

## President 181

### Chapter 181

It was already past ten at night. Leaving a drunken woman alone in the bar was naturally unsafe.

After a short while, Dean made his way to Moonlight Pub. He was so hasty, and he was still in his home slippers.

After paying the bill, he helped Summer to her feet and walked out of the pub with her.

All the walking sobered Summer up a little. She looked at him for a while and said dizzily, "What brought you here?"

"I called you but the bartender picked up instead, he told me you are here."

"You called me?" Dean turned double before multiplying in front of her eyes. She shook her head and

said, "Impossible...my phone is switched off...how

H

She did not even bother to look at her phone when Mark called her, switching it off right away. It was

just that she failed to recall.

Her phone was switched back on because Sherman needed to use it after her phone died.

Dean handed Summer her phone, "Look."

"Oops, the screen is on..." She blinked in surprise. She then tossed her phone right into her bag and smiled at Dean, "It's off now..."

Her fair cheeks were flushed, and along with that pure smile, Dean's heart raced. He let out a little cough strangely, and turned his masculine face away.

The sky was pitch dark, and she was struggling to walk on her own. Dean wanted to send her home, but she kicked up a fuss, refusing to go back. She even sat down in the middle of the road to protest shamelessly.

Dean had no idea what to do with her. He wanted to bring her to a hotel, but he was worried that she would be left unattended if she felt unwell later at night.

After a momentary contemplation, he helped her up to his car and fastened her seatbelt before driving

towards the direction of his house.

In Valentine Mansion.

The room was filled with the smell of cigarettes. The smell was so strong it was tear-jerking.

The ashtray in front of him was crammed with cigarettes' butt. Mark still had a lit cigarette between his

lips, still in his suit. He stood in front of his french window and stared out of it.

It was almost half an hour since he stood there. He pursed his lips, his body consumed with chills and

wrath.

He turned around and went downstairs to get himself a cup of water. But he noticed that Jazz was still

awake, sitting on the sofa.

His eyes twitched as he said, "Call Summer and ask her what time she will be back."

He thought, just maybe, she was only ignoring his phone call. She might pick up if anyone else called...

"Why don't you call and ask her yourself?" Jazz lifted his head and looked at him.

Mark's eyebrows were brought together, "My phone is dead..."

Jazz acknowledged his response and took out his phone, dialing her number in front of Mark.

The call did not go to a voicemail right away this time. It rang for a very long time, but nobody picked it

up.

Jazz shrugged his shoulders resignedly and shook his head, "No one picked up."

Mark leaned forward and poured himself a cup of warm water. He put it in front of his thin lips and took

a small sip.

The pungent smell of tobacco choked Jazz to a light cough. He tightened his brows. "How many cigarettes did you smoke, Mark?"

"Just a few..."

Jazz was left speechless. It couldn't be just a few. The smell of cigarettes was all over him!"

Mark did not spend a lot of time in the living room before heading back to his room. After he left, Raine

walked out of the kitchen.

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As he was walking down the stairs, Raine was already in the kitchen. She just stayed in the kitchen and

did not walk out.

That meant she must have heard everything he talked about with Jazz.

Summer was still nowhere to be seen...

And he looked worried about her...

Mark went back to his room with his brows furrowed, his expression as dark as a moonless night sky.

'It was already dark out, why is she not back yet? Where could she go?'

He took out his phone, looking preoccupied. After a short while of contemplation, he squinted his eyes

and phoned Daisy: "Mom."

Daisy sounded like she just woke up, responding nasally: "Oh, Mark. What's going on?"

"Is Summer home?" he said as he lit up another cigarette in between his two fingers.

"No, is she not back in Valentine mansion yet?"

Goodness, this child is becoming more reckless. It's already two in the morning and she's still out!"

"Maybe she's caught up with some issues. I better not

disturb you any further, goodnight." Mark responded.

He hung up the phone as his pupils constricted. He passed it to Harry and had him locate Summer.

Alas, Summer was still not used to drinking. She clutched her stomach in pain not long after Dean managed to carry her into his house.

It did not take her long to puke, soiling both his couch and his floor mat. The foul smell started to spread across the room.

Dean had no experience with a drunk person, especially a drunk woman. He looked disoriented when

he was taking care of Summer.

