

President 191

Chapter 191

Summer glanced at him and frowned after checking the time.

She needed to go to work, but she could not lock the door unless he left. That meant she had to wait for him.

Mark could see her in his peripheral vision. His brows turned up along with his lips as he ate at a slow

pace.

He pecked at the food, a little at a time, as if he was enjoying it. He knew her weaknesses.

When Summer's expression started to change, he started to feel less upset.

He could bear with her anger, but he did not like that distant look on her face.

Summer checked the time again. It was 7:00 am, and she needed to be in school at 7:20 am. So she had only 20 minutes left.

It usually took about eighteen minutes to walk from where she lived to the school, and she had to sign

in at the school every time. She knew she would be late if she did not head out now.

But Mark did not seem like he was going to leave. He was still enjoying his breakfast at a slow pace.

Summer furrowed her brows again. She remained silent but glanced at him a few times from behind and then headed out.

The landlady was drying clothes outside when Summer came up to her. "Good morning, ma'am,"

Summer greeted.

"Good morning, Miss Hart. Can I help you?"

"Yeah, can you do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"I have to rush out to work, but someone is still in the house. Could you please lock the door for me after he left?"

"No problem." The landlady readily obliged.

"One more thing. Is there something wrong with the heater in the house? It doesn't look like it works

properly."

The landlady put up her hand and dismissed it. "How could it be possible? Try again tonight. Maybe it

will be fine by then."

Summer was almost late for work and had time to harp on the issue with the landlady. She again

reminded the landlady one more time and then flew out of the apartment like a bat out of hell.

The landlady snorted behind her back. 'Pay higher rent if you want to use that heater!'

Summer came out of a stretch of long alley when a black Land Rover stopped beside her.

Mark's darkening handsome face popped out of the window. "Get in the car."

She ignored him, hurried past the car, and continued to walk forward.

Mark frowned. He would strangle her now if he could, he thought to himself. He opened the door and

got out of the car, then grabbed her by the wrist and shoved her into the passenger seat before slamming the door shut.

When she thought of resisting him again, she heard an inner voice. 'Don't be so hard on yourself,

Summer.'

She was running late. Now that someone was willing to give her a ride, why still pretended, and made

her life harder? It was him, not the car, who was at fault.

Summer looked out of the window and said not a word.

As the car drove along a smooth road, Mark pressed his lips into a straight line with a grim look on his

face.

He had spent thirteen hours with her since last night. But she had never spared a look for him, let alone

speak with him.

Knowing that she was running late this morning, he deliberately dragged his down.

He thought she would get angry, but she did not. Instead, she passed the key to the landlady.

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Did she really not want to talk to him? Not even a word?

His face darkened even more with a sullen look in his eyes. His mood had hit a new low.

But Summer just did not care. As soon as the car stopped, she opened the door and got out, not

sparing a glance for him.

He swallowed, looking on with deadly eyes as she disappeared from his sight. Stomping his foot on the

accelerator, he drove the car forward like an arrow firing from a bow. He had no way to vent his anger.

He just wished he could strangle and torture her.

The senior executives of Valentine Group had been on pins and needles for the past few days because

they were afraid that they might inadvertently anger their company president.

No one knew what happened to him recently. Every day, some poor guys would get their heads bitten

off for some reasons. His temper had flared to an unprecedented level.

Could it be that the company president was at that time of the month, like he was a woman? They thought to themselves.

The Valentine mansion.

Raine was drinking coffee when a servant brought in the latest issue of the newspaper.

The Valentine mansion subscribed to all newspapers, be it of business or entertainment. It had been a

tradition of the Valentines since a long time ago.

"Bring the newspapers over," Raine said, looking at the servant.

The servant placed the newspapers next to her, and Raine picked up one and read while sipping on her morning coffee.

When she saw the today's headlines, she was shocked.

Yvette came in from the outside. She frowned when she saw the newspaper in Raine's hands. "Isn't that Mark's photo in the paper, Raine? What is it about?"

Raine put down the newspaper calmly, collected her thoughts, and spoke clearly and tactfully. "Nothing.

You must have seen it wrongly, Yvette."

"How could I be wrong? I saw his photo. Pass me the paper. I want to have a look for myself."

Yvette refused to believe Raine. She was not dumb, as she had spotted Mark's photo, which took up a

large section of the page.

The expression on Raine's gentle and beautiful face changed. She was in a pickle, hesitating.

