

## President 111

### Chapter 111

Ronald followed her eyes and saw the lipstick mark on his shirt. He could not find a word to respond.

"What are you thinking, Ronald? You are the person in charge of the operation in Grudin North. Every

action of yours is under the scrutiny of the media. You will screw up your life if you are not careful.

Besides, you know what will happen if your wife finds out, don't you? She will run riot and you will never

know peace again."

He sat down on the edge of the bed with a serious look in his eyes. "I have taken that into consideration, actually."

"Then what is the matter between you and that woman? Are you just having fun, or did she seduce you?"

"Neither of them, Raine. I love her." Ronald let out a sigh.

"You what? Are you crazy?" Raine shook her head in shock.

"I am not crazy. On the contrary, I know more than ever what I am doing."

"I completely don't get it." She never knew that her brother was such a person.

He used to be a man of honor, a responsible family and a perfect man in her eyes.

But now...

"It is easy to understand. You don't need a reason to fall in love-it is that simple. You will surely understand my situation if you have ever loved someone before."

Mark came to her mind, and she could not tell why.

She was engaged, and he was married; but she still could not stop her urge to see him.

Otherwise, she would not have gone out of control last night.

She pulled her wandering mind back. "What's next? What is your plan? You can't hide it forever. It will

be too late if things explode in your face."

His family would break apart, and his future would be ruined.

"I have thought over it. I will find a suitable time to ask Yvette for a divorce."

Ronald spoke of what he had been thinking for a long time at last. "But what about you? What are you

going to do?"

"What do you mean?" Raine was a little puzzled.

"You might have been engaged, but are you happy with yourself?"

Ronald's words hit where it hurt her the most. Raine said nothing because she did not even know how

she felt.

But one thing was certain: the engagement had not brought her happiness and joy.

She just felt tired and found a random man to marry. That was all.

There were no feelings between her and her fiance. They were more than strangers, more intimate than friends, but more distant than lovers.

This relationship was neither here nor there. It lacked enthusiasm and passion, and her heart was like

a pool of stagnant water. She was marrying for the sake of it.

Ronald was sure of himself when Raine said not a word. "You are in a much better position than me.

So you have to figure out what is best for you. By the way, do you know Mark will return to Santabaca

tomorrow?"

Raine was startled for a second before shaking her head. Mark had never told her about it.

"More rescuers have arrived in Grudin North. You have not fully recovered yet; staying here is not going to help. Return to Santabaca with them. Besides, New Year's Day is just around the corner.

Spend New Year's Day at home, and then you may report back to work after that." "Okay," Raine

replied.

Chapter 112

The next day.

The car stopped in front of the house. Mark was behind the wheel while Summer was in the front passenger seat.

Jazz was picking up Raine, and then they would set off together.

When they woke up this morning, Jazz called to tell them that Raine would follow them back to Santabaca, and that he would meet up with Raine in the hospital.

After waiting for about ten minutes, Jazz and Raine came out. They got in the car and sat in the back

seat.

As the black car drove forward, no one said a word. There was silence in the air.

No one wanted to break the silence, as if each of them had something on their minds.

It was 4:00 pm when they arrived in Santabaca. Mark first dropped them off at the Valentine mansion,

and then he went straight to the office.

In the living room, Yvette was sitting on the settee and drinking coffee. When she heard footsteps, she

looked back and was shocked. "What happened to you all?" "Nothing major. They will recover in a day

or two."

Jazz explained, keeping the details to the minimum.

"Why were you two so careless? Go upstairs and take a rest. The servant will inform you two when dinner is ready."

Summer laid on the bed and breathed a sigh of relief. After hours on the road, she was dog-tired and crashed out as soon as she closed her eyes.

It was not until nightfall that she woke up.

When she opened her eyes, the servant had come outside the door, telling her that dinner was ready.

She gave a response and then went to wash her face before going downstairs.

Yvette, Raine, and Jazz had been waiting at the table. She quickened her pace and then sat down beside Jazz.

The food was oily tonight. Before she even started, the aroma nauseated her.

Her face changed. Before she had time to say anything, she had to rush into the washroom and puke her guts out, along with her stomach juices.

She panted, her face turning pale. After rinsing her mouth, she returned to the dining table.

