

President 31

Chapter 31

Charlie spoke up, "We were there with him as well, so we brought him back."

Flabbergasted, Summer just stood there watching them carry Mark into the bedroom, and they came out after laying him on the bed.

"We'll leave Mr. Valentine in your care now; he's all yours!"

Charlie kicked Billy in the back as soon as the words left his lips. Sighing, he said, "Don't take his words to heart. We'll be leaving now. Good night."

With that, he brought blabbermouth Billy along with him and left.

Summer then went into the bedroom, and her gaze fell upon the sleeping figure on the bed.

To have fallen into his current state, he seemed to have drunk a lot. However, it gave him an extra touch of nonchalance and an air of gracious informality on top of his gorgeous appearance, making him

look even more attractive and desirable.

Walking over to his side, she bent slightly and took off his leather shoes.

She thought to herself, "This man always looked so mature and collected. What could have made him

drink till this current state?"

Her gaze shifted to his lips, and it was slightly chapped. She turned and left the room to get a glass of

lukewarm water.

Sitting by the bed, she lightly poked his shoulder." Hey, get up and have some water."

Mark scrunched up his brows, but that was all. She then poked him again, harder this time.

Instantaneously, he woke up, but his eyes were halfclosed, and they looked slightly bloodshot.

However, they were still a pair of mesmerizing yet bottomless dark orbs that seemed to stare into her

soul.

She felt uneasy about being peered at so intensely. Shifting her eyes away, she passed the glass of water to him. "Here."

When she heard no response, her brows furrowed in confusion, and as she was turning back to look,

his arm pinned her down onto the bed with him.

Crunch.

The glass fell and shattered.

Summer was still in shock. Before she could react, she was pulled into a tight hug, and she felt his lips

crashing onto hers.

Grabbing onto his dress shirt in a weak attempt to stop him, she felt limp.

After some time, was her lips freed.

When she could finally breathe again, her chest heaved as she took deep breaths.

Her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

Struggling against him, she tried to break free from his tight hold, but it was useless; he did not budge

one bit.

"Hey, let go!" She said in a low tone while lightly pounding on his chest.

The only response she has gotten out of it was his soft snores. 'He fell asleep again...'

Looking at the clock, which read 2 a.m. and feeling nothing but helpless and frustrated, she

surrendered herself to sleep against his warm and toned chest.

The only source of sound in the quiet bedroom was from their steady breaths and light snores.

Momentarily, Mark shifted slightly and pulled the woman in his arms closer. Burying his head in her

neck, he took in her calming sweet scent, and contently, he mumbled, "Baine..."

His usual deep and hoarse voice and cold tone were replaced-they turned so loving and gentle.

It was a shame that the unknowing woman in his arms was fast asleep.

The next day.

When Summer awoke, his chiseled face was the first thing she saw. Mark was already awake.

Leaning sideways, he looked lean and toned. He plopped an arm up to support his head, and a few strands of his hair were pressed on his forehead. His eyes still looked slightly bloodshot, and some stubbles were showing on his chin. His black dress shirt was ruffled from the sleep, and it looked messy but it added to his charm.

He was seemingly half-awake as he was staring at her quietly with half-lidded eyes.

From his eyes, she could not decipher what were his thoughts at that moment.

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She coughed lightly to snap back into reality and explained, "I did not intend to sleep here; you didn't

let go of me."

Recollecting himself and keeping his emotions from showing, his lips slightly tilted upwards and said,

"Where do you intend to sleep, if not here?"

Summer was speechless.

He continued to press on, "Shouldn't we sleep together? We are married after all."

She wetted her lips and felt nervous as she could not come up with a logical excuse. "I thought it would

probably cause inconvenience for you," she answered.

His brows raised at her answer, "Are you really worried about me? Or is it you who would feel uneasy?"

'Always so straightforward and direct, this man,' she thought to herself. "I tend to toss and turn when I

sleep and I'm not used to having someone sleeping next to me," she said, feeling defeated.

Acting like the bigger-person, he replied, "I don't mind if you turn and land on me. Plus, you'll be used

to it soon when we sleep together more."

