

President 291

Chapter 291

She walked alone down the street, and across the sidewalk. Holding an umbrella, she slowly made her

way through the busy crowd. She seemed to be the only one who was so down and out.

Suddenly she heard a song. She stopped and stood still, listening.

"But you didn't have to cut me off

Make out like it never happened and that we were nothing

And I don't even need your love

But you treat me like a stranger and that feels so rough

Now you're just somebody that I used to know..."

She heard this song before, but she did not expect to hear it again now, in this state of mind, with this

tearing pain in her heart.

Now you're just somebody that I used to know...

Somebody that I used to know... These few words described her situation so vividly. She really thought

it was heaven at first, but it ended up like this.

She did not know how long she had been standing alone on the street until she realized how cold she

felt. She came out of her trance. The rain had soaked

through all her clothes.

The rain ran down her face and blurred the road before her. She wiped the rain from her face and

walked on...

She was still the only one in the mansion, but there was no reason to stay here anymore.

She brought very little here so she did not need to pack much. After changing into clean clothes, she

pulled her suitcase along and went to the train station.

The train was very fast, and within hours she was in Santabaca.

Instead of going home, she went straight to the hotel. After entering the hotel room, she called Maria

and asked her if Yvette was at Valentine mansion.

After learning that she was not at Valentine mansion, Summer took a taxi to Valentine mansion.

Once she got to her room, she packed up all her belongings. It was just clothes and toiletries, and it did

not take her long to pack them all.

The moment she pulled the suitcase out of the room, she turned and looked around the room deeply.

There were no wedding photos, so she did not have to think about what to do with them, and no ring,

so she did not have to think about whether to throw it away or return it.

In that light, this marriage was simple indeed. The corner of her mouth slowly curved into a sarcastic,

sad smile. She turned around and left without looking back.

Summer lay awake in her hotel room, tossing and turning, and finally made a decision.

She was going to leave this place!

There were too many people in Santabaca she did not want to see; Yvette, Raine, and him!

She was not afraid, and she was not hiding. She just did not want to let anything here affect her mood

anymore. Leaving here, her life would certainly be better and calmer.

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Raine was so agitated that her body, which had not yet recovered, was even more fragile. She was so

angry that she could not breathe.

The doctor came in, gave her IV fluids and some more instructions, and then left.

Mark's handsome face had been grim and calm since Summer left. He did not speak again after she left.

Lying in bed, Raine's eyes flickered over him. A glow of joy rose in her heart. He signed the divorce

papers!

But then she thought of her own face, and the glow in her look and eyes dimmed again.

She did not care about looks, but who would not care when a woman's face was ruined like that?

Mark got up from the couch and was striding his long legs out of the ward.

Raine, who was half-leaning on the bed, sat up and stared at the figure, and asked, "Where are you going? I ... Have nightmares..." Her voice was hoarse.

He turned around and his eyes fell gently on her. In a deep voice, he answered, "I'm going to have a cigarette. I'll be back soon..." "You can smoke right here, I don't mind." She shook

her head.

"But I mind. You lie down and rest. I'll be back soon..."

Mark laid her down on the bed, gently pulled the blanket over her with his big hands, and then turned

and walked out of the room.

Baine seemed as though she was about to say something, but the words reached her lips and she swallowed them back.

Outside the room, in the long corridor, the tall, muscular figure reclined against the window, a cigarette

between his slender fingers, the intense sarcasm and cold in his eyes swirling like smoke.

His thin lips curled up coldly as he thought of the woman, as cold as ice.

There was no need for a woman like that to cross his mind again!

The next morning

Summer woke up very early. Maybe she was not used to sleeping in the hotel bed. Maybe she did not

feel like sleeping at all.

She felt that she had been half asleep all night and had not slept soundly.

Today, she planned to go to school and quit.

When she arrived at the school, she went directly to the principal's office and told him the reason for

her coming.

The principal was slightly shocked at first, after which he tried every means to retain her, but she

insisted on resigning and could not promise him to stay.

In fact, she knew only too well that the principal's reason for keeping her was mostly because of him.

"Now that you've made up your mind, I respect your decision, but if you want to come back, you'll

always be welcome back." The principal spoke with unusual fervor.

