

President 231

Chapter 231

What she received in return from him was just a cold sneer. He held on to his pen with his slender fingers as he signed the documents.

Summer had not felt frustrated. She gave a light smile and said, "I'll count to three, and if you don't answer, I'll just take it as you're not hungry. One, two, three. Okay then, I see that you're truly not hungry. I'll leave you with your documents. I'll go and eat first."

Right after, she left the room while smiling. She had even helped to shut his door, oh so considerately.

His chiseled face had darkened tremendously. The pen in his grip had almost torn the paper of his documents. He could feel his rage firing up again.

He thought, 'She knows I'm angry but why doesn't she try to comfort me? Is that so hard?'

As if on cue, his stomach growled. He had felt hungry, but he would never step out of the room right after what happened.

Hence, he just sat there with his brows furrowed and struggling with his thoughts.

He felt his rage intensified when he thought of the faint smile she wore as she left. His tall figure rose

as he got up from his seat, and he stepped out of his room, indirectly admitting defeat.

In terms of the cold shoulder war, he knew he could not beat her.

At the dining table, Summer was eating alone. She lifted her head when she heard footsteps and saw

his lean figure pulling out the chair. He sat down, acting as though nothing happened. His movements

were loud, as though he was throwing a tantrum when he lifted his utensils to pick up some dishes.

Finding his actions somewhat humorous, the corners of her lips curled into a smile. Then, she spoke up, "I've asked you about it before."

He stopped in his movements and lifted his head. His eyes fell upon her, and her reflection could even

be seen at how focused he was on her. He asked, "When was that?"

"On the second day of you returning to Grudin North from Norwood," sipping some water, she

continued flatly, "I had called you, and I was hesitant to ask. But when I wanted to speak, you told me

to never call you again and hung up."

A look of shock plastered on his chiseled face. He narrowed his almond-shaped eyes as his mind

clearly recollected the memory of him saying those words to her.

"--I don't have the time to listen to you if you're just letting me that you're still alive, so don't ever call me

again."

He pursed his lips as he thought of his tone carried hints of annoyance and irritation. He then

understood why she hadn't called him ever again. She had her pride, and what he said must have hurt

her.

"Why didn't you withdraw from the bank then?" he asked as he softened his tone. He felt a mixture of

emotions. He was frustrated with himself for not knowing that the reason behind what transpired lay within him.

"I didn't know the passcode so that was why I called," she replied nonchalantly, sounding as if she had

forgotten about it.

"I apologize," he swallowed and continued, "This is on me. I was too careless back then."

"It's okay," she said with her brows raised, "So, you shouldn't be mad anymore right? Plus, I think this

time, I should be the one who's throwing the tantrum. Don't you think?"

His lips curled up as he stared at her. His eyes looked gentle as he said, "Yes, of course, you're right.

You can be mad and throw as many tantrums as you want. I am yours, at your service."

"Let's just eat," she said. She felt her brows twitch as she thought, 'If he was a doll, I would gladly play

along, but he's not, and I surely do not have the interest to toy with a human being.'

"The passcode is 001225," his voice sounded deep as h e replied, "if you need money next time, you can withdraw some from the bank, and you don't have to let me know. Also, don't worry, you won't make me bankrupt."

Her smile was plastered on her face. Nevertheless, when she repeated the numbers in her head again,

she felt a chill.

'001225,1225, isn't that Raine's birthday?' she thought.

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Summer would not have believed it if he were to say it was just a coincidence.

She thought, 'There are so many number sequences he could've used, but yet he chose '1225'. Isn't that just too suspicious?'

As she thought so, she was certain that the passcode h e had set was definitely the digits of Raine's birthday.

She lost the appetite to eat as she looked at the perfect scrambled egg paired with pearl white grains of

rice o n her plate. She responded softly as she dropped her head, covering the expressions in her

eyes.

But as she thought of how furious he had been when she wanted to loan money from him, her heart wavered and softened.

She had believed that a man must have some feelings for a woman if he got angry at her for not wanting to use his money.

But now, a part of her deeply felt that such a thought she had was ridiculous.

