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Chapter 151

Opening her eyes, all that Summer saw was the bed. The spot beside her was already empty. She took

out her phone and looked at the time. It was 5:00 am.

Every new year, she would get up earlier than usual. When she was at home, her parents would have

been up at 4:00 am to prepare roasted tomato soup.

She was certain that she slept on the sofa last night. He must have woken up during the night and carried her onto the bed.

Not feeling at all sleepy, she got out of bed after stretching her limbs, washed her face, and went downstairs.

Everyone in Valentine mansion was already awake and was all seated in the living room.

Mark and Jazz were playing chess. The maid was giving Yvette a manicure while Raine was watching

TV.

Upon greeting Yvette, Summer walked up to Mark and watched him and Jazz play chess.

Jazz was obviously not his match and lost terribly.

She couldn't stand watching it and said to Jazz, "Let me help you."

He couldn't have asked for it; immediately, Jazz moved his seat to one side to make space for her.

Mark raised his eyebrow; his gaze fell upon her.

Summer looked back at him twice and rearranged the chess pieces. It was two against one. They

began to play; she and Jazz as a team against Mark, on his own.

Even so, they still weren't his match; they lost four games to five; It was literally a massacre.

Summer got only more audacious; Jazz, beside her, had slowly lost interest; he sat there and yawned

continuously, stretching himself.

Raine was found searching, but her sight always fell on them; as to what she was looking at, nobody

knew.

After they had roasted tomato soup, breakfast was served; quickly afterward, Yvette went off to play

golf with her friends, and Jazz continued with his part-time job.

Raine seemed to have returned to her room, and only two of them were left in the living room.

Summer suggested, "How about we go out for a walk?"

"As Mrs. Valentine wishes." He curled his lips slightly. At such, he seemed to have returned to normal...

They began walking through the garden behind Valentine mansion. Then, they exited the mansion and

headed left; and arrived at a forest with a long trail in the middle.

As they walked along the forest trail, the air was fresh; a deep breath of it was indeed uplifting.

The trail seemed never-ending, nor knowing where it led to. They continued along its path, and finally,

a stream appeared before them.

It was calm and shallow, and it produced a sound as melodious as a music piece.

Never had she imagined that such a beautiful place existed beyond the forest; it was like paradise.

Birds could be heard chirping away; other than that, it was quiet and calm.

The weather that day was great. The sunshine was bright and warm.

She set the mat on a rock and sat down; she leaned against a tree trunk as she lazed under the sun.

Squinting his eyes, Mark sat down beside her. He stretched out his long legs and crossed them

gracefully as if he was relieved of his tiredness.

However, such a fine moment of serenity didn't last long. Summer's phone rang, and she picked it up. It

was Grace Livingstone.

"Where are you?"

She sounded anxious and angry; Summer was confused. "I'm at Valentine mansion. What happened,

you don't sound good?" "Tsk! F*ck! That Billy cheated on Sherman, and she ran over him; right now,

she's crying. I need you here!" Grace didn't sound very nice.

"Coming." She hung up and quickly stood up.

Deftly, Mark grabbed hold of her arm. He looked unhappy and squinted his eyes. "Who called? Officer

Singleton?"

Summer shook her head. "No, it's Grace."

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"What did she say? Is it fire that makes you as nervous as cat, uh?"

"Sherman's crying, Billy had cheated on her and she caught him red-handed." She frowned.

"They had only been married not long ago and this happened; what more, right on New Year's Day.

Was there a misunderstanding?'

Slightly restraining his brows, Mark got up too; he muttered, "Come on, I'll go with you."

Summer nodded.

They arrived at their usual gathering place-a premium room in Club Nightshade.

The moment they entered it, Summer saw Sherman sprawled on the counter, her shoulders twitching,

followed by intermittent sobbing.

Grace, on the other hand, was merciless with her words, keeping their glasses full. She never knew how to comfort anyone. If not, she wouldn't have called Summer.

