

## President 261

### Chapter 261

The nurse eyed her curiously and asked upon hearing Summer, "And you are?"

"Her friend."

"Luckily, her injuries aren't too serious, but had she fallen face flat, and it would have been much severe. She should recover in a few days."

"Right, understood. Thank you," feeling relieved, Summer thanked the nurse profusely.

The nurse smiled politely and replied, "You're welcome."

Instead of going to Raine's ward, she headed to the gynecologist's. Since she had a good relationship

with neither Raine nor Yvette, she knew they would only argue if she had gone over.

She had done a B-scan and then some check-ups.

When the results were out, the doctor had explained that there was nothing to be concerned about as the pain that she felt earlier could have been due to her squatting at that time. As her results have shown, everything had looked fine.

Summer nodded as she thought, "That's right--I only felt the pain when I fell and sat on the ground, and

it didn't last long.'

After that, she went back to the apartment.

Silence, loneliness, and a strong wave of indescribable emotions engulfed her whole.

She could still remember the bitter coldness in his eyes when he left.

In the hospital ward.

Yvette breathed out a sigh of relief after she heard the doctor's statement.

Seeing what had happened, Raine truly is a good girl. She actually pushed me away just in time and let

herself fall instead!' Yvette thought.

Not many people would do the same.'

His defined brows furrowed as his lips moved as he asked in a deep voice, "What exactly happened at

the Valentine mansion just now?"

"It's just as you've seen. Summer wanted to push me down the stairs, and at that exact moment, it was

Raine who protected me and fell instead," Yvette explained without a sense of hesitance.

Upon hearing so, his dark orbs shifted, but his deep voice sounded firm as he said, "She would never."

Instantaneously, Yvette directed her gaze and fell upon him. She responded, "She would never what?"

What do you mean? Were you trying to say that she would never have pushed me down the stairs?"

Swallowing, he simply answered with a single syllable, "Yes." He didn't believe that Summer would ever do something like that.

His reply had angered Yvette, and she had grown more agitated as she asked, "Mark, I'm your mother.

Are you suspecting me of forging up a story to lie to you?"

His thin lips opened and replied, "I'm not. I know and understand her character. I know she would never

intentionally cause harm to anyone. This must have been an accident."

"How can you be so sure about how she is? How would you know if she's not just faking it?"

Yvette scoffed and said,

"And like you just said, if she really didn't mean it, then shouldn't she come to visit your aunt now that

she's hospitalized? I haven't even seen any sign of her up until now. Regardless of anything, we're still

family. Does she really dislike your aunt that much?"

His brows shifted as he spoke up with his deep voice sounding displeased, "it's not her fault. I was the

reason all of this happened."

He knew that she had bumped into him and saw him getting flowers for Raine for her birthday. She had

also overheard his and Raine's conversation, so it would only be natural if she were to hold a slight grudge against Raine.

However, Yvette hated the explanation he had given. As long as what he had said was to defend Summer, she hated it, and she didn't want to listen at all.

From her point of view, Summer is the one to blame for everything.

Chapter 262

Yvette thought, 'How dare she! How dare she try and push me down from the stairs! Forget about being the Valentine's family's daughter-in-law. Only when pigs fly would I let her stay!'

Even Mark, my quiet and logical son, seems to be bewitched by her, let alone Jazz. Everything he says

is all to defend and protect that woman!'

'He's hopeless. I won't waste my effort on talking him out of it. I'll just continue with my own ways and

plans.'

At night.

Summer sat in front of her laptop with her files opened and empty with nothing typed, even though she

had wanted to prep for her classes.

At that moment, her mind was not focusing on the task before her at all, and even she herself did not

know where her thoughts had gone to.

When she snapped back and noticed the time, 40 minutes had passed, and she still had yet to type anything.

Right at that moment, the sound of the doorbell radiated through the room. She was slightly stunned a

s she just sat there frozen.

Then, sounds of persistent knocking could be heard from the door. It sounded as if the person on the other side would not have given up if she didn't open up the door.

'Has he really forgotten his keys, or is he deliberately trying to torture me because I've hurt his most beloved woman?' she thought.

The doorbell kept ringing, and she too remained sitting without budging as though they were going against one another.