'Back then, if there was a reason why I didn't want to use his card, it would be because of what he had

said,' she thought.

'But now, it would be because of Raine that I would not even think of using that card. Ever.'

With her head hung low, the expressions shown on her face could not be seen. The only part of her that was visible was her pale and slender neck.

Possibly due to her pregnancy and the 'pregnancy glow', her already fair skin seemed to glow even brighter, and it looked soft and smooth like a freshly peeled egg.

Mark's Adam's apple was slightly bobbing. His eyes were profound as he recalled her tenderness and

warmth.

Summer had felt his intense gaze on her, but she refused to look up and face him. Instead, she continued to keep her head low as she finished up her meal slowly.

"Do you have any plans this afternoon?" he asked in a gentle voice. Leaning close, his defined hands

brushed her hair that was tucked in her collar away.

"I'm heading home for a bit." His hand was filled with warmth when he accidentally brushed against her

neck. She shivered as though she felt an electric shock passed through her body.

Instantly, his eyes darkened. His body tensed up with his voice as he said, sounding hoarse, "Don't seduce me now, dear wife. Or else."

Shifting her body to the right, she evaded from brushing his hand, and she defended, "I'm not trying to

seduce you. Don't you need to head to the office in the afternoon?"

"Are you chasing me away right now, my dear wife?" he asked as he raised his perfectly shaped eyebrows. A faint look of displeasure and resentment appeared.

"No, I'm not chasing you away. It's just, I have to go now. It's already 3 pm," she replied as she pushed

and got up from her seat and moved to pack before she left.

With her petite frame turned against him, he stared as he said, "I'll send you there."

"No, it's okay. I'll just take a taxi there. Since you have the time, you can go and wash the dishes. I

don't feel like washing them later when I'm home," her voice rang from the room.

Upon hearing so, his defined brows twitched and slightly furrowed as he stared at the dishes in front of

him.

'There isn't much to bring anyway,' she thought. When she walked out of her room, there was no sign

of him in the living room, but sounds of water splashing resonated from the kitchen.

She leaned slightly to the side, and her eyes easily fell upon his tall figure. He was wearing a pair of

rubber gloves, and foams of bubbles covered them as he washed the dishes. His movements looked

awkward and out of place, which made it obvious that he had never done something like that before.

After taking a few glances, she retracted her gaze, then picked up her bag and left.

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He took off his rubber gloves while stepping out of the kitchen, and he asked, "My dear wife, I've done

the dishes. Would you like to give it a check?" There was a faint tone of pride in his deep and husky voice.

However, as he stepped into their room, he realized she was no longer there, and only silence filled the

room.

She had only left a moment ago, but he couldn't help but feel empty like something was missing. He

was not used to it.

Alas, neither did he realize nor did he give any thoughts to the feelings and thoughts which appeared at

that moment.

Amara wasn't even any close to giving birth yet, but Daisy had already started to knit baby clothes, socks, and even a blanket for them.

"Mom, we could just buy all this stuff, there is no need to do it yourself," Amara said as she lay on the

couch comfortably while eating some fruits.

"Sure, we can but making something ourselves carries a whole different meaning. It carries extra love

and warmth," Daisy smiled as she replied.

Summer overheard as she stepped in, and directly

said, "Mom, it's fine if she doesn't want them. Give them all to me, I want them."

"Why are you acting like a robber the minute you're here? Who told you I don't want them? Plus, would

your baby even get to use this stuff? I'm sure your baby would be showered with gifts by then, would

they still need these?" Amara said.

Taking a seat on the couch, Summer ignored her. The red baby blanket had a swan embroidered on it.

It was beautiful.

"Oh, is Mark here?" Amara asked as she stared at the entrance, boring holes into the door.

"Why do you care if he comes?" Summer asked, eyeing her while wondering what ill motives she had

in her head.

Shamelessly, Amara answered, "Because you always come home empty-handed, and he would

always bring gifts along. The perfume he gifted me previously was especially fragrant. I had my friends

look it up for me and found out a bottle actually costs up to thousands of dollars! I've nearly used all of

it by now."