Yvette first looked at Raine, then at Summer. "What is wrong?"

"I am okay, Mom." Summer shook her head, flattered by Yvette's concerns.

"Did you throw up in the bathroom?" Yvette asked again.

Summer nodded.

"Nausea is a normal when you are two-month pregnant. The food must be too oily. I will tell the kitchen

to prepare something light tomorrow."

There was an affable smile on Yvette's face. "Let me know what you like. I will tell the kitchen to prepare."

Summer was completely flattered.

What Yvette was up to now?

"It is okay, Mom," she said, while secretly studying Yvette's expression.

Her gut feeling told her that something was wrong with Yvette, who was now too enthusiastic and caring.

Yvette's changed attitude unnerved her. She had no clue what Yvette was up to.

"It is not okay. You are pregnant now, remember? You need something nutritious to keep the baby

healthy."

## Chapter 113

Yvette's words carried a reproaching undertone. She then looked at Raine, who stayed silent all this time." Have you met your fiance's mom?"

Raine's hand, which held a spoon full of fish chowder, froze in the air for a second. "His parents passed

away. He is the only one left in the family."

"So who will take care of you during your confinement?"

"It is too early to talk about that."

"It is not too early, Raine. You guys are engaged, and will marry soon. It is a matter of time to have children. You see, Mark did not even get engaged but married before your engagement. But now

Summer is two-month pregnant. You have got to hurry." Yvette urged with a smile.

"You can rush everything, especially this thing."

Raine smiled softly, her expression calm, but she had a reckless mind.

She knew very well that Yvette discussed this topic deliberately to agitate her.

"You might have a point; you can't rush to have a baby. Now, I am just waiting for the coming of my

grandchild." Yvette said with her eyebrows raised.

Summer listened quietly, without saying a word. No wonder Yvette's attitude had changed. It turned out

that was because of the baby in her womb.

She sneered in her mind as she ate.

Yvette scooped a bowl of fish chowder and then handed it to Summer. "Have some more, it is nutritious."

"Thank you, mom." Summer put on a plastic smile.

Raine drank her fish chowder without looking up. So no one could see her expression on her face.

Jazz listened on to their conversation, feeling bored. There was a hint of bitterness on his face.

Sometimes, you have got to believe in things like fate and destiny.

He had known Summer, and they had crossed paths with each other long before Mark did.

Mark might have met Summer later than Jazz was, but his action was quicker, and he did not know it

until they got married.

So, sometimes, fate, not the length of time, determines outcomes.

Summer could not wait to leave the dining table as she found it a torment to be sitting here. After

dinner, she did not stay in the living room but went back to her room upstairs.



She found it uncomfortable and awkward to face both

Yvette and Raine.

There was a knock on the door as soon as she sat down in her room. As she looked back, Jazz was walking in with a bright smile on his face.

"What makes you so happy?"

He did not answer her question. "Are you free on Wednesday?"

"Why?" she asked back with curiosity.

"A surprise." He took out what had been hiding behind him. "The tickets for the piano concert of Agrizi.

Do you want to go?"

Her eyes lit up, and then she asked again, "Are you sure you know how to appreciate piano performance?"

"Of course, I know. Watching piano performances can not only calm one's heart and mind but also make one look elegant." Jazz pretended that he knew, and he looked so enthusiastic.

Summer looked at him with a smile and curled her finger at him. "Then tell me which country Agrizi is

from and what kind of music he is good at."

"Italy? Portugal? Athana? France? Denmark?" Jazz made some wild guesses.

"How many countries do you know in total?" She had no words.

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Jazz hemmed in embarrassment. "That is all I know."

Summer tried hard not to laugh as she explained, "She is a female pianist from Argentina. She has

won the first prize in the Chopin Piano Competition. She is famous and has excellent playing skills and

pure passion to match."

Jazz just kept nodding and looked at her expectantly. "So are you going or not?"

"Since you have bought the tickets, there is no reason not to go." She chuckled. "Besides, she is my

favorite pianist. Maybe this is her last performance. There is no reason to miss this."

"Great! Eight on Wednesday evening. I will see you then."

"Now go back to sleep. Have a good night." She patted him on the shoulder. "Oh, don't forget to do the

winter break homework. I will check it when school reopens."

