

## President 131

### Chapter 131

He was stunned, and so did Summer. Her head turned to the left.

She saw Mark standing on her left. His deep dark eyes stared at her, gloomy and cold.

With a slight shiver, she stepped back a few steps to put distance between herself and Dean.

Dean stepped back as well, looking confused and disgusted for kissing the back of a man's hand.  
But

who was this man?

"Who is this?" Dean asked.

"A friend." Summer said nonchalantly. She didn't even look at him.

The storm gathered in Mark's eyes. His big hand pushed her shoulder into his arm, his eyes glared sharply at Dean and said with his voice deep, "I'm her husband..."

Dean froze in place. His mind went blank. Was... Was... Was she married?

The rest of them were also surprised. Their eyes involuntarily turned to the man.

The man standing there was handsome and tall, looking noble and elegant, instantly captured the heart of the women there.

Kayla's head came closer and asked, "Is that your friend or your husband?"

"My friend!"

Summer answered quickly and firmly, and at the same time, struggled to free herself from his arm and

stood behind Dean, putting some distance between them.

Mark's eyes were getting more and more threatening. He narrowed his eyes and fixed them on

Summer. He made no attempt to explain further but there was a dangerous storm in his eyes.

"Oh, a friend. What's your name?"

"Mark Valentine." As he spoke, his eyes fixated on Summer as if he wanted to see through her mind.

Kayla smiled, approached and stretched out her hand. "May I shake your hand, Mr. Valentine?"

"Of course."

Seeing this, the rest of the women also got up, couldn't wait to shake Mark's hands.

Mark was elegant and gentlemanly. He held out his hand to each of the women and shook hands with

them.

Summer just ignored it and talked to Dean standing beside her.

The corner of Mark's eye caught the two were talking.

The lines on his face stiffened, sending out a chill vibe.

"Since Mr. Valentine is Summer's friend, he's our friend, too. Would you like to join us for a drink?"

Kayla invited warmly.

Mark stared at Summer keenly. He raised an eyebrow, moved his thin lips, and said, "All right."

Seeing this, Summer frowned unhappily and glared at him. As the CEO of Valentine Group, was there

nothing better to do?

When he noticed the subtle change in her look, the boredom and irritability that he had been building

up for days dissipated in an instant. He no longer felt irritable, instead, he felt relaxed and even a little

happy.

"Come on, pour the wine. Let's have a toast!"

Everyone stood up with a glass in their hand, drank it up and then sat down.

Summer had Mark on her left, Kayla on her right, and Dean next to Kayla.

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Dean was clearly not aware of the situation at this moment, his eyes kept slowly wandering on both of

them.

Summer's eyes never rested on Mark for even one second. She just sat there quietly, or talked to Kayla

softly.

She looked calm, and her smooth skin was faintly glowing in the lamplight, like a bright moon in the

night sky, looking so unique among the women.

Mark was drawn to her. He stared at her, swirling his wine glass with one hand, then slipping the other

hand under the table and holding her hand.

Summer was surprised by his action. She glared at him, but she didn't want to do anything too obvious

for the others to notice.

He would not let go. He slowly stroked her tender palm with his rough fingers, lowering his voice so low

that only she could hear him. "You finally look at me, eh, Mrs. Valentine..."

"Let go!" She gritted her teeth, forcing her voice through her teeth.

"Aren't you strong, Mrs. Valentine? You can easily free yourself from my hand. Why do I need to let

go?"

Mark's voice was low and deep but with a slight rising tone at the end of the question, and in between

words, he put his hand in her lap and moved it gently.

Summer felt an electric surge through her body. A touch of exasperation mingled with her anger. She

stretched out her hand and secretly pinched his thigh.

Under the colorful lights, they sat in a corner, looking calm, but there is an undercurrent surging under

the table.

"Are you going to let go or not?" Her patience was on the verge of wearing thin.

But Mark just looked at her nonchalantly. "What if I don't?"