Upon hearing her reply, Summer shifted her gaze away coldly and looked at Daisy as she said, "Mom,

make a blankie for me too."

"Of course. This here is yours, and those are Amara's. Say, you've already been four months pregnant,

have you gone to the hospital for a check-up to find out the baby's gender?" Daisy looked up from

knitting as she

asked.

"Nope. I want to just leave it be. We'll find out when the baby is born." Summer did not care about gender at all. As long as it's her baby, she will love them regardless of their gender.

"Well, I hope it's a boy. Knowing how much power the Valentine family carries, I'm sure they would prefer a boy. If Summer wants to keep her current position, her only option is to give birth to a boy,"

Amara butted in.

Daisy happily agreed with Summer and responded, "No matter a boy or a girl, I just want them to be

birthed safely. If they don't want them, I'll take them."

"But Summer would still have to live her life with her mother-in-law and husband. She can't just stay

with you forever right?"

As both of them bantered, Summer remained quiet and sipped on her cup of water slowly. No one but

herself could tell what she had felt at that moment.

Meanwhile over at the Valentine mansion.

Upon completing the discharge procedure, Yvette had returned to the Valentine mansion. Madam Hamilton who had caught wind of the news had come and they were having a conversation in her room.

At first, Madam Hamilton had just wanted to see how Yvette was doing, but soon, she started ranting to

Yvette about her daughter-in-law.

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Madam Hamilton was extremely displeased with her daughter-in-law. It was as if her son's wife was a

monster of some sort. She said, "You haven't even seen how much she spends. It is as though her family ran a bank! She changes into three outfits a day, and she just can't stop buying more. She goes

out shopping every single day, and I just feel so annoyed whenever I see her."

Gradually, Yvette had given in as she thought about the displeasure she felt from Summer. She scoffed

coldly as she said, "Yours is still better than mine, I would say."

"Huh?" Madam Hamilton asked curiously, "What's wrong with yours?"

"She's rude, acts improper, and her personality isn't that nice either. When I was hospitalized, not only

did she not empathize with me, she even started an argument with me! I was so enraged that I felt out

of breath!"

Appearing mad, Madam Hamilton responded, "Oh gosh! I heard she's also from a regular family. It

must've been her luck and blessings from her past life that blessed her to be able to marry into the

Valentine family, yet it seems she's acting so out of line and isn't even appreciative of it!"

Madam Hamilton's reply had struck a chord within

Yvette, and she could not stop nodding her head.

"With such a daughter-in-law, you have to be strict! You must make her obey and listen to you,"
Madam

Hamilton spoke up again.

Interested in what Madam Hamilton had suggested, Yvette asked, "How should I do that?"

"You can't just let her be, you must be strict with her! Don't you think it's absurd that you're sick
now yet

she, your daughter-in-law is not by your side serving you?"

Madam Hamilton suggested, "You should use this time now to your advantage and make her listen
to

you! Since you're feeling unwell now, it wouldn't seem like you're being cruel to her, and you get to

achieve teach her a lesson. You're practically killing two birds with one stone!"

Yvette nodded. She was convinced by Madam Hamilton.

"By the way, I've noticed your little Baine is growing more beautiful day by day. She's so proper, polite,

and just so likable. What do you say, could you introduce her to my second son?"

Yvette felt ecstatic when she heard. She replied, "It's too late. She's already taken. She's truly a lovely

girl. I've brought her up myself, and I would say she's perfect in every way."

"But of course! Why do you think she caught my eye so easily?"

Later in the evening.

Summer's phone rang when she was having dinner. It was Maria from the Valentine Mansion.

Seeing as Maria doesn't usually call her, she asked curiously, "Hello? Is everything alright, Maria?"

"Madam is home. She says she wants you to pick up some pumpkin soup she's craving from the

Chestnut Lane when you're on the way here."

"When was she discharged?"

"This afternoon."

Hanging up the call, she continued having her dinner. Daisy overheard the conversation and asked,

"What's wrong with Mrs. Valentine?"