It remained that way for two minutes, and she couldn't stand the piercing sound of the bell. Lips curling

up into a sarcastic smirk, she got up and went over to answer the door.

She believed that the longer his frustration carried on, the deeper his love was for Raine, which also meant, the more hatred he had for her.

She had prepared herself for the worst the moment she got up. She thought, 'No matter what he had planned, I'll just go along with it.'

Reaching out to the knob, she pulled the door open. Without lifting her head, she said directly, "Tell me,

what are you going to do to me now?"

Silence greeted her, but in a flash, she was pulled into a tight and breath-taking hug.

Feeling confused and curious, she lifted her head and saw Ms. Moore looking at her with a fond smile

as she

greeted, "Hello, Summer. Long time no see."

She was frozen in place. She had expected it to be Mark, and never did she thought it could be Ms.

Moore.

"Are you that shocked to see little ol' me?" Ms. Moore asked and let her go. Holding Summer by her

hand, they stepped into the apartment. Ms. Moore glanced around and commented, "Hmm, everything

looks the same as a year ago, but it definitely feels livelier than before."

Finding her words, she replied, "It's so late already! How did you get here?"

"I rushed here as soon as the plane landed," she smiled and said contentedly, "I wanted to give you guys a surprise. Judging from your reaction earlier, I'm sure you are!"

Hearing so, Summer finally flashed her first genuine smile of the day.

Glancing past the textbooks Summer laid open, Ms. Moore eyed her and asked, "You're still prepping

for classes? Aren't you four months pregnant already?"

"I'm wearing anti-radiation clothes," Summer said as she pointed to her clothes.

"We wouldn't know if they're truly protective or not, so it'd be safest if you just stayed away from electronics. Don't all women love to stay beautiful and young? You should start taking care of yourself

now before it's too late and you grow dark spots on your face! You also have to take care of our

precious little one here. Mark is rich. Just use his money. If you both don't spend the money, who will?"

Summer didn't answer and merely curled her lips into a small smile that didn't meet her eyes. She had

only felt despair and pain.

She thought, 'He had his heart on his Juliet or Cleopatra, and even his banking passcode was from her

birthday digits. Naturally, she would spend his money for him.'

Looking around the room, Ms. Moore furrowed her brows as she asked, "Where are the wedding pictures?" Summer remained silent.

Chapter 263

Knowingly, Ms. Moore said, "Mark, that kid hasn't liked taking pictures ever since I knew him, but I can't

believe you guys don't even have a single one of your wedding. I'm truly disappointed! Oh, I just

remembered. You guys haven't gone for your honeymoon yet right? I've actually chosen a great place

for y'all. Maybe in the next two days, you guys can go have your honeymoon. It's a perfect time now

since you guys are still newly-weds."

"No, it's okay!" Summer replied rather fiercely, all of a sudden. When she noticed how she had sounded

too forced, she explained, "He's quite busy recently, and so am I. So, maybe we can just forget about

it."

Mark had stepped in during their conversation. As he hooked his coat over onto his arm, he asked,

"Forget about what?"

Ms. Moore eyed him and sounded displeased when she asked, "Why did you come home so late?"

Aren't you worried about leaving your pregnant wife at home alone?"

He shifted his brows as he swept his gaze over onto Summer, but she looked away, avoiding his eyes.

"She's already four months pregnant, and her tummy is showing, yet you dared to leave her home alone.

What if it was slippery, and she slipped and fell?"

Standing up for Summer, Ms. Moore said sternly, "Pregnant women are incomparable with regular women. Their movements are slower. She's carrying such a huge tummy, and if she falls, do you think

she could get up immediately? If it was severe, it would be two lives at stake here! Do you understand?"

"I admit that I've been careless in terms of taking care of her. I'll pay more attention from now on.

Please calm down, my dear grandmother."

Stepping towards her, Mark walked over. His tall figure sat on the edge of the couch, and his large hands landed on her back, massaging it lightly.

With that, she could feel her anger slowly dissipating. She knows that while he may look cold, arrogant,

and unapproachable in front of others, but he's the opposite when he's with her.

'How can I not adore this grandson of mine?' she thought.