Yvette glanced at her shrewdly and saw some clues." Did Mark come back last night?"

"He didn't..." Raine said softly, her eyes dimming, but it was not obvious.

Summer had not come back for two days, and so did Mark.

Did the two go back and stay there again, or did they go somewhere else?

She speculated quietly, but could not find the answer. She could not describe her feelings. She felt

terrible, as if a cat was scratching inside her.

"Where is Summer?" Yvette asked again.

"She didn't come back for the past two days." Raine glanced at the newspaper again, her gaze

deepening and dimming further. There was something on her mind, but no one knew what it was.

"Maybe I have been going too easy on Summer. She is getting worse and worse, brazenly

disrespectful." While speaking, Yvette walked over to the dining table and picked up the newspaper on

the table.

Her face sank when she saw the red headlines and the photos.

She clenched the newspaper in her hand and read, line by line, in all seriousness. An anger brew within her.

Meanwhile, Raine's expression became even more mysterious. No one knew what she was thinking.

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Yvette slapped the newspaper onto the table.

A striking headline spread across the front page in red: 'Summer Hart Spends a Night with Her Lover.'

Candid photos of a tall man embracing Summer in his arms, with his black jacket on her, were under

the headline. The man was seen whispering into her ear, probably talking about some lovey-dovey stuff. Their actions looked intimate.

A second photo showed Summer's hand was through the man's arm and her cheeks looked flushed.

She must be drunk, and they were hugging each other tightly and going inside a room.

As if on purpose, a photo of Mark was placed alongside these two photos to make a glaring, humiliating

contrast.

This undoubtedly aroused Yvette's anger. She was so furious that her face contorted.

"Where is my cell phone? Call Mark now!" She was in a rage. Something came to mind, and she suddenly said, "Wait a minute. Wait for Mark to come back."

'This ill-bred woman has brought shame to the Valentine family!'

She picked up her handbag and said to a servant."

Inform the chauffeur to get the car ready. I am going somewhere."

Raine did not want to ask too much and put away the newspaper. "This could be just a misunderstanding. Calm down, Yvette."

Yvette stormed out of the living room. No way she was going to listen.

At noon, Dean called Summer, saying that he wanted to see her to talk about his nephew's studies. So

she readily agreed.

Dean was a nice guy who had helped her several times. So she found no reason to refuse.

The two met at the restaurant opposite the school. When Summer arrived, Dean and a boy, who was about fifteen, were already waiting.

Dean patted the little boy on the shoulder. "This is

Mrs. Valentine."

"Mrs.? She looks too young to be married." The little boy was a bit mischievous.

Summer let out a smile. As she sat down opposite the two of them, a waitstaff brought the menu.

She left it to Dean to order food, but Dean insisted it should be 'lady first'. The waitstaff looked on and

waited. Things would go nowhere if this kept on, Summer thought.

So after asking Dean for their preferences, Summer ordered a grilled salmon with dill sauce for Dean, a

roast beef with vegetables for herself, and a chicken mushroom pie for the boy.

"He is in the second year of junior high school this year. He is an average student, so it could be

difficult for him to get into the First Santabaca High School. Knowing that I know you, his parents ask if

you can give their son some guidance. They are willing to pay whatever the market rate. One hour of

tuition a day is good enough."

Since Dean had asked, Summer could not refuse them. She let out a smile and said, "Okay. But you

don't have to pay me."

She just wanted to help as a friend.

"No, you deserve to get paid for the work. Please don't argue with me. Otherwise, I don't think I would

dare to ask you for favors in the future." Dean insisted.

Summer had no choice but to nod her head. "Please eat."

It looked like the boy loved the chicken mushroom pie a lot. He gobbled it up happily.

Dean let out a smile, having something to say, but for some reason, he did not say it.

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Summer saw his hesitation. "Dean, do you have something to say?" she asked.

After a moment, Dean took out a newspaper from his side and handed it to her.

She was puzzled. But when she took the newspaper in her hand and saw the red headline, she was

stunned. But it was just for a split second before she regained her composure.

Dean rubbed his hands awkwardly. "Have I caused you trouble?"

Putting the newspaper aside, Summer chuckled and shook her head. "Not at all. Those reporters just

made things up. Truth will speak for itself. Instead of you causing me trouble, I am afraid that I have

affected your reputation as a police officer."

"Huh?" Dean had no idea what she meant.

