

## President 121

### Chapter 121

He did not let go. He squeezed her shoulder so hard to the point where it felt like they were going to break. Then, only did he let go.

The pain caused Raine's face to shrivel. "Ouch... it hurts..."

"So, you are still able to feel pain, huh?"

His breath could be heard from behind her. Mark grasped her and turned her around. As they faced each other, he said sarcastically in a deep voice, "You don't know how to make me stay, do you? I said

I would leave, and you just let me leave?"

'You don't know how to make me stay, do you? I said I would leave, and you just let me leave?'

Such simply words. Yet, it had caused her tears to flow uncontrollably.

She cried silently, leaned forward, and grabbed his waist tightly. She buried her face in his chest. Her

tears wet his coat.

Whether it was the past three years or the next three years, she had tried her very best to keep him by

her side, but...

Mark's squinted sight fell upon her embrace. He cleared his throat and wrapped his arms over her shoulders.

Never had she imagined that he would come back for her.

'In fact, he still has me in his heart, right?'

'I didn't guess it wrongly, did I?'

Thus, when he returned and squeezed her shoulders, all her suppressed emotions were instantly released!

Nobody said a word but remained in position.

In the quietness of the private box, only her sobbing was heard, accompanied by their breathing.

Raine had always wanted to hug him in this manner. She never wanted to let go, but it was simply impossible.

After a long while, she finally let go. The tip of her nose was slightly reddish. There were remnants of

tears in her eyes. She had to return to reality.

There were obstacles between them, such as Yvette. 1

The reason she invited him was merely to test and see if he still had her in his heart!

Moreover, she wanted to celebrate her birthday together with him and create an everlasting memory.

"It's almost 1:00 am. You head home first. I still have somewhere I'd like to go." she said.

Smiling coldly, Mark let go of her but held on to her chin. His breath, hot yet cold as ice poured over her

face. "Raine, what did you feel when you hugged me, huh?"

Raine kept silent and tightened her lips. She had no idea how to answer his question.

"Answer me!" He tightened his grip on her chin so that their gaze locked at each other.

She didn't know how to answer. She could only remain silent.

"So..." he uttered deeply. Then, in a sarcastic manner, he continued, "you're fooling with me, aren't you? Am I a substitute for your boredom? I only come to mind when you are bored, is it?"

She was unable to reply because of the pain in her jaw. She shook her head and made an effort to answer, "No..."

"Then what is it, tell me..."

She continued to bite her lips and remained silent. Mark waited.

As time passed, Mark began to lose his patience. At last, he took a good look at her, and slowly, he uttered a few words.

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"In the future, if you have not decided who you love, do not simply arouse my anger. Do you

understand? Let's return to Valentine mansion!"

Still unable to remain calm, Raine answered, "But I still have to go-"

Before she could finish saying, Mark cut her off coldly. "Where is a lady trying to go at 2:00 am? Get in

the car!"

As they rode on the black Land Rover, they did not speak to each other. There was only a dead atmosphere of awkwardness.

Raine looked out the window. She still held on to the lilies he had gifted her. It was a bouquet that she

would cherish.

As she recalled her brother's words, and when she had witnessed the closeness between Mark and Summer, she was deeply irritated, and her feelings wavered.

But whenever she met Yvette, her wavered feelings would come undone.

Undeniably, she was somewhat afraid of Yvette.

Sadly, she had thus been trapped in her emotional turmoil.

Seeing how close Mark was with Summer, she

desperately wanted to hug him.

But she regretted it whenever she saw Yvette.

Forward, backward, forward, backward. It was two simple directions, yet it was so difficult to make a

choice...

Two beams of light shone brightly through the large window; they were very glaring.

She took her eyes off it for a moment, then peeped through the blinds.

He was clearly seen getting down from the car and walking forward without looking back.

Baine walked behind him. She held a bouquet of lilies; it was the same bouquet she saw.