All this while, she's always been proud of him. Whenever she talks about him, all her face lines would

appear as she would smile. Everyone was envious of her for having a grandson like him.

She patted the back of his hand lightly as she said, "You shouldn't say that to me. You should tell

Summer instead. She's the one who's going to be pregnant for ten months to birth a child for you, not

me, your old grandma."

His dark eyes glistened with emotion, and he felt a part of his heart soften as soon as his gaze landed

on her slim figure. His voice was husky as his words slipped out, "I'm sorry, my dear wife. And, thank

you for holding on."

Her slender body slightly froze, but within a few seconds, she recovered from it. Though, her eyes

looked as cold as the moonlight.

If he had said all that to her before what had happened recently, she would surely have butterflies and

fell deeper for him. She would voluntarily be trapped in his charm.

However, in the present moment, she had only wanted to scoff sarcastically at him as she thought, 'He

had just returned from visiting his most beloved woman, yet he's saying such things to me now.  
What

kind of mood was he in when he had spewed those words out?

She told herself, 'It wasn't because of what he had said that had stunned me. It was because I was  
shocked that he didn't interrogate me right away after I've injured his beloved woman. Instead, he  
had

thanked me for holding on. Was he just putting on an act because Ms. Moore is here?"

"Well, isn't that better? Pregnancy really takes a toll on women. It is the job of you men to care for  
her

more!"

Feeling pleased, Ms. Moore smiled and said,

"I looked around the room and noticed that you and

Summer don't even have a single picture from your wedding. Obviously, you guys hadn't taken any.

Plus, I remember when both of you went to Norwood, you said it was also a honeymoon trip, but  
then

you didn't even stay for three days and had left Summer all alone there. What kind of honeymoon is  
that?"

"That's why I took it upon myself to plan one. I've already chosen a place for you both, and you can

leave in 2 days. It might be inconvenient when her tummy gets bigger, after all."

## Chapter 264

Things have already escalated to where it is now. Is there still a need for us to go on a honeymoon?"

Summer thought.

Hearing so, Summer rejected again, "Grandma, it's really okay. The semester has just started. I don't

think I can take out much time."

When he had noticed that there was no hesitation in her replies, he narrowed his almond-shaped eyes

as he felt a wave of frustration. He looked at her and purposefully answered his grandma, "That

sounds great."

Pleased, Ms. Moore chuckled lightly and glanced at Summer as she ordered, "Summer, go and apply

for leave from school. If you can't, this old lady of yours will do it for you myself. Since that's settled, I

won't bother you lovebirds here any longer. I'll take a taxi back to the mansion."

Summer stalled her as she invited, "Grandma, there's an extra room. You should just stay here for the

night."

"Would I be a bother to you guys?"

"Of course not!" Summer shook her head and attempted again, "Grandma, I think we really should just

give up on the honeymoon trip."

"There is room for discussion for other matters except for this one. If you don't apply for a leave, I will

do it for you," Ms. Moore answered as she turned her head and stomped into the room, feeling slightly

angered.

Ms. Moore thought, 'This is such a great chance I'm setting up for her. How could she be so insensitive

and clueless? How can I not be angry at her!'

Summer's head started to ache as she witnessed what happened. Ms. Moore and Jazz are the only ones she liked the most in the Valentine family.

'If he had also rejected, Ms. Moore would've given up on this idea, but instead, he had agreed, which

is so troublesome!' she thought.

As if in thought, she walked to the room and started to make the bed. As soon as she laid the blanket down, the man with the lean figure stepped in. He had just finished showering as his hair still had water droplets dripping.

Walking towards the windows, he switched on the lights there. With the towel in his large hands, he dried his hair while speaking up to discuss with her," How about we hire a housekeeper for the apartment?"

"Thanks, but there's no need to," she answered politely but had sounded distant. "You don't have to take what Ms. Moore said to heart."

His defined brows raised slowly after hearing her response. His gaze landed and focused on her as he

asked, "Why not?"

"This child was the reason why we agreed to get married back then, so no matter if we would get divorced or not, this child would still be mine. That's why I would take care of this myself," she responded coldly.

In an instant, Mark's face had turned dark. Her words were like heavy meteors crashing towards him.

He felt his rage bubbling up to the point that he wanted to rip her apart.