"Nothing serious. She's okay now," Summer replied flatly.

"That's good to hear. How about we get something for her and we visit her together?" asked Daisy.
At

that moment, Summer thought, 'It wouldn't be an issue if I didn't know about it, but since I do, it
wouldn't be nice if I didn't visit her.'

"Mom, you don't have to come along. She's fine, really. I f she isn't, how do you think she would
have

the appetite for pumpkin soup from Chestnut Lane?"

Summer replied quickly as she truly did not wish for Daisy to go over for a visit.

She knew how Yvette was like, and if her mom went along, it would not end up being a happy
meet-up.

"My, look at this child!" Daisy glared at Summer and huffed, "Are you worried I would embarrass
you?"

"Of course not! How can the gorgeous and elegant lady, the one who could even go compete in a
beauty pageant, Mrs. Scott be embarrassing?" Summer said a s she smiled with her eyes and lips
curling into a playful smile. 1

Hearing so, Daisy lifted her hand and patted Summer's back lightly as she responded, "My, this
mouth

of yours surely is playful. Listen to you, spewing all this nonsense!"

Summer only smiled as she quietly finished her meal without uttering anything else.

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"Hurry up and stop eating, aren't you supposed to bring back some pumpkin soup for Yvette?" said

Daisy.

Not feeling at all anxious, Summer replied, "She'll be alright even without me; besides, there are so

many kitchen staff in Valentine Mansion, they wouldn't be stumped by a bowl of pumpkin soup, would

they?"

Smack!

A slap landed right on Summer's back. "That's too much, hurry up and go!" Daisy took away her

cutlery.

'She doesn't even show me any mercy. I wonder if I'm really her biological daughter!'

Daisy gave her a good stare, "What are you waiting!"

"Am I not walking?" Summer sighed helplessly as she left.

She headed first to the cafe on Chestnut Lane but was shocked to find a long queue.

'Had business always been this superb?'

Unable to do a thing, Summer could only wait in line.

After nearly an hour, she finally managed to get the pumpkin soup and had the cafe staff packed it in a

thermal case.

Immediately, she got into the car, headed straight to

Valentine Mansion.

In the room.

Yvette was lying in bed; Madam Hamilton had not yet left but was still sipping her coffee.

As she entered the room, Summer greeted Yvette courteously, and Madam Hamilton as well, "Hi."

Madam Hamilton nodded, her expression completely different from how she was a while ago. Summer

placed the thermal case containing pumpkin soup on the table and said, "Mom, here's the pumpkin soup you wanted."

Yvette looked at it without a sense of interest. "Just leave it there, I don't feel like having it anymore."

Madam Hamilton, who was beside, smiled. "She had waited for you for an hour, so she had some orange juice. Maybe she isn't hungry anymore."

Summer didn't know what else to say but replied, "A long queue caused the delay. I had to wait in the

line for an hour."

Nodding, Yvette said, "Please get me some hot milk then."

"Okay." Summer replied and left the room.

The moment she left, Yvette's sickly expression quickly returned to normal, and she asked Madam

Hamilton, "How was my performance?" "Not bad. Would anyone be in a good mood after being left

hungry for a few hours? Despite that, you didn't blame her nor make a fuss out of it." Madam Hamilton

was seen teaching her.

Yvette seemed to have understood and nodded, "Got it."

A few moments later, Summer brought in some hot milk. The milk was white and fuming with vapor.

At the same time, Raine also entered. She held a platter of fruit dessert which she had prepared earlier

and handed it to Madam Hamilton.

"It's been a few years since I've met Raine. You've gotten more and more beautiful." With a satisfied

look, Madam Hamilton continued, "and so sensible too.

Where are you working now?"

Raine smiled and calmly answered, "in Grudin North; as Mr. Valentine's secretary."

"Wow, such a remarkable lady. Imagine how much you can achieve if you keep learning and working

diligently." Madam Hamilton could not withhold her praise.

Still wearing her smile, Raine replied, "You're flattering me too much, Madam Hamilton."

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"What I said is true, there's certainly no flattery in it."