Summer was like her savior; upon seeing her, she signaled with her eyes for Summer to comfort Sherman.

Sherman had been crying since morning for nearly two hours. Grace was panicked and shaken but could only watch helplessly.

Glancing at Mark behind, Grace curled her red lips and pointed to the room next door. "They are next door."

She was referring to Billy and Charlie. Mark nodded slightly. He gave a quick look at Summer, reacting quietly, he left the room.

Summer patted Sherman softly on the shoulders, as if coaxing a child, but she didn't utter a word.

Grace, who was always impatient, couldn't take it any longer. Her eyes gestured to Summer. 'Letting her cry unstoppably isn't going to solve the problem!'

Placing her finger over her mouth, she signaled at Grace so that she would keep quiet.

At that moment, Sherman was certainly not in the mood for any advice, and any attempt would only go

t o waste.

The only way was to let her vent until she was satisfied. She would then stop on her own accord.

Summer pulled Grace aside and had her sit at the farthest corner; she snatched the wine bottle from her hands, and they both sat there normally.

Finally, the crying stopped after lasting for another half an hour.

As Sherman lifted her head, she looked pitiful with her swollen red eyes and her tear-covered face.

Summer sighed and walked over. She stretched out her hand to wipe the tears off Sherman's face.

"Tell m e, what happened?"

Sherman had completely lost her usual cheer; she looked very pale, and her expression was awful.

"He was in bed with another woman, and I caught him red-handed..."

Because of all the crying, her voice was coarse and ugly. Summer handed her a glass of water.

"Sherman, could you have mistaken? Although I don't know much about Billy, but he couldn't be that

kind of man. Besides, weren't you in a blissful relationship?"

"They spent the entire day together, yet Billy didn't refute her words at all; and that made her feel

something was wrong.'

"I wished my eyes had fooled me or I was blind. But the stench and scene wouldn't lie; besides, he had

also admitted."

Sherman shook her head, tears trickling down her face into her mouth. It was bitter and painful.

Upon hearing that, Summer was stunned. She was in shock and disbelief. "He admitted?"

Sherman nodded. Tears engulfed her face that even Summer could not make clear of her appearance.

It was blurry, her voice choked, and her speech became gibberish.

"He said he was drunk... and they had sex... there was n o mistake... Summer... it hurts so much that

I'm suffocating... what should I do?"

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She leaned forward and hugged Sherman with sympathy. Patting her back, she said, "Tell me, what d o

you want to do?"

"I don't know..." Sherman gripped her collar tightly with both hands, in front of where it hurt the most, as

though being stabbed. "I want to forgive... but there's a n obstacle in my heart..."

That scene would surface in her memory from time to time, and no matter how hard she tried, she wasn't able to erase it.

"Listen, this is different. I can help you decide on other things, but for this, you do what makes your heart feel good and comfortable."

Summer's voice was slow and solemn, but they were words from the bottom of her heart.

"Hmph, what makes you feel good? Cut off his d*ck. That would be the best feeling!" Grace gritted her

teeth as she uttered coldly.

"Can we speak with reason? If not, just shut up, okay?" She had no idea how to deal with Grace.

Grace waved with her wine glass in her hand. "Alright, alright, alright. I just need to keep quiet, yeah?"

Summer turned and shifted her focus to Sherman. "So,

any idea now?" "Summer... surely you know... I love him very much... I loved him for six years... I don't

want to let go... but if I choose to forgive... I still can't forget what happened..."

To a woman, being cheated on was often a death sentence.

Summer could empathize with her; even if she did forgive Billy, there would still be a gap; and it was

very difficult to mend.

This incident had no doubt become a scar in their hearts; if reminded, it would certainly bring back pain.

Nevertheless, Sherman's love for Billy was a very profound one. That's why it felt so painful, trembling,

and incapable of reason.

"I plan to, forgive... him..."

After a long while, Sherman slowly uttered these words, and it ripped the already painful wound even

further.

Nobody could understand how she felt as she uttered those words; they were heavy, painful, and suffocating.