Summer pursed her lips and spoke up again, "Even before you bring up the divorce, I won't do

anything to interfere from now on. Likewise, you too, do not have the right to interfere with my matters. I

hope we would just mind our own businesses and live peacefully until the day you would like to get

divorced."

His dark eyes peered at her as he felt his anger rising and bubbling up in his throat. He stared at her for

a while, and then with a harsh and deep tone, he answered simply, "Fine, then you'll just have to wait."

At that moment, he truly despised hearing her bringing up that word, "divorce".

"Okay," she said as she placed her pillow and got on the bed. She laid sideways with her back facing

him as she spoke up again, "Since grandmother is sleeping over tonight, I can't sleep in the living

room, so we'll just have to make do for tonight."

Chapter 265

Switching off the lights by the bed, the room fell pitch black, and only the faint sounds of their breaths

could be heard.

They were sleeping side by side on the same bed, and they were so close together, but it had felt as

though there was a distance where they were out of reach from one another.

It was when the night had become darker and quieter, did they hear a sudden ring for a received

message.

A toned arm reached over to the nightstand, Mark grabbed his phone and clicked on the message. It

was from Raine which read, "Have you slept? Good night."

The blue light emitted by his phone illuminated through the room, and Summer glanced over with the

corner of her eyes. Then, she held onto her blanket tightly as her brows knotted slightly. She knew that

the message was from Raine.

She thought, 'How should I even try to save this marriage? I really do not know.'

Without replying to the message, he merely glanced at it. He placed his phone back onto the

nightstand, and he shifted his eyes sideways. His dark eyes were met with hers as she too was looking

over to him. He

asked, "What really happened back at the mansion today?"

He did not believe that she was one who would cause harm to others, but he wanted to know what was

the reason that caused them to have such a big fight.

However, she had thought that he was deliberately interrogating her. After a long moment of silence,

with her heart feeling numbed, she spoke up coldly and mockingly, "I don't have anything to say. It was

just as you saw. You can just interpret it as you want!"

After saying so, she closed her eyes and never spoke up again.

Hearing her words, Mark's large hands tightened as he stared at her back fiercely, wishing to pierce holes through it.

He was waiting for her to explain the truth to him, and he never had thought that she would be so nonchalant and disdainful.

Does she think that there is no need to explain or even talk to me?' he thought.

His expressions wavered. He wanted to pull her soft and slender frame into his arms but had also wanted to just strangle her to death.

However, as he thought of her attitude moments ago, his rage reignited, and his desire for her was kept

away. He laid up straight and slept.

The next day.

In the morning.

Yvette came just as the breakfast was plated on the table. When she saw Ms. Moore, she complained,"

Mom, why didn't you stay at the mansion instead now that you're here? Why stay here?"

Ms. Moore was having her orange juice as she eyed her, "Am I troubling you for choosing to stay here

at my grandson's?"

"That's not what I meant. I'm just trying to say our mansion is huge, wouldn't it be better to stay there?"

This place is quite small. There's not enough space."

"I think it feels pretty comfy. Mark, is Summer awake yet?" Ms. Moore asked as she turned her head

over to him.

"Yeah," he replied flatly.

Ms. Moore answered, "Call her out for breakfast. The orange juice is freshly squeezed, she should

drink it while it's fresh. And later, send her to school and get her to leave request settled. Then, both of

you can leave the day after tomorrow."

Yvette furrowed her brows and asked, "Where are they going?"

"To their honeymoon. I had planned the destination and schedules, do you have a problem with that?"

Hearing so, Yvette ground her teeth and said looking displeased, "Mom, why are you so nice to her?"

The mother-in-law is already here yet the daughter has yet to greet her, and the mother has to call

her out for breakfast. How improper is that?"

"I'm nice to her because I like her. Can't I do so?"

Speaking of which, when you were pregnant, didn't you only awake at noon? You even had servants

serve you your breakfast. Is she not a pregnant woman now like you were? You of all people don't

deserve to criticize her," Ms. Moore said without filter, "She's her family's precious girl who was doted

on back at her home. She did not marry into our family for you to pick on. You don't have to be so harsh

on her."

Yvette did not show her displeasure on her face though her eyes had glinted with emotion. She asked i

n thought, "Mom, where did you plan for them to go for their honeymoon?"