Summer stopped talking to him. She lifted her foot and stamped on his foot back and forth with all her

strength.

But Mark seemed to feel no pain. He just watched her stamping on his foot, raising an eyebrow, and his

lips curved slightly upwards.

Holding a glass of wine in his left hand, he swirled it casually, and his handsome face looked relaxed.

Summer was so angry that her body began to squirm a little violently. She didn't notice it and bumped

into Mark's shoulder, shaking the glass in his hand and the wine spilled all over his suit pants.

Everybody exclaimed in surprise. Kayla reacted immediately and handed the tissue to Summer. "Help

Mr. Valentine out."

Summer ignored it. She just sat there and didn't move. He deserved it!

But now all eyes were on her.

She had no choice but was forced to take the tissue and crouch down to wipe the wine stains from his

suit pants.

Mark didn't feel uncomfortable. He didn't care about the stain on his pants. Instead, he apologized with

a faint smile, "Sorry to spoil the fun."

They shook their heads and said it didn't matter." Your pants..." they said worriedly.

"It's okay, it's just a little wet, nothing serious." He still smiled faintly, but his eyes fell on Summer, who

was half squatting on the ground.

She bent her head, revealing her fair and beautiful neck, like a graceful white swan.

He gazed at her deeply, his eyes flickering with love.

The tissues could absorb the wine, but the wet part of the suit pants was still very noticeable because

it's right on the thigh.

Just then, he heard footsteps coming his way. It's Harry.

Harry stopped behind Mark and whispered in his ear," Mr. Valentine, Mr. Greig has been waiting in the

private room for a long time."

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Mark slightly lowered his head and his tall body bent slightly towards Summer and whispered

something i n her ear with his deep voice. The hot breath fell on Summer's ear and only she could hear

it.

"Just sit here and wait for me. When the contract is signed, we'll leave together..."

Summer just glanced at him nonchalantly and didn't say anything. She tossed the tissue aside and sat

down.

Then he sat up straight, stood up, and nodded politely at them. "Thank you all for your hospitality

tonight. I have a few things to do, so I can't stay. Today's bill is o n me. Have fun."

He gave Summer a quick glance again before he strode forward.

Harry followed him and asked in surprised, "Mr.

Valentine, your suit pants..."

"It's okay..." Mark interrupted him directly and walked up the stairs.

"Summer," Kayla exclaimed in admiration, "How do you know such a great guy? Tell me!"

Hearing this, the other women who were charmed by Mark were all now looking at Summer, waiting for

her

response.

Summer just explained nonchalantly, "He's the brother of one of my students. I met him at a parentteacher conference. What time is it?"

Dean glanced at his watch. "10 p.m.? Why, are you leaving?"

"Well, I'm a little sleepy." Laughing, she got up from the sofa and stretched.

"Then let's leave together." Dean got up, too.

Kayla giggled and said, "Well, aren't you two dating!"

Summer tapped her on the shoulder to tell her to stop, then looked at Dean and said, "It's okay. I can go home myself. It's still early. Have fun."

Dean smiled as he picked up his car keys on the table. "It's okay. There's a case I need to deal with urgently tonight, so I'd better go back now. Let's go."

"Yes, just go. You have a free ride. How nice!" Kayla pushed them out of the club.

Then, Dean went to get the car, and Summer stood by the roadside, waiting. As her eyes wandered



over the black Land Rover and the familiar license plate number, she could not help thinking of the words Mark had said as he left.

— Just sit here and wait for me. When the contract is signed, we'll leave together...

The corners of her mouth curved up in an ironic way.

Who did he think he is? Why should she listen to him and sit there waiting for him?

Dean's car pulled up in front of her. She opened the door, got in, and the car moved slowly into the traffic.

\*

Moments later, Mark strode down the stairs, looking a little urgent. Harry and Mr. Greig were still in the

private room.

He had explained the details and matters needing attention of the contract to Harry, and Harry could handle the rest.