Summer felt slightly hurt but took a deep breath and retreated to the sofa.

A moment later, the door opened. Mark entered the room; his face looked slightly downcast.

He wore a black coat; his well-built and stout stature had all the qualities of a man that a woman could

dream of.

She acted as if she knew nothing and asked, "Mr. Valentine, why are you home late?"

Mark lifted his eye slightly toward her and frowned. " You're not yet asleep?"

"I just arrived home. I was with Jazz at the Opera. It had just ended not long ago."

She glanced at his handsome face as she was answering, trying to look for some clue but found

nothing.

His downcast look had only a calm expression. Like a vast whirlpool, It was simply impossible to make

something out of it.

"In the future, you shall not return later than 10:00 pm. Besides, if you have the free time to watch a concert with Jazz, it's better to help him with his studies at home."

His deep tone spelled his displeasure, and his frowning further emphasized it.

While saying this, he took off his coat and placed it aside.

Summer smiled, "It's already 2:00 am. Where could have Mr. Valentine been that he's returned so late?"

## Chapter 123

Swiftly, he looked to one side, his lips twitched, and subconsciously replied, "I went to sign a contract.."

"You went to sign a contract? Do you do that in a private box at the Opera? And with Raine too?"

Deliberately looking puzzled, she questioned him with suspicion. Then, she gave him a good stare.

She wanted to find out how he would respond.

'Signing a contract? Who was he trying to fool?'

Mark looked back, and their gaze met.

He kept quiet but looked at her with his eyes halfopened.

Summer could clearly see her tiny reflection through his dark pupils. Although small, it was very much

in focus.

Her gaze was indescribably oppressive, but she remained calm and put on a faint smile.

"No need to overthink. Jazz and I were just a few steps away from you. As we were leaving, I coincidentally saw you both. Also, there was a bouquet of lilies on the table."

She described everything she saw and left no stone uncovered.

"What are you trying to say..." Mark stammered as he looked at her.

Summer picked up the glass on the table to warm her hands. She answered, "One more thing, whether

or not you know it. Your past romance with Raine, I am aware of it."

His eyes twitched, he pressed his lips tightly, and stared at her. "Mrs. Valentine, what else do you know

that I'm not aware of?"

"Nothing else, only this. I found out by accident. Furthermore, it's not my habit to probe into Mr. Valentine's private affairs."

Every word she said, she said it slowly and clearly.

"By accident? Isn't it too much for such a coincidence?" He narrowed his eyebrows.

"Are you doubting my words?" She laughed, "Indeed, even I feel that it is too much to be a coincidence. But a fact is a fact. As a teacher, I have a character to preserve."

Mark's tone turned cold. "So, what now?"

She unconsciously tightened her grip on the glass. His words hurt, yet she remained steadfast.

"What I want to know is the kind of relationship you have with Raine. When we were in Norwood, did

you leave me by the roadside and immediately returned to Grudin North because you received news that she was in trouble?"

He stared at her quietly for a long while. His face turned darker, then, he replied, "What has this got to

do with you?"

What has this got to do with you...'

Such simple words, yet Summer felt like something pierced through her heart and it sent shivers across

her entire body.

"I am the one who you call Mrs. Valentine. So, tell me, what has this got to do with me?"

"Mrs. Valentine, maybe you had forgotten something... ..." he continued in a deep voice, "Do you

remember the reason we got married?"

Stunned, she said nothing.

"It is all for the sake of the child in you that I married you. You are just a stray being. As for my private

affairs, you have no right to question me. Do you understand?" Mark uttered. 1

Trembling, she felt her dry lips and sneered, "Understood, Mr. Valentine."

All this while, she had thought that 'Mr. Valentine', or 'Mrs. Valentine' was such a wonderful address.

Chapter 124

Right now, it felt like an insult.

"Could it be that Mrs. Valentine has fallen for me?" He fixed his gaze was upon her, not wanting to miss

any slight expression of her.