Summer had expected her answer; besides comforting, she really didn't know what else she could have done.

On the other side.

Smoke circled the air, the entire room fuming. It was very irritating.

Entering the room, Mark waved his hands to fan away from the smoke; it was so thick that he had to

squint his eyes.

On the sofa, Billy looked half-dead, holding a cigarette. In front of him were three cigarette trays, all

filled with cigarette buds.

Charlie pinched his nose, obviously notwithstanding the smell. When he saw Mark, he said, "Why didn't

you answer my call?"

Upon hearing that, Mark felt his pockets only to realize that he did not have his phone with him. He had

not touched it since last night.

Moving his eyebrows, he answered deeply, "I don't have it now, what is it about?"

"As you can see, this half dead pr*ck. Making me choke on all the smoke, suffocating me to death; I swear I'm never drinking again."

Charlie couldn't tolerate the situation; the amount of smoke he breathed in had already given him nausea.

"I told you so..." Mark swiftly looked at Billy and deeply spewed out these words, "serves you right..."

In an instant, Billy's look worsened. He kept coughing. His usual suave was nowhere visible. His beard

drooped and looked unkempt.

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Charlie coughed lightly and huffed. "I'm suffocating, what's the condition over the other side?"

Mark shrugged, expressing that he knew nothing too. He looked at the state Billy was in and frowned.

"Did you think that by smoking here, your problems would be settled?"

"How about you give him a solution?"

"First, settle it peacefully; second, divorce-"

Before he could finish, Billy got up from the sofa and became very agitated. "I will not divorce her!

Never!"

At that moment, the door was pushed open. Sherman appeared at the entrance; she threw a cold stare

at Billy, and then she left!

Billy threw away his cigarette and rushed out after her. He appeared careful and dared not call out her

name.

Nevertheless, it was his own doing. Who else could he blame?

When they arrived at Valentine mansion, the sky had turned dark. Throughout the journey, Summer

didn't utter a word but was lost in her wandering thoughts.

Mark had focused on her a few times, but he, too, said

nothing.

Raine was standing by the French window; she looked out as two beams of light shone in.

The car doors opened, and Mark got off, followed by Summer.

She walked towards the exit but stopped at the door.

'Even if she went to the living room, what should she say or do?'

'Why be troubled when there's nothing useful?'

Her steps stiffened and held her loosely hanging arm. Raine then turned around and retreated to the sofa.

Summer went into the bathroom; she wasn't in the mood to speak after a tiring day, especially one that

turned it upside down.

Mark stopped by the coffee table. His handsome figure bent down and picked up his phone. There were indeed five missed calls.

He reclined on the sofa and unlocked his phone.

Three were from Charlie, and the other two were from ... Raine...

At that instant, his face darkened and displayed a deep expression that was hard to grasp. He rested his fingertip on the name and twirled as if it carried an inexplicable meaning.

Summer's footsteps were heard as she emerged from the bathroom. Watching him staring at his

phone, she asked curiously, "Did somebody call?"

Mark blinked, but his expression remained the same. He calmly returned his phone into his pocket and

asked, "Done bathing?"

"Yeah, it's your turn now, I've prepared the tub." She answered while still drying her dripping hair tips.

He nodded and strode into the bathroom. He maintained an extremely profound expression, concealing

his true emotions.

In bed, Summer browsed through her phone as she couldn't sleep; she replied randomly to a few from

the bulk of messages she received and specially sent Sherman a message.

She grew weary as there was no reply after a long while. So, she sent a message to Grace, and hoped

that she had some information about Sherman's situation.

Upon sending it, she felt his weight on the bed. He lay down and wished her in a deep serene voice,

"Happy New Year, Mrs. Valentine..."

Summer responded softly, "Happy New Year, Mr. Valentine."

In the end, although she had wanted, it was only after a whole day, did she remember to wish him

Happy New Year.

Besides, why did it feel so funny when they greeted each other face to face?