As he approached the table, his eyes skimmed over everyone, but the woman was nowhere to be seen.

"Mr. Valentine." Kayla noticed him and asked, "Are you looking for Summer?"

Mark nodded slightly and frowned. "Where did she go?"

"She's left. She left with Dean. Dean drove her home," Kayla explained.

Mark's eyes suddenly turned very cold. "Dean?" he asked in a deep voice, his Adam's apple rolling slightly while suppressing his rage.

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"The one who ate the apple with Summer. They left a long time ago. They might be home by now."

The vibe emanating from Mark suddenly became cold and gloomy and there was no trace of warmth in

his eyes, as cold as ice...

Kayla felt the frost coming on her face and she couldn't help but shivered.

Without another word, his thin lips closed in a straight line and he walked straight out of the Club

Nightshade.

As he walked away, a cold wind brushed her face. She couldn't help but shivered again.

But then again, wasn't there something weird about the relationship between Mr. Valentine and

Summer?

Why did she think there's something going on between them?

\*

The car pulled up in front of the building, and Summer thanked him. "Thanks for the ride!"

"Don't mention it. We're old friends." Dean smiled.

Summer smiled, too. Dean was exactly the same as he was in high school.

He was still so pure and honest, and he still blushed when he saw a woman.

"I'll go now. Be careful as you drive home," she said, opening the door and getting out.

Dean also got out of the car, strode forward and stood in front of her, feeling a little awkward, nervous

and uneasy.

Summer stopped and looked up at him, puzzled. "What's up, Dean?"

She laughed as she called his name, which reminded her of the high school days and how they joked

about his name.

The smile on her cheek was like the bright moonlight, so beautiful that it enchanted him.

Especially when he heard his name coming out of her mouth, Dean's heart beat faster and his face tinged with a faint blush, which did not fit his masculine image.

"I... I have something to tell you..." he said.

"Yes?"

Summer knew what he wanted to say, but she didn't try to stop him because she could reject him

completely only if he expressed his feeling from the bottom of his heart.

Dean was undoubtedly nervous and hesitated for a moment before he spoke.

"Summer, I like you, I've had a crush on you since high school, and when I saw you in the park yesterday, it was like a gift from heaven. How could I have such good luck..."

"Dean..." Summer interrupted gently.

But before she could finish her word, Dean plucked up the courage, interrupted her, and went on without stopping.

"I have a 120-square-meter house in Santabaca, my car is a Honda worth \$200,000, I have \$500,000 in the bank, and I earn \$5,000 a month. I want to date you with the intension of marrying you. Summer,

will you accept me?"

He had never pursued a girl, and was rather shy by nature, and did not know how to please a girl.

So, he could only pursue her in the way he thought was the best.

Summer looked into his sincere dark eyes. These words, plain and simple, were enough to impress a woman.

But just then a deep, cold voice came in. "Do you think she'll accept you?"

Their eyes turned, and saw a man was standing beside them, looking unfathomable, with a cigarette between his fingers.

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Dean was taken aback and looked over. It turned out that it was the man from Club Nightshade. He still

looked intimidating, classy, and carried himself well.

He did not flinch in the slightest. He straightened his back instead. "Why can't Summer accept me?"

Mark glanced at Summer with a sneer. He was as dangerous as a cheetah, never mind his elegant look." He calls you Summer? What an endearing way of calling you."

Dean looked him straight in the eyes. "You are not related to Summer. What does what I call her have

to do with you?"

"Oh, really?" Mark's lips turned up in a sneer, his expression grim. "She is pregnant with my child for

two months. Does this count?"

Dean was stunned, standing motionless on the spot.' She is pregnant with his child for two months?'

A while later, he found his voice, but was still in disbelief. "Is this true, Summer?"

"You don't believe it?" Mark gently stroked Summer's face as he looked down at her expressionlessly,

as if he was about to crush her with his hand.

After a long while, he sneered, "Do you want to see our

marriage certificate?"

