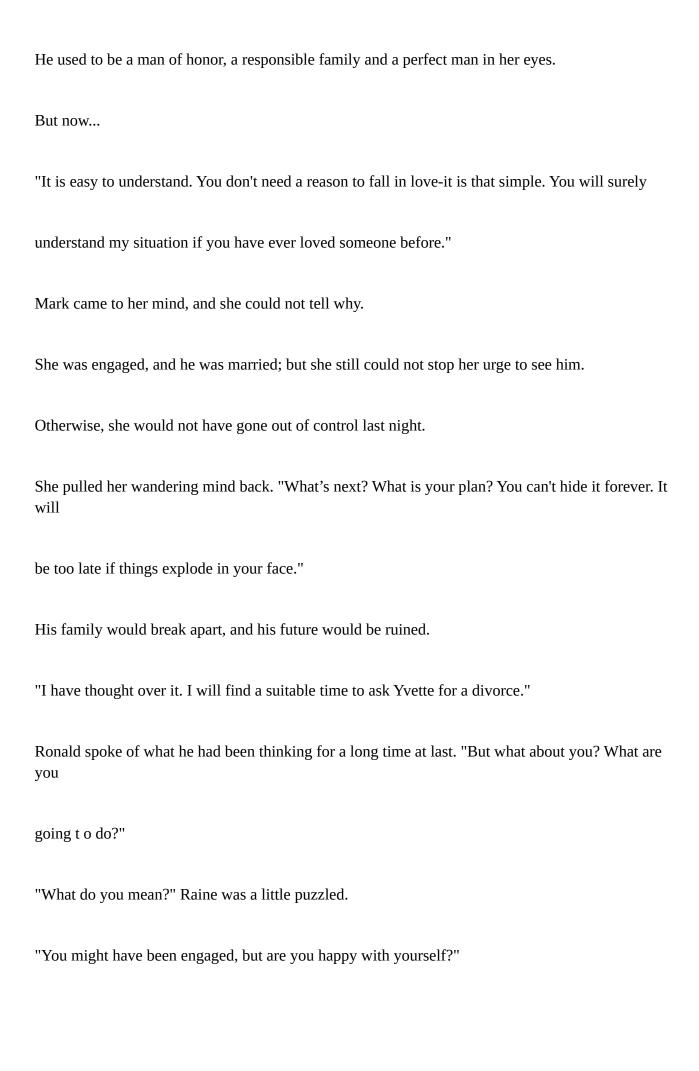
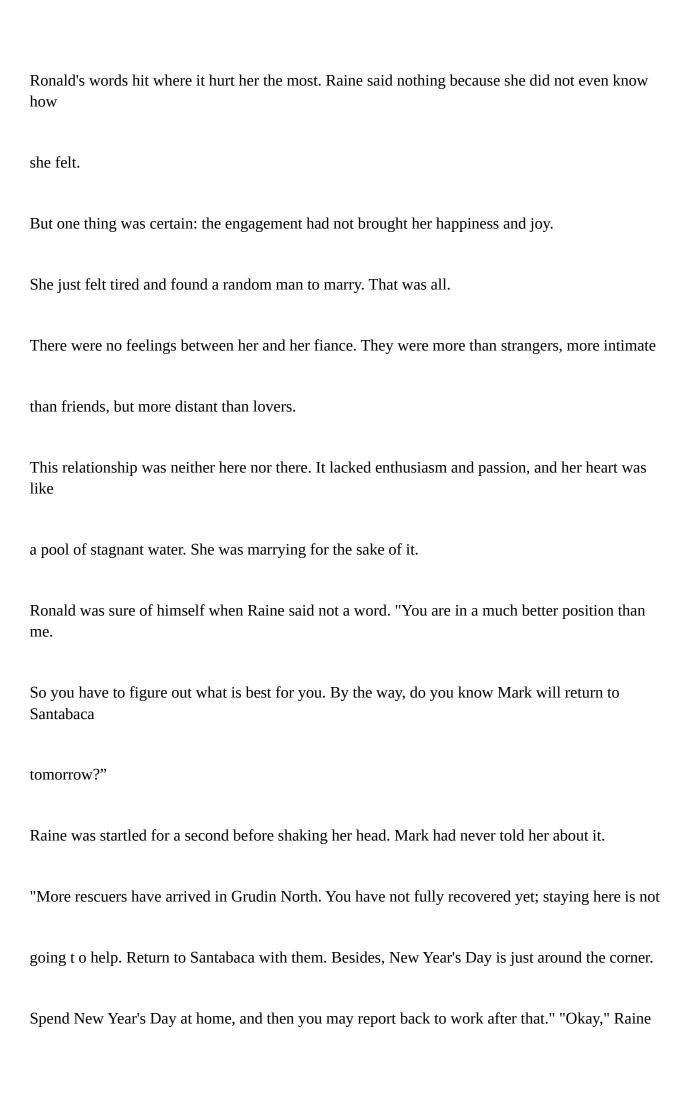
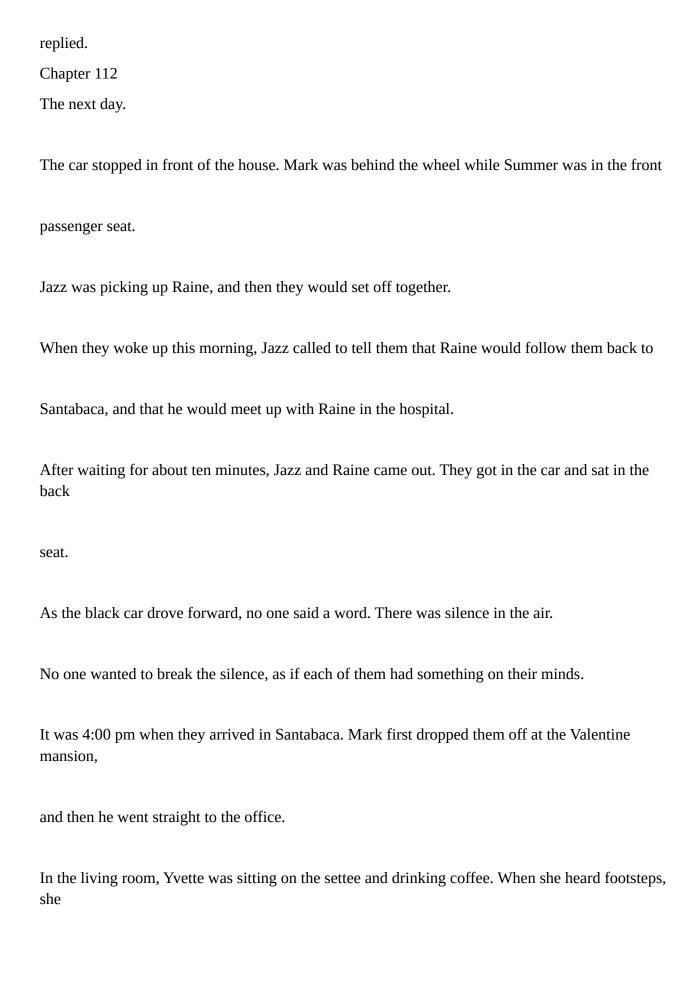
