

President 451

Chapter 451

Her love was obvious, but she had to act as if she did not care or was annoyed. No one knew how much pain she had to go through at that time, and yet he still hated her.

Indeed, Mark did not know the existence of such a backstory. His sense of guilt towards Raine grew a bit more, but it was mere guilt only.

"I honestly have not heard of these before, but now it has become a thing of the past. Even though you've brought it up now, not the slightest bit of change will occur.

"Perhaps if you chose to tell me the truth at that time, we might not have come to this point.

Nevertheless, it is merely hypothetical, and is not a reality.

"In the end, we will meet the ones we are destined to meet, love the ones we are destined to love. This

is fate"

In between those words, he squeezed that delicate hand in the palm of his hands a little tighter, making

Summer feel the warmth he exuded.

Never had Summer heard Mark speak these words before, and never had she expected herself to hear

those words from his mouth. This was unprecedented

-the one and only time.

It felt as if a stone was dropped into her calm heart, stirring up huge waves.

She had never thought that Mark would say such words to Raine. Her heart was heating up gradually,

melting and softening.

Raine had a scoffing expression on her face. An inexplicable pain was swarming throughout her whole

body. She was cold, hurt, and full of anger!

She wanted to cry loudly, to vent out all the resentment, anger, grievance, pain, and everything that was in her heart.

Nevertheless, she could not let out a sound. All she did was sit there with her whole body trembling, the

muscles on her face stiff. She could not move at all.

After long years of torture and four years of waiting, what result did she end up getting? 1

"You should head back first, I'll go visit Charlotte later ..." Mark said as he withdrew his gaze. He squeezed Summer's hand tightly once again before letting go.

"Alright," Summer nodded. Her face softened a little, then she got up and left the cafe.

Raine did not move and remained sitting. She rested her head on the coffee table, burying it between

her two arms. Her thin shoulders were shuddering.

A slight sense of distress emerged in Mark's heart. He got up, raised his palm, patted her back, and

said, "I'll

send you back to Santabaca."

Without any reply, Raine remained in her position. She was motionless. Mark's Adam's apple was

thumping. He let out a deep sigh, bent his tall figure down, lifted her with a princess hug, and walked

out. He was heading to a five-star hotel in the city center at Nokocola Bay.

Raine was lying on the bed. Her hair was very messy. With her eyes closed, she could not help but let

out a light cough. Then, she covered her head tightly with the quilt that it was unbreathable. She had

always appeared to be pure and incredibly elegant, but she looked haggard like a total mess.

Worried about her current condition, Mark did not leave. He sat on the sofa.

As she walked up the stairs, Summer's thoughts were in a light trance. From time to time, she would

recall the words Mark had said previously in the cafe.

She looked up. Standing from afar, she could see Dean waiting for her outside the door with a worried

look on his face. Her heart trembled for a moment. Then, she closed her eyes for a while and suppressed all the messy emotions that emerged.

As she was approaching, she asked, "Why aren't you back in your room?"

Dean's gaze fell on her swollen red lips. They made him a little absentminded. However, he managed

to immediately regain his senses and asked, "Are you okay?"

Summer stretched out her hand to tuck the messy hair behind her ears. She felt guilty in her heart and

replied, "I'm fine. Come, let's head inside."

As she spoke, her hands landed on the wheelchair. Charlotte held a Vitagen in her hands while looking

at her Mommy's lips. She spoke with a naive voice, "Mommy, did you get bitten on your lips?"

Upon hearing this, Summer's body stiffened and turned towards Dean instinctively. But Dean did not

seem to care about it. He reached out to pick up Charlotte into his arms and asked, "Did you miss

Uncle Dean these few days?"

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"Yes, I really missed you, Uncle Dean." Charlotte's little head nodded like a chicken pecking at grains.

With a smile, Dean stretched out his hand and squeezed her little cute nose. "Good girl. Now, I would

like to hear you call me 'daddy'."

Charlotte pouted her little mouth, and after a while, she uttered softly, "Daddy." 1

Summer became a little stiffer after hearing that. She walked into the kitchen and went to make dinner.

Meanwhile, Dean was playing with Charlotte in the living room, the sound of giggling came from time to

time.

While having dinner, there was a call from the bridal shop asking Summer to try the wedding dress tomorrow.

Summer answered the call and then hung up the phone. Charlotte heard all about it and her little face

was full of excitement. "Is Mommy going to try out the wedding dress? I wanna go too!"