Hearing so, she grumbled under her breath, "Such a

waste it is for him to have such a talent, He should be a lawyer."

He sat up with a push from his arms and his toned chest peeped out from his dress shirt, "Thanks for the compliment."

Cheeks reddened, she shifted her gaze away, and right on cue, her phone rang. It was Daisy Scott.

"Hey, mom," she answered the call and stood by the window.

She ended the call and found Mark watching her intently. "Are mom and dad back?" he asked.

'Mom and dad?'

Startled, she was wondering who he was referring to.' Oh, my mom and dad. It feels weird having him

to say that,' she thought but she nodded as if to answer him.

"Since they're back, let's visit them now."

Summer was surprised to hear, "So soon?"

"You still want to hide it from them?" His toned muscles and lines came into view when he got down

from bed and swiftly took off his dress shirt and suit pants.

"It's not that, I just don't know how to tell them yet," she said as she shifted her eyes away. She knows

that the truth can't be concealed for too long, but she's just worried that they'll be too overwhelmed with

shock and worry.

"It doesn't matter how you tell them. What's most important is to let them know as soon as we can. Go

get ready, we'll leave right after."

Mark went to the washroom right after.

'Of course I know that it's better to tell them before they find out themselves. I understand that it's the

right thing to do, but the circumstances now are different! There are so many factors to consider.'

Her

mind was flooded with thoughts and reasons.

'The last time they heard from me, I wasn't even dating anyone, and suddenly I'm married and with child!'

Summer was really worried about how her parents would take the news. The closer they were to her parents' house, her head started to ache thinking about how she would go through this nightmare.

When the car stopped in front of the apartment, she knew this was it. She could not run away anymore.

Taking deep breaths, she tried to calm herself down and prepare herself mentally as she got down the

car.

She looked at him questioningly when she noticed that he did not make any motion of getting down the

car with her. He was staring straight ahead at something in the driver's seat while lightly knocking the

steering wheel with his knuckles.

"Aren't you coming?" She asked while thinking, 'He insisted on coming here but now he isn't coming

along?'

"Just a moment more," he answered.

She did not understand why or what they had to wait for.

Approximately after 20 minutes, Billy from the night before got down from a black car, and it seemed

like he was carrying two huge gift boxes towards them.

Before Mark and Summer went in the elevator, Billy passed the gift boxes over to them, "Mr. Valentine,

here are the gifts you requested before."

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"Thanks," said Mark, taking over the gift boxes.

She stared at him in astonishment. Never did she expect for him to be so mindful of her parents; she couldn't help but feel moved.

When the couple walked in, Daisy and Solomon were setting up the table. They were stunned to see a

gorgeous looking man dressed in a dark cashmere coat next to their daughter.

Solomon was the first to break the silence, "Summer, introduce your friend to us."

Feeling nervous, she bit down on her lip thinking of the most appropriate way to explain.

Mark stepped forward to stand close to her and snaked his arm around her. Surprised by his actions, she lifted her head to meet his eyes.

However, he was looking ahead at her parents. He gave a small smile and greeted them.

Upon seeing the intimate gesture, Daisy and Solomon knew something was up. Both of them looked at

each other and thought of the same thing, 'Since when did Summer start dating?'

Solomon winked and signalled Daisy to say something. Putting down the cutleries and plates and wanting to confirm the obvious, "I assume you're Summer's boyfriend?"

"Actually, Mrs- Mom, Summer and I have already been wedded, and she is one month pregnant now,"

Mark stated in a polite yet graceful manner portraying his grace and charm.

Summer, on the other hand, was freaking out especially when he announced her pregnancy. It was truly nerve-wrecking for her, and she felt herself stiffening up more by the minute.

'Married and pregnant?!' Gaping at them, Solomon stood there aghast.

Daisy too, did not take the news well. She felt faint and had to lean against the table for support.

Feeling out of breath, she asked weakly, "Tell me! Is what he said true?"

She couldn't believe the little girl who she watched and took care of, her baby girl who never even had

a boyfriend, was now married and even pregnant!

'What mother am I when I don't even know what happened to my daughter?' she thought.

Summer knew that she had to face them now, there was no turning back now.