Summer just smiled symbolically and saw Dean as she walked out of the school with a box in her hands.

Dressed in a police uniform, he was talking to the owner of a restaurant across the street from the school, his body standing straight.

Seeing her, Dean walked quickly over to her, took the box from her, and asked in surprise, "You have

no class today?"

"I quit," she said lightly.

"Why?" Dean then looked down at her belly, smiled awkwardly and said, "Look at my reaction."

"Why are you here then?"

"There was a rape case here some time ago. I'm here investigating the case." "Then I won't disturb the

kind and honest Officer

Singleton who is investigating the case. I'll go first." Summer took the box in Dean's hand.

Dean looked at the time and said, "Why don't you wait for me for a minute? I'll finish up and drive you

home."

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"It's alright. I'll just take a taxi. You should hurry. I'll be going now. We can keep in touch through calls."

She had gone to a hotel instead. The reason being she hadn't thought of how she should explain to her

parents.

Sitting on the couch by the window, she watched as the cars drove by and people walking about on the

busy streets through the window.

A moment later, as though she had thought of something, she fished out her phone from her bag and drafted a message.

"Let's meet at the Civil Registry Office at ten tomorrow, n

Although they had both signed the divorce agreement, there was still one last step to finalize it.

Her finger hovered over the "send" key. After hesitating for quite a moment, she had pressed on it and

sent the message.

On the other side.

At the airport.

Yvette had rushed over and held onto Raine, whose body had still felt weak. Yvette's heart had ached

for

her.

Raine was quiet the whole time. The hat and mask that she put on had almost covered her entire face.

She was still not used to being the way she is now. She still could not bear the weird gazes from others.

Mark was walking behind them. Feeling the vibrations from his phone in his suit pants pocket, he fished

out his phone and clicked on the message.

"Let's meet at the Civil Registry Office at 10 tomorrow."

His chiseled features had looked expressionless and calm, but his hand, which was holding onto his phone, had tightened. His grip was so tight as if he had wanted to crush this phone.

Yvette turned around when she didn't hear his footsteps following along. She saw him standing still while furrowing his brows as he stared at his phone. She asked, "What's wrong, Mark?"

Mark regained his composure without giving any response and caught up to them. No one could decipher what he had truly felt other than noticing the coldness in his eyes.

The next morning.

It was only 9.30 a.m., but Summer had already arrived outside the Civil Registry Office. It wasn't considered late, but there was already quite a queue.

She hadn't expected to see so many people lining up to get divorced.

He was nowhere to be seen, and she stood at the same spot as she waited. Around 9:55 a.m., a familiar Land Rover appeared.

She thought, 'Before this, it was me who always rode shotgun, but now it was Baine.' Summer could

still recognize her with a glance, even if her whole face was covered.

Did they have to be so clingy to one another?'

Did they really have to come together to finalize the divorce at the registry office?'

Summer had felt something pierce through her heart as it ached badly to the point of becoming numb,

but she had remained a calm expression.

The door of the Land Rover opened, and Mark who had a black coat on got off the car. Raine had stayed in the car.

As though he didn't notice her, he walked past her and towards the office. Her fists clenched, and she

forced herself to stay calm as she followed behind him.

They entered through the side entrance of the building, and went straight to the office. An officer had

been waiting for them there. Right when he saw Mark, he greeted, "Hello, Mr Valentine."

Mark took a seat on the couch after responding briefly. His gaze looked deep like bottomless pits as he

narrowed his eyes.

Opening up her fists which had grown warm, Summer passed over the divorce agreement to him along

with some other documents.

His eyes glanced over her occasionally, and every time they landed on her, they had grown colder, but

he hadn't uttered a word. It was mocking, yet he didn't care.

The office was utterly quiet. The officers worked efficiently and quietly without chatting or saying anything unnecessary. Summer only stood there with her eyes straight ahead, holding onto her bag.

She did not look at him.

A moment later, the staff had handed them two copies of a document that was titled 'Divorce Decree' in

bold. The two bolded words had looked so prominent yet glaring.

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Finally, everything had come to an end. They have officially divorced, and they would no longer matter

to one another from that very moment.