Summer tilted her face to avoid his hand. She looked bitter but did not refute what he said.

Her reaction angered Mark even more. So he put his hand around her waist.

Immediately, he leaned over, lowered his head to kiss her on the lips. His kisses were so fervent that

Summer felt as if he was going to swallow her lips.

She could not even move a bit as her body was clasped in his arms.

This happened so suddenly that she did not see it coming. Dean, meanwhile, was still standing there.

Summer fought back and tried to break free by wriggling vigorously in his arms. But Mark was like a

beast that had not been eating for a week; he chewed and gripped, refusing to let go.

She finally got angry. She sank her teeth into Mark's lower lip until she tasted blood. He finally let go.

Summer immediately took a few steps back to keep a distance from him. Her chest heaving as she caught her breath.

Dean's hands clenched into fists with blue veins popping up on the back of his hands as he glared at

Mark. "Are you all right, Summer?"

"I am fine. What he said just now is true, Dean. Please go now."

Dean's face instantly crashed. He was still hoping for the best before she admitted it.

But now, his hope was shattered.

"I will go after you go upstairs." He was still worried.

"It is really okay, Dean. Go now. We will be in contact later."

Since she had said so, and they were husband and wife, who was he to say interfere in their business?

Dean nodded in frustration and sadness. He fired up the engine and left in his black car.

"Be in contact later, eh? You seem to have a lot of fun these days, Mrs. Valentine." Mark glared at her,

the blood on his lip making him look even more dangerous.

Summer looked him in the eyes. "You have no right to tell me what to do."

"Oh, yeah? So who has the right, then? Officer Singleton?" Mark sneered, his voice full of sarcasm.

"Did you forget what you just said so quickly?"

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She lifted her chin and reminded him with a faint smile. "As you said earlier, our marriage is just a transaction, and each one takes what he needs. Since I have no right to interfere in your personal life,

then you have no right to interfere in mine. Isn't it so?"

Mark looked at her with his eyes narrowed, looking so cold, as if it could freeze her to death.

"Don't you think what I have said is reasonable?" She was not afraid of him.

"You are drawing men to you. Do you expect me to close my eyes on it? Am I dead to you?" he said  
bitterly.

"I am a human, not just a decoration, am I not?" she said slowly.

He blew a lungful of smoke and half-closed his eyes as he warned her again with his deep voice.  
"If

you want to keep the child in your womb, don't cross the line. Understand?"

She was nearly tearful because of that choking smoke. Clenching her hands into fists involuntarily,  
she

sneered, "How could I not understand when you use the baby as the bargaining chip?"

His eyes became even more dangerous, his face

turning grimmer. He took a drag again as irritability hit and almost drowned him.

The atmosphere should not have become so tense. But it still went out of control.

She looked down at her toes, but her mind was elsewhere.

Why did she want to test him again?

Apparently, he loved Baine, and she was nothing more than the goods of a transaction.



Every transaction had its purpose, and her purpose was to keep the child in the womb. But what about

him?

She knew she should not ask, but she could not help herself. "What do you really want from this transaction? Did you get married for the sake of it, you still have the slightest feelings toward me, or something else?"

He said nothing but just puffed out a cloud of smoke again with his eyes narrowed.

"I know I have crossed the line. I won't ask again." Summer let out a self-deprecating smile.

'Why bother to ask, knowing that he will not answer and I will not get the answer? What is the point of

provoking him? He is someone I can't challenge, isn't it?'

Mark was getting more irritable. He threw the cigarette butt to the ground and stamped it out. "Go back to the Valentine mansion."

Her hair fluttered in the night breeze. She gave a nod.

She had stayed at home for four or five days, and New Year's Day was just two or three days away.

Instead of staying at home, probably it was time to return.

Going back to the Valentine mansion was just a matter of time. Since he had come, she would get a

free ride home.

It was 12:00 am when they arrived in the Valentine mansion. Yvette woke up and was pouring herself a

glass of water in the kitchen.