Summer took a deep breath. With a bright smile, she answered, "You must be overthinking. We only take what we need in a trade."

His lips formed a straight line; he frowned, and there was immense coldness. Turning away, he strode

into the bathroom.

He took off his sweater and pants. He wore only his underwear and let warm water from the shower sprinkle over him from head to toe. But it did not take away his irritation.

That irritation was queer, vague, and indescribable...

In the room, Summer put the glass back on the table. Her lips curled as she sat quietly on the sofa.

Sure enough, whoever reacted emotionally first would be the loser.

After all, she could have overthought it. He didn't have the slightest affection toward her.

It was funny that she didn't feel the slightest warmth

but only coldness despite the heater being turned on.

She must have embarrassed herself when she dared to question him!

Full of anxiety, she walked to the window and opened it. The cold air rushed in, and she felt a sting on

her face.

It was a fault that life had treated her so well thus far, so much so to the point of no return.

Moreover, she even felt that this marriage wasn't at all bad, but wonderful and blissful. Yet...

At that moment, footsteps were heard, followed by a deep voice. "It's already so late. And what are you

thinking, standing by the opened window, getting blown at by the cold wind?"

Summer gathered up her thoughts, threw a short glance at him, walked to the bed, and picked up her blanket.

She retreated to the sofa and laid down, wrapped in her blanket.

With only a towel wrapped around his lower body, clear water droplets dripped from his firm chest and

dissolved into the towel.

He observed her every move, and his irritation escalated. "Mrs. Valentine, what are you doing?"

"My stomach isn't feeling well. I keep going to the bathroom. So, it's better for me to sleep here.

Goodnight."

She couldn't be bothered by how he would feel but turned away from the bed and faced the backrest of

the sofa, allowing him only the view of her back.

One on the bed, another on the sofa; although it was just a tiny gap between them, yet it felt so distant.

Summer remained still in her position. She could feel the look on her back as if it was going to tunnel

through her.

But she ignored it, pretending that she had not noticed it.

She tossed and turned throughout the night. As dusk approached, she finally fell asleep due to

exhaustion.

Nevertheless, she was conscious of him waking up. She lay still and pretended to be asleep.

When he had left, Summer got up and folded her blanket. She packed a few sets of clothing and planned to return home for a few days.

It had only been one night, her emotions were in a mess, and she felt inexplicably depressed.

It was still very early, and everyone at Valentine mansion was still asleep. She walked out and left.

## Chapter 125

Seeing her back, Daisy frowned and asked, "Why are you back?"

Suppressing the emotions that had been torturing her all night, Summer put on a fake smile and said,

"Am I s o unwelcome, Mrs. Hart?"

"It's not that I don't welcome you home. It's just that the New Year is coming in a few days. How can

you come back at this time?"

"Mom, when did you become so superstitious? What does it matter?" Her face was full of disapproval.

"It's not about superstition. You come home at this time, others will gossip about you, like you and your

husband are quarreling or something like that. Also, your mother-in-law won't be happy either. Listen to

m e. Go back now. I won't stop you from staying here as many days as you want after the New Year!"

Summer wrapped her arms around Daisy's shoulders, bargaining, "One night, just one night, okay?"

"All right, just one night." Daisy agreed.

While the two were talking, Amara came out of the bathroom with a toothbrush. "Summer, you're back!"

She answered faintly, put her bag on the sofa, and began to clean the room and wipe the coffee table.

"Summer, what kind of surprise did my brother-in-law give you yesterday?" Amara asked as she walked up to her, looking curious.

Summer immediately stiffened and paused what she was doing, but only for a moment. She restrained

her reaction and said nonchalantly, "Go brush your teeth. The foam from your mouth is all on the floor."

"Go ahead, tell me, Summer, I'm dying of curiosity!

How does it feel when a handsome, charming man like him does something romantic for you? Does it

make you blush, your heart race, and even forget who you are?"