Chapter 266

Yvette thought, 'I can't possibly suggest to mom directly for Raine to tag along. That would be too

improper, but maybe I could secretly...'

Passing over the schedules and itineraries she prepared, Ms. Moore ordered, "You should help them

pack as their mother for them to get ready and leave as soon as possible."

When she heard her mom's orders, Yvette's eye twitched in anger as she scoffed quietly to herself.

She angrily thought, 'I will never help Summer pack. Unless pigs could fly, there was no way in h\*ll I

would.'

However, she still reached out and took over the itineraries. She desperately wanted to know where they were headed for their honeymoon

Summer had heard Yvette's voice coming from the living room while she was in her room. In an instant,

she had lost the desire to step out of her room.

She was willing to skip her breakfast just to avoid meeting with Yvette. She did not want to ruin her mood for the day so early in the morning.

She sat still in her room and waited. When she could not hear Yvette anymore as she had left, only did

Summer step out to the living room.

"You're awake. Come, sit. I'll go get you a fresh cup of juice. Wait here," Ms. Moore smiled as she spoke up.

Upon seeing Ms. Moore leaving, Summer quickly walked over and said, "I can do it. You should sit and rest."

Ms. Moore responded, "Even though I may be an old lady, but my body isn't that fragile. Besides, regular exercises are good for my mental and physical health s o moving about is good for me.

Summer had stepped into the kitchen but was pushed out by Ms. Moore. Feeling defeated, she could

only take her seat at the dining table.

Mark was dressed in a suit as he walked out of the dressing room with his long legs. He helped Ms.

Moore to set up and placed the dishes that she prepared on the table.

Since there was no juice, she had drunk milk instead. As she took a gulp of the milk, her brows

furrowed, and she had almost puked it out.

Ever since she was a child, she would react so when she had drunk milk, specifically cow's milk. She

just couldn't stand how it tasted, and she felt that it tasted weird from other milk.

He swept past her with the corners of his eyes, and he furrowed his brows slightly. Moving his lips, his

deep voice sounded gentle as he asked, "Do you want some sugar?"

Ms. Moore was just sitting right there with them. It would be rude to accept if she wasn't the one who

had offered. Summer lowered her head and flatly replied, "Nope."

His eyes darkened as he watched her every move. The coldness from his gaze threatening to surround

and trap her.

Pretending not to feel it, she drank her glass of milk and had a soft-boiled egg. All the while ignoring his

existence.

The two had filled the dining area with faint tension. As perceptive as she was, Ms. Moore could tell

from one glance that something was going on between them. However, she had said nothing and only

glanced at them periodically.

For a moment, there was only silence in the dining area. It was utterly quiet.

Then, Mark pushed his cup of joe away and stood up. His slender fingers fixed the cuffs of his suit, and

his narrow eyes looked up as he said, "Summer, please go t o my study and retrieve some documents

for me."

Hearing so, Summer paused as she held onto her glass of milk. Her brows furrowed again as she stood still.

It was Ms. Moore who had finally spoken up, "Go help him."

As soon as her words left her mouth, she winked at her grandson sneakily, implying, 'See, your wife has

got it.'

In Summer's point of view, since Ms. Moore had also requested for her to go, she naturally wouldn't have an objection to the request. She turned on her heel and headed to the study. As expected, she had noticed the documents on the desk.

When she stepped out again, she saw his tall and lean figure stepping out of their apartment. Feeling annoyed, she quickly tried to catch up to him.

#### Chapter 267

He didn't enter the elevator. He just stood by the door, as though he was waiting for her.

Stepping over to him, she pushed the documents into his arms, and without saying anything else, she

turned and left.

The words had hung right onto his lips as they twitched, but before he could utter them, her slender figure had gone out of sight. She had even shut the door.

'How dare this woman!' he thought.

His brows seem to be knitted tighter. He glared at the door as if he had wanted his gaze to pierce through the door and through her.

Ms. Moore waved to her, signaling for Summer to sit close to her, and she said gently, "Your mother-in-

law doesn't really have a good temper as she was spoilt since young. So, don't take what she does or

says to heart. You can just brush her off after. She's already in her late 40s. I don't think she's able to change how she is now, so you might have to just bear with her."