Gritting her teeth, she gave up trying to think of an excuse; she nodded, "Yes mom, what he said is the

truth."

Furious, Daisy hit her chest with her fist. "What is going on! Explain everything to me now!" she yelled,

pointing at her daughter.

Mark furrowed his brows. Just as he wanted to speak, he felt something soft and smooth to the touch

against his palm.

It was Summer clasping their hands together.

His large, coarse and warm hand in her pale, soft and cold one.

He raised his brows at her actions then narrowed his eyes and watched her curiously. His alluring gaze

carried hints of interest.

Without sparing him a glance, Summer took a few steps forward and looked right at her mom.

She put on a serious and stern look, and said, "Mom, everyone is bound to do something crazy in their

lives. It could be for something or someone, or for anything really. And all my life, I have listened and

obeyed everything you told me, but this is the only time that I am acting out, and I do not regret it one

bit!"

Daisy was shocked to hear her daughter's outburst but somehow; she did not feel agitated. Calmly, she

looked at her daughter and asked, "Do you know what you're saying right now?"

"I do!" answered Summer sternly.

"Come with me," was all Daisy said to her daughter as she walked towards the room.

In the room.

Appearing calm, Daisy sat on the couch and asked, "Have you met his parents yet?"

"Yes, I have," Summer lied. Quietly observing her mom's expressions, she felt more at ease when she

realized her mom seemed to have calmed down.

"Why didn't you let mom and dad know when you got married?"

She choked and coughed out a bit before answering in a sweet and gentle manner, "I was worried you

wouldn't allow it."

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Looking at her daughter, Daisy thought of something important, "What about the wedding? Are you not

having one?"

"The doctor said the first trimesters are the most crucial. So, to prevent anything from happening to the

baby, we've decided to have it after he's born."

Feeling bold, Summer pulled Daisy into a big hug and snuggled, "Mom, don't be mad at me anymore,

okay?"

Daisy held and patted her daughter's hand, "My daughter's all grown up now," she sighed, "I took care

of you ever since you were a small baby, and you've always told me everything. Getting married is one

of the most important events in one's life and you hid it from me! Don't I deserve to be angry?"

"Yes, mom, of course you do. Why don't you give me a few smacks as punishment to cheer up?"

Just as she did when she was a child, she giggled and turned around. With her back facing her mom,

she arched up her lower back.

Seeing her do so, Daisy laughed and held her hand, "Since you have already decided to do so, I won't

overstep any further. I am fine with anything as long as you are doing good."

Summer's eyes watered and she pulled her mom in a tight embrace, "Thanks, mom."

She knew that her parents were the only ones in the world who would love her so greatly and selflessly.

After chatting for a moment, they went out of the room and saw Mark and Solomon playing chess.

Summer felt that it was a weird sight to see and shifted her eyes away. Daisy felt so too.

The couple left after everyone had lunch together.

Daisy stood by the window and watched until the black and luxurious looking car drove away.

Meanwhile, Solomon was carefully cradling a bottle of wine in his arms, "What a wonderful surprise!

This is the Cabernet Sauvignon from the Screaming Eagle! It costs a fortune!"

Daisy turned around and glared at him, "So what if he gave us expensive wine?!"

Smiling, he passed her the other gift box, "Here, this beautiful cashmere cardigan is for you. Try it on."

"Aren't you worried of your daughter at all? That man is from that powerful Valentine family. Will our

little girl be alright over there?"

"From the looks of it, Mr. Valentine looked well-mannered and was quite humble as well. His family

must have taught him well. I'm sure they would treat Summer fairly as well."

Solomon's focus went back to the precious wine he received, "Let me go get some wine glasses for us

to

try this baby."

In the car.

Seated in the passenger seat, Summer blankly stared outside the window while her thoughts were somewhere else.

Even though she has managed to cover up the real truth with a white lie, she did not feel entirely relieved. There was still something bugging her.

A familiar tune rang from the phone. Mark picked it up, and his usual stoic expression shifted slightly

after the short call.

Immediately, he stepped on the brake and made a turn to the other direction.