Jazz put his hand to his forehead. "Can you not bring up such a depressing topic at this time?"

She laughed and patted him twice again. "Why don't you finish the homework instead of complaining?"

"How is the French test paper I gave you?"

Jazz left like a bat out of hell.

As Yvette had returned to her room, Raine was the only one left in the living room.

It was a hard found moment of peace. Raine let out a sigh of relief. Earlier, Yvette kept rambling to her.

Not that she hated Yvette's talking. It was just that he liked to insinuate, showing off, and agitate her —

intentionally or not.

Such behavior and words were offensive.

Yvette had also changed these few years. Probably it was her age or some other reasons, she had become tacky.

What would be her reaction if she found out things about Ronald, her husband?

Raine could not imagine that. She just hoped that the matter could be resolved quickly. After all, it was

Ronald who cheated on Yvette.

Just then, Mark came home. He walked in with his black coat on his arm and a listless look on his face.

He spotted Raine in his peripheral vision. He did not look at her but went upstairs straight away, pretending not to see her.

Raine had wanted to greet him. But she bit her tongue, feeling embarrassed, awkward, and a pain in

her heart from his attitude.

She wanted to say hello, but he did not even look at

her as if she was just a stranger.

When she caught a cold in Grudin North, he stayed by her side the entire night. He rushed to Grudin

North as soon as he heard the news of her accident.

But now, he was so cold toward her.

She started to suspect that what happened in Grudin North was nothing but her delusions.

But those were not her delusions, they were real. He stayed outside the emergency room and did not

sleep for two nights.

Her expression changed. She got up and went upstairs, following behind Mark.

But he was still one step too late. When she got to the first floor, Mark had entered his room.

She pressed her lips together and wanted to leave. But when she saw that the door of his room was

open ajar, she walked over and stood behind the door and listened.

Perhaps she did not even know why she was doing this.

Through the gap in the door, she could clearly hear the conversation between two voices in the room.

"Mrs. Valentine, a bowl of noodles, please..."

Afterward, Summer's voice was heard, "You are so wealthy, yet you can't afford a meal outside?"

"Your cooking is still the best for my tastebuds, light and fresh..."

"I'm not your personal chef. If you want some, pay up first."

Mark lazed on the sofa and replied, "Haven't I given you my credit card?"

Hearing that, Summer said no word, her movement and expression slightly frozen.

She recalled that phone call and his words from that incident.

"I can't use your card. I'll return it to you in a while; besides, I also have my own income, there is no need to use yours."

She may have made an understatement, but it was truthful and honest.

At that moment, Mark frowned. He looked at her gloomily and spewed out a few words, "You keep it..."

"Your card has too much credit; I'm afraid that if I ever lose it, I can't even pay you back with my life, so

I

would prefer to be at ease."

To be honest, Mark's money wasn't something Summer could spend, so why the unnecessary worry?

However, Mark's face turned sour, and he responded coldly, "I've always liked others to feel worried...."

"Mark, can you not be such a d\*ck, just let me live my life in peace, can you?"

'What's wrong with this? She's giving back his card, not asking for it.'

Finally, with a darkened look on his face, Mark said, "As Mrs. Valentine, if it isn't spending my money,

then whose money is it?'

"I don't want to spend anyone's money. I have my own, and that's enough for me to survive."  
Summer

smiled brightly, "Furthermore, I don't feel comfortable spending someone else's money."

"Hmph..." Mark got up and walked towards the bathroom in frustration as if he wanted to end the conversation.

Summer shrugged in disagreement. In her opinion, she should earn her keep.

Nevertheless, she still went down to the kitchen to cook him a bowl of noodles.

It would be very uncomfortable and difficult to have a good sleep if the stomach was kept hungry after a

day of heavy drinking.

Hearing footsteps, Raine hid herself in the room next door.

As the footsteps faded, she quietly opened the door, walked out, and returned to her room, panting.

Every word in the conversation remained in her mind. She could not fall asleep, so she sat by the window and stared into the night.

'Isn't it natural for a couple to share a credit card?'

But when she compared and contrasted the way Mark interacted with Summer just now and the way he

had treated her in the living room, she could not calm herself down as she gasped heavily.

She could not accept the huge difference in the attitudes displayed by Mark towards Summer and her.