"The upright, staid, and honest Officer Singleton made the headlines for a married woman-is it not

tarnishing your image in the police force?" She sounded serious, but still with a smile on her face.

"I know what kind of person you are. And like you said, truth would speak for itself."

Summer glanced at him twice and was all praise for

him. "You are truly the upright Officer Singleton. Even the way you speak sounds so profound."

Dean's face reddened involuntarily. The boy sitting next to him purposely added fuel to the flames by

pointing out the obvious. "Hey, Uncle Singleton, your face is red like a monkey butt."

Dean's face reddened even more. He raised his hand and flicked his finger on his nephew's forehead. "

Enough of talking. Hurry up and finish your meal."

Summer could not hold back her laughter, although she was a little embarrassed, too. Dean also

laughed. It looked like the three of them were having a great time.

Right at this moment, a black vehicle stopped in front of the restaurant with Yvette emerging from it. As

she peeked through the window of the restaurant, she saw everything that happened inside. Clenching

the handbag with her hand that had red nail polish on her nails, she strode straight into the restaurant.

Summer looked up and frowned as Yvette approached. She knew what Yvette's coming was all about

when she saw her angry face.

She got up and greeted Yvette. "Mom."

Yvette gave her a lukewarm acknowledgement, then her keen eyes fell on Dean, glancing at him several times.

Dean quickly rose to his feet and said hello.

But Yvette ignored him and spoke to Summer. "Come home with me now." "I am not off work yet. I have classes in the afternoon." Summer looked nonchalant.

"I will give the principal a heads-up. Go home now." Yvette sounded like she was giving orders.

Summer did not argue with her, although she disliked the way Yvette spoke. She looked at Dean and excused herself, then paid the bill and followed Yvette.

Dean saw how angry Yvette was. He knew she was Summer's mother-in-law, and so he was even more worried about Summer.

Both of Yvette and Summer sat in the back seats in the car, and neither of them said a word.

There was a deafening silence in the cabin. The only sound seemed to their breathing. It seemed to be

the calm before the storm.

It was over an hour later when they arrived back at the Valentine mansion. Baine and Jazz were in the

living room.

Yvette threw her handbag on the settee the moment she came in.

She then turned around and glared at Summer, then threw that newspaper to her face. "Tell me exactly

what happened!"

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She guessed it right; Yvette was after this incident. "We are friends. That time I was drunk, and he took

care of me all night."

Yvette's face was filled with disdain. "Who would believe it?"

"I believe her!" Jazz stood up from the settee.

"There is no place for you to speak here. Just stay quiet." Yvette shot a reprimanding glance at Jazz

and then turned back to Summer. "Since you have lassoed Mark with the child in your womb and

married into the Valentine family, can't you keep your place? Why do you still mess around?"

Summer's face darkened and she said nothing. But Jazz lost his cool and shouted, "That's enough!"

"Enough of what? Jazz, have you seen that newspaper, and how she has made your brother a cuckold

and brought shame to our family?" Yvette did not mince her words.

Jazz really could not stand it anymore. "She is not that kind of person. I believe her. Those reporters

made things up!"

"You believe her? But I don't. She still doesn't know how to restrain herself even though such a thing

has

happened. Did you know what I saw when I went to her school?"

Yvette paused for a second before she continued. "She was still having lunch with the man in the

newspaper, and the two were flirting. Which woman would do such a thing? How thick-skinned does it

take to do such a shameless act? Do you know what would have waited for her had she committed this

act in ancient times?"

"Enough! I don't want to hear any insulting words from your mouth again. You had better stop. Enough i

s enough! Otherwise, I will take her away immediately!" Jazz was furious, his hands clenched into fists

at his sides.

Yvette trembled involuntarily upon hearing what Jazz said. She poked her finger into Jazz's shoulder

and started cursing.

"You ingrate, why do you have to keep pissing me off? What has she done to you to make you behave

this way? What is so good about her? She might be your teacher and sister-in-law, but how long have

you known her? I raised you since you were a baby. Why are you now so protective of her, but not me?

Are you bewitched by her or are you taking a liking to her?"

Jazz's shoulder hurt from the poking, but he stood his ground and let Yvette do that. "Yes, I like her."

He was even more determined.

Yvette trembled even more severely. She could hardly believe what she heard.

Raine was also stunned. She looked at Jazz, thinking she must have misheard it. 'Jazz... he... he...

what did h e say just now?' she thought to herself.