Noticing the change of his expressions, she curiously asked, "Where are we heading to?"

"Valentine mansion," was all he told her.

Surprised, she instantly sat up straight, "Didn't you say we were only visiting tomorrow? I haven't even

prepared any gifts."

"There's an emergency," he said as he massaged his temples to relieve the headache that was

forming," Just let Billy get what you need."

Located on the hillside, the Valentine mansion is surrounded by greenery and an abundance of nature.

The air was fresh and the scenery was simply breathtaking.

However, only those with wealth and power can afford to stay in an area like that.

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The car drove along the winding road for a while and then stopped.

As they reached, they saw Billy's car arriving as well. He got down the car and passed Summer two separate gift boxes.

Gasping quietly, she was amazed at the efficiency of Billy, 'Secretaries of a large corporate company

sure are on another level huh!'

Mark and Summer went into the mansion one after another, passing by the large and beautifully carved

gates.

Just as they stepped into the vestibule, they were struck by a fierce and hoarse voice yelling "That little

p r*ck! How dare he get married behind my back! He'll get it from me when he's here!"

"Dad, he's arriving soon, and you can ask him then. Don't get too worked up, you have to take care."

A gentle voice followed after. It was Yvette.

Summer thought, 'If she called him 'dad', that man must be Mark's grandfather.'

Through the tone and volume of the voice, she could tell that he was not delighted, furious even.

Unconsciously, she shivered.

"And how would I 'get it' from you?" Mark asked halfheartedly and casually threw his car keys to the

coffee table.

Dressed in a military service uniform, the old man with greyish-white hair, Gordon Angelo turned towards him. Gordon glared at him angrily and commanded, "Halt!"

Ignoring the command, Mark took off his cashmere coat and went ahead to hang it on the coat hanger.

However, it was Summer who stood still and straight upon hearing the command. It was out of reflex,

and she would probably even bow down if Gordon asked her to.

Gordon looked as though he was a disciplinary coach, and being the obedient student she used to be,

she just obeyed instinctively.

Chuckling lightly, he held out his arm and pulled her slim figure into his embrace. With his brow raised,

he said, "You frightened her, grandpa."

Feeling him against her, she came back to her senses and realized what she had done. She was so close to him that she could feel the vibrations from him chuckling.

Embarrassed, her cheeks reddened, and she lightly stepped on his feet in frustration.

Meanwhile, Gordon was quite pleased with Summer's response. He liked that she listened and obeyed

his command. It was most probably due to his nature of being a soldier.

Faint furrows appeared on Yvette's defined face, she examined Summer from head to toe and spoke up, "Mark, who's this?"

Mark shifted his gaze to her. He gently tucked the loose strands away behind her ears and lightly pinched her nose, "You haven't greeted them yet."

Not being used to his unusually affectionate gestures, her heart pounded in her chest. Giving a small lick to her lips, she felt tense when she said, "Hello, mom."

"Hey now, don't you go around calling people 'mom'. I do not remember having a daughter."

Not intending to be friendly with her, Yvette's tone and words were hostile as she stared at Summer coldly.

Such words had made it awkward and humiliating for Summer.

"Mom, of course she isn't addressing you as your birth daughter. Otherwise, what would our baby here

address me? Would it be daddy or uncle?" Mark explained as he motioned to her stomach.

Astonishment was etched on Yvette's defined face, "What baby?"

Gordon turned to Mark as well. His bushy brows furrowed and with a slightly annoyed tone, he asked,

How long has it been?"

"A month," answered Mark apathetically, but as he shifted his gaze to Summer, his eyes softened, "Are

you tired? Do you want to sit and rest for a bit?"

His dark orbs seemed to be filled with so much love and care. They looked so gentle.

It was as though she was enveloped in a fairy tale, and if she didn't know any better, she would have believed that he was truly in love with her.

'What a skilful actor he is,' she thought.

She almost felt lost as she stared into his deep eyes. Shaking her head, she said, "No, it's alright, I'm not tired."

Gaining back her senses and with her usual grace and manner, "Can I talk to you in private for a moment, Miss?" asked Yvette.