She had always wanted this for herself, yet it wasn't what she had expected at this moment.

An inner voice seemed to be telling her that this was not what she wanted.

While being lost in her thoughts, she was interrupted by the sudden ringing of her phone.

She picked it up, and the blue screen read a blinking text, 'Patrick Lloyd'.

Frustrated, she answered the phone, "Hey."

Chapter 116

"Babe, are you asleep?" asked a soft and gentle voice.

Feeling annoyed, Baine replied, "Can you not call me that? It makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Alright. Is there anything that you would like? A ring, car, or painting?"

Baine's face turned dark, "What's wrong now?"

"Isn't your birthday on December 25? Make a wish, and I'll be your Santa Claus..."

Stunned, she did not realize that her birthday was coming so soon.

Feeling guilty, she replied gently,

"I'm sorry, I am having a bad mood; moreover, I don't need any present, you take care of yourself in

Athana

H

Patrick's voice was heard again via the phone, "Why the bad mood?"

"It's nothing much. I'm tired and need some rest..."

"Baine, how about a grand wedding on our big day? You can be the princess and be the center of

praise and adoration. Besides, where would you like the wedding to be held? Athana, or Santabaca?"

"Patrick, I really want to sleep, it's 10:00 pm here in Estain."

She was trying to remind him that it was already very late.

"Alright. Since you're tired, have a good rest and sweet dreams. Goodnight..."

"Goodnight..."

She hung up, yet her frustration did not disappear. She became more agitated and could not fall



asleep.

Maybe it was because she was pregnant, Summer had been sleeping more than before.

Prior to this, she would easily be awoken by any wee bit of movement.

However, today, as he got out of bed, her eyes only opened slightly before falling asleep again.

When she woke up, it was already 10:00 am.

Usually, she would have already had her breakfast by now. Summer stretched. She then washed her face, changed, and prepared to go downstairs.

As she came down, Yvette and Paine were already seated in the living room.

She pursed her lips and greeted them, "Mom, aunt."

Yvette looked at her, "You're awake?"

Summer adjusted her hair and replied softly, "I overslept today."

Yvette smiled, "It's normal to sleep a lot during pregnancy. Did you sleep well?"

Her reply sent creeps down Summer's spine, 'When can things be back to normal?'

Smiling, Summer replied, "I had a good rest."

"I didn't want to wake you up during breakfast. Now that you're awake, are you hungry?"

"I'm not feeling hungry."

Yvette raised a brow, "How can it be? It's already 10:00 am. Tell me, and I'll make you what you want."

She was indeed hungry, and her stomach was also growling. How could she reject such an offer?

Chapter 117

Summer blinked, and quickly she answered, "Oatmeal and omelet."

Yvette raised her eyebrows, then ordered the kitchen to prepare the meal.

Raine got up. She purposely glanced over Yvette and headed to her room.

"Raine, don't you want some too?"

When Yvette's voice came from the back, Raine smirked but replied, "There's no need; I'm not hungry."

Thus, only Summer and Yvette were left in the living room.

Summer gobbled up the food under Yvette's stare. She felt that she was not having a meal but

undergoing a punishment

Raine came downstairs with a change in clothing. She waved, "Yvette, I'm heading out."

"You're not feeling well. Should I get the driver?"

"It's alright. I already booked a ride."

While saying that, she had walked out of Valentine mansion.

Through the window, Summer could clearly see a taxi

waiting at the gate.

Of course, Yvette had also seen the taxi. She snorted. The sound she made was so soft that one could

miss it if they did not pay attention.

However, Summer noticed it. She felt an ongoing feud between the two but couldn't figure the source of

their conflict.

Inside the taxi, Raine hesitated for a moment and said to the taxi driver, "Take me to Valentine Group..."

"Roger. Valentine Group it is..."

Yvette's attitude toward Summer took a drastic turn. Unlike just now, where she was caring and friendly,

her current attitude was the exact opposite. She was indifferent and apathetic.

Summer coughed. From what she saw, Yvette's expression changed like the weather-It could be sunny

but cloudy in a split second, and it was hard to tell when it would rain.

However, she had gotten used to it. In addition, she did not care less about Yvette's attitude.

On the other hand, it was better than someone who backstabs.