They began chatting like old buddies and completely ignoring Summer as if she was invisible.

Unaffected, she stepped forward and handed the milk to Yvette. "Mom, here's the milk you wanted."

Acknowledging, Yvette slowly sat up on the bed and reached out to receive the milk.

As soon as Yvette had reached out, she suddenly let out a scream. Was the milk too hot, or was there another reason?

Everyone was surprised and failed to react. "Pa-" the mug that Summer held in her hands fell and shattered on the floor.

Some milk spilled on the blanket while some splashed on Summer's palm. She felt an instant scalding

pain, but she gritted her teeth, holding back her pain.

Paine and Madam Hamilton quickly rushed over upon hearing the noise and helped to clean up the blanket and the milk spilled on Yvette.

Holding back her pain, Summer too tried to help.

However, the moment she touched the blanket, Yvette pushed her away. "Get away, you did it on purpose, didn't you?"

Stunned, Summer was rooted to the ground. She felt a sense of irony and insult. She stood still without

moving a muscle and watched the two of them clear the mess.

At first, she didn't understand, but now, it had all become clear. Yvette was obviously picking on her.

The blanket, bedsheet, and rug were all replaced.

Raine was helping her undress and worriedly asked, "Were you scalded?"

Yvette breathed heavily and fixed her eyes on Summer who was standing like a statue. "You must be

feeling very good now, huh?"

Summer shook her head. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You don't understand? Are you serious, or just pretending? Now that you've put me in such predicament, does it make you feel good?"

"I didn't do it on purpose. Is there anything else you would like to have? I'll prepare it." Holding back,

she remained calm.

Yet, the more she remained calm, the angrier Yvette became. Her words were filled with insult. "Do I

still dare allow you to prepare anything? If I did, would that bowl of soup be spilled on me next?"

Summer didn't flinch. "How could that be, you must be imagining things. I'll get it ready immediately,

okay?"

Yvette huffed and uttered, "Let me make this easy for you, if your parents, according to you are really

educated, you wouldn't be doing such a thing; furthermore, I heard that your sister-in-law is a gambling

addict, and even got your house sold off. Your parents must be useless to be keeping such a daughter-

in-law!"

"If you have a grudge against me, let it out on me. Please do not involve my family." Summer was disgusted at the words that were aimed at her parents.

Although she was an easy-going and calm person, she was also a woman of principle; and there was also a threshold to her patience!

"Oh, so I can't even talk about you now? Is that the way how you should speak to me? You're uncivilized, you and your family!"

Summer calmly smiled upon hearing her words and replied.

"Hmm, speaking about education, how can we compare to you, who was born into a prominent family,

and also the first lady of Santabaca.

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Regardless of education or etiquette, they are elegance among the elites. But, looking at you now, it's

nowhere near it. Do you want to look at yourself in the mirror right now?"

"You!" Yvette turned pale with anger.

Baine scolded, "Summer, enough!"

Madam Hamilton too, expressed her disagreement. "As a daughter-in-law, how could you speak to your mother-in-law like this?"

"It's not how I spoke but what I have prepared to speak. There are obvious things that I chose not to reveal; but this was clearly to trap me, wasn't it? And if

I didn't expose it, it would only remain and worsen!"

Yvette and Madam Hamilton were taken aback. She was neither servile nor overbearing. "Since I'm not

welcomed here, I'll leave."

Immediately after saying, she left, and Yvette raged.

A while later, Madam Hamilton also shook her head as she left, leaving her these words.
'Compared to

ours, your daughter-in-law is crazy."

Those words struck Yvette hard on her face. She had been disgraced by Summer in front of Madam
Hamilton and her anger burned.

With that, only Yvette and Raine were left in the room.

A dim ray of light quickly flashed across Yvette's eyes as the lights flickered; they were dim and
dark.

Yvette asked, "Raine, let me ask you something..."

Raine slowed down her movements. "What is it?"

"Tell me honestly, are you still in love with Mark right now? Heed my words, I want your honest
answer,

do not lie to me..." Yvette emphasized.