Amara looked excited. It was so exciting just to think about something like this.

Summer ignored her and tidied the room while Amara followed her around.

Time flies. It was dark outside in the blink of an eye. After dinner, Summer watched a few episodes of a

TV series with Daisy and Solomon, then went to her room, showered, went to bed, and got ready to rest.

But she couldn't stop thinking about that thing when there's nothing else to do.

But what's the use of thinking about it? It just made her unhappy, why bother?

There was another woman in his heart. To him, she's nothing. She's just a deal.

But she was caught up in the deal, unconsciously attracted to his charm, and fell in love...

When you love someone first in a relationship, you're giving that person the right to hurt you...

\*

Valentine mansion.

Yvette, Raine, and Jazz were having dinner. Just then a tall body came in from the living room. It's

Mark.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he glanced across the table at the empty space. Looking nonchalant, he

asked, "Jazz, where's your sister-in-law?"

"Didn't she call you? She said she's going home for a few days. She called me just now. Anything wrong?"

Jazz turned around and looked at his brother, a little confused. "Didn't she call you?"

Mark's eyes seemed to be deep in thought. His thin lips pressed into a straight line, saying nothing.

Yvette didn't care. She just said, "Mark, sit down for dinner."

Whether Summer went home or wherever she went, Yvette was not worried at all or in the mood to care.

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Sitting down, he took a few sips of the fish soup and frowned. Compared with the fresh noodle soup,

the fish soup was obviously much richer in flavor.

Suddenly, Mark lost his appetite. He put his bowl on the table and got up and walked upstairs.

Looking at his back, Yvette asked in surprise, "Mark, you're not having dinner?"

"No, I still have some files to deal with..." He did not stop or look back. His straight figure soon disappeared in the stairwell.

Raine noticed that his eyes never rested on her, not even for a moment.

Indescribable disappointment and bitterness gathered in her heart, and she lost her appetite. She ate half a bowl of porridge, made some excuses and went upstairs.

Yvette watched quietly, and the corners of her mouth slightly turned upwards. An obvious smile appeared on her delicate and elegant face.

She didn't like Summer. A woman who trapped a man with a baby in her belly was never a good woman.

But she still preferred Summer to Raine.

From the bottom of her heart, she hated Raine from head to toe. She found Raine disgusting!

She was self-righteous, she bit the hand that feeds her, ungrateful...

Ronald may have found her, but she was the one who took care of her and brought her up!

But she seduced Mark behind her back. What a shameless woman!

Yvette watched them grow up together. Instead of her sister-in-law, she was more like her own daughter. Who can stand their daughter dating their son?

Wouldn't Raine be ashamed?

At the dinner table, Mark just asked about Summer's whereabouts without even looking at Raine, which

was a good change of attitude.

\*

There was a stack of files brought back from the office and Mark was signing them, his long body reclining on the sofa.

His breathing was the only sound repeating in the large room. And then there was the rustling of a pen

across the paper.

A moment later, he frowned slightly. He looked up from the paper and looked around the room, feeling

as if something was missing.

He had never felt the room so empty.

She would occasionally make a noise, like drinking water, turning pages, or walking.

Those noises indirectly filled the ear and made him feel... unusually comfortable...

His long fingers fell a little impatiently between his brows. He massaged it, then slapped the files shut

with his big hand, pushed it away and went to the bathroom.

He had not been himself this evening. He had been feeling a little fidgety...

On the other side.

The next day.

Summer got up very early. She woke up almost at 7 a.m., and decided to go for a walk in the park near

the neighborhood.

But before she could leave the room, Amara came to her and said, "I'll join you."

"Do you know where I'm going?" Summer put on her hat and looked at her.

"Of course I do. Isn't it the park downstairs? I'm going, too. Now that I'm pregnant, I need to give my

baby some fresh air."

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Looking at her stomach, Amara smiled and said.