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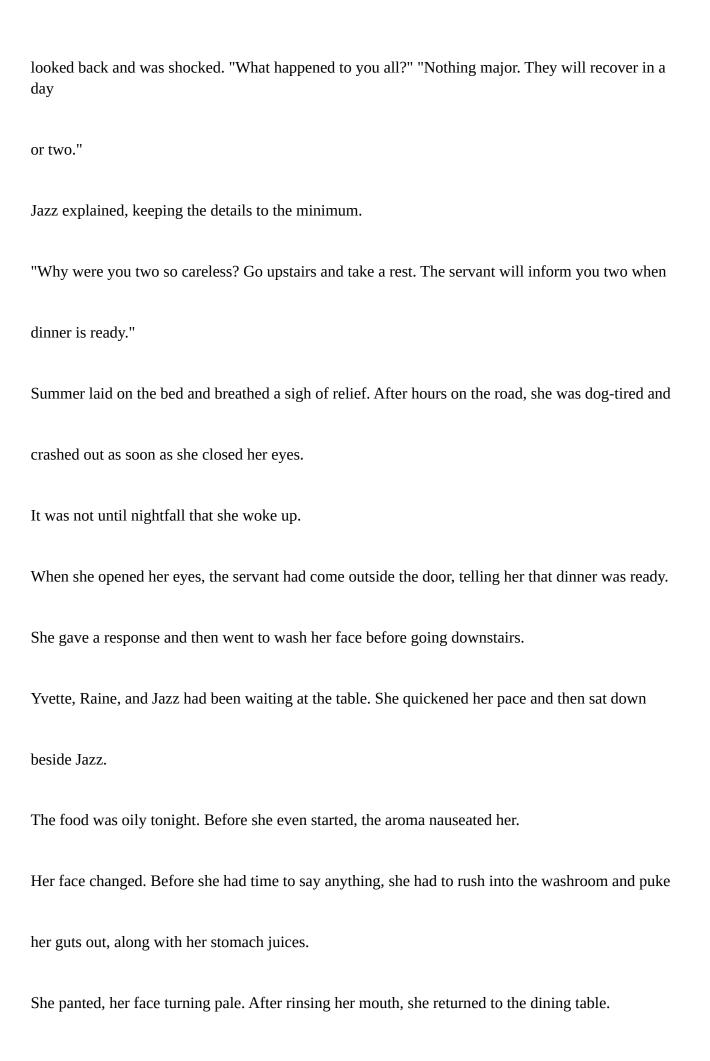


