

President 241

Chapter 241

The next morning.

In Valentine mansion.

The atmosphere was very quiet. Only Yvette and

Raine were having their breakfast at the long dining table, and only the clinking sounds of cutlery were

heard.

A while later, Yvette stopped and asked Raine as she turned toward her, "About what I asked you last

night, what is your answer?"

Raine replied after gulping down a mouthful of milk, "I'm already engaged. If you want an answer, we

need to tell him clearly."

Yvette became slightly agitated at her words. "Not now, let's keep it this way for now."

"Why?" Raine asked.

"Let's maintain the current situation, or else it'll go out of hand. So, this time, please listen to me."

Yvette answered.

Raine didn't question further, but her looks were evident that she was testing Yvette.

Despite Yvette's deep thoughts, she was still able to make out something.

At this point, Yvette truly wanted her and Mark to meet secretly, but shrouded in mystery was the thought that she never wanted them to be together.

She didn't want to overthink it due to the contradictions that surrounded it, but to take it forward one step at a time...

In fact, Yvette had other plans. Although she was dissatisfied with Summer and somewhat satisfied with Raine, she still didn't meet her expectations.

She wasn't going to let herself be the gossip of Santabaca, that her son was in a relationship with his aunt. She simply wasn't going to let that happen!

Therefore, before a suitable candidate found, Raine would be her temporary solution.

"Okay, I understand." Raine responded but with her own plans in mind.

"Since this is the case, you'll need to take a long break away from work at Grudin North. Give your brother a call to extend your vacation."

Yvette had a domineering character and liked everything to come under her control.

"I have my own plans on this."

"Haven't your brother been calling you lately?" Yvette questioned.

Raine blinked and shook her head. "No." "I don't even know why I married him. He spent the entire year in Grudin North and we haven't met even once. Are we even husband and wife?" 1

The moment Ronald's name was brought up, Yvette's anger stirred within her; it kept on rising and she

couldn't suppress it.

"He could be busy with work. Maybe he'll be back after this peak period."

"I refuse to believe it. There are three hundred and sixty five days in a year, for him to be home for a

day is already extraordinary. Never mind, I've given up hope on him anyway!"

Raine said no more. If Yvette found out about Ronald's confession, she would certainly be provoked to

death.

After breakfast, Yvette gave Mark a call to inform him that she had been discharged from the hospital

and wanted him to drop by at Valentine mansion.

Mark hung up and turned toward Summer. "Let's go to Valentine mansion together?"

"I had been there yesterday. Besides, the school's supervisor will be joining my lesson this noon, so I

need to be present; therefore, I can't make it." Summer stopped eating and began applying light makeup.

She did not usually wear makeup and would only do so if there was a special occasion.

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The light makeup was very suitable for her, simple yet exquisite. It brought out her pink, rosy cheeks,

and her lips seemed soft and juicy, just like jelly.

Mark squinted his eyes and furrowed his brows, "Is it necessary to wear make up for a lecture?" he said with a dissatisfied tone.

She continued to put lip gloss on. She did not bother to even look at him.

It was said to be light makeup, but in fact, due to pregnancy, she barely put anything besides a little bit

of eyeliner and some lip gloss on her face.

Then, she took her purse from the table and headed outside. "Don't forget to do the dishes," she said as she walked towards the door.

Hearing that, Mark felt speechless. His eyes could not help but twitch slightly. At the very next second,

he took the keys on the table with his slender fingers and followed right at the heels of his wife.

The car stopped in front of the school's main entrance. Summer opened the car door and wanted to

step out. Mark quickly grasped her arm, his brows knitted, "Are you going to leave just like that?"
"I will

remember to put on lip gloss," she ended the

topic quickly and rushed into the school compound. It was heard that there would be a famous lecturer

from other schools visiting today. She needed to prepare well for the class. It was important to conduct

the class flawlessly. Thus, she couldn't afford any mistakes.

A trace of displeasure flashed across his eyes, 'It seems that Mrs. Valentine's actions have been out of

line lately. Does she still remember my position, as her husband?', he thought to himself.

Without staying for long, he left the school and drove towards the Valentine mansion.

Raine was sitting in the living room when Mark arrived. As she looked at the man with a well-built figure

walking, her eyelashes fluttered, and she felt nervous.