Summer thought that Amara had really changed. Perhaps because of the pregnancy, her focus began to shift from gambling to the baby, which was undoubtedly a good start, a good change.

They went to the park side by side. The sun had not yet risen and the air was damp and cold.

The leaves were wet with early morning dew, and the air breathing in was fresh and moist, though cold.

Amara chattered away like a sparrow all the way to the park, never keeping her mouth shut.

"Summer, I don't mean to be rude, but your mother-in-law doesn't look like a nice person," Amara said

without a second thought.

Summer smiled. "You've only met her once, are you sure?"

"I'm not sure of anything else, but I have a taste for people. She is annoying at first sight: she has a pointed face, curved eyebrows, and thin lips. And though she looks pretty and elegant, she has a mean

countenance." Amara sounded sure of her judgment.

The corners of Summer's mouth moved a little, nonjudgmentally, and then asked, "How about aunt?"

"Aunt..." Amara paused slightly. "She is ten thousand times better than your mother-in-law, gentle, virtuous, sensible, and so beautiful, so fairy-like. She is the envy of all women!"

No words, she just listened, occasionally stretching her body.

Just then, they heard a pleasantly surprised male voice. "Summer Hart!"

With a surprise, she turned around and saw a tall man standing behind her, smiling at her with a delighted face and white teeth.

He was wearing a tracksuit. He had a square face and was tall and strong like a bodybuilder, looking

very heroic.

He did look familiar, but she could not remember who he was, she had no memory of him.

After failing to figure out who he was, Summer finally gave up and asked, "And you are?"

"Dean Singleton. I'm your high school classmate, the one who always sat behind you. Remember?"  
He

looked at her eagerly.

Dean Singleton, the boy sitting behind her in the class. As he said this, Summer remembered it and

smiled. "So it's you. I remember you used to blush easily."

Dean smiled and touched his hair awkwardly. "What do you do now?"

"I'm a teacher. How about you?"

"Police officer."

Summer snorted with laughter. "You do live up to your name. Dean did sound like a good name for a

police officer."

Dean smiled, a little shy. As if remembering something, he asked, "By the way, Summer, are you free

the night after tomorrow?"

Suddenly he changed the way he called her from Summer Hart to just Summer. It felt a little closer and

not so distant.

She asked, not noticing the change, "Anything?"

"The day after tomorrow, we will have a reunion of our high school classmates. There will be only our

class. Please come with us."

"I don't think I'm going. We haven't seen each other for a long time. It's quite awkward." She smiled and

refused politely.

The main reason was that they had not been in touch for several years, and their relationship had become rusty. The gathering could be quite awkward.

"Why is that awkward? Kayla invited you to her party every year, and Doris Cain. Besides, we are all

classmates. Don't you miss your old classmates after all these years?"

There was nothing else to do that day anyway, and he had tried so hard to persuade her to go, it's hard

to refuse him. "All right, I'll go."

Dean's face brightened. "Well, Club Nightshade, 8 p.m. Shall I come and pick you up?"

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"That's all right. I can take a taxi."

"I also live in the neighborhood, it's no trouble. So that settles it then. I'll pick you up the night after tomorrow and we'll go together. What's your number?"

Summer took out her phone, exchanged numbers with Dean, and talked for a while before parting ways with him.

Amara was watching them all the time. As soon as Dean left, she grabbed Summer's arm and asked,"

Summer, is he interested in you?"

Summer gave her an annoyed look. "We are exclassmates. We haven't seen each other for so many years; that's why he's a little excited. You think too much."

"Is it?" Amara shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think it's that simple."

Summer continued walking, ignoring her. "Aren't you coming for a walk? Hurry up then, the sun will

come u p soon."

Daisy was afraid of gossip, so she just allowed Summer to stay at home for one night and pushed for

her to go back to Valentine mansion the next day.

Summer refused to leave. "Mom, my ex-classmate

lives here. We're going to a class gathering the day after tomorrow. You can't kick me out now."

