to find that all the tickets

had been sold out, and then she turned to the highspeed train, but even that had no ticket available.

She had no choice but to book a regular train ticket.

Then, as she turned to close the window, she caught sight of the black car parked by the flower bed.

She frowned at it. Had he not left yet?

But then she stopped thinking. What did it have to do with her, whether he had left or not?

After drawing the curtains, she hugged Charlotte and closed her eyes. Her mind was a little messy at

first and she could not sleep, but after a while, she finally fell asleep.

The next morning

She prepared breakfast early and woke Charlotte up. After breakfast, she prepared all the meals for the

next few days.

However, she was still worried about Dean and planned to take him back to Santabaca with her. Dean

smiled and refused, i

He was not born yesterday. Even though his legs could not move, he still had a wheelchair, so he told

her there was no need to worry about him and to do what she had to do.

Chapter 428

Anyway, including today, Summer will only be away for two days. She repeated instructions again and

again before leaving with Charlotte.

The car was still parked by the flower bed. Seeing her figure, Mark got out of the car and said, "Get in."

He fell asleep in the car. His hair and clothes were messy, his shirt was wrinkled, and his eyes were bloodshot, but it did not demean his beauty at all.

"We're going to the train station, there's no need to get in the car, and the two are opposite directions."

The smell of smoke from him was strong, and Summer slightly wrinkled up her nose in discomfort.

"Your train ticket has been cancelled and replaced by a plane ticket. The plane leaves at ten o'clock.

There's not much time left." He looked at the time.

"Who are you to make decisions for me?" She looked calm, but a little annoyed.

"I didn't make the decision, Charlie did. You can get angry at him at Santabaca," Mark calmly explained.

Summer was speechless at the explanation, but he had already taken Charlotte from her arms and got

into the car. She had no choice but to follow him and get into the back seat.

Charlotte's soft little hand rubbed her nose as she coughed. "Uncle, it smells so bad. It's suffocating."

The smoke in the car was still there, stronger than it was on him. No wonder Charlotte felt suffocated

and Summer sneezed. How many cigarettes did he smoke?

Mark opened the window a bit and said in a deep, soft voice, "Just a little longer, okay?"

"Uncle, can you stop smoking? I don't like the smell."

"Okay." He answered without hesitation.

Summer noticed that the ashtray was full, and she figured it out. He smoked so much, no wonder the

cigarette smell was so strong.

When they arrived at the airport, she sat in a chair and waited while he went to get the tickets with Charlotte in his arms. He drew a lot of attention.

The ticket was first class. Charlotte had never flown first class before. She kept looking around, touching here and there excitedly.

Mark, on the other hand, fell asleep reclining in his seat, his handsome brow furrowed, looking sick.

The stewardess approached him and asked him what he would like to drink, but saw that his eyes were

closed. She thought he was asleep, so she did not ask again and was about to leave.

But then his thin lips moved and a word came out. "Wine."

Summer, sitting next to him, had noticed his discomfort and had no intention of asking about it, but for

the trench coat yesterday, she still reached out and touched his forehead. It was hot.

He obviously had a fever, and it was a high fever. How could he still drink?

"Please replace the wine with a glass of warm water, please." She said to the stewardess, then took some cold medicine from her bag and threw it at him.

"Mommy, can uncle take my medicine, too?" Charlotte blinked.

He slowly opened his eyes. His eyebrows raised slightly when he saw the child's cold medicine on his

lap. He sat up, opened the cold medicine and took two packets at once.

The stewardess looked at the handsome man drinking the cold medicine for children and could not help but have some strange feeling, but the way he drank the medicine was really sexy.

The shirt was pulled up halfway up his arms, the Adam's apple was rolling up and down, and the arm

holding the glass was lean and muscular, the veins rising slightly.

After watching him drink it, Summer looked out the window again.

Charlotte was clapping her hands as if he were a hero. "Uncle, you're so cool! The medicine is so bitter. You didn't even bat an eye!"

Chapter 429

Charlotte dreads having her meds. Her mum would always have to force her to take them, so she thought, 'Uncle is so cool! He doesn't need mum to force him.'

His lips curled up as he smiled with his eyes. He looked weary from his fever, and his voice had sounded deeper and sultrier when he said, "Do I look like a hero?"

"A superhero!"

He carried her over and placed her on his lap. He asked, "How great am I?"

She pondered for a moment and motioned to the plane with her tiny fingers as she replied, "As mighty

a s this plane, and as great as Ultraman!"

Vibrations could be felt from his chest when he let out a low chuckle. He pinched her cheeks with his

larger hands.

Not being able to fight over his drowsiness from his fever, he soon closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Summer carried Charlotte over from him.

From after they've boarded until they have landed, he remained asleep.

Finally, when the plane had landed, Summer pushed his arm a few times and shook him awake. She

told

him, "We should get off now."

He stood up and carried Charlotte in his arms. The chauffeur had already been waiting for them right

by the entrance of the airport. Summer had wanted to rent a cab, but Charlotte had not wanted to let go

of Mark.

"I feel bad for him. I want to stay with him a little longer. His body feels so warm, like a furnace!"

Mark eyed Summer before getting into the car, and Charlotte followed along. Feeling defeated,

Summer too got in.

The summer in Nokocola Bay could not stand a chance against Santabaca. It was always rainy at

Nokocola Bay, but in Santabaca, it was warm and sunny.