Mark glanced over at the scene. His handsome face remained cold and showed no signs of

fluctuations in emotion. Without hesitation, he made big strides with his long legs and headed upstairs

quickly.

Seeing that, Raine followed him closely. Her hands, which hang down at the sides, were gently

clenched. She was overwhelmed with emotions to the point that she was slightly trembling.

Mark went to Yvette's room, and there was a maid cleaning. The windows were left open to let in some

fresh air. The maid was busy trimming the branches of the potted plants on the balcony.

"Where is the lady?" he asked with a deep voice.

"Madam went to the garden. She said she wanted to exercise there," responded the maid quickly.

Mark nodded slightly and left the room. When he was walking along the long corridor, someone

abruptly grasped his hand and pulled him. With a forceful tug, the tall man was suddenly pulled into a

room.

It was Raine's room.

Yet Mark's reflexes were as fast as lightning. With his right arm, he grabbed the wrist pulling him and

twisted it rapidly. The pain was unbearable, that Raine could not help but hiss loudly.

Only then, Mark saw that it was Raine, his eyes flashing with a strand of astonishment. Then slowly, h

e let go of her...

Raine gently massaged her reddened wrist while staring at him. Her gaze was filled with affection,

excitement, and indescribable overjoy...

However, those emotions only appeared for a moment before she repressed them within a blink of an

eye, restoring her calm.

She was again the old Raine, gentle, graceful, and poised, like the orange blossoms that bloom in winter times.

The waves of emotions washed over her, one wave after another, drowning her slowly. Raine pursed her lips and kept silent, thinking about how to express her feelings and thoughts.

Mark lazily leaned against the wall behind him and crossed his long legs elegantly. He folded his arms

before his chest and sneered, "How can I help you, my aunt?"

Hearing so, she bit her lips so hard that it left an imprint on her lower lip.

It seemed like she did not know how to start the conversation. Hesitation, uncertainty, those negative

feelings overwhelmed her, tearing her apart.

Looking into his enchanting eyes, which were deep as vortexes, she felt captivated, as though she were slowly sinking into them, but she did not dodge, not even trying to escape. Instead, she remained

calm and looked straight back at him, then she opened her lips slightly and pronounced slowly and

solemnly.

"Do you still want me?"

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Nobody saw her nervousness for she had concealed them, but her hands were trembling.

Mark squinted his eyes and his pupils shrunk. He stared at her silently as if his looks were going to tunnel through her.

At that moment, Raine straightened her back, brightened her face, and asked again, "Do you still want

me?"

"What do you mean?" he answered solemnly, oblivious that his heartbeat was calm, neither was it rejoicing.

He didn't give it much thought for she had provoked him on many occasions, but they were never realized; besides, he had gotten used to her antics.

"I want to be with you, would you still take me?" this time, Raine was really pressing her luck.

To her, this was her chance regardless of what Yvette had in mind.

He didn't respond to her question but answered, "I'm curious to know what happened to you this time

that had brought you this change."

Raine became silent and spoke slowly after a long while.

"I know that what I did was unforgivable; three years ago, it was me who wanted to break up and leave,

and then appear before you again three years later; I had disturbed your life and was constantly

swayed. But I had my reasons and hardships for doing so. Can you forgive me?"

"Why should I forgive you?" he glanced at her casually.

"I love you!" she said it clearly with determination.

Mark's eyes remained squinted, but there were noticeable movements. Due to the extremely deep

expression on his face, his thoughts were concealed, but his smirk carried a sense of insult.

"What trick are you trying to pull now? Are you like Cinderella, who will disappeared at midnight, huh?"

"So, you still refuse to trust me..." Baine smiled bitterly.

He calmly responded, "Tell me, what is trust?"

Just as Baine was about to reply, Mark's phone rang, and he answered the call; it was Summer.

She sounded urgent, "I left the coursework I prepared last night in the apartment, can you bring it for

me?"

As if he understood her anxiety, Mark frowned." Which part of the apartment did you leave it?"

"I left it on the dressing table last night, it should be there; please look around and bring it to me. I need

it urgently!"

As if he could imagine the worried and anxious look o

f Summer, he smirked and asked, "How about my reward?"