"Finish your dinner first and put aside your yogurt drink. Once you are done, you can enjoy your yogurt

drink." Summer frowned as she watched Charlotte with the yogurt drink in one hand and a bun in the

other.

With a smile, Charlotte obediently put the yogurt drink on the table and picked up the bun.

After dinner, Dean was busy sorting out materials for the house in Santabaca. Charlotte was doing her

homework while Summer was washing the dishes and utensils. 1

It was a tiring day. They had taken almost a day to take the pictures. On top of having to depart before

dawn, there were makeup, styling and change of clothes. It was certainly an exhausting experience.

Summer was so worn out that she threw herself to her bed. As soon as she closed her eyes, the scene of the three of them at the cafe in the afternoon—their conversations and every single word they uttered—appeared in her mind.

When she thought of this, her sleepiness dissipated. While she was sitting there spellbound, the cell rang, and she answered. Daisy called and told her that all the wedding invitations were sent, and the hotel banquet was set. In addition, they had rescheduled the date again to ten days later.

Things for Dean's house in Santabaca were also sorted out, and the necessities were all bought, there

was nothing much left to do. They could return to Santabaca once they were free.

When Summer heard the date from Daisy, her heart skipped a beat. She did not expect it to be this near.

"Dean is a very good man, and if you are married to him, I will be completely relieved from the thing I

worried about the most."

Daisy sighed again, "Please take good care of Dean, you have to put some effort into it. Go buy some

food ingredients to make soup for him, do you hear me?"

"Yes, mom. Geez, those who don't know us would think that Dean was your son." Summer smiled, and

said angrily, "If there is nothing else, I'm hanging up, Mom."

"Summer, I repeat my words once more. Dean has been sincere with you. If you are up to something,

I'll see if you can still face the Singletons. Your dad and I are siding with them if you mess things up.

Understood?"

"Got it!" she stretched her voice and nodded.

After she hung up, Summer poured a cup of warm water, sitting in front of the window, sipping lightly.

The moonlight was dim, and the weather was a bit cool.

This was the path she had chosen, the decision she had made, and her parents had repeatedly told

her to treat Dean well. There was no going back now. 1

She drank a few more cups of warm water and sat there in a daze. She didn't realize Charlotte called her several times. Charlotte laid on her back and shaking gently until she finally recovered. She carried

Charlotte to the bed. Comment by Chein Ling Foo:

Original:

She didn't realize Charlotte called her several times until her small body was lying on her back and shaking gently until she finally recovered.

This sentence doesn't sound right.

Probably due to the two 'until'.

Please rephrase it. Comment by dojo's Gaming Adventure: I tried rephrasing it. Wonder is it ok now

Comment by Chein Ling Foo: What's raw ya?

Paste it here to let me check. Comment by dojo's Gaming Adventure: TJWimTk,

Z-ZL^, __

WLZZ, B®.

Early the next morning--

As usual, Summer woke up very early. Dean had already packed up everything. Surprisingly, Charlotte

got up earlier than usual. She looked excited, clamoring to wear a wedding dress. After all, all children

love excitement.

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The three of them left and headed for the bridal shop.

Dean and Summer went to choose a wedding dress. Charlotte, on the other hand, sat on a sofa while

holding Summer's bag. At the same time, she was sipping on her fruit juice contentedly. The drink left a

stain on the edge of her mouth.

Suddenly, Summer's cell rang. With her fair and tender hands, Charlotte pulled out the ringing cell from

the bag. She could not read the name on the caller ID, yet she picked up the call anyway. "Are you

looking for my mommy? My mommy is very busy and doesn't have time to answer a call!"

"What is your mommy up to?" Mark's deep voice came from the other end of the call as he frowned.

"Uncle..." Charlotte's tone was full of joy. "Mommy is wearing a wedding dress, and I also want to wear

a wedding dress, a white one."

With a snap, Mark hung up the call. The handsome face turned grim, and he was exuding a coldness

that could completely freeze a person.

Sensing that he had walked away, Raine slowly opened her red and swollen eyes, got up, and washed

her face.

For four years she had waited. This was not the outcome she wanted. She would not give up, and she

would not reconcile. It was just unfair!

"Mommy, Uncle called just now and I've answered it," Charlotte said.

"Which uncle?" Summer frowned.