Along the way, Charlotte had not stopped checking up on him. As if she was a tiny adult, she handed

him water and even touched his forehead to check for his temperature. She even scolded Summer for

being cruel and not caring enough towards him. "He had given us his coat, but you gave him a

disgusted look!" reprimanded Charlotte.

The car pulled over in front of an apartment, and they got down. Summer had walked over to a

pharmacy across the street and bought two boxes of medicine. She left after placing them in the back

seat.

He played the pill in between his fingers. He could feel himself huffing out hot breaths through his

nostrils.

The chauffeur spoke up, "Mr. Valentine, madam has requested for you to head back to the mansion."

"Okay," he answered and closed his eyes, resting them.

Yvette was in the living room watching television when she saw him stepping in. She asked, "Are you

busy these days? Have you not gone back to the apartment?"

He pinched his temples and nodded, "Yeah, I was quite busy. What's wrong?"

"I just wanted to ask, what are your plans for the custody arrangements? Are you going to do it or not?"

He took a gulp of water as he sat on the couch. His voice sounded hoarse when he replied, "Nope."

Hearing so, Yvette froze. She pondered, 'He acted like h e wanted to take over her custody before.

What changed? Why doesn't he want it now?'

'But, it's best if he doesn't anyways. When he gets married again next time, he can have as many kids

as he wants. That one would mean nothing.'

"Why do you sound like that? I think you're sick, aren't you? I'll call the family doctor over," she said

hurriedly.

Meanwhile, Summer and Charlotte had stayed at her parents' house for the night. Instead of sleeping

with Summer, Charlotte slept with Daisy.

Having been apart for so long, Daisy had missed her granddaughter incredibly. Charlotte, too had whined about wanting to sleep with her grandmother.

Summer laid on bed after showering. She heard a ping from her phone. She tapped onto the

notification, and the message was short as it wrote, "Have you slept yet? I've had my meds."

She glanced at it for a while and tossed her phone aside. She paid no mind to it as she thought, 'All I

did was buy the meds. It's his choice to take it or not.'

Chapter 430

There was another ping after a moment. She furrowed her brows and tapped onto the message. It

wrote, " You're really asleep?"

She decided to delete all of his messages, yet again, another ping could be heard. She knew it was

from him, so she ignored it.

She had made a decision to leave it be.

Her phone did not ring again afterward. She shifted her gaze before closing them and laid on her side.

She had awoken quite early the next day. When she tapped on her phone to check the time, she had

accidentally tapped onto the message, which said, ' Good night."

Her hand froze slightly. Feeling unbothered, she closed the message and noticed the time. It was 5 a

m. She got up immediately and woke Charlotte up. She was the bridesmaid while her daughter was

tasked to be the flower girl. 'We can't be late,' she thought.

Charlotte did not want to wake yet. She rubbed her eyes with her soft hands and turned aside to

snuggle against Daisy's arms as she resisted to wake.

As she was worried about waking her parents, Summer bent down to lightly pat Charlotte's back and

whispered, "Charlotte, please be a good girl and get up. Didn't you say you wanted to be the flower girl?"

However, little Charlotte still kept her eyes shut and shifted her body away. Wanting to sleep more, she

refused to get up. No matter what Summer said, Charlotte ignored it.

Summer stopped coaxing her and instead tried to carry her up, but she did not expect her daughter to

have such huge strength. Charlotte's legs kicked about as she struggled.

Summer forcefully brought her out of the room. After brushing her teeth and washing her face, she brought Charlotte to where Grace was getting ready.

Grace had put on her wedding gown and was putting on some makeup. The dress she wore had her usual dressing style. It was backless, and it didn't have a big flowy skirt. It was a fishtail dress that made her voluptuous features stand out beautifully. The skirt and the neckline were adorned with sparkly diamonds. They looked like a collection of stars. It was simply breathtaking.

"Oh my! Auntie Grace looks so beautiful!" exclaimed Charlotte. Her weariness was swept away

immediately after seeing Grace. She marveled and twirled around her.

"Come give me a kiss," Grace said as she turned her cheek aside.

Just when Charlotte had pursed her lips and inched nearer to Grace, Summer covered her mouth and

scolded, "Don't fool around. You just had your makeup done. Do you want to ruin it with her saliva?"

Grace smiled. She held a bouquet in her arms, shifted her hips, and posed as she asked Summer, "Do

I look beautiful?"

Summer twitched her eyes and rolled them, but she then nodded and admitted, "Yes, you look

gorgeous. Even angels would sing for you."

"Thanks. Anyways, I want to know what's up between you and Mark? I've heard from Charlie that he

had gone over to Nokocola Bay for you. He had even bugged and begged. He wasn't even worried

about having eggs on his face. So, how are you guys now?"

"Auntie Grace, what do you mean by that?" Charlotte asked bashfully as she laid against the dressing

table.

"It means not fearing being embarrassed."

"I will get married to Dean soon," Summer answered while helping Charlotte get changed into her

dress.

Grace froze, and her expression turned solemn as she asked, "Really? Have you already decided?"

"Yeah," she nodded.

Upon seeing her nod, Grace did not push any further. She knew that among their group, Summer was

the most strong-headed one. She's not who does things carelessly, and once she has made her

decision, she would rarely change it.

After a while, Sherman arrived. After a period of not meeting each other, she had lost more weight.