"No, I think she's fine," Summer replied.

Ms. Moore is Yvette's mother after all, and it wouldn't be nice to badmouth someone's daughter right in

front of

of their mother. No one would like to hear such complaints.

"And about Mark..." Ms. Moore paused then continued, "you'll notice that he isn't as cold as he seems

to be after spending some time with him. He's actually a very affectionate person."

Without saying anything, Summer only nodded her head when she heard what Ms. Moore said.

She had agreed with some parts of it. 'Mark truly looked like a cold and heartless man,' she thought.

But, she believed that in some cases, the colder someone might appear to be, the more affectionate or

dedicated they are as a lover.

'However, this dedication and affection of his were only reserved for some people, someone like

Baine...'

"Great. I won't continue nagging now. Go pack and get ready. You guys can leave when Mark comes

home from work tonight," said Ms. Moore.

"Okay," Summer replied. Looking into Ms. Moore's eyes, she had forced out her reply even though she

had felt reluctant to.

After chatting with her for a moment more, Ms. Moore had wanted to visit Baine at the hospital. Before

she left, she had asked Summer if she wanted to head there together, but Summer declined politely.

She had already known the results-- Baine's injuries weren't severe, which she was relieved of. Hence

she did not follow along.

Since she couldn't attend her afternoon classes, and she didn't have the mood to go out, she

disinterestedly stuffed her luggage with only a few pieces of clothing and nothing else.

Mark had returned home earlier than usual. It was only 5 p.m., and he was already home.

Their ride was waiting for them downstairs. They got i n the car and headed to the airport, and they boarded the plane. Then, the plane took off.

As she didn't sleep well the night before, she couldn't stop the drowsiness that was creeping up to her

when she leaned into her seat. She felt sleepier, and soon she had fallen asleep unconsciously.

When she awoke, she immediately realized that a black coat was draped over her body. Squinting her

eyes, she tilted them and saw the man who was dressed in a V-neck sweater sitting next to her had his

head low as he reviewed some documents.

The coat had felt warm. She took it off and passed it to him. Then, she looked outside the window and

realized it was pitch black. She couldn't see anything.

Lifting his gaze, Mark looked at her and asked, "You're awake?"

"Yep," she answered flatly without retracting her gaze.

He did not feel annoyed. He passed his coat to her and said, "Put it on."

"I don't need it," she rejected directly, and she intentionally said, "If you're in love with a woman, you

should commit to her and not go flirting around or giving hope to other women. They might

misunderstand."

She thought, 'If you love someone, just focus on loving them. Don't go close or even flirt with other

women.'

Chapter 268

"Are you referring to yourself as other women?" he felt inexplicably angered by her words and blurted

out what he had thought.

"No, I'm not, but since we're just in a contract-bound relationship, you didn't have to be so nice to me."

A cold 'hmp' came from his lips. Mark's handsome features darkened, and his expressions looked more solemn when he heard her say 'contract-bound.'

As she knew what she had said was all true, she ignored him.

Their destination was Bonimel, and their accommodation had been taken care of. It was a white, beautiful, and spacious villa.

Putting down her luggage, she tidied up the room a bit before showering and changing into her pajamas.

Mark then came into the room. He was also dressed in his pajamas.

"Isn't there a room next door?" she furrowed her brows as she asked, explicitly showing her unwillingness in sharing a room with him.

Seeming as if he wanted to pick a fight with her, he said, "There is, but so what? I do not have the intention of us sleeping separately. A married couple

should stay in the same room after all." "I'm quite curious as to how Raine would react if she were to

hear what you've said," Summer said purposefully.

His eyes darkened as he controlled his urge to strangle her. He scoffed, "You don't have to be too curious."

"Yeah, I know, but don't you think it's disgusting for a man to insist on sleeping with another woman on

the same bed when he already has his heart on someone?"

She had asked coldly. Even if he hadn't thought that it was, she knew she did.

So now, she's calling me disgusting?' he thought.

No woman had dared to call him disgusting before. She was the first and the only one who had. He had

felt sick at how she spitted out that insult from her lips.

As his blood boiled, he grabbed the back of her head with his big hands, and fiercely pressed onto her

lips.