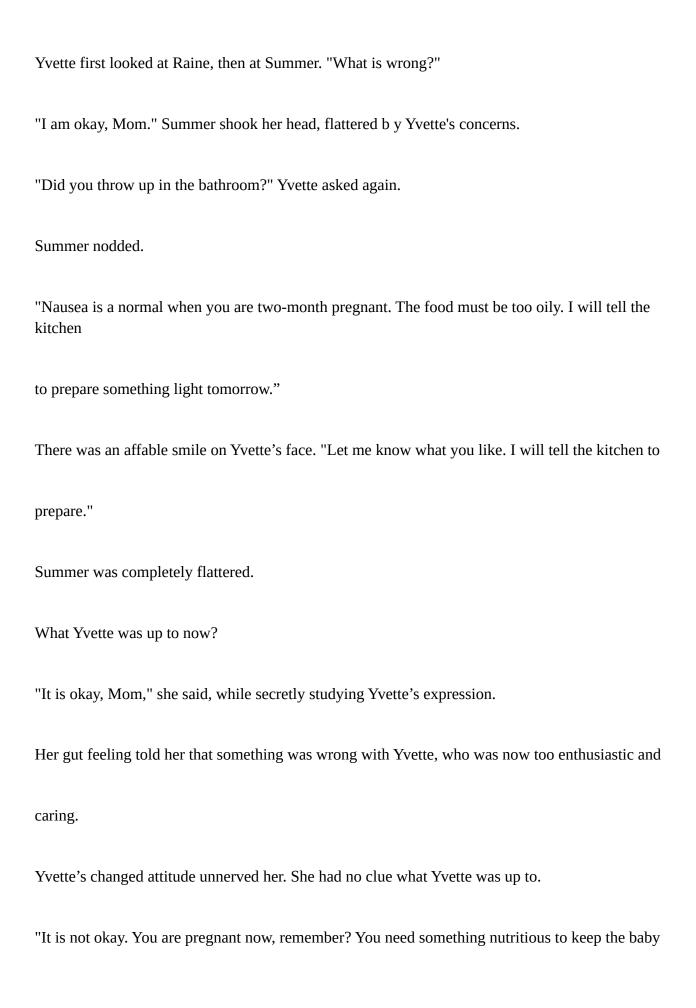
"I completely don't get it." She never knew that her brother was such a person.