There was nothing Daisy could do, so she just left her alone. It was her own daughter anyway. What else could she do about it?

So Summer stayed at home and didn't return to Valentine mansion for three days, including the day she left.

Valentine mansion

Mark glanced around the living room. Jazz was sitting on the couch, watching TV.

First he looked upstairs. Then he looked over at Jazz and moved his thin lips. "Has your sister-in-law

returned yet?"

"No..." Jazz looked up from the TV.

Mark frowned, didn't say anything and went upstairs. There was a slight chill between his eyes. The room was cold and empty.

His long frame sank into the sofa. His large hand pulled and loosened his necktie with slight impatience. He then took out his smartphone, pressed the number, frowned, then dialed and waited.

The phone rang for a moment, and then he heard a sweet female voice: "Sorry, the number you have dialed cannot be reached at the moment, please try again later..."

His eyebrows furrowed even closer together. He pondered for a moment, looking as if there was a deep, bottomless whirlpool on his handsome face. Then he pressed the dial button again.

On the other side

As Summer stepped out of the bathroom, her phone rang and she looked down to see Mark on her caller ID.

Her fingertips quivered. She looked down, hesitated for a moment, and then hung up the phone.

But within seconds, the screen lit up again, and this time, she simply turned it off.

First of all, she was a woman, and second of all, she was not one who can forgive and forget easily.

So, there was resentment, bitterness, and pain in her heart.

She tossed the phone aside; out of sight, out of mind. She went to bed and picked up the book-The Red and the Black-which lay on the bed.

It was a very thick book. She had read most of it, and there was still a little bit left to go.

But at the moment, her attention was far from the book, and she could not figure out what was on her

mind.

There was a lot running through her head, and she could not calm her mind down. She leaned on the head of the bed, breathing deeply to relax her mind and body, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

Listening to the cold female voice coming from the phone, Mark was getting more and more irritated

with it.

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He loosened his tie and threw it on the sofa. He then leaned on the sofa, his long legs folded over the

edge of the coffee table, and his lips curled in a sneer.

Mrs. Valentine had the nerve to do that to him. Not only did she not come back home, she didn't answer his calls, she even turned it off...

Well...

\*

Summer went to the mall with Amara in the morning. New Year was coming, and Amara was getting

some new clothes for the holiday.

In the end, she chose a red woolen cardigan. It was designed for spring and summer, so it looked quite

thin yet loose. She said she could still wear it when she was four or five months pregnant.

Summer, on the other hand, was just looking around aimless. It didn't matter to her whether she got new clothes for the coming holiday.

Seeing this, Amara grunted disapprovingly and lectured Summer.

"Your idea is completely wrong. Because you married into the Valentine family, you need to dress well.

You know what your mother-in-law is like, if you dress

casually, she'll think you're embarrassing her. After all, the Valentine is a famous family in Santabaca.

Besides, you can't let her look down on you!"

Summer knew that everything she said was reasonable and true, but what's the point?

Yvette did not like her. It's an unchangeable fact. Why should she cater to her and please her?

Besides, she thought Yvette was so arrogant. How many people did she feel worthy of her respect?

Besides, Summer was not the kind of person who would grovel to anybody, so, whatever.

The only thing that made her feel happy was that Amara had finally become normal. She did not have

to worry about her anymore, and her parents could live a t ease.

After shopping all day, Summer finally bought a red cardigan. It was loose and comfortable yet fashionable. It's really a good choice.

It was 6p.m. when she got home. She quickly dressed herself, took her bag, and went downstairs.

A black Honda was parked downstairs. Dean greeted Summer when he saw her coming down.

"Summer, this way."

Summer got in the car. After she put on her seat belt, Dean started driving.

"You're doing pretty well right," Summer smiled and started chatting with Dean.

"Not bad. I already have a house and a car. All I need now is a wife." Dean smiled, too.