She came out to check it out when she heard footsteps. She looked not too happy when she saw

Summer. "Why so late?"

Summer did not expect to see Yvette still awake at this hour. She stopped, greeted Yvette, and then

explained, "I went to an alumni gathering. That's why I am home a bit late."

Putting down the water glass, Yvette looked at her with a serious face, as if she was going to eat her

alive. "You are now married. It is unbecoming of a married woman to only come home past midnight so

often."

Just then, Mark had parked his car and came in. He put his arm around Summer's shoulder and looked

at Yvette.

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"I had something on earlier, Mom. That is why we are home late. Why haven't you slept?"

There was nothing Yvette could say since Mark took the blame. "I have been asleep for a while. I was a

little thirsty, so I got up to drink some water.”

"I will go upstairs first, Mom." Summer stepped out of his arm and went upstairs.

Mark did not follow her. He and Yvette were still talking in the living room.

Summer walked to the bed, picked up the quilt from the bed and grabbed a pillow with the other hand,

then laid them nicely on the settee.

When Mark came in, he frowned at seeing this. He walked over to grab her arm. "Sleep on the bed."

She found it laughable. "Do you even want to dictate where I sleep?"

He pursed his lips and squinted at her.

"Go to the bed then. At least it is more comfortable." While speaking, she took the quilt and pillow back

to the bed. She had little emotion on her face.

Mark went into the bathroom when she was making the bed. He had finished his shower and came out

with a piece of towel wrapping around his waist as soon as the bed was ready.

She walked past him and closed the bathroom door behind her without looking or talking to him.

She was avoiding him, apparently. His eyes narrowed as the sense of alienation upset him.

Taking a hot bath made her feel so relaxed. She closed her eyes to enjoy the feeling.

He lay in the bathtub, letting the hot water flowing around her as she left all the problems at the back of

her mind. She did not want to think about them, but just lay there quietly.

She lay there for 30 minutes and nearly dozed off in the bathtub.

After the bath and when she came out, Mark was still awake. He was leaning against the headboard and flipping through a magazine with the quilt covering his body from the waist down.

Summer glanced over at him and then sat down at the dressing table and started to pamper her face.

The air in the winter was so dry that her skin was peeling.

Mark dropped the magazine when he heard footsteps, his eyes casually sweeping over her.

After applying the toner, she picked up the lotion bottle. She squeezed and smacked the bottle, but

nothing came out of it. Apparently, the bottle was

empty.

She gave up and put the empty bottle aside. Whisking the quilt open, she got into bed, closed her eyes,

and fell asleep.

She did that in one fell swoop while not sparing Mark a glance.

At first, Mark wanted to say goodnight to her. But he bit his tongue, his expression stiff and awkward.

Putting the magazine in his hand aside, Mark gently kneaded his brow in frustration. The room plunged

into darkness when he then leaned over to turn off the bedside lamp.

He closed his eyes when he heard her shallow but steady breathing sound.

After a long while, Summer slowly opened her eyes. She flipped around so her back was facing him

while keeping herself closer to the edge of the bed as much as possible.

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Next early morning.

Mark glanced at the time with his eyes barely open. It was 7:00 am. The sky was still dark.

He looked at her, who was sleeping beside him. She no longer slept in her usual position, which was

to snuggle into his arms and hug him.

Instead, she slept by curling up like a baby on the edge of the bed with her back facing him.

His brow tightened. Her sleeping posture angered him. He pursed his lips and hissed. How he wished

he could strangle her.

But she did not avoid him any further than that.

Just then, his phone vibrated. He pulled back his eyes and picked up the phone, then whisked the quilt

away and got out of bed.

"Mr. Valentine, I am calling to remind you about the inspection trip to New Haven Plaza at nine in the

morning," his assistant, Harry, said over the phone.

"Okay." He stepped into the bathroom and hung up the phone.