"You... you... what did you say? Tell me again!" Yvette felt dizzy, putting her hands on the settee behind

her t o balance herself as she stared at Jazz.

"I like her!" Jazz spelled the words without the slightest hesitation, let alone flinching.

As soon as his voice trailed off, Yvette slapped him in the face.

She had used all her strength with this slap. Jazz's face became red and swollen.

But his eyes looked unflinching. He was still a teenager, but he had an unquestionable and hard-to-
ignore determination.

"How did you know it was Summer who set Mark up? It was Mark who got drunk and entered the wrong room. That was what actually happened. If it wasn't for that incident, Summer would not be with

Mark but me!" 'How dare he even say this!'

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Jazz's words had undoubtedly agitated Yvette even more. She raised her hand and slapped him one more time.

Raine could not bear to see this and stepped forward to intervene. She grabbed Yvette's hand.

"Enough, Yvette."

Raine felt a sense of relief when she heard what Jazz said. She even took delight at that and could not

describe that feeling in words.

Mark did not sleep with Summer because he loved her, but because he was drunk.

This revelation made her feel better compared to the depressed and anxious state she was in for the past few days. At this time, the corners of her mouth turned up involuntarily in a smile.

Summer gripped at Jazz's arm to motion him not to speak anymore. She looked at his red and swollen

face with concern. Why did he want to get himself involved?

But Jazz did not listen, and he continued to speak." Why do you insult Summer without knowing the

facts?"

Yvette was so furious that she became short of breath

and words stuck in her throat.

Upon seeing this, Raine quickly reached to pat Yvette on the back and looked over at Jazz. "Stop agitating your mom, Jazz."

But Jazz did not listen to her. "What I said is the truth. She has been losing her temper recently."

"Get out! Get out of my sight! Don't come back to the Valentine mansion from now on. You are not my

son anymore!" Yvette pointed a finger at Jazz. How dare he disrespect his mom.

"Are you serious about this?" Jazz asked with a serious face.

Yvette was furious that she was still short of breath, her face grim. "I am serious. From now on, never

show up in front of me. You are no longer my son."

"You got it." Jazz looked dead serious.

As soon as his voice trailed off, he turned around, grabbed Summer's wrist, and brought her out.

"Get out! Get the hell out of here!" Yvette could almost not stand up because of her anger. She grabbed

a glass from the table and hurled it toward Jazz.

Luckily, the glass did not hit Jazz but landed on the floor. It shattered into pieces beside his feet.

Just then, the sound of footsteps came, and then Mark walked in. His black coat was half hung on his

arm, his hair messy, as if he had just rushed over. The first thing he saw was the scene in front of him.

He narrowed his eyes as he approached and took Summer's hand from Jazz's.

When the warmth of Summer's hand left his, Jazz felt a sense of emptiness creeping into his heart.

"Aren't you leaving? Why are you still standing here in my house? Either you or me will stay in the

Valentine mansion!" Yvette was still shouting at Jazz.

Jazz glanced at Summer and then left the Valentine mansion.

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Yvette slumped down on the settee, catching her breath.

She could not believe that she had such a treacherous son.

Summer looked at Jazz from behind as he stormed out of the house. She was worried about him and

wanted to give chase.

But Mark grabbed her wrist again, stopping her from doing so. She stood there and could do nothing.

Just then, Summer suddenly realized that she was too reckless. If she gave chase, it would not do Jazz

any good.

Yvette looked at Mark. "Have you read today's headlines?"

"Yeah," Mark said.

"Don't you have anything to say to me?"

"The media are just trying to attract eyeballs by making up such headlines," Mark said with a deep voice.

Summer looked over at Mark with her eyes narrowed.

Yvette was startled. "I checked the time. That night was your birthday. She made an excuse, saying

that

she had a stomachache, and left. But after that, she was in a man's arms as they went into a room in

the middle of the night."

Mark's eyes narrowed, his voice indifferent when he said, "After the dinner, we still had a business

reception. So I asked Officer Singleton to send her home, and then I would pick her up later. That man

was Officer Singleton, and reporters must have spotted them while they were on the way home, took

those photos, and made up a story to attract eyeballs. I will deal with this matter myself."

Summer heard what he said and almost laughed, the corners of her mouth turning up.

Mark had noticed her expression and her upturn mouth. He swallowed and squeezed her hand in his.

"What about today? When I went to look for her at the school, I saw her sitting at lunch with the man in

the newspaper. They were flirting with each other."