Who knew it was just that simple to go from being married to getting divorced?

Or in other words, it was just a certificate that reduced them from a married couple to strangers.

She reached out slowly to get the divorce decree, and suddenly, she felt an urge to cry. However, she

had forced it down.

Keeping her documents, she turned on her heel and left without looking back and without a word.

He froze in place as his deep and narrowed eyes lingered on her back. He hadn't taken his divorce decree yet.

The officer reminded as he softly called out to him, "M r. Valentine."

On the officer's fourth attempt did Mark return from his trance. He stared at the document for quite a

while as if he had wanted his gaze to shred it into pieces.

The officer had started to feel anxious from the way h e had stared at the document. He had no clue as

to what Mark was contemplating at that moment.

Just when the officer's hand that was holding onto the divorce decree had started to tremble slightly,

Mark suddenly took over the document and left.

The officer let out a breath of relief as he sank onto the couch. He sipped on his tea, trying to ease away the anxiety he felt.

He thought, 'Why do rich people act so different even when they're here to finalize their divorces?'

He shrugged, thinking he wouldn't understand them.

Stepping out of the civil registry office, she noticed the queue was still long.

Raising her head, she saw Raine, who was waiting in the car. Summer could clearly see Raine calling

someone as her mouth was moving underneath her mask.

Despite the distance between them, Raine had felt the gaze that fell upon herself. She raised her head

and looked in the direction.

Their eyes met, and they stared at one another.

Without backing down, Summer stared on and had even curled her lips slightly.

Raine could see Summer's expressions clearly. Her grip tightened on her phone as she stared at

Summer with eyes filled with rage.

Summer noticed the apparent reflection of rage in Raine's eyes but paid no mind to it. She gave her a

few nonchalant glances and walked away in the opposite

direction.

She did not care if Raine hated her as she thought, 'That is her problem.'

She believed she had done everything that she could or was capable of. She thought, 'Even if it was me who indirectly caused Raine to fall off the cliff, I know it isn't on me, and I am not guilty of anything.'

In truth, she had only saved Raine because it was the right thing to do, and she was not one who would

ignore someone in need of help.

However, she believed that she was not obliged, nor was it her duty to save Raine.

Therefore, no matter how much Raine had hated her at present, she would not give a d*mn.

The black Land Rover had driven past her merely after she took a few steps, and it pulled over right in

front of her.

Mark and Raine got down the car together, and the 3 of them had met once again.

Summer had ignored their presence and continued to walk past them and straight ahead without batting an eye.

She wore a smile on her face with her back straight as she walked, carrying her unique sense of pride

and dignity.

Mark narrowed his eyes as he had thought of wiping that smug look off her face and clipping off that

wings of pride of hers. Raine, who was beside him, spoke up at that moment, "Mark, shall we go?"

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There were slight movements in Mark's eyes as he recollected himself. He looked at Raine,

occasionally stealing glances at Summer. In a deep voice, he said, "Let's go."

The two went to the supermarket across the street. Raine had three facemasks with her, each worn for

a certain amount of time before she changed into another. She also bought herself some fruits along

the way.

Lowering his head, Mark looked at the watch on his wrist as he said, "We should go now. There isn't

much time left till our flight to Athana."

Suddenly, Raine's hand stiffened, holding a facemask in it. She said slowly, "I'll be honest with you

Mark. I am a little afraid and worried, I'm not really prepared for it."

"No matter you're going to treat your face or get a plastic surgery, this is the best time for you to get treatment. You shouldn't miss this, you understand right?"

The doctor had briefed them about the important things. For the treatment for Raine's face, timing is

the most critical factor. That was why Mark had her with him since the morning, and he didn't want to

waste any minute.

Raine wrapped her arm around his as she said shakily, "I'm scared. I'm scared that I would wake up to

an unfamiliar face."

Mark's adam's apple thumped slightly in his throat as his charming face softened. "You won't. I'll make

sure they give their best performance to keep your natural face."

"Then, would you always be by my side?" She looked up to him with hope in her eyes.

"Yeah..." he replied softly. He gave her his word because he was the cause of the scar on her face.

Needless to say, he had to be there for her during her treatment.