She struggled violently and bit down on him hard without mercy. What they shared was obviously not

known as kissing but more to biting.

Momentarily, both of them huffed as they pulled away. Their lips were both lightly injured with a bright.

Both of them just stared at each other as no one was willing to admit defeat. Suddenly, the doorbell rang at that moment, and pulled Summer back from her trance. She had thought it was the housekeeper who came to deliver something. She wiped her lips with the back of her hand and went to answer the door.

And, it was Raine who was standing at the other side.

She was carrying a black suitcase in her hands, and her pretty face had looked a little pale as she couldn't stop her light coughs. She wore a long flowy skirt that swayed behind her.

After hearing the news, Raine had rushed over to them overnight, and she felt in luck as she made it on time.

Summer's gaze was cold as she swept past Raine before turning to leave. Summer had felt shocked at first, but the shock had soon faded into nothing.

She thought, 'For her to rush over immediately, she sure is quick and a competent mistress. She is truly on another level.'

Pulling her luggage along, Raine stepped into the villa. Her gaze fell upon the other two in the living

room who were both dressed in pajamas. Their lips had looked flushed with faint bite marks.

She had seen it clearly, and she thought, 'It's almost certain that when a man and a woman are alone

in a room by themselves, especially at night, something would bound to happen. Fortunately, I've made

it just i n time. A few more minutes later, and they would probably...'

'It was thanks to Yvette for sharing the news to me so quickly that I could hop on the next flight after

theirs t o get here/

Judging by what happened, I've made the right decision to come here. A good decision indeed!'

Chapter 269

However, Mark showed no signs of shock towards her arrival. His brows tightened as his gaze turned

deep." Why are you here?"

Smiling, Raine answered, "Grandma told me that the both of you were here, that's why I came along as

well. Besides, I heard good things about the scenery here. The view is gorgeous throughout the whole

year."

The corner of Summer's lips curled upwards as she listened to what Raine had to say. Behind her smile

was nothing but scorn and coldness.

'It could all be a lie; she could have other motives...'

"What about your recovery?" His brows remained knitted with complexity. His expression was unreadable.

"I'm feeling much better now. The doctor said that I'm okay now. I could even run." His concern had Raine feeling like she was on cloud nine.

Summer clenched her fist as she Listened to them talk like they were the only two people in the room.

Her fingers were digging into the palm of her hand, but the pain was the reason that she could have a

sense of clarity.

There was no need for her to stay at such a place. She put on a coat over her sleepwear; ignoring them as she walked past them and left the house.

The villa was a detached house surrounded by nature. Though the night sky was dark, the streetlights

alone were enough to show the beauty of the night view.

The air was refreshing and cold, and a whiff of it was enough to wake one up. Summer's heavy heart

was cleared as she took in the fresh air.

She followed the stone path and walked until she reached the end before turning around and walking

back; still following the stone path.

It was 8 PM when she left the house. But when she got back, it was already 10 PM.

The two hours she spent outside was neither too long nor short, but it was probably enough for Mark

and Baine to finish their conversation. She planned to turn a blind eye and go back to her room to get

some rest.

Surprisingly, as she stepped into the villa, she noticed that neither of them left, nor did they go upstairs.

They were just sitting on the couch in the living room.

Hearing her footsteps, Mark shifted his gaze towards her and he said in a deep voice, "Why did you come back so late?"

Summer snickered sarcastically when she heard his question. 'Doesn't he think that the question was inappropriate, especially in front of Baine?'

Baine was also looking at Summer. Her eyes were gentle and warm as she said elegantly, "Yeah, you're still pregnant, Summer. It's cold at night so it's really easy for you to catch a cold. You should

really take care of yourself."

Raine was a smart and slick woman. She knew when to speak and when to hold her tongue; when to

make a move and when to back down.

Unfortunately, Summer loathed such women. She had always found them overly pretentious.

"Were you always this kind?" Summer asked coldly as she stared directly into Raine's eyes.

"Summer, I don't know what you're trying to say. I really don't understand you." Raine's face remained

gentle, and not showing any other emotions.

"Do you really not understand, or do you not want to understand?" Summer asked directly, not

bothering to give her any face. "Don't you still love him? The reason you're here now is definitely not

because of the scenery, yes?"