Mark frowned, not too happy, but he did not show it on his face. "You went to her school?"

Yvette nodded. "How else could I see what happened if I weren't there?"

"This is between Summer and I will deal with it myself. You don't have to worry about it," Mark said."

Also, I know what kind of woman she is."

After saying that, Mark brought Summer and left the Valentine mansion without sparing a glance at the

two on the settee.

After Mark and Summer were out of her sight, Yvette gasped and patted herself on the chest. "I can't

believe it."

Raine pulled back her eyes and handed Yvette a glass of water.

Yvette took a sip of the water before saying, "What did he ask me not to worry about them? Was he saying that I was a busybody? How can I not when it concerns the reputation of the family?"

"Mark is right. Why should you be worried? You should go to dance classes and beauty treatments to

make yourself happy."

"I used to do all those for my husband. But I can't see him even once a year. What's the point of doing

all that now?"

Raine could say nothing. Yvette must be too lonely that she behaved this way.

Her life was so centered on Ronald that she completely relied on him. If Ronald asked her for a divorce, she would probably...

Once inside the black Land Rover, Summer said to

Mark, "Thank you. Please send me back to the school."

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Mark forced his fist on the steering wheel and said in a deep, gloomy voice. "When will you be normal

again?"

"I am normal now," Summer said flatly.

Damn it! How he wished he could ravage her and rip that damn expression off her face.

He turned the steering wheel to the left and looked at her. "Let us talk tonight," he said, spelling out the

words.

Summer ignored him and looked out of the window listlessly. She did not think there was anything to

talk about between them.

Just then, a cell phone rang and Mark picked up his. It was Harry, his assistant. "Mr. Valentine, the meeting started half an hour ago. When will you be back?"

"Halt the meeting for half an hour," he ordered in a deep voice, and then hung up.

Earlier, when the meeting first started, he saw his assistant hid a newspaper behind him, and the principal of the school called at the same time. His secretary asked if he would like to answer it.

There was only one reason for the principal to call him, and that reason was Summer.

Fearing that something might happen to Summer, he answered the phone, not expecting that the principal asked about Yvette.

He was puzzled, and then the principal explained that it was Yvette who called him in the afternoon, saying that Summer was unwell and asked for a leave of absence.

Things became clear to him when he associated it with that newspaper.

He immediately left the meeting and drove back to the Valentine mansion.

"I can see that you are busy. Just drop me here. I can take a taxi." Summer's face looked indifferent as

she pointed out to the roadside.

Irritability consumed him again, and he glared at her." Shut up!"

"I said I can take a taxi here." She stood firm.

He was angry, his deep voice filled with warning signs as he glanced at her red lips. "If you say one more word again, I will definitely silence you."

Summer could clearly read the warning sign. She said nothing again and looked out of the window.

Mark's lips were pressed into a straight line and his good-looking face was bitter until the car stopped.

Summer ignored his expression. She got out and walked into the school. From the corner of her eye, she noticed the black car turning around and then disappeared from her sight in a flash.

She stood there for a while, her eyes looking emotional, before she walked again into the school.

During the class in the afternoon, she noticed that the seat in the last row by the windows was vacant.

That seat belonged to Jazz.

Thinking about what happened at noon, she could not help worrying about him.

The last two rows were usually vacant. But today, several female students, all unfamiliar faces, were

sitting there.

She frowned in suspicion. The principal never told her that there would be transfer students this semester.

"You don't seem to be a student in my class," she asked one of them.

"I am from Class Ten," the girl replied, blinking her eyes.

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Summer was even more puzzled. "Since you are from Class Ten, why not go back to your class?"

A boy sitting in the front row put his hand to his forehead in an I-can't-even fashion. "Ms. Hart, they are

all here to see Jazz."

Hearing that, the female students sitting in the back rows nodded and became even more excited.

"Why hasn't Jazz come to class yet, Ms. Hart?"

"Did he ask for leave? Did he say when he would return to school?"

"Will he come this afternoon?"

The girls were all scrambling to ask questions, as if Jazz was a celebrity and they were his diehard fan.

Summer was bemused, knocking the blackboard eraser on the podium, and then said in a clear and

loud voice, "This is a school, not a fan meeting. All go back to your class."

But those female students still refused to give up and continued to ask, "Will Jazz come to school this

afternoon?"

"Do you want the principal to 'invite' you all back personally?" These were truly diehard fangirls.