Raine was relieved and asked, "What time is it now?"

"Half past ten. We still have an hour and a half before we head to the airport."

Mark carried her newly bought goods in his arms. But Raine felt that the people around her were

looking at her face curiously. Her heart stung as she hurriedly lowered her hat.

Mark turned around and saw her being in such a state. Once, she was full of confidence and elegance.

But the Raine he was looking at now was like a rat looking for a hole to hide.

His eyebrows came together to a frown as his face turned cold, mixed with a bit of anger. He

immediately shot the people around them a fierce glare, causing them to turn their gaze away from

Raine gradually.

He held Raine's groceries in one hand. In his other arm hand was the tensed and helpless Raine. Just

like that, both of them left the supermarket.

On the other side-

Summer finally slowed down her footsteps when she felt their gaze disappeared. The divorce papers in

her hands were crumpled as she held on to them too tightly.

She walked for some time, not too long nor too short. But somehow, it still made her exhausted, yet her

back remained straight.

Her eyes started to sting as she lifted her head and looked at the glaring sun. She blinked her eyes,

attempting to wash away the sourness in her eyes before walking forward.

After being hurt and wounded, there must be a day where she would be completely healed, right?

She has been staying in the hotel for a few days now. She figured that she couldn't continue staying in

the hotel, so she packed her bags and went home.

She was greeted by Daisy when she opened the door. Daisy looked at her backs strangely and asked,"

What's going on with you?"

Summer shoved the bags into her hands and said, "I'm really tired. Please let me rest. I'll tell you everything

once I've woken up."

She walked into her room right after she was done with her small talk. She laid on her small bed and

fell asleep.

Her sleep lasted for a whole six hours until late noon. The golden evening sun was peeking through her

window as she slowly opened her eyes and sat up.

At that moment, she could hear a string of footsteps nearing her room. Daisy was furious as she walked towards her. She tossed the divorce paper in her face and asked, "What is this? You better explain yourself, Summer Hart."

'She sure found out fast.' Summer averted her gaze as she spoke softly, "It's exactly like how you see

it, mom."

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"What I want to know is, what is the reason for the divorce." Daisy stared at her closely and could not

bear to hear such news. Summer got married in a haste, and now wanted to divorce in the same fashion. Daisy wondered what she was doing.

"The woman he loves has returned from abroad and reconciled with him," Summer explained, as if it

did not matter, with her eyes slightly looking down.

"Then when you married him, didn't you know that he already had a woman he loved?" Daisy was distraught, almost passing out.

"I knew. That was why we were married by agreement. I married him because I wanted to keep the child in my womb. Mom, the doctor said that there is some issue with my uterus, and the chance of getting pregnant again is small. If I got an abortion, I would most likely not have children again in the

future. I did not want to take that risk. I want this child, I want to give birth to him, and I want to experience the feeling of being a mother. I don't want to live my life with regrets."

She spoke slowly, almost word by word, enough to let Daisy hear clearly and know her determination,

and that she would not regret it.

Daisy had almost figured out what it was all about. She never knew that her daughter had kept so

many things from her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" The anger and resentment dissipated in an instant, and even her questioning

voice was mixed with so much distress and the pain of seeing her daughter suffer.

"Because I could handle it alone and could bear with it. And I would tell you when I could not,"

Summer said with a smile.

Looking at the smile at the corners of her mouth, Daisy still could not help feeling sad. "Actually, getting

a divorce could be the right choice. They are a wealthy family, and you might not get used to living with

them. I don't want you to get bullied, but keep things to yourself. Keep the child; your dad and I will

raise him for you."

Summer got up and hugged Daisy, buried her face in her neck and muttered, "Okay, you and Dad will

help raise the child, and give the child the best."

This is home, a place where you find refuge and warmth when you feel tired and hurt.

"Would you like something to eat? I will make it for you. You must be hungry after sleeping for so long."

"I am starving now, Mom. Could you make me some mushroom soup?" "Sure. I will make it now. It will

be ready soon." "Thank you, Mom." Summer let out a smile. After Daisy left, the smile dimmed. She

opened the notebook and looked for a job.