He then went into the dressing room. When he reemerged, he was in his business suit, looking stalwart and charming. He glanced at the dressing table before he left.

It was 8:00 am, not too early nor too late, when Summer woke up. Mark was already nowhere to be seen.

She went downstairs and took a stroll in the garden at the back of the mansion for a few rounds. The fresh air made her feel better. She no longer felt so depressed.

Yvette was not there during breakfast. So she breathed a sigh of relief, as she could finally have her breakfast alone and in peace.

It was during this time that Jazz came downstairs with the French test paper. He put it in front of her with an expectant look on his face.

"Are you waiting for my compliment?" Summer said snappishly after taking a spoonful of oatmeal.

"Of course," Jazz said in a matter of course tone of voice.

She checked the test paper, one question after another, in all seriousness. "There is a condition: for each French word you misspell, write it down ten times."

Jazz's face crashed. He kept his low as he regretted his decision.

Raine said not a word, but just sat there quietly and looked at the two of them.

Jazz was good, his French test score up to standard with no major vocabulary and grammatical errors.

But there were still a few minor mistakes.

After breakfast, Summer sat on the sofa and explained the French test questions to Jazz. Baine was sitting nearby, flipping through files absentmindedly. No one knew what she was thinking.

The servants were busy at work as they gave the mansion a major cleanup from the inside out.

New Haven Plaza

Kayla Poole was shopping with friends amid the year end rush. All major shops in the mall were offering steep discounts on winter clothes and spring models. The place was bustling with life.

New Haven Plaza was the most famous shopping mall in Santabaca, not only for its strategic location

but also its majestic decoration and the shops of major international brands under one roof.

Besides, New Haven Plaza was also popular for its top-notch customer service and friendly staff.

So the mall was crowded.

Someone suddenly pulled at Kayla's arm and then she heard her friend screaming, "Oh, my gosh!

Look, so handsome!"

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Kayla followed her friend's eyes and saw a group of men in formal attire walking past. They seemed to

be senior executives of the mall, having an inspection tour of the mall.

The leading man was none other than Mark, who walked in the front middle of the group, yet his striking appearance made him stand out.

The other men followed him with respect. They were reporting to him while other personnel greeted him wherever he went.

Looking from this direction, Kayla could only see his side profile, which looked as sharp as a knife. He

was so charming that Kayla's heart was thumping out of control.

"Summer is so lucky!" Kayla said with envy before letting out a sigh. "Let's go shopping. I need to fill up

that space in me."

"How is the preparation for New Year's Eve?" Mark asked while walking ahead.

"Everything is in place." The manager replied quickly.



"New Year's Eve is the busiest time of the year. Make sure everything is done diligently, especially the

firewalls of each corridor and the emergency

passages. Fire prevention is of utmost importance. Also, the number of children in the mall will increase

in the next two days. Beef up the mall security, and use the PA system when any missing child is found."

His voice was deep, but every word was clear and authoritative. He then suddenly changed the topic.

"On which floor are cosmetics?"

The groups of managers and executives were listening to him attentively. They did not even dare to blink their eyes. So this change of topic from their company president threw them off-guard. They all

looked at each other, not knowing how to respond.

"It is on the fifth floor, Mr. Valentine." Harry was the most quick-witted one.

They all followed Mark to the fifth floor. Mark arrived in front of a cosmetics counter. "Which set of

cosmetics is the best?"

The lady at the counter was also taken aback. After a few seconds of daze, she took out a set. "Mr.

Valentine, this set is the most famous and saleable. There has been much positive feedback from customers. It hydrates the skin and keeps the moisture in during dry winter."

Mark stared at the pale-yellow makeup box, flipping through the instruction manual. "Any chemical composition?"

"It is mostly made of natural ingredients, and it has a light, pleasing fragrance. The chemical composition

only accounts for 3%."

"Wrap this set up," he said faintly. Those senior executives behind him were dumbfounded. What was

the company president doing here?

But no one dared to ask a question, just watching him taking the cosmetic box in his hand.