Clumsily, he gently patted her back while raising a glass to the edge of her lips, encouraging her to drink some water.

After some time of torment, her pale face was starting to show some color. She laid on the couch and

fell into a deep sleep once again.

He did not know why she had to drink so much alcohol. He let out a sigh and carried her to his room,

putting her down on the bed.

His gaze shifted down as a stain on the edge of her shirt caught his attention. His brows tightened,

feeling uneasy and anxious.

She already had her down coat removed; all she had left was her innerwear. If he removed her

innerwear,

that means...

That's why Dean was set on leaving her innerwear on by all means. Besides, he could never bring

himself to do it!

But still, it was still unethical to let Summer sleep in such dirty clothes.

He took a while to think of a solution before disappearing into the washroom. He then went back into

his room with a round basin filled with warm water.

His tall frame knelt on one knee, moving her body closer to the edge of the bed. He then pulled the

stained corner of her shirt into the basin to wash it before drying it.

It was near two in the morning when he was done cleaning up her mess. He also took his couch covers

and rugs to wash before dozing off on the couch.

The next dawn.

Summer felt sick in her stomach. It could be the alcohol doing its thing. Waves after waves of headache were hitting her when she woke up.

That was why she was up that early. The sky was still gloomy and grey outside when she woke up.

As she opened her eyes, the room she was in seemed so unfamiliar. When she realized it, her body was drenched in a cold sweat. She immediately jumped out of bed and looked at her surroundings.

Above the headboard was a picture frame, encasing a picture of Dean Singleton.

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Dean was in his military uniform. His face was stern when the camera captured him standing upright

and saluting, his eyes filled with passion.

Slowly, she regained her composure and got out of bed. She looked over to the clock-it was five in the

morning.

She massaged her temples to ease her throbbing head. She tried recalling whatever that had happened last night but to no avail.

The most important question was-why on earth did Dean bring her here?

As she left her room, something grabbed her ankle. Summer dropped her gaze and saw an endearing white dog welcoming her lively. It had a round body, similar to its shiny dark eyes.

She had an instant connection with the dog and carried it in her arms. The dog was as friendly as it could be, licking her palms with its tongue.

Hearing the commotion, "I'm awake," said Dean.

Summer nodded while tucking her hair behind her ears. "Why am I here?" she asked.

He poured her a cup of warm water and proceeded to explain himself, "I have a nephew, and his speech was

very messy. I figured I could ask for your help, so I gave you a call.

"But it was the bar's waiter that picked up the call, saying that you were flat out drunk, and you had no

friends with you.

"That's why I went over to pick you up, which is also why you're here."



The cup of warm water flushed away her headache. She apologized to Dean and said, "Sorry for the trouble last night."

"No, not at all. In your defence, you're easy to handle when you're drunk," laughed Dean. He ran his fingers through his hair and asked, "Are you hungry? TH go make breakfast if you want to eat."

"You? Making breakfast?" Summer looked at him with suspicion.

"As a man living alone, one's got to know some basic skills," Dean led out a smile once again, flashing

his pearly whites.

Unknowingly, the corners of her lips lifted as she watched him. His smile was genuine -'living with such

people would be so relaxing' she thought to herself. She put down the dog in her arms and asked,"

We'll talk about your nephew next time; I've got to leave now."

"Alright," said Dean. Instead of making her stay, he offered to drop her off. "It's still dark outside, the

weather is still cold too. Let me take you there."

She rejected, but he was persistent, very oddly persistent.

Admitting defeat, she accepted his offer and left the room after him.

During the winter, the sky was still dark at five in the morning. It was also freezing cold. The tip of her

nose turned red as soon as she stepped out into the neighborhood.

As they were walking forward, an unusual, bright light shined right at them. It was too glaring, causing

her to divert her sight due to the discomfort.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise of screeching tires. The car door opened as a trim black figure stepped out of the car.

Summer's gaze froze. While she was looking over, Mark was already standing in front of her.

She was unclear whether the dark sky created an illusion, but Mark's face was as grim as the winter morning sky. Red veins were popping out of his eyes, and his body reeks of tobacco.

"What are you doing here?" she asked coldly. Her tone was faint and light as if it were to be blown away with the wind.

Mark furrowed his brows after hearing her question. His handsome face had turned wrathful. The anger

and resentment he had in his heart grew rapidly, engulfing his whole chest.