Summer was usually calm, steady, and not impulsive; but his response angered her. "Can you stop adding to my trouble?"

Mark's darkened face came undone, and he replied solemnly, "—trouble?"

"I'm sorry, you're not adding to my trouble. I must have used the wrong words; Mr. Valentine is a kind

man. S o, can you bring me my coursework and leave the rest for later?"

Summer quickly amended her words after realizing something was wrong.

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She couldn't afford to leave her position as she still had many tasks to work on. She could only pacify

him with her words. Mark was satisfied at her response, and he walked out of Raine's room while still

talking o n the phone.

But before he left, he looked at her deeply, showing her an inexplicable expression...

As he disappeared before her, a beautiful but proud Raine finally slumped into the sofa after holding on

to a straight posture. She was hurt as if pierced by needles; and the density of the pain caused her to be out of breath.

Not only didn't he answer her question, but he left while jovially speaking to Summer on the phone; moreover... he had ignored her presence.

Her heart filled with anxiety. She was afraid, afraid that Mark had fallen for Summer...

Because, never once had he treated her in this manner

Thus, she couldn't leave the situation to advance further for she was certain that its result wasn't something she could endure.

On the other side.

Summer thought that he would instruct Harry to deliver the coursework; but instead, he had showed up

personally.

She was still organizing the files on her desk when suddenly, she was startled by a sound of breathing.

She turned around only to find Mark clad in a black jacket and standing behind her.

She received the books from him and studied him carefully. Then, she filled a cup of warm water from

the dispenser and handed it to him. "Why didn't you let Harry send them?"

Mark slid his big hands along the side of the cup as he sat his tall figure on her seat. "Mrs. Valentine doesn't want to meet me?"

All the other teachers in the staff room had their eyes glued on the two of them.

The scene was as if monkeys caged in a zoo, and it made Summer feel uncomfortable nor could she adapt to it.

"It's not like that. I thought you were busy so you would assign Harry to do it..."

Taking a drink, he said, "I had some free time..."

More and more people flocked to the staff room as if wanting to catch a glimpse of Mark's elegance;

and they clogged the entrance.

Summer felt her head spin at the commotion. She regretted her decision to call him!

"Aren't you leaving? don't you need to return to your office?" Summer pestered him as he showed no

signs of leaving.

Her words caused Mark's expression to darken, and a deep frown appeared.

They also made him feel as if he was an unsightly presence!

He sat there without moving a muscle while still wearing his handsome but dark expression. At the same time, news of his presence had quickly spread out.

The principal and head of form walked in shortly after. They greeted Mark courteously and enthusiastically invited him to the principal's office.

Glancing at the crowd, Mark lost his interest. He stood up and calmly nodded at the principal. "We can

do it next time; I still have a few meetings to attend."

"Very well, please have a safe journey, Mr. Valentine." The principal nodded his head as he spoke, wanting to get into his good books.

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Staring at him indifferently, Summer heaved a sigh of relief. But seeing her rooted to her spot, Mark felt

a little displeased and exclaimed deliberately, "Aren't you seeing me off, Mrs. Valentine?"

Summer remained silent but the principal who stood beside her spoke first, his chubby face brimming.

Yes, yes, she will. Won't you, Ms. Hart?"

"..." Summer felt her face flinching.

However, she remained still. The anxious principal gave her a light push from behind and exchanged

looks with her.

Although the principal didn't realize it, his glaring eyes exposed his intense expression so much that only the blind couldn't notice it.

As he watched them exit the staff room, the principal brimmed as he continued praising, "Why is it that

Ms. Hart has become so beautiful?"

Another teacher exclaimed, "Ms. Hart has always been beautiful!"

"Exactly, she has always been beautiful." The principal clapped and continued praising.

Summer accompanied Mark to his car and turned around to leave.

But Mark wasn't planning to let her go. He grabbed her on the arm and kissed her on the lips.

Her lips were painted with glossy pink lipstick, and they were very alluring.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Valentine..."

By the time Summer had recovered, Mark was already in his black Land Rover, and drove steadily away.

Summer frowned as she looked at her lips through the mirror. After staring at the departing car, she returned to the school.