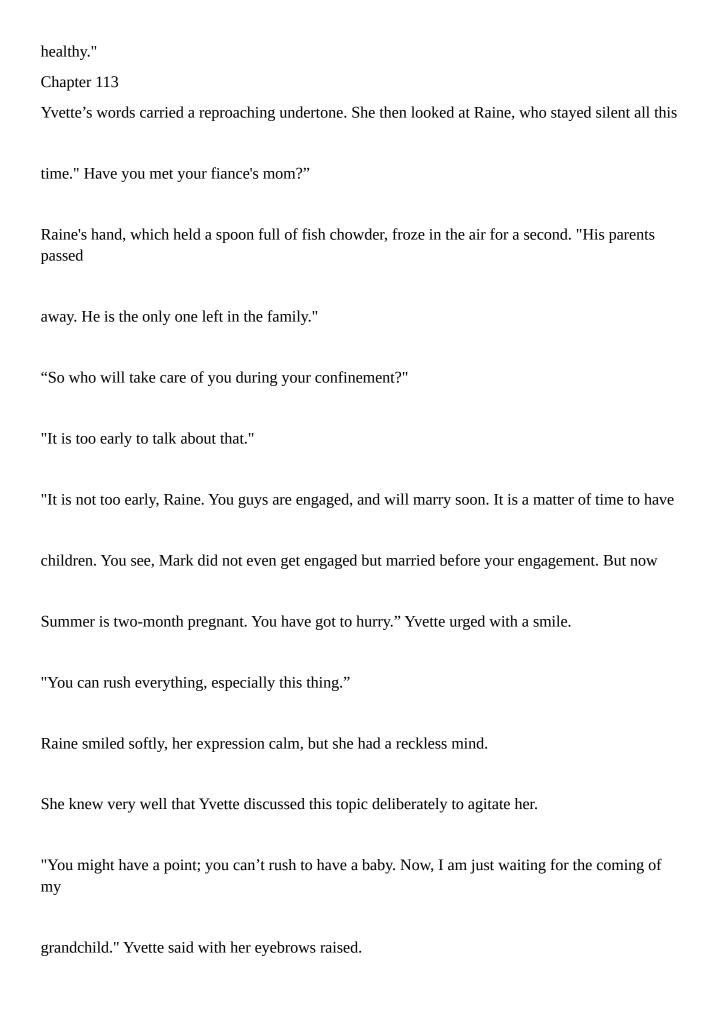




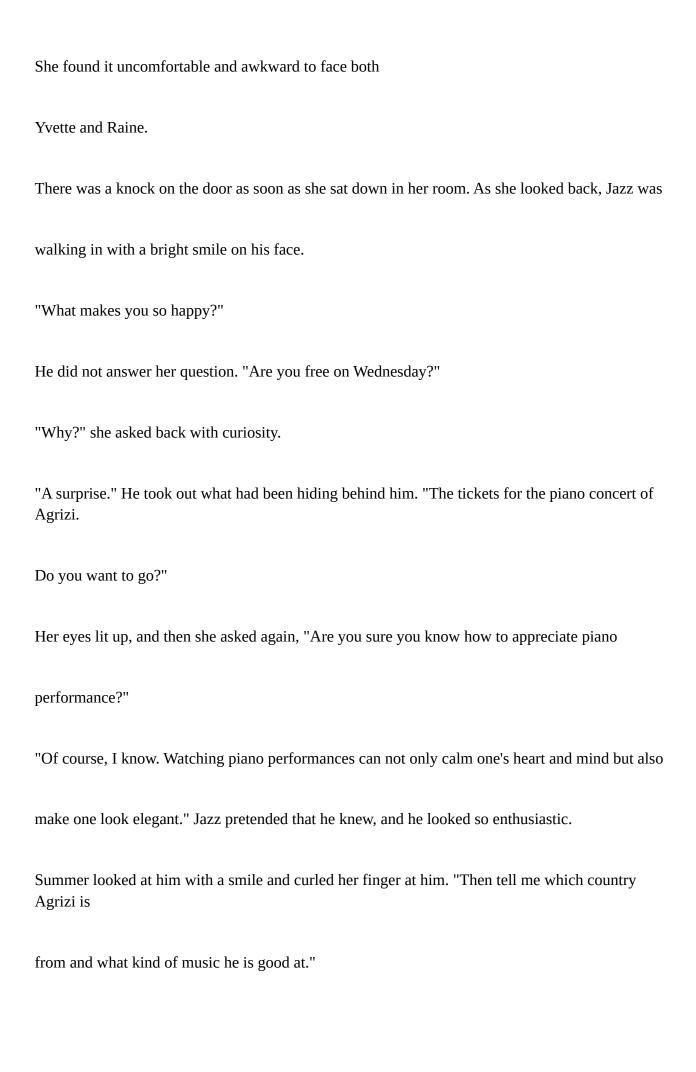








Summer listened quietly, without saying a word. No wonder Yvette's attitude had changed. It turned out
that was because of the baby in her womb.
She sneered in her mind as she ate.
Yvette scooped a bowl of fish chowder and then handed it to Summer. "Have some more, it is
nutritious."
"Thank you, mom." Summer put on a plastic smile.
Raine drank her fish chowder without looking up. So n o 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.