"It's Uncle Rascal," said Charlotte.

"Why did you answer his call?" Summer asked.

"Why not? Uncle Rascal treats me very well," Charlotte refuted.

Hearing that, without saying anything further, Summer began to try on the wedding dress. The waist of

the first wedding dress was a little too big, so she went and took a second dress.

The first floor was devoted to bridal gowns, whereas the groom's tuxedos were on the second floor, so

Summer and Dean had to go through the fitting process separately.

However, when she walked into the dressing room while holding the second dress, she froze in place.

There was a man standing in front of her.

At this moment, Mark's face was as dark as a thundercloud. He was in a fury. As soon as his gaze landed on the white wedding dress she was wearing, he suddenly stretched out his hands and savagely pulled the hem of the dress and tore it to pieces.

She beat his chest vigorously. Apparently, she was seriously offended by his brutality. "Mark, are you

out of your mind?!"

Mark said nothing, pressing his thin lips into a flat line. The next moment, he leaned over and forced a

kiss on her mouth while his big hands began ripping the wedding dress on her.

Summer was caught off guard by his madness. She stretched out her hands, beat his chest again, and even bit his lips with her teeth.

Ignoring her bites and beating fists, he let her struggle as she pleased, his lips kissing hers even more

forcefully.

Unlike last time, he would not let her go easily this time, not even when she was out of breath or blacked out.

As her struggle was futile, she resorted to kicking and scratching him with all her might. Yet, her action

did not budge the man. She then began to lose her strength. With both her hands, she grabbed the shirt on his chest tightly. The only thing she felt now was faintness because she was running out of oxygen.

As if to punish her severely, Mark refused to let go and stop kissing. Eventually, her wedding dress had

been torn to pieces.

It wasn't until her body slipped slowly that he finally let go. On his thin lips that were yet to recover from

yesterday's kiss, a new wound was inflicted.

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Mark was panting as he rubbed her lips with his slightly rough finger. "Don't say anything that I don't

want to hear, otherwise, I will kiss you to death here!"

When she said things that he did not want to hear, he would block her lips with his so she could not make a sound.

Summer was still trying to catch her breath; she was a little angry; she raised her foot and stepped on

him forcefully. "Crazy man!"

"Well, I am a lunatic. You are the one who has driven me into this. Don't you dare to try on another wedding dress again. I will certainly rip it into pieces." Mark stared at her coldly, with deep and serious

eyes. He made it clear to her that he would absolutely do what he said!

Summer was anxious, and she hit him on the chest with all her strength. Not only was he a madman,

but he also drove others crazy too. Both of them glared at each other coldly in anger. As if they wanted

to swallow each other up. It felt like a war between them was on the verge of breaking out.

The wedding dress was torn apart, revealing Summer's fair and slender legs. The wedding dress was in a tube top style. She looked very seductive

wearing in the torn wedding dress.

Mark's eyes darkened to pitch black, as black as nondilutable ink. A ringing tone from Mark's cell broke

the silence, and he picked up the call.

Upon hearing what the caller said, the expression on his handsome face changed; Even his eyebrows

were raised. He hung up the cell and glanced at Summer deeply. After that, he turned around and walked out of the bridal shop.

Summer was puzzled by his sudden change of behavior. However, through the crack of the fitting room, she could see Raine standing outside the bridal shop.

'Could it be that the two came together? He came, and he brought along Raine? What a ridiculous joke!'

Mark and Raine were talking about something. The two left shortly and got into a black car parked by the roadside.

'What was he thinking?'

Summer gritted her teeth a little bit, then looked at the torn wedding dress she was wearing. All she could think now was to bite him to death!

At this moment, Dean was asked to go back downstairs. He came to the fitting room door and whispered, "Summer."

"What's the matter?" asked Summer.

"We'll talk later after you have done changing," said

Dean.

Summer frowned. After changing back to her clothes, she walked out of the fitting room and looked at

Dean.

"What is it?"

The staff standing next to Dean said, "Sorry, we can't sell the wedding dress and suit to the both of you,

my apology."

"It isn't like we are going to pay a lower price for them. Why can't you sell them to us like you do for

other customers?" Summer looked at the staff angrily. Yet, her tone was calm.

"Please forgive us, we were informed by our manager to do so, we are just following orders," said the

staff.

Summer pondered for a while. She understood what was going on as soon as that crazy man came

into her mind! 'He really is a lunatic!'