The Nokocola Bay area was a good place, as it was only a few hours away from Santatabaca, close to

the sea and had a suitable living environment. Getting a job there was not such a bad idea.

And when Amara heard the news, she looked like she was surprised. While drinking her milk, she

leisurely chewed on some snacks. "This is expected. But then, did he pay any breakup fee?"

Daisy secretly glared at Amara, signaling her to keep her mouth shut.

"What I said is the truth. Even if you do not get half of his wealth, a few million dollars of cash is a must.

I will fight for it if I were you."

Finally, Daisy could not help smacking Amara on her back. "Can't you stop causing trouble here?"

"She has a right to alimony in a divorce. Why should she give that up? It is not the time to pretend."

Amara retorted, feeling not too happy.

Summer said not a word, but just sat there quietly, with no one knowing what was on her mind from the

beginning until her phone vibrated. She snapped back and picked up the phone.

"Summer, you still have some things left in the Valentine mansion. Are you coming to pick it up, or do

you want me to send it to you?" Maria's gentle voice was heard on the other end.

"I am not going over to the Valentine mansion. Could you please send the things over? I will see you at

the Blue Bay Cafe. Well, well, that's it. I will hang up now."

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Hanging up the phone, Summer stood up from the sofa and picked up her handbag. "Mom, I am going

out."

"I will go with you." While speaking, Daisy quickly took off her apron. She was worried to see her going

out alone.

"Mom, I am just going to get some things. I will be back soon and nothing will happen." She comforted

Daisy.

"Then let your dad accompany you. He is just idling and playing chess at home, anyway."

Summer shook her head to decline, and walked out of the room.

Seeing her daughter disappearing from her sight, Daisy felt bad for her. As if thinking of something, she

sternly warned Amara and Solomon in the room," Never mention Mark and the Valentines in front of me

again!"

For as much as how shocked, angry, and disbelieving she was when she learned about Summer's divorce, she was relieved upon knowing the truth of the entire matter.

After all, Mark was not the man her daughter loved. It

was alright to divorce. The worst thing was to keep repeating the same mistake until she could not extricate herself.

Amara shrugged as if saying, "What is the big deal." She just felt that giving up a large chunk of money

was a shame.

At Blue Bay Cafe, Summer was waiting for Maria, but it was Yvette who came.

She wanted to leave, but when she saw the box in Yvette's hand, she changed her mind and sat there,

waiting for Yvette to approach.

Seeing Summer's expression, anger brewed inside of her. Now that Summer and Mark had divorced,

what else was she proud of?

Yvette threw the box on the coffee table with a bang.

Ignoring her, Summer got up and picked up the box to leave.

Yvette's anger turned into fury. She stood in Summer's way. Summer frowned and looked at her impatiently. "Anything else?"

Looking at her with cold eyes, Yvette took out a bank check from the pouch she carried with her and

arrogantly placed it in front of Summer. "Name your price."

Perplexed, Summer stared at her actions coldly. "What do you mean?"

"Mark has a great heart. He asked me to give you this check. Of course, you may fill in the amount as

much as you like."

Was Mark great-hearted, or just deliberately mocking her?

Looking away, Summer pushed the check back expressionlessly. "Please tell him, I don't need it."

Yvette let out a sneer.

"We, the Valentines, have shortchanged no one. You might disgust me very much, but I will not let outsiders say that we have mistreated you. My patience and time are running out, and I don't have time

to play games here. Write the amount down now. Otherwise, you will regret it after I leave."

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They were divorced, yet she still made such an expression in front of her. It was a type of torment.

Staring at Yvette, she slowly curled up the corner of her mouth into a sneer, and took back the cheque

that she had just pushed away. "Thank you for the reminder, Mrs. Valentine. I will fill it out."

She bent down slightly, holding a pen, and wrote a series of numbers on the check.

Yvette's brows were knitted together, and she gasped when she glanced at the figure on the check. It was \$1 billion.

"Why are you giving me this reaction, Mrs. Valentine? Is it because I have demanded too little?" With a

nonchalant smile at the corner of her mouth, Summer bent over and added a zero at the back of the figure, turning it into \$10 billion.

"You really have no sense of shame asking for this exorbitant amount!" Yvette cursed, gritting her teeth.