There were traces of laughter in Mark's expression; he gently flicked her temple. "Let's sleep, Mrs.

Valentine..."

That touch, neither heavy nor light, softened her heart. Heeding his words, she laid down and closed her eyes, smiling.

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Aside from what happened to Sherman, which exhausted her, this New Year wasn't at all bad...

The next morning.

Raine woke up early and was strolling in the back garden at 6:00 am. In fact, she had a sleepless night.

Her insomnia had kept her awake even though her eyes were closed.

Lifting her head, she saw a stout figure approaching.

He had a habit of jogging around the back garden at 6:30 am every morning, and it had been ever since the last ten odd years.

Mark was jogging along the winding track of the garden. He exhibited the vigor and gracefulness as those of a lion.

Raine observed him secretly as he approached from afar, drawing closer to her.

Yet, he did not seem to notice her. There was not the slightest change in his expression. As he was about to pass by her, she called out, "Mark!"

His attention shifted onto her, and he responded calmly, "Yes, Raine?"

His gaze made Raine anxious, and she was jeering at herself.

She was at a loss for words, her arms tightened, and she felt that she had made a joke out of herself.

A while later, feeling uncanny and anxious, she spewed out some words, "Happy New Year..."

Mark stared at her without blinking as if he saw through her, yet he didn't utter a word.

With him staring at her in such proximity, Raine became unusually panicked and looked away, escaping from his gaze.

Seeing her at a loss, he retracted his gaze and replied profoundly, "Happy New Year, Raine..."

Unknowingly, as he spewed out her name, his tone intensified.

They then parted, and Raine slumped onto the garden bench; her palpitating heartbeat gradually became calm as she watched his figure disappear from her sight.

She sat there without moving a muscle; she was in deep thought as if it was something very

important...

It was the second day of the New Year. After breakfast, they prepared to visit her parents.

Summer packed her luggage, and Mark changed his clothing. As they were preparing to leave, he

looked at her. "Let's go..." "Do you know where we are going?" Summer frowned.

"Do I look like an oblivious person to you, huh?" His voice pitched at the end as he wrapped his arms

around her and ushered her out.

The engine was already warmed up as they got on the car, and the gifts they had prepared were stashed neatly in the backseat.

Summer couldn't resist looking at him, 'this man knows his stuff...'

But never did she imagine that he would accompany her home...

She turned her head slightly and searched his face carefully.

"It's been a while, what have you observed from this face of mine?" His left hand was on the wheels as

he smirked.

"Pretty good, easy on the eye." Summer felt her heart racing and flushed. She tried to hide her embarrassment with a light cough.

"What, just that? I thought that in your eyes, I had a very alluring face..."

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She was fascinated by his gentle laughter and his relaxed eyebrows. He was elegant and handsome.

Summer was speechless. 'Alluring? Did he think he was the woman of the century? What a bold statement! I

"Didn't you know that only women were described as alluring?"

"Nope, it doesn't sound bad at all for a man. How about we say that you were charmed by my allure,

and stuck with me forever?"

'how can he be so arrogant?'

They knocked at the door and were greeted by Amara. She called out to the living room when she saw

Mark," Mom, dad, it's Mark."

Summer frowned at Amara's words and her behavior.

But Amara wouldn't be bothered and took over the gifts from Mark as she smiled, calling out his name

affectionally along the way.

Solomon and Daisy were preparing the room. When they saw them, they immediately stopped what they were doing.

"Coming..."

Solomon first looked at Summer, then Mark, and greeted them with a smile, but awkwardly.

On the other hand, Mark acted casually and naturally, and politely he greeted, "Dad, mom."

Everyone was nervous as they never had a TV celebrity as their guest.

Daisy acknowledged them and signaled them to take a seat.

Although he was her son-in-law, it was only their second meeting; thus, it was naturally impossible to

have a normal conversation.

A few of them sat on the sofa; besides faking a smile, no one had any idea how to start a conversation.