"Wouldn't it be better to do so with me there?" Mark countered as he looked at his mom. As he remembered something, he continued, "Just to let you know, we have already gotten our marriage certificate yesterday."

When Yvette and Gordon heard this, their expression turned dark, and they did not look happy one bit.

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Taking in the changes of their expressions, Summer knew that the good impression she had left on Gordon had faded away by now.

She sighed to herself, 'Surely they would make it difficult for me now.'

Suddenly, another hoarse voice rang, "Was everything I heard true?"

Walking towards Summer, Jazz looked at her fiercely with his fists clenched. As she turned to face him,

he angrily spat out his question, "Miss Hart, are all of the things my brother said true?"

Gritting her teeth, "Jazz...", she mumbled.

"Miss Hart, have you really gotten married to him?" he yelled at her. Filled with anger, his eyes had gotten redder by the minute.

Mark took a step forward and shielded Summer behind him. He narrowed his eyes, and in a deepened

tone, he asked his brother, "Is this how you should talk to your sister-in-law?"

"Sister-in-law? Hah!"

Snickering sarcastically, Jazz turned on his heel and ran out, leaving the living room.

Exasperated, she called out to him, "Jazz, get back here!"

Turning a deaf ear to his mother, he left without looking back.

Summer mumbled his name under her breath. She felt tempted to chase after him.

As she took her first step towards his direction, Mark kept a hold of her and pulled her back. His eyes

darkened. While looking at where his brother left, he said "He's not a child anymore, you don't have to

worry."

Feeling uneasy and unconvinced, she mumbled, "But..."

He leaned slightly against her and folded his arms. "Tell me, what were you going to tell him if you had

caught up to him?" he asked her.

She could not come up with a reply. She knew that this was reality, and there was nothing else she could say to comfort him.

Eyes filled with disgust and displeasure; Gordon gave her a cold-eyed stare before turning to leave.

Feeling irritated as well, Yvette followed suit.

Since there was nothing else she could do with the current situation, she turned on her heel wanting to

get away from the awkward tension.

Taking her slender figure in, he raised his brows and asked, "Feeling irritated?"

"No, I had already expected this to happen," she replied with her back facing him.

"It's good that you know your place then." 1

"I'm a cautious person after all," she rasped.

When they arrived home, it was already 10 p.m., and before they could even take a breather, the phone rang.

Mark picked it up and upon receiving the call, his chiselled face darkened. Replying with a few hums,

he picked up his cashmere coat and prepared to leave once again.

"Who called? What's the matter?" puzzled, Summer asked.

"Jazz is missing. I'm going to look for him."

"I'm coming with you!" she replied hurriedly.

Heading straight to the door, he put on his coat without saying anything to refute nor support her to go

along.

Taking his silence as a yes, she chased up to him after rushing to her room and retrieving her bag.

It snowed heavier that day than usual, as if to compensate for the days that didn't.

As it had gotten really late and the temperature had gotten lower from all the snow that was falling, cars

much less than people were seen on the road.

Looking out the window, she worriedly asked, "Where

do we start looking?"

"If he intended to hide, he definitely wouldn't go to the places we know of," he replied lightly.

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There was no doubt to that, but frowning with her brows knitted, she asked, "Then, could you think of

any other place he might have gone?"

"Nope," he replied without hesitation. Facing and looking in her eyes for a moment, he spoke up again,"

Although there might be someone who can find him, someone who he would talk to."

She could tell what he was thinking of from the way he looked at her. Feeling doubtful, she asked,

"How are you so sure that he would want to talk to me? What if he doesn't?"

Lips twitching upwards, his slender fingers knocked lightly on the steering and refuted, "But what if he

does?"

After thinking about it for a moment, she scornfully said, "Then I'll do whatever you say, but what about

you? What if you were wrong?"

His eyes had seemingly lit up. He was happy with her reply. Then, he replied her brashly, "Do you think

I could be wrong, Miss Hart?"

"Why not?" she scoffed while looking away from him. She was annoyed with the look on his face.

His confidence adding to his poise, he smirked, "Then, I'll do as you wish as well," he continued leaning

into his seat, "only if I was wrong."