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

"How many countries do you know in total?" She had n o words.

Chapter 114

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 n o 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."

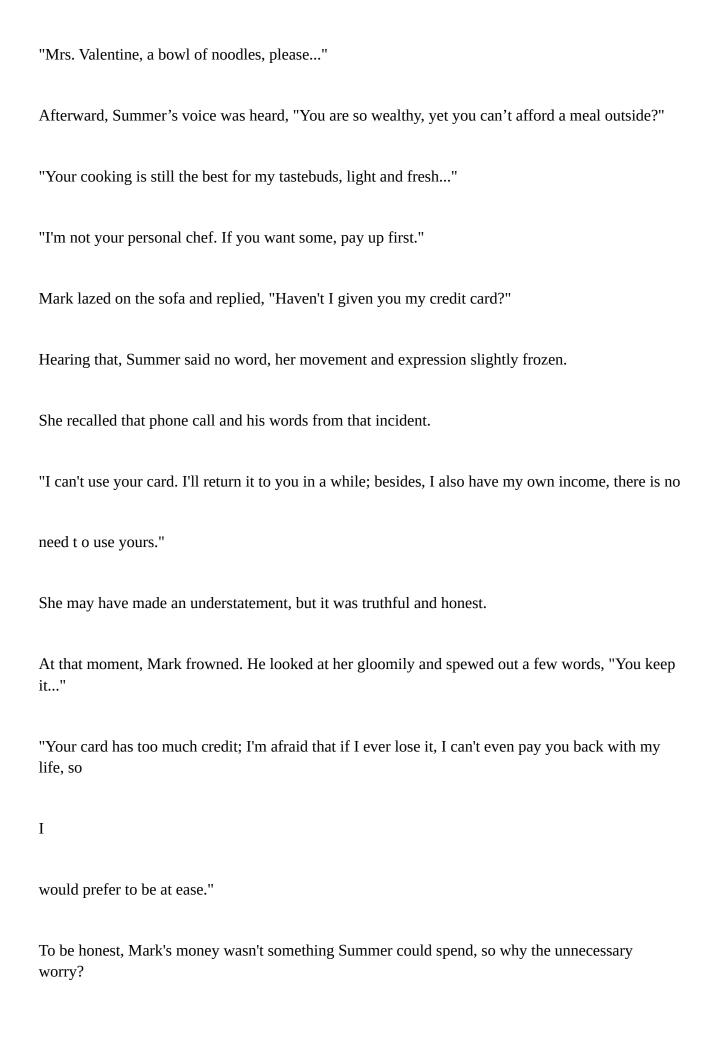
Jazz put his hand to his forehead. "Can you not bring u p such a depressing topic at this time?"

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 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. Chapter 115



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.

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

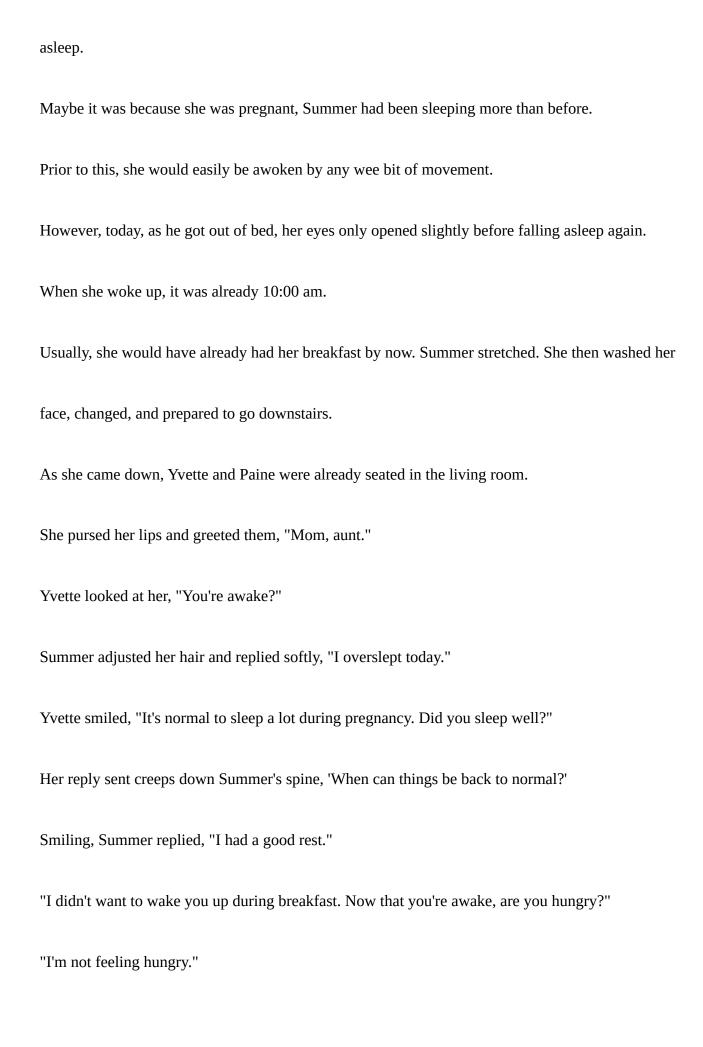
Hearing footsteps, Raine hid herself in the room next door.