After the things she had done - being gone for the whole night, sharing the same room with an unknown man, leaving and laughing together early in the morning while he was so filled with the torment that he couldn't sleep. Yet this is the only thing she could say to me?

"Is this the first thing a wife would say to her husband after not returning home for the night?"

Billy drove Mark all the way from Valentine Mansion right after he located their whereabouts. The journey took them two hours.

Mark's voice was very deep and cold, so cold that it could freeze people into ice. But Summer just blatantly responded with a nonchalant, "Yes."

Instantly, Mark's gaze turned vicious. He stared at her as if he wanted to choke her to death before he

could let things go.

Dean noticed the unusual atmosphere arousing from the both of them. However, even if there were complications, they were still a married couple. Dean had no right to be involved.

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But as he watched her frail body shivering ever so slightly in the cold weather, Dean could not bear it

and said, "Would it be better to talk somewhere else? It's too cold out here."

As soon as he spoke, Mark shot him a cold stare. His knitted brows tightened even more, and he scoffed. His flat voice was piercing through his gritted teeth, " We're talking here, as husband and wife.

What is your concern?"

He was the one who brought Summer home from the pub last night, and they spent a night together.

Thinking about it was enough to agitate Mark as he desperately wanted to punch Dean in the face.

Every nerve in his body was screaming in anger. Mark was just suppressing the urge!

"It's none of my business indeed. But can't you see that she's freezing out here? Her body is already shaking. Is this not enough for you to find a warmer place before resolving the issue between the both of you?"

Summer smiled at Dean and said, "It's alright, Dean. I'm not that cold. Besides, my head still feels heavy, standing out here kind of clears it up a little."

All this while, Summer had never acknowledged Mark's presence.

Her face was white as sheet; her rosy cheeks were nowhere to be seen. Her body was trembling, strands of her hair dancing in the cold wind.

Mark stared at her coldly. He really felt like strangling her to death. But watching her now, his lips curled

back into a straight line. He took off his black trench coat and forcefully covered Summer with it.

Summer's gaze was still cold. Nothing seemed to spark any emotion from her. Without a word, she pushed the coat off her shoulders right after Mark put it on her.

Her actions really added fuel to the fire in Mark's heart. Immediately, he took a step forward and

grabbed her wrist before pulling her whole body into his.

Summer's wrist burned from his hard grip; she did not expect him to act in such a way. She tripped on

her feet and fell right into his arms, her forehead hitting his sculpted chest. Unknowingly, she gasped as

it hurt.

Dean stepped forward instinctively, wanting to protect her. But he was met with a pair of fierce eyes,

glaring at him coldly as if it was a warning.

He was stunned by this, unable to move another inch.

He had encountered many big figures, and he also mingled with a lot of them too. But none of them was close to Mark; none of them could shut him down with just one stare.

While he was still startled, Mark had already brought Summer into the car before shutting the car door.

Standing outside the car, Dean could only see a blank space through the window. There was nothing for him to see, let alone hear.

However, he still stayed at his spot, waiting in the cold.

In the car, Summer sat at the passenger seat while Mark sat at the driver's seat.

Summer was rubbing her wrist as it was still hurting when she glanced over to him coldly.

This time, however, Mark was not looking at Summer. He just started the engine, preparing to leave the

place.

But Summer acted fast. She quickly stretched out her hand and pulled out the keys, keeping them in

her palm before saying coldly, "I am not going back!"

"Not going back? Then what are you going to do, stay here with him?" Mark said flatly as he looked

past Summer, watching Dean, who was still waiting for them in the same spot.

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Summer smiled faintly and ignored him. Her expression had become even colder as she said, "I don't

think it's Mr. Valentine's business."

Mark locked his eyes on her as he responded, "You are Mrs. Valentine, yet you're with another man.

You still have the audacity to say that it is none of my business?"

"Mrs. Valentine..." she repeated his words slowly as she smiled ironically, "Before yesterday night, I too

thought I was Mrs. Valentine. But as of today, I will never have my head in the clouds anymore. I

overestimated myself, that's why I became a laughing stock."

He tightened his grip on the steering wheel. Though his expression was still cold and dark, it was

slowly turning warmer.

"Since I have no say in Mr. Valentine's business, I presume Mr. Valentine should also stay out of my business."