Mark scanned through the living room and noticed the souvenirs-Summer's parents bought from different places-placed around and smiled. "Mom and dad must like traveling a lot."

Those words touched Solomon's heart. He nodded and responded enthusiastically, "We love traveling

the best; especially a free and easy tour where we get to visit every place..."

The ice was broken, and the conversation was neverending. Solomon began recalling the exciting stories from all their travels which he and Daisy were passionate about.

As they aged, they loved to travel to places, but no one was at home to listen to their stories.
Everyone

was busy at work. Having someone to listen was a rare opportunity, thus the spark of enthusiasm.

The unfamiliar, awkward, and unnatural feelings were already nowhere to be found.

As for the purportedly exciting stories, Summer had already heard them three times and was naturally

not interested in the conversation.

Amara reacted similarly. She was bored. From time to time, she glanced at Mark and felt enthralled.

Solomon and Daisy exchanged turns to share their experiences, forgetting about when to stop.

Yet Mark remained seated uprightly; he listened attentively and occasionally smiled and sipped away a

t the cup of tea that he held in his hands.

Summer frowned as she watched them and pursed her lips. 'He's a good listener...'

Meanwhile, the ice had completely been broken down. Gentle laughter could be heard.

Looking at the time, Daisy got up. She was brimming. " I'll get lunch ready."

In such a short time, her impression of Mark had changed drastically; her eyes were full of joy.

Upon hearing, Summer got up too. "I'll help too."

"There's no need, you stay with them, I'm fine doing it alone." Daisy gestured with a hand, afraid that

the momentum would be lost if she left the scene.

Mark turned and looked toward Daisy. He uttered in his deep voice, "We're doing great here, why not

let Summer help out..."

Smiling, Daisy replied, "Okay."

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Summer said nothing.

Mark purposely took notice of her annoyed expression. He smirked playfully, so much that his lips formed a sharp curl.

She stared at him. 'Is he joking now?'

In the kitchen.

Daisy was cleaning the vegetables and stretching her sight toward the living room. 'My son-in-law, the

more I look at him, the more I am pleased!'

Summer noticed her actions while she peeled the potatoes. Puzzled, she asked, "Mom, what are you doing?"

"Look at him" Daisy smiled. "Who knew that my daughter had a good eye for men!"

Summer twitched her brows. She was speechless.

"What is my son-in-law's favorite meal?"

Summer was annoyed further, "Mom, can you not?"

"Don't mind me, this is how I like it, and I love the way it sounds. You haven't told me what his favorite

meal is, I need to prepare it." "I don't know," she replied without raising her head.

Hearing that, Daisy slowed down her actions and said, "From the looks of it, my son-in-law must be well brought up, his parents must also be well-educated, yes?"

Summer continued peeling the potatoes and simply replied, "You can say so."

She had no idea how Yvette treated strangers, but Yvette was undeniably not well-educated in front of

her.

As for Ronald, she was uncertain as they had not had many encounters.

Daisy tapped on Summer's forehead.

"What attitude is this, buck up. The Valentine family is very influential in Santabaca, they are most certainly highly educated; I could be uttering nonsense, but I can be at ease and at least not embarrassed, and there wouldn't be much conflict between you and Yvette."

"Mom, are you sure you want to continue with this? The potatoes are getting overcooked." Summer

intentionally tried to change the topic.

"Oh my, look at my memory, all that talking made me forget what I was supposed to do."

Daisy had prepared grilled vegetables, salad, roasted chicken, and fish fillet and began serving them.

Helplessly, Summer had wanted to stop her. 'So much for just a meal, would the table fit?'

But Daisy couldn't care less. Her only worry was Mark and her inhospitality.

She imagined the nutritious and luxury meals that the Valentines usually had. 'She had none of those,

how could she not prepare more?'

Everyone found their seats and began eating. Daisy observed Mark, afraid that the food was not up to

his standards.

Mark was graceful in his handling of the cutlery. Even his eating etiquette was elegant and pleasant.