Raine remained silent as she sat on the couch with her head held low. At that moment, Summer was

the one who was being aggressive and hostile, in contrast to Raine.

"Since you love him so much, don't you feel disgusted at being so terribly nice and caring towards me?

I, for one, am very uncomfortable and disgusted."

Raine clenched the corner of her shirt with her fist as she lifted her head. She looked at Summer every

so gently, "Summer, I really meant what I said. They were all from the bottom of my heart. None of it

was fake." "It's really not my business whether it's fake or not. I do not mind, nor do I care. But I am

certain that I do not want to hear any of it. Not even a single word. Do you understand?"

Chapter 270

This time, Raine's expression started turning dark as she responded, "Sorry, I really had no idea you hated me this much."

"It's the truth. I do not like you at all. Your heart is big, you're generous, and you can tolerate a lot of things. But sadly, I can't. I have a small heart, and I am not as open-minded as you. Naturally, I am not

a tolerant person. Right now, I am his wife, and you are his aunt. But you still stepped into our relationship. I don't care how strong your relationship was with him, but you are still a homewrecker!"

Raine always had a high social status. As soon as she heard the word 'homewrecker', she bit hard into

her lips, leaving a mark.

"Enough." A deep voice echoed in the room as Mark finally broke his silence. His response was directed at Summer.

Summer smiled sarcastically as she looked at him, "Are you heartbroken?"

Mark's charming face had a deep expression, but he showed no signs of anger. He just responded deeply with the words, "Don't cross the line."

"And what do these four words mean? I don't really understand. But I am very clear of the definition of

the word homewrecker," Summer continued as if she

didn't hear what he said

At that point, Raine stopped being quiet, and she expressed, "Summer, you don't have to put it in such

a n ugly way. I know how embarrassing my place is right now. But I love him, and he wants me. I won't

back down, no matter how harsh you are to me."

Summer started to feel dizzy as she closed her eyes for a moment. After she collected herself again,

she opened her eyes and said flatly, "From what I remember, I didn't ask you to back down, correct?"

"Then what is it that you want, Summer? Please just say what you want to say. I will listen carefully."

"Since both of you are so besotted with one another, there is no reason for me to stop you two. I

wouldn't want to either. So, I'm okay with getting a divorce. That way, both of you can be together

without any hindrance. What do you say?”

Summer uttered every single word clearly and slowly. Her jaw clenched.

All this while, she wanted their marriage to last. She would do her best to keep their marriage. But by

the looks of it now, there was no need for her to have such desires anymore.

He loved Raine, and Raine loved him back. She was the unnecessary one.

Besides, Raine was always sticking around. What was even the purpose of this honeymoon?

Had anyone ever seen a homewrecker tagging along with a couple during their honeymoon? Worse still, the homewrecker was even staying in the same house.

She found the situation absurd and laughable. But ultimately, it was unacceptable to her. Things had already escalated to this point. Hence, ending their marriage was the only way for everyone to let go.

They wouldn't have to worry about her, and she wouldn't have to endure the waves of heartaches and

the bitterness of watching them together anymore. It was unbearable.

Baine was stunned as she glanced over to Mark. Her furrowed brows were loosened. Undeniably,

Baine was pleased to hear what Summer had said.

Summer wanted a divorce, and Yvette warmed up to her. It was the best timing for her.

"I've said it before. Don't you dare say the same thing in front of me twice!" Mark's expression had turned completely gloomy along with his voice, which had also turned cold.

"But I feel like there is a need to say it twice. You are both in love. I am not needed here. It's only rational for me to leave. May I know why Mr. Valentine is having such a reaction?" Summer laughed

sarcastically and did not understand Mark.

Mark was unexplainably irritated to the bones. He was uncontrollably disgusted by what Summer said.

He found it repulsive.

"Could this mean that Mr. Valentine doesn't want to let me go?"

Summer tightened her gaze on him as she continued, "If we were back in the old days, Mr. Valentine

could definitely have the both of us in each arm and enjoy the best of both worlds. Unfortunately, we're

now in the modern days. You can't have your cake and eat it too. You can't just keep going back and forth between two women."