"Mrs. Valentine, do you really think that is possible?" Mark's look darkened.

Summer looked up and stared at him sarcastically, "Hah! One law for the rich and another for the poor,

don't you find it funny?"

Mark's eyes never left her, anger starting to spark in

his eyes, "As Mrs. Valentine, you should be very clear on what you can and cannot do, especially in

Santabaca. Don't challenge me, you really wouldn't like the consequences. If you still want to mingle

around with that guy, I really wouldn't mind showing you the outcome of your behavior..."

"Oh..." Summer responded flatly before chuckling to herself. She looked at him cold-eyed as she said,

"Is Mr. Valentine worried that I would embarrass him?"

"Don't worry, we can just divorce."

She was taken aback as soon as she said the word 'divorce'; she shivered as she felt thousands of pins and needles piercing through her body.

On the other hand, Mark felt a huge drop in his heart. His heart tightened as it raced, pounding hard against his chest. All he could feel was an indescribable strong wave of rage.

His eyes lit up in flames, his expression so fierce as if he wanted to swallow her whole. Suddenly, he

grabbed her shoulder hard with one hand and pinched her chin with another. He turned her face to meet his as he clenched his jaw and spoke to her coldly.

"You want to divorce me so you could flee into the substitute's arms, huh?"

'Substitute?' Summer wasn't expecting him to speak any good. Her face remained flat as she said,

Whatever you say."

Her nonchalant behavior added even more fuel to the fire. His eyes were blazing murderously as he winded down the window of the passenger seat.

Instantly, the car was filled with bone-chilling cold air. The wind was so strong it actually hurt Summer's

face as it blew.

But Mark's dark eyes were still glued on Summer as he inched towards her. His big hand cupped the

back of her head fiercely before kissing her aggressively.



Dean was worried when he saw the car window rolling down. Out of worry, he peered into the car as h

e saw the unexpected. He was taken aback once again when he saw them kiss, not being able to collect himself for a second.

The kiss was more like a bite, tearing Summer's lips apart. Her lips started to bleed as she fought back

with all her strength, kicking and hitting Mark with every chance that she had.

But none of them seemed to work. Mark was nowhere close to stopping. After some time, he pulled

back and wiped off the blood on her lips. He looked up and glanced over to Dean, who was still

standing outside o f their car. Chuckling coldly, he said to Summer, "How do you think he's feeling right

now?"

At that moment, Summer knew why he winded down the window - he intended to let Dean see them

kissing.

She lifted her hands and wiped off the remaining blood on her lips. With her teeth gritted, she said

coldly, "You're mad!"

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Nonchalantly, his eyes turned gloomy, but his lips were curled upwards. He started the car and left,

leaving Dean far behind.

"Keep this in mind, I don't want to hear the word 'divorce' from you ever again!"

"But what if I can't help myself?" she said coldly on purpose.

Mark's eyes swept across her. He was annoyed and disgusted by her question, "Just keep it to yourself, and don't ever think about it again!"

"Why can't I think about it?"

"Stop asking why, keep your curiosity to yourself!"

Summer sneered and said sarcastically, "How would you treat me if what had happened last night occurred again? As you can already see, I don't get along with her very well. You can even say that I

hate her. It's unavoidable for us not to go against each other.

But Mark didn't give her any response. Instead, he was just driving silently with a deep look on his face.

He was going very fast on the road as if to let out the frustration and anger in him.

His silence did not spark the slightest disappointment in her as she said, "Please drop me off in front of

the

school, thank you."

Her voice so sounded cold and distant, as if they were just two strangers sharing a car.

However, Summer did not have to ask to know that Raine had been and will always be the delicate rose in his heart. She will never be comparable.

If the same thing ever happened again, she believed he would still be on Raine's side...

The only thing that was out of her expectations was him refusing to divorce. He even looked oddly resistant and offended.

As for the reason behind that, she couldn't figure out why or understand him either.

It was just like how she felt towards him, deep as a bottomless whirlpool. It was impossible to see through.

On the one hand, he was in love with Raine, but on the other, he still refused to let Summer go. 'How

ironic and ridiculous is that!'

However, she understood that she had no say in the marriage. All she could do was to obey him ever since she agreed to marry him.

Just like a video game, she could only wait for the phrase 'Game Over' to pop up on the screen.