Seated facing Daisy and taking his time on the chicken, he exclaimed, "Summer must have inherited

your cooking technique."

Daisy looked surprised. "You've eaten her cooking?"

"She had always cooked me noodles when I returned from work in the evening. It's just that..."
Mark

paused and pursed his lips, "when she isn't in the right mood, she would reject my request..."

"..." 'Did he come here today to speak ill about me?'

Sure enough, Daisy frowned and scolded Summer, "I dare you to test my patience again!"

Solomon chipped in in disagreement, "She's right. Summer, you need to change."

Frustrated, Summer lifted her foot and stamped on Mark's foot.

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Amara was watching their every move. She sighed, ' why hadn't she met anyone like him?'

There was nothing planned after lunch. Itching, Amara suggested, "How about a few rounds of poker?"

Since there was nothing else to do, Summer agreed.

Solomon, Daisy, Amara, and Summer sat around the table; Mark stood behind her, his tall figure bent

subtly as he watched her.

Summer was in luck; she had not lost a single round.

Amara was not happy and insisted that Mark joined i n in place of Summer.

Unable to resist, Summer vacated her seat and sat beside Mark.

At first, Mark understood nothing about the rules and lost round after round. Summer could only sit there and pay out the losing bets. As a result, her winnings were almost reduced to scraps.

Unable to tolerate it, Summer leaned closer and guided him.

A few rounds later, Mark seemed to have gotten hold o f the rules and won back much of the bets placed.

Summer sat beside him and counted the winnings,
and looked at Amara's irritated face.

"Royal flush..."

He unveiled his cards as he uttered the two words. His smile broadened; he was overjoyed.

Amara helplessly picked out more money from her purse. Solomon let out a few coughs; he had lost quite a lot too.

At this moment, there were door knocks, and Summer opened the door; they were Daisy's Poker buddies.

Daisy shook her head and waved. "I can't go on anymore, my back hurts, you have a go with my son-in

-law." Her words were full of pride.

Her buddies were mostly middle-aged women; when they saw Mark, they gasped in awe.

'Daisy must be very fortunate, even better for her daughter. Where did she find such a handsome son-

in-law?'

They sat down and started to shuffle the cards after they had exhausted their adoration.

At the sight of it, Summer's eyebrows twitched a little.

Mark was handsome, elegant, and dressed in a fitted vest. Seated among the group of women aged over fifty years, he gracefully unfolded his card, "It's a flush"

Amara was entranced by his demeanor; how unimaginable it was that a man could be so attractive when playing Poker.

When everyone had finally left, it was already 8:00 pm. It was also time for them to return to Valentine

mansion.

However, Summer was reluctant to leave; it was nothing out of the norm as she had not been home for

quite some time.

Mark studied her expression as he tidied up his attire. Then he looked up. "Don't feel like going back?"

Summer frowned at his words. 'Was her intention obvious?'

"It's not like that, I only wanted to stay for a night and return to Valentine mansion tomorrow," she uttered slowly while feeling a little melancholic.

"As you wish, stay for the night then..." he replied.

Her face brightened. Summer beamed at him. "Okay, b e careful on your way home yeah, stay safe."

Mark was taken aback by her sudden change in attitude. He frowned and focused on her. "Did anyone

say I was leaving, Mrs. Valentine?"

"What do you mean?"

"Of course, I'm staying. We can return together to the mansion tomorrow..." he answered slowly but without a doubt.

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Confused, Summer questioned, "Where are you sleeping, Mr. Valentine?"

Raising a brow, Mark responded casually, "Where would you be sleeping?"

"My room of course," she answered.

"Hmm, where do you think I should be sleeping then?" he questioned.

Summer's heart raced. She gulped. 'My imagination isn't going to come true, right?'

"You're not going to sleep in my bedroom, are you?"

Mark maintained his cool expression. He looked at her intriguingly and smiled, "Kudos, Mrs. Valentine,

very wise indeed..."