"Look at your reaction, Mrs. Valentine. You thought I was pretending when I refused. Now that I have

written the amount, you look at me with contempt and say I demand too much. Then what else can I do

to please you, Mrs. Valentine?"

"You-" Yvette was angry, but could not find any words in response.

"Actually, I have an extreme temperament. I will either accept none or want it all. Could you allow me a

few days to assess Mr. Valentine's net worth before filling in the number?" Summer said nonchalantly,

without fear or favor.

Yvette took the check back, and then quickly tore it to pieces. "You will not get a penny from us." She

forced her words through her teeth.

"Since you cannot pay, why bother to sound me out and try to taunt me? You are only shooting yourself

in the foot." Summer smiled disapprovingly.

Yvette had never gotten the upper hand when she argued with Summer. This made the fire of anger burn even more violently inside her. "You pushed Raine off the cliff. Karma will catch up with a vicious

woman like you."

After shifting her posture, Summer stared at her, nodded, and said calmly, "Okay, then I will be waiting

for the day when karma catches up with me."

No matter what she said, Yvette did not get any advantage and could do nothing about Summer. She was fit to be tied and nearly smashed the glass to the floor.

Picking up the box, Summer was no longer in the mood to argue with Yvette. "I am busy, so I will leave

now. If you have the time, you may try the coffee here.

It is good."

As she walked past Yvette towards the door, Yvette sneered, "Raine is disfigured. You must be gloating

over it, aren't you?"

Her words were loud and clear. Summer could hear clearly. But she just chuckled and moved on.

The next second, Yvette's voice came again. "But your schadenfreude will not last long. Mark has accompanied Raine to Athana to seek treatment. She will recover soon."

It turned out that Mark had accompanied Raine to Athana to seek treatment.

It was no wonder, since Raine was the woman he loved. How could he not be distressed when she was

disfigured?

Besides, he brought Raine with him even when he signed the divorce papers. That was enough to show how far the two had gone.

Her heart was tingling in pain. Summer closed her eyes slightly, fought back her emotions, and uttered

a nonchalant "Oh", and then left, as if she did not care at all.

After Summer left, Yvette let out a long sigh, reaching t o stroke her heaving chest.

What was the point of getting angry with a woman like her?

At night

Summer sat in front of the window and quietly gazed at the potted blooming flowers on the balcony.

Those words of Yvette pierced into her like a knife, her heart bleeding profusely.

He accompanied Raine to Athana. The two of them must be terribly in love.

Why was she still thinking about it when things had already come to pass? It would only increase her

pain. But she could not help thinking about it. She was out of control.

It seems that women are always more sentimental than men are.

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When she thought of him asking her to leave back in the hospital, the corner of her lips turned up in a

sneer. Since it pained her to see the images in her head, she decidedly erased them from her mind.

Daisy walked in and looked at her. "Why haven't you gone to sleep yet? It is getting late."

Summer blinked away the tears in her eyes and collected her thoughts. "I will go to sleep right away."

Nodded, Daisy said, "And ignore your sister-in-law. If the Valentines want to give you money, do not

accept it. We do not lack money, and we cannot let them look down on us."

"Mom, I will not accept it. I will never accept their money for the sake of my child. I can raise my child o

n my own. If I accept the money and they are to fight for the child's custody one day, it will work against

m e. I will not make such a mistake."

In case the court decided that the money was the child's support, then it would definitely jeopardize her

case.

She had to take precautions before it happened, and b e prepared for everything.

"Glad to know."

As if thinking of something, Summer looked at Daisy." Mom, I am thinking of moving to Nokocola Bay. I

heard it is a beautiful city."

Knowing that she was still sad, Daisy did not stop her, but sighed softly. "Relax yourself there. Tell me

and your dad if you need money."

"Okay..." She gave a smile.

The next day, Summer brought her luggage, and hopped on a high-speed train to go to Nokocola Bay

alone. She did not want anyone to see her off. She disliked such a farewell scene.

It was not such a bad idea to make a long journey to go to a beautiful city alone.

Time passed. It was already four years later.

It was summer in Nokocola Bay.

The sun in July felt like a fireball, beating down its rays to scorch the earth.