"Fine, then don't sell to us. There are many other bridal shops in Nokocola Bay that sell wedding

dressses, let's go," said Summer.

Dean nodded. He went and picked up the bag on the sofa. Summer held Charlotte's hand, and the trio

walked out of the bridal shop.

After walking two steps forward, the staff stopped them and brought the torn wedding dress to them."

Miss, this wedding dress has not been paid yet?"

"It wasn't me who tore this wedding dress into pieces,"

Summer retorted.

"The only one who tried this wedding dress was you, Miss. No other customers have tried it before.

Besides, there were only you in the fitting room. If it is not you who did it, then who else?" said the staff.

Summer felt a tightness in her chest after hearing this. It's funny, if she was the only one in the fitting

room, then how did Mark get in?

However, in the presence of Dean, she cannot speak of it. Nor can she defend herself. Otherwise...

Chapter 455

"I might have accidentally damaged the wedding dress when I was hanging it. How much is it? I'll pay

you," Summer said as she did not want to continue the argument with her.

Then, they walked out of the bridal shop. Summer's questioning gaze landed on Dean. "What about

now? Should we go to the next shop?"

"Sure," Dean replied.

They visited almost all of the bridal shops in Nokocola Bay, yet none of the shops were willing to sell

them any.

Figuring out the person behind this was a complete no-brainer. Summer's anger filled her chest until

she felt suffocated, and it put her in a dilemma.

However, it never occurred to her that Mark could be this influential in the Nokocola Bay area. Then

again, did he not think that his actions were too childish?

However, at the same time, an unexplainable feeling emerged in her heart. It felt like helplessness. It

also felt like...

"It looks like we can't get anything in Nokocola Bay. Anyway, we didn't plan to hold our wedding here.

We'll just wait till we get back to Santabaca and

reserve a wedding dress there," she replied.

The look in Dean's eyes was a little dark, and he seemed to be distracted. After all, he was not a fool. It

was impossible for the bridal shops to reject them without valid reasons. There had to be a cause

behind it. Of course, the reason was Mark.

It was just that Dean had never planned to let go of Summer. This period of time had been a happy one, and this was exactly the kind of life he had dreamed of. He wanted to continue this happy and ordinary life much longer.

"Let's head back to Santabaca then." He had the same thought.

Since both were on the same page, Summer went ahead and bought tickets to return to Santabaca the

next day. They would discuss the rest of the details later when they returned.

On the other side...

Airport.

Mark was standing amidst a busy crowd at the airport with a phone in his hand. At that moment, he was talking on the phone.

After a while, he hung up with a stern look on his face. The earliest flight to Norwood was already in his

hands. He was just waiting to board the plane.

Since coming back from Athana, Ms. Moore's body had been weak but nothing serious had happened

before. Yet, he never thought that one day she would suddenly faint. It showed that her body had reached its weakest point.

Raine was also holding a flight ticket in her hands. Her face revealed a little anxiety, and she kept checking the watch on her wrist.

Soon after, the announcement was broadcasted through the speaker, and both of them boarded the plane. After the three-hour-long flight, they finally landed in Norwood. They did not head to the villa but

headed to the hospital immediately.

The lights on the operating theater's signage were still lit. Meanwhile, Gordon was sitting on a bench in

the corridor. Although it had been a short time since they last met, Gordon's had visibly aged a lot.

"Mark, you're here." Hearing footsteps, Gordon spoke as he raised his head.

"Grandpa, what happened actually?" The stern look on Mark's face did not change. His whole being was tense.

"I went to the supermarket for a while while the servant prepared dinner, and your grandma fell on the

floor." In between words, Gordon's face was filled with guilt.

Looking at the bright operating theater signage, Mark moved his long legs and walked to a corner. He

called Yvette on the phone and said, "Mom, Grandma collapsed. You should take the earliest flight and

come to Norwood." "Alright, I got it," Yvette briefly replied.

Soon after, Mark dialed Ronald's number, but no one picked up his call initially. After a few tries, Ronald

finally answered, "Mark."

"Dad, Grandma collapsed. She's in the hospital at Norwood."

Ronald was a little perplexed. "My business in Grudin North is still ongoing. The rebuilding after the

disasters has been hectic. I really can't leave for the time being. I'll go over to Norwood in two days."