This was because she makes her displeasure known by displaying it on her face.

She liked dealing with such people as they didn't pose any hassle. It was more convenient and straightforward.

Summer brought the dishes to the kitchen and cleaned them herself instead of leaving them to the maids. She then left Valentine mansion and went home.

The taxi stopped in front of Valentine Group. Raine forked out money from her purse and got off after

paying the driver.

It was still the working hour, and the company's staff were seemingly busy at work.

She walked up to the reception and handed an invitation card to the receptionist, "Please pass this to President Valentine."

"You are?"

"I'm Raine, his aunt, thank you."

She turned around and left.

The receptionist stared at her back. She was in awe that such a young and elegant lady was the president's aunt.

'But why would his aunt send the letter through her and not directly to him?'

She had a weird feeling.

She frowned and instructed a staff member to have it brought up to him.

Chapter 118

On another side.

Solomon and Daisy were present. Only Amara was absent.

"Where is she?" Summer frowned a little, 'Her old habit couldn't have relapsed, could it?'

"Ever since we started hanging out, she never returned to the casino." Daisy was relieved while she said it.

She nodded and replied sternly, "You can always remind her that I am sincere with my words so that she will remain careful and not repeat the same mistake."

"Among the Hart family, you are the one she's most afraid of. You can do whatever you want."  
Solomon

sighed.

Daisy also sighed, "It doesn't matter who as long it is you whom she's afraid of. Haven't you taken your

lunch? I'll prepare pasta."

"Okay, what's in it?"

"Deep fried shrimp pasta."

"I'll help with peeling and frying the shrimps."

The pasta was cooked, fried with shrimps, and ready t

o be served in just a short time.

While eating, Daisy asked, "Anything happened during your first two months of pregnancy?"

"Nothing much, just a bit more appetite for sleep and sometimes vomiting."

"Ah, those are common symptoms. Are they serious? How many times did you vomit in a day?"

Summer answered, "It's not serious, only once a day."

"That's good. Your child doesn't torment you very much. You can be more at ease. How is Mark?"

"He is back at work."

"So, how has your relationship with him been?"

"We're good." Summer replied vaguely.

Still feeling uneasy, Daisy asked again, "How is Yvette treating you? I hope she's not giving you any

trouble."

Again, she answered, "She's good."

"I wouldn't know a thing if you aren't honest.

Remember, we mustn't let ourselves be looked down upon. Otherwise, they will be full of themselves.

Got it?"

"Yes, mom." Deep inside, she knew her mom cared about her.

While they were watching TV after dinner, Amara returned. She appeared frail.

However, she asked curiously, "Summer, what are you

and Mark doing tonight?"

Puzzled, Summer asked, "What do you mean?"

Showing off her manicure, she answered teasingly, "I passed by Mark picking out flowers today. Could

he be planning a surprise for you?"

Summer slightly raised her eyebrows and said no word. She was curious, too, so she could not help

but try to make a guess.

'He was picking flowers?'

'For whom?'

Amara, on the other hand, exclaimed, "Oh my, such romance."

She looked at the time; it was already 5:00 pm. She had a date with Jazz to attend a concert at 8:00

pm. She had just enough time to get changed at Valentine mansion.

She picked up her coat and hurried off to Santabaca Opera.

Jazz Valentine had already been waiting outside for quite some time. His face was slightly bluish due to

the cold, but that did not affect his handsome demeanor.

Chapter 119

Due to his youth, he lacked the stature of a man, yet he looked neat and had calmness beyond his age.

He stood out from afar, and Summer easily caught sight of it. He also attracted the awe of passersby.

She walked up to him and noticed his freezing hands. Letting out a sigh, she handed him a pair of gloves, " Put them on."

"You kept them?" Jazz responded with a cheerful look.

"I made these gloves. Of course, I would have them. Put them on quickly. How long have you waited?"

"I just arrived."

From how he looked, Summer could tell that he had waited for quite some time, but she didn't want to

show it.

They entered the opera and found their seats in a private box on the first floor.

Their view of the stage was unobstructed.



The performance began shortly after 8:30 pm. She had a liking for Chopin's pieces, and today, every performance was Chopin's famous compositions.

The music was full of enthusiasm, without restraint, and expressive.