Yvette only realized that Mark had left after she returned from the back garden. She could guess that

the outcome wasn't pleasant when she saw Baine's dismal expression as she remained seated on the sofa.

Moving her eyes after lunch, Yvette made a phone call to Mark and insisted that he return to Valentine

mansion in the afternoon.

But it was already 7:00 pm when Mark returned.

Yvette looked at the time and said, "I've not had foie gras for a long time, shall we go get some?"

"What did the doctor say?" Mark asked as he frowned and changed his posture and glanced at his watch.

"The doctor didn't forbid me from eating foie gras. He only instructed me to hold my temper. Besides,

it's been a long time since you and I had dinner together.

Can't you accompany me today? It's very lonely to have foie gras alone, Jazz isn't around and there's

no one to talk with. Sigh..."

As Yvette sighed, she deliberately appealed to empathy. "But, if you need to leave urgently, I'll be alright on my own. I'll wash up and go to bed."

Frowning, Mark asked in a soft tone, "Where are we going for foie gras?"

Yvette immediately brightened up. "You agreed. My son still knows me the best. Let's go."

Seeing her dressed in thin clothing, Mark called out to a maid, "Bring a coat for Madam."

The maid went upstairs as instructed. Yvette was rejoicing in her heart, and she conveniently said, "If w

e leave the mansion, Baine will be left alone. She hasn't had dinner too, let's bring her along."

"Okay..." Mark dully replied.

Yvette tried to study his expression; however, it was too profound that she couldn't make any sense out

of i t.

She gave up trying. Nevertheless, she wasn't in a hurry, all she needed to do was to go according to her plan.

Baine came downstairs, her ebony black hair glittered as they spread across her shoulders. She wore a long vintage dress and had a black down jacket draped over her.

She appeared casual but had adorned herself elaborately. She wore a tassel earring to match her dress. It was neither gold nor silver but it exhibited a vintage elegance.

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It did not look old-fashioned. In fact, it added a certain sense of uniqueness and elegance to her look.

The vintage dress was gifted to her by Mark three years ago. There was no denying that she wore it intentionally that night.

Mark glanced over to her dress, as his eyes narrowed ever so slightly as if it reminded him of something.

Yvette praised her, "The dress looks so pretty on you, you look dreamy and it doesn't even look out of

style at all! When are you getting one for me?"

"It's my pleasure. If you like it, I'll get you one when I visit Mowo again," Raine nodded while smiling.

"Let's go, it's getting late and I'm getting kind of hungry. I'm craving for some red wine too..." Yvette said

happily.

Three of them marched forward with Mark in front, followed by Yvette and Raine, holding on to Yvette's

arm.

Yvette picked the most well-known french restaurant in Santanbaca. To be honest, she couldn't recall

when was the last time she had Foie Gras. She was really craving that dish.

They were greeted by a waiter right away, ushered,

and helped them to their seat.

Mark did not look at the menu, so the waiter passed it over to Yvette to let her pick the dishes.

Raine kept her silence all this while. Nobody could figure out what was in her mind. However, her eyes

would land on the man sitting across the table every once in a while.

As for Yvette, she ordered a bottle of wine and some French dishes.

Perhaps the restaurant was a little overcrowded that night, they waited for quite some time, but their food was yet to arrive.

But Yvette was not in a hurry, and Raine was looking calm as well.

Contrastingly, it was Mark who looked like he was in a rush. He couldn't keep his eyes off his wrist,

checking the time.

His actions did not escape Yvette's eyes as she asked suspiciously, "Mark, are you in a rush?"

"No..." he answered flatly.

"Good," Yvette smiled.

After a long time of waiting, their food was finally served. Mark's bony hand reached over to the wine

bottle and poured himself a glass of red wine. He swirled the wine gently in his hand, looking a little

restless.

He took a sip of his wine as he took a look at his watch again - it was 8 o'clock.

On a normal day, he would already be back in the apartment at this hour. And Summer would already b

e done preparing their dinner, getting ready to dine.

But now, his food had just been served, so it was going to take a while for him to be done.

He had the wine glass in his right hand, and with his free hand, he reached into his trouser pocket and

pulled out his phone. He leaned lazily on the chair as h e ran his fingers on the screen, sending a text

message.