"You can't. You have to come over immediately. I don't care how busy you are with Grudin North." His

voice was cold and forceful. After that, Mark promptly hung up.

Chapter 456

As Mark walked back to the operating theater's waiting area, the doctor just so happened to walk out o

f the emergency room. He had a surgical mask in hand.

"How is my grandma?" Mark hurriedly asked. His face looked sullen, anxious, and worried.

"Ms. Moore's condition doesn't seem to be good. She's had a history of a cerebral hemorrhage. So,

regardless of bodily function or blood vessels, they have all become fragile. I'm afraid that this time..."

Suddenly, the expression on Mark's handsome face changed. Now, it was as dark as gloomy clouds...

Awfully dark. Plus, the green veins on the back of his hands were protruding. He grabbed the doctor's

white coat tightly and said, "What the f*ck did you just say?"

The doctor was shocked by Mark's current disposition, and he trembled a little. But Gordon interrupted

to stop Mark. "Tell me."

"Actually, Ms. Moore's condition is much more serious than it was in the last accident. When a cerebral

hemorrhage happens, most people would be unconscious for a long period of time or die on the spot.

Ms. Moore's previous case was already considered a miracle. This time, however, her

condition is extremely bad. Please be mentally prepared for the worst." The doctor let out a deep sigh.

After that, Ms. Moore was transferred to the Intensive Care Unit. The visiting hours provided were only

for a n hour.

The first to enter the room was Gordon. When he saw Ms. Moore lying on the hospital bed in a haggard

state, how could he be at peace?

Mark was not in a better state either. Emotions of anguish, anxiety, distress, and depression filled him

entirely.

Earlier on, the doctor had left a piece of advice before he left. He had said that it would be better for

Ms.

Moore if she could stay somewhere she felt comfortable with. At this time, it was better to bring her to

such a place because leaving her in the hospital would not bring any effects.

Cerebral hemorrhage was not the same as other chronic illnesses that could be treated slowly. Once the bleeding happened, it was often fatal. All it took was just one hit to easily cause the person to collapse completely.

Moreover, Ms. Moore had already experienced it once. This was the second time. The blood vessels in

her brain had already turned fragile. Coupled with her old age, the situation did not look hopeful.

Mark and Gordon were having a discussion on whether they should bring Ms. Moore to Athana for treatment again. After all, the situation there was much better than the current location.

Gordon shook his head. "Her body can't stand the torture of a round trip anymore. Actually, the treatment offered in Athana isn't much different from the one in Norwood. It's just a psychological

influence on people's minds. Let's just stay in this hospital and observe her for a few days. We'll see if

there's any improvement and then we'll make the decision."

Hearing this, Mark did not say anything more. Instead, he immediately made some calls and hired all

the top-notch cerebrovascular experts in Norwood. As long as there was a ray of hope, he would not let

go of it!

A few of them took turns to guard the Intensive Care Unit. No one ever left even for a second. The

atmosphere was unusually dull and tight, giving people a sense of suffocation.

At night, both Yvette and Jazz rushed over together. Ronald still had not arrived. Mark's face still looked

quite unpleasant.

It did not make much difference to have this many people staying in the hospital. Mark asked all of

them to go home, and he would guard the place alone.

Gordon refused to leave, but in the end, Yvette and Jazz managed to take him home by force.

Now, only Mark was left in the hospital corridor. He called Harry and instructed him to keep an eye on

Summer's movements during this period. He also instructed him to find out everything about the

wedding reception's location.

In his sleepless state, Mark's tall figure remained seated on the bench that was right outside of the Intensive Care Unit. He guarded the room for the night.

On the other side...

Back in Santabaca, Daisy went and picked out the wedding dress and suit. This time, no similar obstacles occurred again. It went well.

Chapter 457

The wedding day was around the corner, so Daisy took Summer to the plaza every day to buy the things she wanted. Just a sheet set alone, she had bought many of it.

Summer could not help it, and she even had a headache. Daisy would not stop; she just would not listen.

It had been two days since Mark appeared at the bridal shop in Nokocola Bay the other day, and he had never shown up again. 1

If it was not for the torn wedding dress hanging in the room, Summer would think that Mark appearing

in the bridal shop that day was just her imagination.

During this period, he had become calm and quiet like never before. He stopped calling and no longer

showed himself in front of her. It was as though he had completely disappeared into thin air.