Relatively, she couldn't file for a divorce. She knew that the decision to end the marriage was in Mark's

hands.

That explained why her words were just tentative...

Moments after, the car was already in front of the school. It was the first day before the school

reopened. All the teachers had to report themselves earlier for preparation work.

It was half-past six. They arrived at just the right time. There were already quite a number of teachers

entering the school.

Without saying a word or looking at him, Summer opened the car door and had one foot out of the car,

preparing to get off.

Mark watched her as she slowly disappeared into the school. She was so frail yet so tough, never

admitting defeat. Mark's look had changed, his heart turning soft as he said, "I'll pick you up when

you're done with work."

He was shocked by what just came out of his mouth. It happened so naturally it almost felt

uncontrollable.

Her receding figure paused for a second, but it was hardly noticeable. Summer then went on her way

without turning back her head.

It was until her silhouette completely disappeared from his sight when Mark started his car back on and

drove away slowly.

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Whenever he thought about her with another man, he was desperate to strangle Dean to death; his mood had instantly turned bad!

She wanted a divorce because of that guy... Over his dead body!

He scoffed coldly as he drove faster, leaving the school.

Summer was organizing the student's report cards. She was in a rush, so she had to speed up and finish it by tomorrow.

She did not even have time for lunch. But one of her colleagues was kind enough to get her some food,

which she ate after thanking her.

The teacher smiled and said, "You married into such a good family. Your husband is THE president of

Santabaca's well known Valentine group. Why do you still want to work so hard? Besides, you're already pregnant. You could just stay at home and let him take care of you, you know?"

She paused for a moment, not saying anything. She smiled at the teacher and continued eating not long after.

"You have a good life; you don't have to work so hard. If I were you, I would definitely not take this job.

We

ought to wake up before the sun rises and leave after the sun sets. It's dark when we wake and finish work, we barely get any sun," the teacher complained.

Summer's lips twitched as she responded softly, "Actually, I kind of like this. You're so busy and packed you won't even feel empty..."

"Empty? What empty? To me, you won't feel empty as long as you have money. I am just that mediocre!"

The teacher took a sip of her tea and continued, "If I were rich, I'd be living a minimal lifestyle. I can

stay at home and have some time for self-care, play chess when I've got nothing better to do, go

shopping when I'm free, or even go sunbathing while drinking coffee. Hah, I am already enjoying that

life just by imagining it!"

Summer responded, "You can actually make your fantasies come true now. Besides, your wishes are simple, it's not impossible to achieve them now."

"But I don't have the mood now! I just got a loan from the bank for my house, I could barely save any

money after paying the monthly rent. On top of it, I still have to pay for my children's education and my

parents' hospital bills. Gosh, I've really been living on a tight budget!"

The teacher let out a long sigh as she rambled on with her complaints as if her life had nothing for her

to look forward to. To her, there was no light at the end of the tunnel.

Summer patted her shoulders as she consoled her, saying, "Everything gets better in the end. Just

think of the future, your sons will grow up. They will surely take care of you, no?"

The teacher smiled faintly and said, "Let's get on to work."

After everyone had done their work in the teacher's office, it was already five in the evening, which was

also the time they got off work.

Summer packed her bags and left after bidding the teachers farewell.

When she left the school compound, she was suddenly reminded of the Mark left her before he drove

off - 'I'll pick you up when you're done with work...'

She smiled ironically, but she did not stop. She just continued walking away from the school.

She did not return to the Valentine mansion nor her home. She just walked right down the route, eyeing

the rental advertisement on the sidewalk.

She was never planning to return to Valentine mansion. There were simply too many people she did not want to see.

Besides, she felt trapped and pressured in the mansion. She felt she had no freedom.

As for her home, she obviously could not return, given her circumstance. All she could do now was to

rent a room.

At that moment, she was no longer worried about Yvette anymore. Maintaining the peace did not do her any good as well.

Yvette had no desire to meet her. Her distaste was rooted deep into her bones. It was definitely not an

easy task to change her mind.

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She would rather live elsewhere than stay in Valentine Mansion, where she was not welcomed. Living

outside was more carefree as well.

As luck would have it, Summer came across a rental ad while she was walking. The house was perfect

for her as well.



She went to the address on the ad and met the landlord, who later showed her to her room.