Following that inspection tour of each floor of the mall, including sanitation, emergency passages, and

service etiquette. Everyone who saw him swinging a bag containing the cosmetic set in his hand was

dumbfounded.

But Mark looked nonchalant without the slightest expression on his face. As he walked ahead,

everyone followed.

He attracted attention wherever he went.

The Valentine mansion.

It was 2:00 pm when Summer finally finished explaining the French test paper to Jazz.

She had a late breakfast, so she still did not feel hungry now.

Jazz was tougher than she thought, though. He got changed and headed to the gas station.

He was still working at the gas station, and he had no plan to stop. So he spent his winter break working part-time at the gas station.

He asked Summer not to tell Yvette about it. He said he wanted to keep it a secret.

But he apparently over thought. Considering how bad the relationship between Summer and Yvette was, no way they could sit down and talk to each other nicely.

Summer's cell phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw that it was Dean.

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Summer hesitated when she thought of what happened last night. At last, she picked up. "Hello?"

"Do you have time at noon, Summer? I would like to invite you to a meal." Dean's voice still sounded

loud and deep in a pleasant way.

"Why not? You fix the venue and call me again." She agreed at once. She felt she owed him an apology.

Not wanting to stay in the Valentine mansion, she headed out after telling the kitchen not to prepare her

lunch.

She met with Dean in front of a coffee shop. He was wearing a green police uniform, looking even more upright, confidence- and awe-inspiring.

She was seeing him in uniform for the first time. And he looked not half bad at all.

"Hello, Officer Singleton." She chuckled and saluted him playfully.

Dean looked awkward. "Stop making fun of me. The weather is too cold outside. Let's get inside."

The heating in the coffee shop was on full blast.

Summer felt hot and wanted to take off her coat as soon as she walked in.

But Dean stopped her. "You are pregnant now, and your physique is different from normal days. So it is

better to keep it on."

"You are really thoughtful." She smiled and kept her coat on. They sat down in a private room. "I am

sorry."

Dean was startled for a moment, then rubbed his hands awkwardly. "I should be the one who says

sorry. I didn't figure out the situation and talked so recklessly. Did it frighten you?"

"You are honest and a good man, Dean. I really appreciate you." She shook her head.

"Thank you. Anyway, I still owe you an apology." Dean felt even more embarrassed now.

The woman he liked was married. He felt sad but still gave his blessing to her.

"You shouldn't have, Dean. We can become best friends. By the way, what characteristics are you looking for in a woman?"

Dean rubbed his hands again. "Umm... I don't have much preference. I just follow my feelings, but we

must get along well."

Summer smiled and picked up her cell phone to call Kayla. She said she wanted to meet Kayla for a coffee, and Kayla agreed at once.

It did not take long before Kayla arrived. She blinked her eyes when she saw Dean.

Summer cut to the chase and asked her, "How do you feel about Dean?"

"Boring." Kayla was even franker.

Summer looked at her in embarrassment. She then turned to Dean. "How do you feel about Kayla?"

"Open and forthright." Dean was as honest as ever.

Summer suddenly smacked the table with her hand and looked at both Kayla and Dean. "You two are a

match made in heaven. Why don't both of you give each other a chance?"

Kayla took off her coat and sat down on the sofa. She ignored Dean. "What is your relationship with Mark Valentine?"

There was no need to hide. She told Kayla frankly, " Husband and wife."

"Really? I saw him on an inspection tour at New Haven Plaza this morning. He is so good-looking! You

are a lucky woman, Summer." Kayla looked at her with envy.

"Marriage is like a pair of shoes-only you know if they fit. A beautiful appearance does not mean that it

will be comfortable to wear."

Kayla stared at her. "You sound like you have an ax to grind with him. He has another woman?"

"I was just saying." Summer laughed.

"But having said that, marrying such an extraordinary man is indeed a worrying business. I am sure, out there, many women are waiting to grab him. You have got to be careful."