'He will barge into my life as he pleases and mess up my life. When he disappears, he leaves no traces. He really thinks he can do whatever he wants.'

However, didn't she always want to live a peaceful life? Now that things had finally calmed down, why

would she trouble herself with the thought of him?

Her lips curled into a sneer as she stood there in a trance while Daisy was there still shouting,

"Summer, Summer, what do you think of this curtain?"

Summer answered and walked towards Daisy.

At Norwood.

The door of the intensive care unit opened. The nurse walked in and cautiously approached Mark.
"Mr.

Valentine."

"Speak!" he uttered a word concisely. He had not rested for two days in a row. His sunken eyes were

bloodshot, filled with scarlet veins.

The nurse could not help but tremble, gritting her teeth. She was too frightened to say what followed.

After hesitating for a while, she said, "Ms. Moore's breath had stopped."

The Adam's apple in Mark's neck rolled as he gulped. His tall body instantly became tight and stiff like

a rock. Earlier, he was panting heavily, but he stopped as soon as her words struck him. The

heaviness in the atmosphere was frightening.

Gordon did not leave the hospital either. He was in the ward next to the intensive-care unit. As soon as

he heard the news from the nurse, his tall and large body fell on the side of the bed. He almost fainted.

"Mark, your grandmother kept clamoring to see the photos of you and Jazz when you two were

younger. She was always sentimental. She couldn't see enough of them that she could look at those

photos more than a dozen times a day.

"She would keep mentioning you and Jazz in her conversation. I just smiled and thought she felt lonely

and bored.

"She told me that sometimes she would have strange dreams. Never did I link that to a premonition.

She mentioned there was a door that always faintly revealed some light..." said Gordon.

With his teeth gritted, the words he uttered were stiffer than his body. He could hardly speak clearly as if

his neck were being strangled.

He had always thought what his wife said was absurd. It turned out that some people did show signs before passing away...

Mark listened quietly and said no word. Since the nurse broke the news to him, he had been very calm.

He had been so quiet that people could barely feel his presence.

Yvette was already crying while Raine was by her side, and Jazz had not said much.

When he got up, Mark left the ward and stood in the quiet and long corridor. He smoked cigarettes one

after another. After some time, the smell of smoke filled the air in that area. Yet, he did not stop smoking.

Moreover, Mark's hand, which was holding a cigarette, trembled uncontrollably and involuntarily.

Chapter 458

It was nighttime. Mark only entered the ward after everyone had left. Ms. Moore's body had already been placed in the mortuary refrigerator.

He just sat next to the mortuary refrigerator and stared at Ms. Moore. She appeared to be serene and calm. However, she would never call him "Mark" or act with a child-like demeanor toward him anymore.

Ms. Moore enjoyed being goofy and childish around Mark. She loved him the most. Ever since he was

young, she would save up all the good food for him. She would only bring them out once he was in Norwood.

It seemed that she had done it for such a long time that it became a habit. Even when he was over 20

years old, that habit of hers never changed at all.

Every time she opened her mouth to speak, it would always be, "Our dearest Mark." She would always

talk about him. Therefore, none of the servants who worked for her would have no idea that she had a

grandson named Mark.

From now on, there would not be anyone who acted like an old child, whining, goofing around, or complaining that he never visited her.

Yet, as long as Mark delighted Ms. Moore with pleasing words, she would be over the moon to the

point where she would forget about everything else. Her face would beam with joy, and she would be in

high spirits.

The most important person in his life had now left him.

Mark extended his hand into the mortuary refrigerator and slowly caressed her face and hands. His

whole body was stiff from him suppressing his emotions. The green veins on the back of his hands

were extremely protruded. Yet, he did not dare to exert any force for fear of hurting her.

He never ever imagined that Ms. Moore would abruptly leave him like that. If he could turn back time,

he would accompany her and stay by her side when she was still around.

Suddenly, he thought of something. He moved his hand and took a picture out of his wallet. It was Charlotte's picture.

"Didn't you used to pester for great-grandchildren? This is a picture of your great-granddaughter.

Grandma, your great-granddaughter would be upset that you didn't buy candies for her..."

It was just that, now, she could not hear anything or see anything...

We always think that someone will stay by our side forever and ever in the beginning. As long as you

look back or turn back, you can see them smiling and looking at you.

However, we always forget that everything in life is impermanent. No one will ever stay at anyone's side forever. They will fall sick, feel lonely, and die of old age.