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?"





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 t o 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."

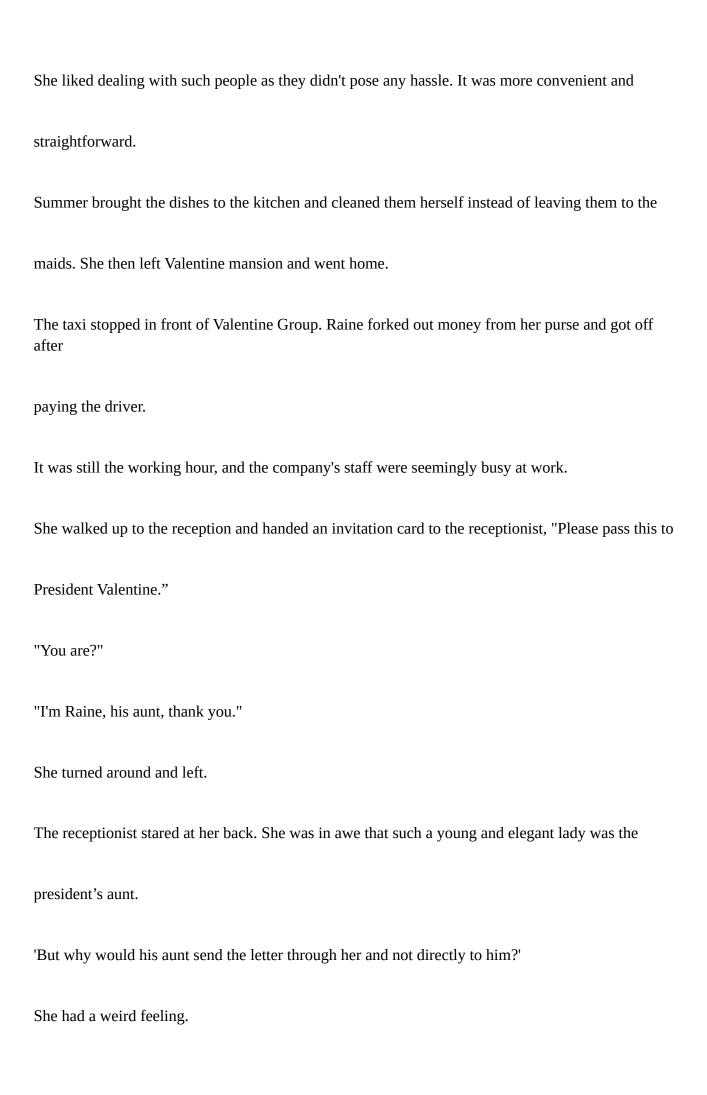
"You're not feeling well. Should I get the driver?"