The room was very small. Both the living room and the bedroom were all small in size. But it was more

than enough for one tenant alone.

The place was clean and tidy. It was also close to the school. It only took ten something minutes to get

there on foot, so it was really convenient for Summer.

The only downside was the location of the apartment. It was in a dark alley with no streetlights

whatsoever. The road leading to the apartment was quite long as well.

She was a little worried about her safety, especially when she worked overtime and went home late at

night. The dark alley seemed dangerous, so she was contemplating whether she should stay at such a

place.

The landlord noticed her hesitation and smiled cheekily, "The streetlights down the alley had some

issues recently, so I went to call maintenance. They should be fixing it in no time. Additionally, I'll throw i

n a surprise \$500 discount for your monthly rent.

What do you say?"

"When would the streetlights be fixed?" asked Summer, as this was her only concern.

"I've already called this afternoon, so they'll probably be here tomorrow afternoon," the landlord's eyes

twinkled.

Summer nodded as she paid the rental along with a few months' worth of deposit. The room was hers

now. There was a supermarket near her new apartment as well. She headed there to get some sofa

covers, table cloth, air freshener, and bedsheets. She started cleaning her room as soon as she got

back.

Once she was done with everything, she made herself some pumpkin soup and two simple vegetable

side dishes.

But just when she was about to sit down at her table, someone was knocking on her door.

"Coming!"

Summer responded and walked over to the entrance, thinking that the landlord left something behind.

She opened the door and froze. Her eyes widened in surprise.

The lights in the hallway lit up the man's charming face, one half dark and the other bright. But none of

this affected his handsome features. He had a sharp nose with a set of bright eyes, but they were filled

with anger.

Summer recollected herself and put on a blank face. She stretched out her arm, planning to close the door i n his face.

His reaction was quick enough to stick his arm out to stop the door. He moved towards the door swiftly

and managed to stop Summer.

Summer furrowed her brows and attempted to push the door once more but to no avail. She gave up after a short while and asked flatly, "What are you trying to d o?"

Mark squinted his eyes and stared at her furiously, " Did you hear me this morning, hmm?"

When Mark noticed that it was near the time Summer got off work, he fled from work and drove to her

school. He waited for half an hour, but he still had no signs of Summer. He eventually asked her colleagues, who told him that she had already left and was also looking for a place to stay.

She was emotionless and her tone flat as usual when she answered nonchalantly, "Oh, I forgot."

She sounded like she was answering just for the sake of it. However, her half-hearted response still made sense. This angered Mark greatly, his chest rising and falling as anger gathered up in his chest.

Summer saw that he had no intentions to leave, so she decided not to waste her time any longer. She turned around and walked into her room.

Mark saw her leaving and instantly followed her into her room.

Summer didn't care; she just treated him as air, ignoring his presence. She sat herself down at the table and drank her soup.

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The aroma of her dishes filled the room. Mark's eyes narrowed, feeling a little hungry.

But the woman had no intentions of inviting him to eat with her. His eyes darkened, but he did not bother anymore. He walked into the kitchen just to find out that there was no extra cutlery for him.

He fidgeted his brows and turned back to the living room, sitting on the couch.

Summer had too much for her lunch, so a simple soup was enough to fill her stomach. She washed the

dishes and went to her desk in the living room, preparing the materials for her class tomorrow. Her bedroom was too small to fit her desk and notebooks.

Mark watched her from behind, his gaze deep. He then walked back into the kitchen to get himself some of the soup she had. He filled the soup in the bowl she used after heating it.

Summer was typing away on her keyboard when she heard a faint slurping sound. She frowned and

turned around.

All she saw was the man sitting at her table in his suit. He was eating the soup from her bowl quietly.

The table was a little small, creating the illusion of

him looking stuffed in her living room.

Summer shot him a side eye before looking back to her computer screen. Everything he did was no longer her business.

After she was done with her class preparation, she cleaned her desk and went to the washroom,

wanting to take a shower. There was no hot water, so the water that came out from the shower was icy

cold. But Summer just went along with it.

Mark was already done with the soup when she went back to the living room after her shower. He

stared at her intensely, "Let's go back to Valentine Mansion."

She took her broom and started to sweep the floor. She did not bother to look at him when she

responded, "I like it here. You can show yourself out, Mr.