She couldn't help laughing. "Try harder, then. You have a house, a car and a job. What a good young man you are, still worrying about not getting a wife?"

Dean laughed along. He glanced at her deliberately, and then his masculine face went a little red,

though it was not noticeable in the dim light of night.

They chatted happily until they reached the Club Nightshade. After parking the car, they went in together.

As they wanted it to be fun, they didn't choose a private room. There were more than 30 of them gathering just right next to the dance floor. That's a lot of them.

Although there was no contact after such a long time, their face had not changed much. Everyone could still recognize each other and remember their names.

High school friendships were the purest, and the high school days were nostalgic.

Now they were sitting together, chatting happily, and there was no awkwardness and strangeness.

All eyes were on Summer and Dean. They came in together, and everyone thought they were dating.

"Of all the classmates, I never thought you two would be together!" Kayla looked at them in disbelief.

Summer knew they must have misunderstood and quickly explained, "We're not dating. It's a

misunderstanding. I've already-"

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But before she could finish her words, Kayla interrupted her, "I'm not sure if there was a

misunderstanding, but Dean never took his eyes off you, did he, class?"

The whole table burst into laughter. Dean glanced at Summer twice and blushed a little.

If she couldn't see what Dean was thinking, she was blind!

Summer was about to explain, but someone spoke before she got the chance. "It's no fun just drinking.

Let's play a game. Whoever gets the king can order two persons to complete some instructions. To make it fun, no matter what kind of instructions are given, they must be completed unconditionally.

There is no room for refusal. Everyone has to play by the rules. Now, start."

The words were spoken very quickly, and there was no opportunity for anyone to respond.

More than 30 cards were picked, of which only one was the king, and the rest were meaningless cards.

The person who got the King in the first round was Melissa Harper. Her instructions were unusually bold. "Tom, Michael, kiss each other for thirty seconds."

A table of people cheered excitedly, except for two grown men who had to complete the task. They forced themselves to kiss each other for 30 seconds, then fell to one side in disgust and quickly gargled

their mouths with beer.

In the second round, the person who got the King was Kayla. Seeing her eyes, summer had a bad feeling and quickly pulled at her shirt.

But Kayla ignored her and gave the instruction. "Two people eating apple in the air. Keep going until

you get to the apple. Summer, Dean, your turn."

Everyone's so cooperative, she could not spoil the fun!

Summer had no choice but to stand up. Frowning, she whispered to Dean, "Later I will bite the apple

and keep it from moving. You cooperate with me. Be quick, got it?"

Dean nodded to show that he understood.

Kayla got an apple out of nowhere and dangled it in the air by a red thread, swaying from side to side.

Thus, Summer and Dean stood face to face with their faces so close to each other that only an apple separated them, and they could even clearly see the pores on their skin.

If someone pulled the apple away, the two would...

Several figures were coming in. Suddenly, the man in front stopped and looked at the table in the corner.

The men who followed also stopped. One of them asked, "Mr. Valentine—"

Mark frowned. He narrowed his gloomy eyes, giving out a threatening, cold vibe.

But his handsome face looked calm. He moved his thin lips and said, "Harry."

"Mr. Valentine." Harry took two steps forward and stood beside him.

"Take Mr. Greig and the others up first. I have to take care of something first. I'll be there soon..."

"Yes, Mr. Valentine. Mr. Greig, this way please..."

"When I count to three, you start biting, okay?" Summer reminded Dean nervously, and he nodded.

With her eyes fixed on the apple, she counted softly, " One, two, three!"

As soon as she counted to three, she was ready to bite hard at the apple, but Kayla's hand was faster than her mouth and lifted the apple up.

Now the situation becomes completely out of control. Summer and Dean leaned forward at the same

time. They could not control their bodies, it's too late trying to pull back now.

Just as their lips were about to stick together, a big hand instantly slipped in between them, abruptly blocked in the middle.

So Dean ended up kissing the back of the big hand.