Such wonderful music would have brought enjoyment, and one could be lost in passion, vent, and relaxation.

She loved to relax and be indulged entirely in this kind of music.

Sometimes, listening to a piano recital was also a form of releasing tension.

While she was engrossed in the music, Jazz couldn't take his eyes off her. He too, fell in love with her.

To be by her side was happiness, yet so superficial...

The performance soon came to an end.

Summer was fixed on the music, while Jazz had his eye gazed upon her.

It was past 11:00 pm when the concert ended, and the audience adjourned gradually.

Summer got up and walked side by side Jazz out of their private box.

It was her first time experiencing a private box at Santabaca Opera. Usually, she sat at the standard seats where the view wasn't the most pleasant.

Yet today, she was able to enjoy both the view and music fully. Chopin had always been her idol

anyway.

As they were walking, she looked to the left into the private box next to her. Immediately, she froze and

was rooted on the spot.

Through the crack of the door, she vividly saw two familiar figures. They were Mark and Raine.

Raine was seated on the sofa while Mark reclined on it. His eyes were narrowly opened, and he had a

serious expression.

Their conversation lacked clarity.

But, on the table, a bouquet of lilies was clearly visible.

She guessed that the bouquet was his choice of flowers, as earlier described by Amara.

Yet, she wasn't expecting to witness this scene.

Santabaca was not a big city, neither was it a small one. But such an encounter was really

dumbfounding.

"Ms. Hart, what are you looking at?" Jazz asked curiously.

Summer retracted her sight. Calmly, she replied, "It's nothing. It's getting late. Let's go."

Without suspecting anything, Jazz nodded, and they both left together.

## Chapter 120

He stood facing her, bent over slightly, and helped her put on her hat and gloves. He was afraid of her

feeling cold.

When they arrived back at Valentine mansion, it was already 12:00 am. Surprisingly, Yvette was still

awake.

She frowned as they entered the mansion. Displeased, she questioned, "Why are you home so late?

Where have you been?"

Before Summer could reply, Jazz answered, "Mom, Summer was helping me with my French."

Yvette was left speechless. Nevertheless, she uttered, "Next time, tutoring can happen at Valentine mansion. Besides, no more staying out later than 10:00 pm."

"Mom, aren't you too strict? We're not kids anymore, is curfew still necessary?" Jazz responded casually.

Yvette tapped on his shoulders. She chuckled, "Strict? It's a rule."

Fortunately, she said no more but went to the bathroom. Summer quickly slipped upstairs at the opportunity.

After she had bathed, applied mask, washed her face, and completely washed up, it was almost 1:00

am.

Still, he wasn't home...

Unable to contain her curiosity, Summer didn't sleep but sat by the window and waited patiently...

She wanted to know when he was going to return...

Moreover, about the relationship he was having with Raine...

In a private box at Santabaca Opera

Raine and Mark had not changed their positions. She was still seated while Mark was reclining on the

other end of the sofa.

However, Raine had a faint smile over her beautiful face, indicating a hidden agenda.

She was spot on. He had not disappointed her.

Today is December 25, her birthday. It was an opportune time to send him the invitation, and she hadn't

missed it.

As expected, he had shown up.

"Where are your friends?" Asked Mark without showing any expression over his handsome

appearance.

"We had a party at the hotel; they had all left. You're the last to arrive."

She uttered it slowly. In fact, she had only invited him.

Hearing that, he raised a brow, looked at the time and replied, "It's late. The present is here, and I got

to go."

"Why are you in a hurry?" Raine stared at him. She realized he had become more difficult to understand.

"What's the meaning of this? How I spend my time is my freedom, isn't it?"

Mark looked at her sternly as he questioned her. It carried an inexplicable meaning.

Raine was speechless. He was right. The present was there. He did not miss the party; as to what else

he wanted to do, it was his freedom, and she had no right to interfere.

However, this wasn't how he used to treat her.

The lights went dim, yet it revealed her bitter smile. She answered lightly, "Okay, you go ahead. I'll stay

on a little longer."

Raine turned toward the stage, her back facing him, and sat there quietly, without any movement.

As he walked away, her eyes began to water. Her nose became uneasy, yet she remained still.

All of a sudden, she felt pain in her shoulders. Someone was firmly gripping her shoulders.