Satisfied with his promise, she dialled in Jazz's number and waited, all done in Mark's face.

After a few rings, the call was connected.

It was quiet on the other end. She could only hear Jazz breathing steadily and a soft sound of snow falling.

Unexpected of him to pick up, she was surprised.

With the outline of his toned figure showing, she saw Mark sitting relaxingly and smiling knowingly from

the corner of her eyes. She gritted her teeth.

However, she didn't let her frustration show in her voice. Careful with her tone, she softly asked, "Hey

Jazz, where are you now? Would it be fine with you if I went over?"

And surprisingly, he agreed.

But there was a condition: only she alone could go.

Walking towards the lake located in the middle of the campus, her gaze fell onto the figure sitting by the

bench.

It seems that he had been there for quite a while as there was snow dusting his coat and hair. She could not tell what he was thinking of as he was just sitting still and blankly staring ahead.

"Jazz," she called out to him softly as she approached closer.

Lifting his head, he stood up and stepped towards her. Fiercely, he pulled her into a tight embrace.

Flabbergasted, she jumped a bit, and when she realised what he was doing, she tried to push him away. As she was doing so, her gaze lingered on a tree not far away.

There was someone under the tree.

Even though he was just a teenager, Jazz was still a foot taller than her and much stronger than her.

"Jazz, could you let go of me please?"

Sighing, she stopped struggling and patted off the snow that has fallen on him.

He snuggled his freezing face into her neck, drawn to the warmth. His voice was hoarse when he asked, "Did you come alone?"

Despite feeling slightly nervous and guilty for lying, she nodded.

Letting her go, he sat on the bench once again. He was only wearing his uniform which did not provide

the warmth he should have.

Looking at her once more, he balled his fists and tried to control his tone, "When did you get to know

my brother?"

Summer sat down next to him and told him the truth, "We met on a mutual friend's wedding."

"So, both of you have already known each other when you came over to tutor me?"

She nodded.

"Why did you marry him?" asked Jazz while he watched the snow fall into the lake and disappear as

they touch the surface.

Based on what he understood of his brother, he knew that his brother isn't one who would rush into marriage. Plus, he was sure that his brother wasn't over Baine.

"I have been pregnant with his child for about a month now...," she explained truthfully as she did not

want to hide it from him.

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Hearing her reply, he clenched his fists, and his breathing quickened as his spilled out his rage. With reddened eyes, he asked, "Why did you sleep with him?"

Her cheeks heated up from his question, "It was a mistake. Both of us drank at the wedding party, and

he accidentally stumbled into my room. We were both drunk," she explained.

As it was getting later, it had gotten colder. Despite being out in the cold air for a short while, her cheeks had gotten rosy, and she almost couldn't feel her hands. Attempting to warm them up, she rubbed them together.

Noticing her do so, he took off his gloves. He carefully put them on for her after pulling her hands over

to him, bottling up his pain and despair all the while.

Surprised, she wanted to pull away but they wouldn't budge as his grip was tight.

In the dark stood Mark, leaning against the bark of the tree. As he watched their interaction, his bottomless looking eyes darkened further.

It didn't help that he could hear every word of their conversation clearly.

Looking at their seemingly intertwined hands, he

scoffed sarcastically.

Summer realised that the gloves he put on were the ones she knitted for him, 'He's been using it all this

while.'

As she had started to come to realization, she could feel something blossoming in her chest.

Still holding onto her hands, Jazz asked, "Was it my brother who proposed?"

"Yes."

"Did he say why he wanted to marry you?"

"No, he didn't nor did I ask," she answered as she felt the increasing warmth from his palms despite wearing so little in the cold.

Finally, he let go of her hands and looked in her eyes, "Why did you agree then?"

"That's because I wanted the baby to have a complete family, to grow with both of his or her parents."

She was a bit frightened from how intensely he stared at her.

"You don't love him, do you?" his stressed face softened, and he looked relieved as he continued to ask.

Contemplating, her reply was vague, "Such feelings we share are complicated, and it isn't our call to

decide on what happens next or in the future. But more importantly, you can't throw another tantrum

like this

again, Jazz. Remember, I'm only your tutor."