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

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

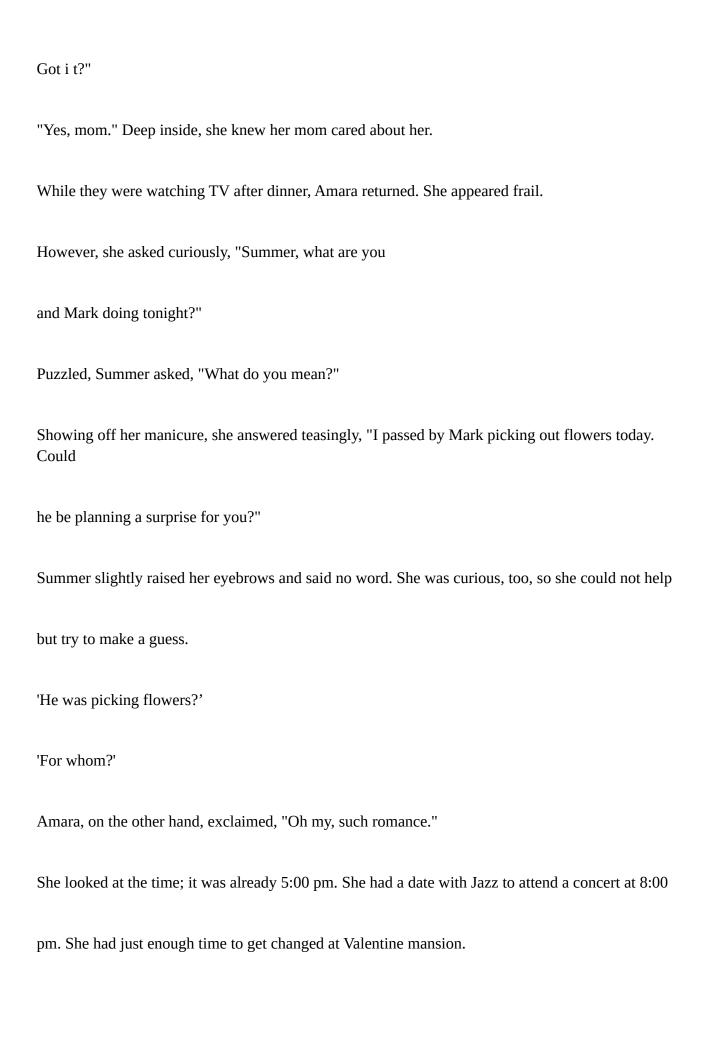
Through the window, Summer could clearly see a taxi

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 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

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

seats where the view wasn't the most pleasant.

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 i t. 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

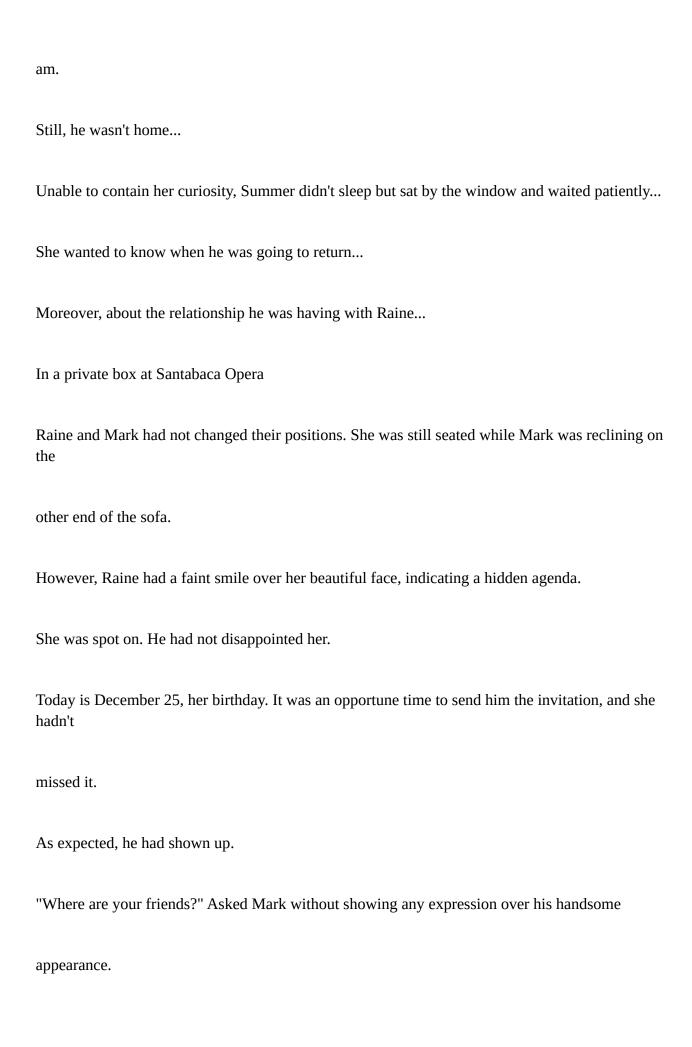
casually.

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



"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.