In her whole life, Ms. Moore had never caught a glimpse of her great-granddaughter, whom she had been pestering Mark about...

"Grandma, listen carefully and remember this, your great-granddaughter's name is Charlotte, Charlotte

Valentine..."

There was no chance for her to meet Charlotte, or for Charlotte to meet her. That was her biggest regret and remorse.

Her body was very cold, and she was actually most afraid of being cold. Every wintertime, her hands

and feet would be cold like ice. Last time, she would always keep them warm. Now, Mark wanted to

give her all the warmth, but no matter what, her body would remain cold.

Taking out his phone, Mark subconsciously dialed a number.

It was already two in the morning. Summer was sleeping when her phone's ringtone woke her up. She

turned over and took her phone. The number flashing on the screen was no stranger to her.

Gritting her teeth slightly, she felt that Mark was really crazy. He had completely disappeared, so why

would he call her now in the middle of the night, at two in the morning?

"Mark Valentine, are you crazy!" She sounded furious as she picked up the phone.

There was total silence on the other side of the phone. There was no voice at all. It was so quiet that all

she could hear was his breathing. She could not hear any talking.

She instinctively felt that the atmosphere was not quite right. While she frowned, she softly yelled,"

Mark!"

"Mark Valentine!"

"Mark, speak! If you're not going to say anything, I'm going to hang up!"

Chapter 459

"Grandma has left us..." After a long while, a deep suppressed voice came through. It was so deep that

Summer could sense a strong feeling of depression on the other end of the phone. It was suffocating.

'She left...'

Considering his feelings and depressive emotions, it was not hard for Summer to make a guess. The

"left" he meant was not just leaving a place, it might be...

Summer felt some dryness in her throat. Her drowsiness was also gone. She held her phone tightly

and responded, "When did this happen? Are you-"

'Okay?' She had not finished uttering the last word, but the call ended because the other side had hung

up.

With furrowed brows, Summer did not really sleep for the rest of the night. She did not know if her

guess was right or wrong. However, she selfishly wished in her heart that Ms. Moore was safe and

sound, sitting on the couch while feeding cats.

The next morning, Daisy made breakfast while Summer washed up in the bathroom. At that moment,

there was a knock on the door. Solomon opened the door and there stood a stranger in a black suit.

"Mr. Hart, does Ms. Hart stay here?"

Hearing this, Summer came out of the bathroom. "I am Ms. Hart. How may I help you?"

"I am here to give an obituary notice. Ms. Moore's funeral will be in three days." After informing her

about the matter, the man left.

Summer was stunned on the spot, and the toothbrush in her hand fell onto the floor. She never thought

that Ms. Moore would really be gone...

Right then, the feeling that emerged within her was inexplicable. In the Valentine family, other than

Jazz, Ms. Moore was the second person she loved the most.

The last time she met her had been four years ago. It had been the night before they departed for their

honeymoon. Now, they were separated eternally and unable to meet anymore...

It was unexpected that when they meet again four years later, it would be in this way.

Four years ago, her body had been so tough. It was as if she could live up to a hundred years old without any problem. It was really unexpected!

Sure enough, the saying is real. Everything in life is impermanent.

"Ms. Moore? Who is Ms. Moore?" Daisy put down the plates in her hand and frowned. No one in the

family knew anyone by the name of Ms. Moore. Did the person get the wrong house?

"It's Mark's grandma. We spent quite some time together in Norwood," Summer answered.

Upon hearing this, Daisy's face changed a little, and she replied, "Since you are divorced and also getting married in the next few days, how would you have time to head over to Norwood? Don't go!"

The divorce was a thorn in Daisy's heart. It had caused Daisy's favorability toward Mark to decrease a

lot.

'Both of them are already divorced so what's the point of attending the funeral in Norwood? You still

need to get married here. You're already as busy as it is.'

"How can you say that? Since the notice has been delivered, I don't have any reason to be absent,"

Summer replied.

"The deceased has already passed away. No matter what, she should attend the funeral. Even if she

can't make it to the funeral in time, at least she will manage to visit the deceased before coming back.

That is not how humans should act, my dear wife!" 1

After his voice fell, Solomon switched his gaze, and it landed on Summer. "Summer, just go."

"Alright, Dad." She nodded. "I'll bring Charlotte with me. We'll be back soon."