Nokocola Bay was a coastal city, but this did not lessen the heat in the slightest.

Summer walked from the classroom to the office and was already sweating on her back. She used a book in her hand as a fan to cool herself down.

Wearing a knee-length blue and white skirt, it contrasted well with her fair skin. She wore beige high

heels, looking elegant and charming.

Her skirt fluttered as she walked, her body emanating a faint, refreshing, pleasing scent.

For four years, time seemed to have left no traces on her, but only carved her like jade and emerald.

Sitting down at her spot, she glanced at the time. It was 11:30 am.

When she turned around, Amy asked, "Have you applied for leave, Summer?"

"Yeah." Summer smiled, picked up her handbag, and said her goodbyes to everyone. "I am leaving now."

"See ya. Be safe."

"I will. Thank you."

There were many teachers in the office, but there had never been any conflict among them. Everyone

was friendly and got along well with each other.

Instead of going back to her rented house, Summer went to a nearby kindergarten.

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The kindergarten would only end at 12:00 pm. So Summer stood in the shade of a tree outside and waited, glancing down at the time from time to time.

The gate of the kindergarten opened at 12:00 pm sharp, and a crisp, soft, cheerful voice came from a

distance. "Mommy!"

Immediately afterwards, a little white, cheerful figure plunged into Summer's arms, hugged her neck

with a pair of puppy dog eyes, and gave Summer a generous peck on her cheek.

She held the little person in her arms with a smile, as her voice melted her heart. "Charlotte, say goodbye to your teacher."

Charlotte waved her small hand as told, her voice loud and clear as she said, "Goodbye, Ms."

Hand in hand, the mother and daughter headed off. Charlotte was cheerful and naughty. She blinked

and asked, "Mommy, where are we going now?"

"Going to grandma's place." While speaking, Summer glanced at the time again. The train would only

depart at 3:00 pm. So she still had time to take Charlotte for lunch. "What would you like to eat,

Charlotte?"

Suddenly, those round eyes lit up, and Charlotte quickly answered, "The old man. I want to eat the old

man."

Summer could not help but laugh, not knowing that Charlotte was referring to KFC.

The first time she heard she wanted to eat the old man, she was gobsmacked, not knowing what the little one was talking about.

But she pouted, as if Summer was embarrassing her." Mommy is so stupid. The old man is the old man, with white hair, glasses, and a long white beard."

A KFC store was just across the street. Summer ordered French fries, a pair of chicken wings, juice, and a burger.

Charlotte likes French fries with ketchup. Every time she went to KFC, she would eat two packets of

them and nothing else.

Tearing open a packet of ketchup and handing it to Charlotte, Summer looked on as she ate happily.

The stains of ketchup on her cheeks made her look both funny and adorable.

While eating the burger, Summer wiped the ketchup off Charlotte's face with a napkin.

After boarding the high-speed train, and as soon as the train departed, Summer started to feel drowsy.

But Charlotte, who was sitting in the middle, did not feel sleepy but looked around. She then yelled,"

Mommy! Mommy!"

Summer was completely alerted and looked over in puzzlement. "What's up?"

"Mommy, between the train and Superman, who runs faster?" She asked in an innocent but serious tone of voice.

The question startled Summer for a moment. She did not know how to answer a strange question like

this. So she looked at her with a smile. "What do you think?"

"Of course, it is Superman. The teacher has said that Superman can fly a thousand miles in the blink of

an eye." Charlotte looked proud.

So, Summer played along. "Well, that would indeed be Superman then, who is faster."

The child did not seem to be tired and was curious about everything. She tilted her head and

continued," But Mommy, how far is a thousand miles? Is it as far as grandma's house, or the amusement park?"

Summer cleared her throat, feeling like she could not handle the child's question. So she gave a perfunctory reply. "It is far, far away, farther than grandma's house."

"Farther than grandma's house? Where is it?"

"I have never been there either."

"I see." Charlotte looked disappointed without getting the answer.

Summer let out a soft sigh and took out her cell phone, then turned on Barney and handed it to the little

girl.

Charlotte's attention was immediately diverted. She held the phone in her hands, leaned back in the seat, and chuckled as she watched.