'There is a dinner I need to attend tonight. I'll be late, don't wait for me.'

Summer's phone rang as she took it out and saw the text message from him.

Her brows arched, and the corners of her lips curved into a smile. She replied to his message with an

'OK' before putting her phone back in her bag. She then packed up her things and left the office.

She had an extra class this evening, which was why she went back a little later.

As she was stretching her hand out to stop a cab outside of the school, a silver car stopped in front of

her. Inside was a man with a pretty face, "Summer." Surprised, Summer looked over, and it was Dale

Philip.

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Dale Philip was her ex-lover. He used to be a teacher in First Santabaca as well. Since they were

colleagues who shared the same age range, they fell in love with each other after working together for

some time. 1

But the school sent out a memo stating that he was assigned to another secondary school not long

after they started dating.

She was shocked by that news. Shortly after, Dale went to look for her in the same afternoon, telling

her about transferring schools. He then asked for a breakup, explaining that they were incompatible.

The only reason they got together was that the teachers in their school were generally older, leaving

the two of them who were of similar age.

Moreover, the teachers from the office were trying to match them up, which was why they decided to

give it a shot.

Upon hearing him asking for a breakup, Summer was exceptionally calm. There was really nothing in

her heart, neither hurt nor sad.

It was apparent that she hadn't developed any feelings for Dale throughout their relationship.

She nodded in agreement with his decision. The two o

f them had a coffee together before ending the relationship on good terms.

Soon afterward, rumors about Dale started to spread among the teachers, saying that he had hooked

up with the daughter of the Minister of Education and they were about to get married, which was why

his career was thriving.

That was the moment she had an epiphany about the reason behind their breakup, but she wasn't

bothered by it.

To her, Dale was just an irrelevant bypasser in her life, like a pebble that was thrown in the water,

causing a small splash but never a ripple.

If he had not greeted her or listened to her class this afternoon, she definitely would not be able to

recognize him at all.

"Where are you going? I'll send you."

"Thanks, but it's okay," she smiled and turned him down.

Dale sighed lightly, "We have not seen each other for such a long time, let's go somewhere and grab a

cup of coffee maybe? Come on, don't be a stranger with your old colleague."

She thought to herself, 'Mark wasn't home anyway, I would be alone if I went back to the apartment. So

it was probably going to be boring.'

She stopped refusing and opened the car door, getting

on the car.

Dale started his car and drove towards South Lane.

South Lane was the busiest street in Santabaca. It had retail stores, cafes, restaurants, and

nightspots all in one place.

So, it was Santabaca's citizens' favorite place to hang out.

Dale picked a cafe, and they sat opposite each other. He ordered 2 cups of coffee and some unusually

overpriced desserts.

"You have become even beautiful after all these years, I could hardly recognize you," Dale laughed.

"I could only say the same thing to you," Summer rejected his coffee for her as she only wanted the

desserts. "Sorry, no coffee for a pregnant woman."

Dale nodded and sighed emotionally, "Your bump looks like it's 4 months old now, how are you getting

along with your husband?"

"It's alright, what about you?" She took a bite of the dessert. It was sweet but not too sweet, just nice.

"Me?"

Dale's tone changed suddenly.

"I rather not talk about it, it's like I'm living my life in constant misery. If I happened to be home a little

late, she would turn herself into an FBI agent, asking me all sorts of questions. Even after I explained

everything to her, she would sometimes still doubt me and ask for clarification from other people! Every

once in a while, she'd make her way to the school and cause a scene. It never ends and it really gets

on my wick every time!"

Summer fed herself a piece of tart and said calmly, " She's just worried about you."

"Worried?" Dale scoffed in disgust. "In what form?"

She's very spoiled and entitled. Whenever I'm home, she would order me to do the chores and laundry.

And If I ever refused, she would threaten me with her dad, crying and complaining to him through the

phone."

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"That's what you wanted anyway, everything comes with a price," she said emotionlessly. She had no

sympathy for the situation he was in.

Some men were just like that. When they were at a low point in their life, they would do anything to get

to the top. An example - taking advantage of a woman.

However, when he got what he wanted, he would begin to despise her, as if everything she did was never good enough.

Generally, marriages like this will not last very long. They would eventually end in a divorce. If not, they'd b e divided by heart.