Upon hearing this, those girls got up from their seats reluctantly, and they all asked in all seriousness,

"Can we transfer to your class, Ms. Hart?"

After the afternoon class, she was prepping for the next day's lessons in the office. She did not have a

self-study session in the evening, so she could leave at 6:30 pm.

Because she had promised Dean yesterday that she would give tuition to his nephew, she called Dean

after work.

Twenty minutes later, Dean arrived in his black Hyundai at the school gate. Today was the first lesson,

and Summer needed Dean to bring her there because she did not know the place.

The boy's parents were hospitable. They served fruits and dinner.

Their hospitality overwhelmed Summer. She ate a little before she went to the boy's study room and

started giving tuition.

The boy was smart, energetic, and active as much as he was a troublemaker. But overall, he was well-

behaved.

Summer tutored him for over an hour, assessing his math and French proficiency.

After the tutoring was over, it was eight-something. She walked out of the study room and saw Dean

still sitting in the living room.

Seeing her coming out, Dean got to his feet with a smile. "Going home now?"

"You haven't left yet?" She checked the time.

"I am thinking of giving you a ride on my way home. Besides, I haven't chatted with them for a long

time."

After having a few words with the boy's parents, the two left together.

Outside the apartment. Inside a black Land Rover.

Mark was leaning in the seat, holding a lit cigarette between his fingers with the flames flickering in the

dark.

He looked down at his watch. It was 9:00 pm, but she had not yet returned.

He did not have the key to the room, so all he could do was to wait outside.

Just then, he heard a couple of knocks on the window. He frowned and opened the window with his left

hand, then Raine came into view.

"What are you doing here?" Mark stubbed out the cigarette, sat upright, and looked at her.

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The wind was freezing cold. Raine opened the car door and got into the front passenger seat. "Your

mom asked me to find you in your office. But You were not there, so I asked your assistant. You moved

out with Summer?"

"Uh-huh." Mark just gave a short response.

"Here?" Raine couldn't believe it.

The apartments here were rundown, the environment and air quality anything but good. And those

dilapidated units badly needed a major makeover.

So it must be Summer who rented a house here.

And Mark was following her to stay here. This thought really upset Raine.

"Yeah." He gave another nonchalant response, occasionally checking his watch, his handsome face gloomy.

Raine's expression was as clear and tactful as usual, but she felt terrible inside. Mark was fastidious, yet he could bear to stay in such a place.

She panicked again when she thought about this.

Right at this moment, a pair of dazzling light beams swept over them as a black Hyundai pulled up at

the

roadside.

Immediately afterwards, the car door opened, and Summer got out of the car, followed by Dean.

"I know the place now. I can go there on my own tomorrow," Summer said to Dean.

Nodded, Dean looked at the apartment in front of him in puzzlement. "When did you move here?"

"Two days ago." She bent down and picked up her bag from the front passenger seat.

"Is it because of me?" Dean felt a little guilty. "I can explain and prove that you and I are innocent, and

nothing has happened between us."

Thinking of what happened at the restaurant yesterday noon, he felt he was responsible for her moving

out.

"You think too much. It was because I couldn't get used to staying in the Valentine mansion that I

moved out. It has nothing to do with you." Summer chuckled.

Mark stared at the two through window from a distance. An anger rose within him when he saw

Summer's blooming smile.

He got out of the car and hurried toward the two of them.

Raine had followed his eyes and saw Summer and Dean talking and laughing. So she followed suit and

got out.

Sensing someone approaching, Summer turned around and saw Mark. He was walking towards her

while Raine was behind him.

Her face sank, wondering why Raine was here.

Mark came up and drew her into his arms, his face looking grave.

Seeing Raine approaching, Summer's heart skipped a beat. She tried to break free from Mark.

But he would not allow that. He clenched his hands and shot a glance at Dean, then spoke to Summer

in a deep and gentle voice. "Why came home so late? I don't have the key. I have waited in the car for

two hours."

Summer could not break free and gritted her teeth with anger. So what if he had waited for the entire

night? It was none of her business.

Dean could see the silent confrontation between Summer and Mark. Not wanting to cause more trouble

for Summer, he made himself scarce.

Raine took that all in. It pained her to see this. Her heart was dangling, and she felt extremely terrible

for herself.

Taking a step forward, she smiled and said to Summer. "Ask Mark to buy you a car if coming home late

at night is such an inconvenience."

Raine spoke softly, her expression gentle, clear, and graceful, like a flower that bloomed in the spring.