Dumbfounded, Raine remained silent. She didn't respond as she had no idea what she meant or
what

her intentions were.

"I insist that you answer, so let go of your worries and tell me, are you still in love with him..."

Yvette's gaze was incomprehensible; nevertheless, her impression of Summer had certainly been swayed.

She had initially assumed that Summer would be more yielding but now, she realized that she had made a tremendous mistake.

Compared to Raine, not only was she unyielding, but she was also arrogant.

How dare she disgrace her in front of Madam Hamilton; her rage was unquenchable.

Yvette's anger was set ablaze as she recalled the pitiful look that Madam Hamilton gave her when she

left.

'When did she, the respectable and revered Madam

Valentine of Santabaca, deserved to be looked upon like that?' 'Anyone could be the daughter-in-law of

Valentine family; but it will never be Summer!'

Should this continue, she would be forced off the brink by Summer sooner or later; she can't let this advance further.

She wanted to put an end to it immediately while the situation is still within control.

Raine continued to remain silent and said nothing. In fact, she had become wary of Yvette and didn't

trust her.

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In other words, she didn't look at Yvette as a person of integrity.

'What if Yvette was trying to trap her. Would she be so silly to dive right into it?'

"Are you going to answer?"

Yvette fixed her eyes on Raine and studied her expression. Again, she questioned, "Are you still in love

with Mark?"

"No." she wasn't going to simply admit before realizing Yvette's intent to avoid being trapped by her

own words.

"Raine, I am the one who raised you; I understand your every expression, there is no way they could

escape before my eyes. Clearly, you are lying!" Yvette affirmed.

Unable to argue, Raine answered slowly, "My feelings for him are things of the past, let bygones be bygones."

Yvette understood her character very well and there was nothing she could hide from her; so, there was no point lying.

"What you just said means that you still have feelings for him. This can only mean that you agree."

Yvette's words carried a vivid sense of joy.

Raine remained silent while she moved the mug away from the table, and replied, "It's not early anymore, you should get some rest."

She turned and left the room immediately.

Suddenly, Yvette's voice rang behind her. "What if I gave you another chance?"

Raine stood rooted to the ground, her beautiful face appeared astonished. 'Is she aware of what she's saying?'

"I'm giving you another chance to be with Mark. As you just saw, I am very disappointed with Summer,

and this is true."

Yvette was counting her chickens before they were hatched. She wanted to get rid of Summer but neither was she certain how it would turn out if Mark remarried.

And speaking about her ideal candidate, it would be Raine.

"Yvette, are you aware of what you are saying?" Raine returned from her shock as she looked at her.

1

"Am I old and rusty? of course I'm fully aware of my words. So, tell me, what do you think?"

Raine frowned. She was at a loss and didn't know how to respond. She had never imagined such a

situation would ever arise.

"Should you agree, I shall allow you to meet Mark in secret, and let no one know about it; however, if

you disagree, I will not force you. The choice is yours, give thought to it and let me know quickly."

Finally, Raine unconsciously arrived at her room. Her legs felt light as if she was floating among the

clouds; it felt so unreal, like an illusion.

She laid on bed, her eyes half closed and breathed deeply, trying to calm her heartbeat.

In the other room.

Yvette reclined on the bedside. She was quite certain of Raine's answer.

She furrowed her brows and smiled; then closed her eyes.

Chapter 239

Summer didn't return to the apartment but wandered aimlessly on the street.

She became tired after a while; furthermore, she wasn't in the mood to walk any further because of the

scald on her hand.

She took a taxi back to the apartment, but Mark hadn't returned.

Although she wasn't hungry, she went into the kitchen and had nothing else but milk; because of the child she was bearing, she had to supplement herself with the right nutrition.

Summer's was lost for a moment as she glanced through the crockery and cutlery.

Exhausted and feeling dreadful, she fell asleep in bed without washing up.

Not long after, she forced open her eyes at the weight she felt on her and the itch caused by the scent

of sweatiness near her neck.

Reaching out, she held his arms and responded in a tired tone, "I feel dreadful."

Summer suddenly screamed in pain and turned pale when he accidentally twisted her wrist.