On the other side.

Before finishing her Foie Gras, Yvette went to the restroom. As she was leaving, she kept making eye

gestures to Baine secretly.

Baine immediately understood her intentions and nodded slightly. Their exchange was almost unnoticeable.

His deep gaze fell on the Foie Gras in front of him, but Mark was not tempted to eat it at all. Instead, he

was just sipping on his wine.

It was at this time his phone rang. He picked up; it

was Yvette calling.

"Mark, I've met a friend and she invited me to go flower shopping with her now. You don't have to send

me home later, but make sure you do with Raine.

Okay, that's all, bye!"

Yvette did not wait for Mark's response as she hung up the phone right after she was done speaking.

She was planning to create some alone time for the two of them.

When she hung up, Raine was done with her meal too. She used a napkin to wipe the corner of her

mouth gently with her fair hands as a dim light flashed across her eyes.

"Are you done? I'll send you back," he said in a deep voice as he put down the wine glass in his hand.

"One of my friends is getting engaged tomorrow, I feel like buying a gift for her now. You can send me

home after I am done..."

Raine stood up while saying it. It was her excuse to buy them some time.

While dining, she was observing his actions. She noticed that his mind was wandering somewhere, and

he would zone out every once in a while.

Mark arched his brows but did not protest. His silence acted as a consensus.

The largest shopping mall was located right beside the restaurant. Raine considered for some time before walking into the jewelry section of the mall.

At the cafe.

Dale agreed with what Summer had just said, but they still could not tolerate his wife's doings.

She was starting to have a headache listening to his complaints as she rubbed her nose bridge, "Then

you should just change her and take it one step at a time."

Dale grunted in disagreement, "In her next life maybe. She is harder than a rock, no matter how hard

you bash it, it would still be in the same shape."

Summer kept her silence. She was getting bored listening to his rants. She leaned her back onto the cozy sofa idly and looked out the big and clear window.

The pedestrian lights were blinking brightly as people were walking around the streets. The night view

of the city was admirable, but it was a little noisy.

The cafe was on the ground floor. Hence, the opposite street could be seen clearly from the window.

The opposite street had mainly jewelry stores, mostly visited by young or married couples with their fingers intertwined.

However, a man with a tall figure caught her attention. She locked her eyes on him and froze in place.

At the same time, she could clearly see Raine standing beside him in her flowy dress. She was holding

a necklace in her hands. Her face lit up with a sweet smile as she turned towards Mark like she was asking him for his opinion.

He was still in the coat he wore that afternoon. He stood upright, looking fit; his lips were moving as if

he was saying something.

A handsome, strong man paired a woman as soft as water. There they were, standing side by side.

Just like Romeo and Juliet, they were perfectly made for each other.

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That night's view was beautiful, but it still managed to hurt both her eyes and her heart.

'A dinner to attend?'

'Ah, a dinner with Raine,' But the funniest thing was that she actually believed him!

Was she that easy to fool?

Her hands were squeezing the box of tarts as she flashed a bitter and sarcastic smile.

'Doesn't he feel exhausted circling between two women like this?'

But, even if he didn't, she felt tired for him, so very tired!

It was such an easy choice to make. Was it really that difficult for him?

It was simple. If Raine was the one he loved, what could he not do for her? No matter how heavy her

baggage was, he could definitely resolve it for her, especially with his social status in Santabaca.

Then, they could be happily married. There would be no need to hide anything from each other anymore.

Wouldn't that be good?

As for herself, Mr. Big Shot Mark would not have to

worry about at all. He didn't even need to fritter his thought on her.

She was never a shameless person. If he still had feelings for her, she would've done everything she could for the relationship.

Contrastingly, if he had no feelings for her, she would just calmly leave the relationship herself, disappearing from him completely.

Also, she was never after his wealth. The only thing she ever wanted was just the baby inside of her!

Dale noticed the slight change in her expression. He followed her gaze and looked out the window, his

eyes falling on the jewelry shop across the street. He saw a smart man and a beautiful woman.

That fit body and handsome face looked so familiar, h e thought for a while before it hit him, 'Isn't he the

man from the magazine cover?'

Valentine group's president, his power in Santabaca could even be described as strong as the spirit of

the storm. He was really a notable person.