Valentine."

Mark's lips tightened as he looked at her small apartment. His lips now curled, "Pack your things, let's

go back to my place."

This, however, was enough to make Summer lift her head. She stopped whatever she was doing and uttered word by word, "I am staying here; I am not going anywhere. Mr. Valentine can leave anytime!"

She was continuously making him leave. Mark's eyes tightened with coldness, asking her coldly, "Why

should I leave?"

"This is MY room!" Summer reminded him, not bothering to beat around the bush.

Disagreeing, Mark shrugged and said, "Our properties are shared after marriage. Since this house belongs to Mrs. Valentine, I believe it is naturally mine as well. I have every right to this house."

Summer had met many petty people before, but none of them could top Mark's level of pettiness. She

found him both insulting and laughable.

He had a mansion to go back to, but he still insisted on staying at her small and old apartment, exercising his rights.

'Whatever...'

She headed back to her room and laid on her bed. It was a single bed. Comparing to the bed in her room, this bed felt much smaller, but it was just nice for one person.

She covered herself with her blanket and ignored the person outside. Closing her eyes, she fell asleep.

She still had classes to teach tomorrow. She didn't have both the time and mood to waste time on Mark.

Mark's adam's apple bobbed slightly as he watched Summer disappear before his eyes. His eyes narrowed; his teeth gritted. Though he was annoyed, there was nothing he could do.

He was initially sitting on the sofa, but it started to get uncomfortable after some time. His tall frame

squirmed and changed positions, laying down on the sofa.

The sofa was cheaply made. There was definitely no competition between that sofa and the couch in his place. It was too small for him. Turning his body would only cause him to fall onto the floor.

He pulled a long face as his eyebrows tightened. He stood up and laid on the sofa with his body curled.

His movements were so restricted that he could not even stretch.

Moreover, the heater in the room was not functioning very well. He was still feeling cold in the living

room.

Swiftly, he removed his coat and used it as a blanket, covering his body to keep himself warm.

Chapter 190

She had never thought of getting out of this. She was sure-footed and steady.

But she did not delve into this strange feeling, let alone think over it.

It was a dreamless sleep for Summer. When she opened her eyes, it was six-something in the morning.

She sat up in bed at once. Outside was still dark, and sky just turned a little bright on the horizon.

The heater in the room did not work well. The moment she whisked open the quilt and got out of bed,

the chilly air was biting into her skin.

She frowned. She paid the heating bill every month, but it seemed that she did not get what she paid for.

In the past, she only needed a thick layer of clothes with heating at home. But here was so cold that she needed to add an extra layer of jacket.

She walked out of the room and noticed the man sleeping on the settee. As usual, she glanced at him indifferently.

The house seemed too tiny for a larger settee. Because of his tall build, he did not look like he enjoyed

sleeping in it.

Half of his body dangled out of the settle, his coat that he used to cover his body had fallen to the floor.



He was sleeping with his arms and legs curled up like a cooked shrimp.

If the bedroom was cold, then the living room was even colder. Standing here, she could feel the cold

biting into her bones.

But he spent a night here with just a coat over his body.

He asked for it. No one forced him to do so.

Summer came out of her thoughts and glanced at him again, then went into the bathroom to wash up.

After that, she went into the kitchen to make breakfast.

There were constant noises came out from the kitchen.

She did not bother to quieten it down just because he was sleeping in the living room. She did as she

always did. 1

The poor sound insulation let the noise escape into the living room. Mark opened his eyes into slits and

frowned.

Before he got up, the black coat that covered his body slid to the ground.

Still frowning, he leaned forward to pick it up. His back hurt from curling up the whole night.

Summer came out of the kitchen with breakfast. It was milk and fried eggs in her hands.

She ignored him and came straight to the dining table. She dug in while looking at a student enrolment

list on the table.

Feeling ignored, Mark stared at her, his eyes slowly narrowed.

But she was unperturbed and kept doing whatever she wanted.

He felt an unexplainable anger brewing inside him as he did not like the cold shoulder that she was giving him.

When Summer finished breakfast, she packed her bag and was ready to head out for work.

When she re-emerged from the bedroom, Mark had reheated the food from last night and eating it at the dining table. He did not mind that it was leftovers, and he ate it gracefully.

It looked like he did mind to downgrade himself.