Upon hearing, she pinched her finger and tried to talk him out of it, "My room is very small, it'll be very

uncomfortable for you."

"I don't mind it, why should you, hmm?"

U H

Although he didn't mind, it didn't mean the same for her!

"Besides, I would love to explore a woman's room. Any

objections? Or... should I get permission from the hosts?"

'It's obvious that they will agree to his request, what are the chances of them rejecting it?'

"Do as you see fit," she answered grumpily. Then, she went into the bathroom.

Moving his long legs, Mark slowly stepped into the left -most room. His sight wandered around; the room was indeed small but very tidy.

In the middle of the room was the bed. It was covered i n a rose-colored bedsheet. The windows were

tinted with pale green color, and there was also a wardrobe, desk, and unnamed flowers lined up on the windowsill.

It was simple and warm. The scent of the tangerine perfume was very aromatic.

He stood beside the desk and casually flipped through her coursework. The writings were neat and foretold the sincerity of their author.

'Hmm... It seems that Mrs. Valentine takes her work seriously...'

Summer emerged from the bathroom. She had her bath and was already in her pajama. His eyes were

half-closed as he sat in bed, dozing off.

She frowned but couldn't make sense of his thoughts.' Valentine mansion has such complete facility, why did he insist to let himself be cramped in this tiny room?'

She walked over and nudged him with her outstretched arm. "I'm done, do you want to bathe?"

"No..." he shook his head. In fact, he had mysophobia.

"Now that you've seen the size of my bed, are you sure that it's going to fit you?" she continued.

The room was already small; moreover, it was merely a single bed. How could the two of them fit into

it?

"The bed is not alive, but we are living beings; we'll figure it out..."

Holding her arms above her chest, Summer took a few steps backward and teased him. "Alright, you

think of an idea."

Looking at the single bed, then turning to look at her, Mark answered, "I'll lie down in bed, and you cuddle with me..."

what idea was this?

It had been a tiring day, and Summer was exhausted; she couldn't be bothered anymore and climbed into bed.

He too came forward, removed his shoes, and climbed into bed. His only problem was he couldn't stretch his legs fully but had to curl them due to the small bed.

Instantly, the already tiny bed became very cramped; and if they both laid flat, no one would be able to

sleep.

Helplessly, she turned to her side, her back facing him and her face close to the side near the wall.

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Mark tightened his brows at her actions and reached out his arms toward her waist.

She flinched, and before she could react, his muscular arms lifted her and flipped her over, and she lay

flat on his chest.

Looking at her, Mark gently squeezed her jaw and asked, "Are you in bed with me or the wall?"

"I was just facing the wall. Could you first let me go? You're scaring me..."

In fact, it was not scary, but because they were so close to each other and there wasn't the slightest gap between them.

She even clearly felt his heartbeat; it was strong and energetic, and she couldn't stop her heart from racing further.

He mischievously smirked as he stared at her and purposely breathed into her face; his voice was deep, slow, and seductive.

"Are you scared? How has my chest scared you?"

Summer flushed at his words and scolded him angrily, "Shameless!" "Is it? How about..."

He pressed her forehead against his own; their eyes met, and noses rubbed against each other. Their lips were just an inch apart.

Summer was too afraid to budge as the slightest movement would cause their lips to touch.

He snickered, yet he didn't kiss her but simply grazed her lips with his own.

She lost her composure and lifted her chin to avoid his action.

Chuckling and surprisingly, he bit her lower lips.

"Let me go, I don't feel comfortable!"

"Uncomfortable?"

Seemingly knowing his intentions, Summer pinned down his arms. "Ho!" her voice was as tiny as of a

fly.

She drooped and was very embarrassed...

At Valentine mansion.

Yvette looked at the dining table and frowned at Jazz, "

Where is your brother?" "He's not home yet." Jazz wasn't at all bothered. His eyes were squinted as he

ruffled his hair irritably.

"Where has he been?"

Raine was slowly sipping her soup, but she paid close attention to their conversation.