Then he remembered the teachers' behavior in class. They were all listening to Summer's class with honor and respect, including the Minister of Education.

In fact, he vaguely recalled someone asking if she was the wife of President Valentine.

Dale connected the dots and understood everything, asking: "Isn't he your husband?"

Summer stopped looking at them when he asked, flatly answering, "Yeah."

"But, why is your husband together with another woman? Does he know that you're here in the cafe?"

"That's his aunt," Summer explained dully to him as she just sat at her seat quietly, not mentioning anything further.

Dale was doubtful, "They look like they are similar in age, the age gap is probably not more than a few

years. They are definitely not related by blood."

Dale was so straightforward that his words pierced through her heart. But when Summer turned in the

direction of the store, she couldn't see them anymore, as if they already left.

"Initially, I thought your marriage was going well. But it doesn't seem like it now."

Remaining silent, Summer's expression was unreadable; it was cold and distant.

"Although I don't know how the both of you started or got together and get married, I do know that you

aren't as cheerful as you were last time."

Summer sounded like she was taken aback by his words, "Cheerful?"

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"You've always had a collected nature so cheerful is probably not the best word to use, but the old you

would always make me feel energized."

"People change with time, no one would stay the same forever. You've also changed yourself, no?"

Dale laughed as he took a sip of his coffee, filling his stomach with bitterness, "I won't deny it; my marriage was unlucky. But there's no denying that your marriage is just as unlucky as mine."

"I'm not denying," Summer said slowly. "This marriage is indeed a lot worse than I expected. It's definitely unfortunate."

But she was referring to herself when she described it as unfortunate. If she didn't develop any feelings

for him and stayed in the marriage just for the sake of her baby, she wouldn't be in so much pain now;

she probably would've felt better.

But she didn't notice the table that was hidden behind the vines. Seated there were two figures - Mark

and Baine.

That was why everything she said to Dale could be heard crystal clear. Baine's eyebrows twitched as

she looked over to Mark, who was sitting in front of her.

His charming features were covered with a storm of dark clouds. His long eyes were narrowing into slits, looking gloomy and fierce.

The store had famous tarts, so Raine came here to get two boxes for Yvette. But she was never

expecting to meet Summer here, let alone hear her saying such things to another man!

"If you had another chance to start over again, how would you choose your marriage?" Dale sighed

faintly. If he could start over again, he would've married Summer, no matter how bleak their future was

going to be.

'How would I choose my marriage?'

"I'll marry a man I loved, have a few babies with him and live a simple life," it was what she ever hoped

for.

But Dale focused on the wrong thing as he asked, "Does this mean you don't love your husband?"

Summer let out a faint smile. She didn't respond; neither agreed nor disagree.

She loved him, but he didn't love her. His heart was already occupied by someone else...

Mark was giving off a very dark and grim aura. The atmosphere had turned cold instantly. One could

even feel the chill being in the same space.

He swiftly stood up and walked towards their table. Raine's expression changed as she quickly

stretched out her arm in hopes of pulling him back. But she was already too late.

Raine felt intimidated. She disagreed. She had seen him so angry before, as if he was an agitated lion,

ready to pounce at something.

‘But, why would he even be angry?’

'Was it because she said their marriage was bad and unfortunate? Or was it because she said she didn't love him and crossed his line?'

She did not know, neither could she understand!

But she was desperate to know his answer, the answer to why he was this angry. It was important to her, very much important!

The man's strong figure brought pressure with him. Summer was stunned for a while as she lifted her

head and met his dangerously dark eyes. Standing beside him was Raine.

By right, he was the one who was seen being unfaithful, but the looks on his face seemed like he was

the one who caught his wife cheating. She found it so ironically laughable.

"Go back to Valentine Mansion..." he said in a deep voice through his gritted teeth, his deep and sharp

gaze piercing her.

Summer did not hide from him and instead stared back at him. On top of it, she chuckled, paying no

mind to his aggressiveness, "I am not done eating my tarts yet, you guys can go first, I'll be back later."

Without demur, Mark stepped forward and grabbed her arms strongly, forcing her to get up from her seat.

Her words to Dale had undoubtedly crossed and challenged the limit of his patience!