Mark stopped immediate after hearing her cry. He switched on the bed lights only to find her looking

pale with a swollen left palm.

He squinted his eyes and got off her and asked in his deep voice, "How did it happen?"

"I scalded my palm accidentally and forgot to treat it." She gritted her teeth as she explained.

"What else can you remember if you can even forget about your hand?" Mark's brows furrowed as he

stared at her, sounding very displeased.

Summer said nothing but leaned on the bedside. Mark got out of bed after looking at her twice. Putting

on his slippers, he brought out the first aid kit.

He fumbled through the first aid kit but found nothing useful. His eyebrows remained strained as he warned her, "Stay where you are, I'm going down to get some medicine."

Uncertain about what he had in mind, he stared in between his legs; he was only wearing his sports pants.

He was left with no other option. Mark pursed his lips that they formed a straight line. Donning his sportswear, he cursed, and left the apartment.

After he left, Summer bent over and reached out for the napkin on the bedside. She was frightened and

uncomfortably drenched in her sticky sweat.

After wiping herself, she laid down and closed her eyes.

He was tall and strong, mature, and elegant. Donning only his sports pants made him look very attractive.

Even the female staff at the pharmacy had their eyes fixed on him as if they had been spirited away.

Mark stood in front of the counter for a while, yet no one attended to him. He became impatient and slammed his hands on the counter that it rattled, and called out, "Cashier please..."

The cashier girl blushed but nodded and quickly attended to him.

She was lying in bed and asleep when he returned. His expression deepened as he approached her.

He took her hand and carefully applied the medicine.

The pain was excruciating. Her brows twitched uncontrollably, and she gritted her teeth...

Mark's handsome face looked exceptionally deep. He shifted his attention onto her swollen palm and

uttered, "Served you right!"

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It had happened because of Yvette; furthermore, she felt dreadful. His words broke her usual calmness

and aroused her with anger, but calmly, she replied, "Yeah, serves me right."

Mark shifted his sight toward her. He twitched his brows and stared at her. "What could have possibly

made you angry?"

"Nothing." She took a deep breath to suppress her anger.

Although they were mother and son, Yvette and he were separate beings. Moreover, this happened because of Yvette and not him.

Therefore, although she felt awful, she had no reason to let it out on him.

"Are you sure?" the end of his speech pitched as he continued to stare at her, looking suspicious.

Summer didn't want to stay on the topic, so she touched the cream that he held in his hand with her

chin. "Aren't you going to continue?"

He stared at her before turning his attention back to her palm and continued to apply the medicine.

It was 10:00 pm when he finished applying the medicine. She felt her tiredness kick in, so she hid under her blanket and got ready to sleep.

But like a panther, he flipped over, and his arms landed on both sides of her head. His firmly built legs

spread across her body as he scanned her from head to toe, like a savage with killing intent.

Summer frowned and purposely ignored his expression. "What now?"

"What do you say?" his tone deepened, and his eyes were like burning fire.

"I don't know. I'm tired and I want to sleep." She wrapped herself tightly in her blanket and turned to

one side.

"Are you trying to break the momentum now?" Mark stared at her and rolled her back with his hand.

Summer asked, "Is it me?"

Mark was stunned, and made some movements with his brows and snapped, "You seduced me..."

His uncivilized behavior made her flush and she snapped back, "That would only mean that you lack

self-control..."

Afterward, she ignored him and closed her eyes and fell asleep. Comment by Qin Le: amended

Noticing her tiredness, Mark didn't tease her anymore. A sense of remorse welled up within him.

He cleared his throat as he got up and went into the bathroom.

Although the room was cold, his body was burning like a furnace; instead of warm water, he bathed with cold water.

When he had finished bathing, Summer had already fallen asleep, and the sound of her peaceful breathing surrounded the room.

He flipped open the blanket and wrapped her in his embrace with his outstretched arm.

Her scent was pleasant, and maybe because she was pregnant, her skin was tender as if water could be squeezed out.

She filled up the space in his bosom. It was peaceful and lovely..