"You can just go alone. Why do you have to bring Charlotte? She's still too young, and the journey will

be difficult. Just let your dad and I take care of her."

Summer replied, "Mom, no matter what Charlotte is still her great-granddaughter. She never got the chance to meet Charlotte while she was alive, not even once. Now that she has passed on, we should

at least let her have a look."

Hearing this, Daisy did not say anything to stop her anymore. After all, she was not an unreasonable person.

After packing up briefly, Summer brought Charlotte to Norwood. Luckily, the earliest flight was in 20

minutes when they reached the airport. Once she got their tickets, they started to wait.

The flight took off on the dot, and they reached Norwood in the afternoon. As she had been to the villa

before, this time she traveled straight to the villa from the airport.

Chapter 460

The security at the villa was tight. Only those with an access card could enter. The parking lots were all

filled with vehicles. At first glance, all that could be seen were cars and not human heads.

Seeing this, Summer hesitated a little. She did not want to meet Yvette, but Yvette would most definitely be there.

Then again, they had reached the gate outside of the villa already. There was no reason for her to not

enter, right?

Holding Charlotte's hands, she walked to the front of the villa. Wreaths and ribbons of condolences

stretched from the doorway of the villa to the hall. All the people who were there looked somber and

solemn. They were all people of status and prestige.

Taking in a short breath, she walked to the doorway of the villa. As expected, Yvette was standing

there, dressed in full black. Her eyes were puffy and red. Raine was standing by her side and holding

her arm, comforting as well as supporting her.

As Summer walked over, she appeared to be distantly polite. She then bowed slightly. "My

condolences."

After realizing that it was Summer, Yvette's face

changed instantly. Staring at Summer fiercely, she said, "Who let you in? Get out! We don't need any of

your pretense here!"

"Someone came and delivered the obituary notice, so I'm just here to pay my respects. You're overthinking things," said Summer. "You shouldn't focus on me for today."

On a day like that, she should be attending to all the guests, not causing a scene as soon as she opened her mouth to speak.

"I'll repeat myself one more time. Your presence is not needed here. Get out!" Yvette then lowered her

voice and said, "Obituary notice? Who do you think would send you an obituary notice?"

As Summer was about to speak, a deep voice sounded. "Me."

Immediately after, Mark's tall figure appeared next to the two of them. It had only been a few days since

they last met, but his green stubble was showing. He was dressed in a black suit, and the red veins in

his eyes were apparent. He looked a little haggard as if he had not slept for days. Yet, all of that did not

affect his handsomeness.

While Yvette glared at them, Mark walked past her and carried Charlotte. He turned to Summer and said, " Let's go."

Nodding, Summer did not look at Yvette at all and followed Mark immediately. In the living room, there

were many people paying their respects. It never stopped even for a moment.

At that point, Yvette was still glaring at Summer from the back. But Baine's gaze landed on both Summer and Mark. She was keeping an eye on them.

Facing the black and white picture in the living room, they bowed. In that black and white picture, Ms.

Moore looked lively. Her face was filled with a gentle smile. Summer looked at Charlotte and said in a

low voice, "Say, 'great-grandma.'"

Although Ms. Moore could not actually hear it, that was her small token. She still wished that Ms.

Moore could receive this small piece of thought.

Charlotte blinked but she was very well-behaved. In her childish voice, she softly said, "Great-grandma."

Jazz saw the two of them. Looking quite haggard, he walked over and brought Summer to a room at

the side. "You must be tired from rushing here. Just get some rest first."

"I'm fine. I'll just sit here with Charlotte. You can go ahead and tend to the necessary. Just ignore us."

Jazz only left for a moment before the room door was opened again. Mark walked in and simply

loosened his necktie with the well-defined joints on his big hands.

Then, he immediately sat on the couch. Before Summer managed to regain her senses, Mark's sturdy

arms had already wrapped her in an embrace. His face was deeply buried in her neck that emanated a

delicate fragrance.

Such a sudden move shocked Summer. She tried to escape and wriggle free, but Mark only hugged

her tighter. "Don't move. Just let me hug you like this for a while. Just a while."

His voice was quite deep like there was an echo to it, and it seemed to carry a slight plea...

Detecting that slight plea in his voice, Summer's heart fluttered, and she stopped wriggling.

Mark's relationship with Ms. Moore had always affected her. She could sense that out of all the

surrounding relatives, he was the closest to Ms. Moore.