In the beginning, she thought he was just going through puberty and was just new to having relatively

close relationships with the opposite gender, such as herself. She had not expected for his little crush

to develop into what he had now.

'I was careless, I guess. I should've been more careful of his feelings.'

He did not agree with her and refuted, "So what if you were my tutor?"

Upon hearing that they did not marry for love, he knew that their relationship wouldn't last. He believed

that once Raine comes back, everything would be different.

"Jazz, I'm four years older than you."

"I believe women age like fine wine and four years isn't really that much older either."

Thinking of a response to shoot him down, she saw her breath as she puffed out, "If you wished, you

could get yourself the most expensive wine with the wealth you have. You don't need wine like me.
I

am your brother's wife now, and you have to accept that."

Without saying anything else, he chuckled and embraced her while he gave a little peck on her forehead.

He didn't think that she could stay as his brother's wife for long.

Stunned, she just remained in place. As she wanted to react and tell him off, he had already released her. He turned facing the tree, "I know you're there. You can come out now, brother."

Only then did she realize that he had found out that she didn't come alone, 'maybe that's why he asked

those questions.'

As she thought of the answers she gave, she felt embarrassed and her cheeks flushed.

Patting off some snowflakes on his coat, Mark stepped out and walked towards them. His dark coloured cashmere coat still had some snow residue on them but it did not hinder his poise and charm.

As his eyes landed on Summer, they turned as cold as the winter engulfing them. They looked dark and had a flash of emotions she could not decipher.

Taking this opportunity, Jazz requested to talk to his brother alone.

Summer then, moved a few steps away to give them their space.

She stood aside. While she couldn't hear what they were saying, she watched the movements of their

lips as they talked.

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"Brother, I hope you would let her go soon if you don't truly love her," said the younger boy sternly.

"As of now, she is my wife, and I don't think I have to remind you of your place and what you should or

shouldn't do."

Despite sounding nonchalant, Mark's brows furrowed while solemnity reflected from his eyes.

"I will give you my blessing if she's happy with you, but if I find out you're not treating her well, you'll

see!"

Facing Summer's direction and watching her for one last time, Jazz told his brother, "I'm going to stay

in the school dorms from today onwards. Do me a favour, and let mom know."

Since she's now part of the family, Jazz figured that they would probably bump into each other

occasionally so to prevent that, he thought it would be best for him to stay in school instead. Starting

the car, the black Land Rover went back on the road.

Playing with the gloves she was wearing, Summer sighed quietly as she thought of Jazz.

From the corner of his eyes, Mark watched her and his face darkened as he saw what was atop of her

hands.

"How many people have you knitted gloves for?" he

asked as something swirled in his orbs.

Hearing his voice, she snapped back and looked at him puzzled. She swiftly replied, "Just for the both

of you."

But what she didn't tell him was that the gloves she gave him were actually meant for her dad.

He felt his lips twitch up into a smile and turned to face her while teasing her, "So how do you feel

about meeting up with another man who had feelings for you with your husband watching?"

Feeling tired from the events of the day, she took a small yawn and glared at him.

"You don't have to tease me. Weren't you the one who made me call and go to him even though you

knew of his feelings?"

With her cheeks flushed and the small sleepy voice she spoke with, she looked like a cute yet feeble

kitten, and her pale and prominent collarbone peeking out made her all the more endearing.

Like a hunter spotting his prey, his eyes were sharp as he took in her appearance. Pulling her into his

chest, his lips pursed and his face inched closer to hers.

Instinctively, she turned her face away.

But he kept her head in place as he placed his hand on the back of her head. His voice was deep

when he said, "I believe you'll have to do what I say now, yes?"

She froze when she remembered the deal they made previously.

Frustrated, she knew he purposely set her up.

"Seeing as we're married, don't you think 'Miss Hart' is too formal? If anything, it should be Mrs

Valentine now. Don't you think?"

He said as he tucked her hair behind her ears.

'Who knew he could act so improper when he always had such a graceful and polite demeanour?' she

mumbled to herself.

"Improper? Tell me how am I being improper right now?" he pressed on as he heard her soft mumbles.

His voice was deep and he seemed to smile lightly with his eyes as he parked the car swiftly in the garage.

"Mrs Valentine, don't you want to call me 'Hubby' for a change, hmm?"

"No! Get lost!"

The next day.

She was rudely woken up by the chimes from the doorbell. Drowsily, she lifted her body and sat up.

She quickly noticed that she was alone in the room. The man who slept beside her had left already.

The events of the nights prior came back to her, and she bit her lip while covering her face in embarrassment and wondered, 'What is wrong with me?'

The doorbell rang again.

'It's only 7 a.m.! Who could it be at this hour?'

After taking deep breaths to calm herself down, she went to get changed and dragged herself to answer the door.

Wearing a coat made of mink fur and carrying a luxurious purple tasselled purse, Yvette appeared before her looking dazzling and lavish.

Chapter 40

Stunned for a moment, she greeted her as she regained her senses, "Hi, mom."

Yvette furrowed her brows as she heard the greeting. It made her feel uneasy as she did not like what

she used to address her.

Taking in her appearance and clothing, "You just got up?"

Embarrassed, Summer quickly tucked in the loose strands behind her ears and murmured, "Yes," while

nodding.

Throwing her a few glances, Yvette did not say anything else other than noting the time, "It's 7:30 a.m.

Summer knew what Yvette was implying to, but didn't dare to say anything further.

Walking past her, Yvette looked around the living room and sat on the couch, "Where is Mark?"

"He had already left for work," she replied while getting her a glass of water.

"Isn't there any coffee?" Yvette questioned as she watched Summer.

Putting the cup down, Summer looked around and said, "Sorry mom, there's only wine and alcohol here."

"It's fine then," Yvette said and leaned in her seat. "I actually came to tell you something."

Summer wondered what the news could be about.

"It's almost the new year's in a few days, and I want both of you to move into the Valentine mansion,"

stated Yvette.

'Moving into the Valentine mansion?!' Summer gasped to herself.

She could not believe her ears. She could hear her heart pounding anxiously as she felt uneasy with the news.

She knew grandpa Gordon did not fancy her, and this woman who was only her mother-in-law on paper

would not go easy on her if they were to live together in the Valentine mansion. 'How would I survive?'

she pondered.

As much as she wanted to, she could not turn Yvette down directly. So, instead, she tried to go around

it," Mom, I think it's best if I discuss it with Mark first later when he comes home."

No clear answer was given. She thought it was best to let Mark decide and take the blame if anything

happened, 'It wouldn't be a big deal for him, anyways.'

Dissatisfied with her decision, Yvette barked, "What do you mean by that? Do you not want to live with

me?"

Panicked, she said, "No! That's not what I meant, mom!"

"If that's not the case, then I take it that you have agreed with moving in. Quickly pack your things, and

"I'll inform the driver to pick you up in the afternoon," she exclaimed while piercing at Summer with her

eyes.

"Mom, I still think we have to let Mark know about this. I'll give him a call and-"

Before Summer could finish her sentence, Yvette was standing in front of her, "I'll phone him and tell

him instead. You can go pack."

Without leaving any room for discussion, Yvette turned and left the house.

After sending her off, Summer felt distressed, thinking, "This mother-in-law sure is hard to deal with! I

As ordered, she packed some of their belongings and moved into the Valentine mansion. As soon as she was there, she felt surrounded by gloom.

So, after getting herself together, she decided to head back to school to visit her students and help overlook their exams as she remembered that it was the last day of their final year examination.

By afternoon, all the papers were done, and since she did not have to grade the papers, she was done for the day as well.

"The winter break will be starting tomorrow huh," she noted to herself.

As she was tidying up her desk in the office, Nancy came over, "Hey girl, let's go shopping together

afterwards! They're having a big sale now at the mall."

"Yeah, let's-wait no, I can't. I'm sorry," Summer answered. While she wanted to hang out with Nancy,

she thought of how displeased Yvette would be, so she turned the invitation down.

Without prying, Nancy soon left by herself.

Summer sighed when she saw the Valentine family car waiting for her as she was leaving the campus.

Feeling defeated, she went over and got in.