

## President 481

### Chapter 481

The room grew silent. Ever so slowly, Mark opened his eyes and turned to his side. Stroking her face

with his slender fingers, he then tucked her hair behind her ear. He softly pecked on her and gave a

small kiss on little Charlotte's cheek.

He then got up and quietly headed to the washroom to take a quick cold shower.

Under the care of professional nurses, Dean's legs had been recovering quickly. He could feel his legs

again and could even stand on his feet for up to a minute.

He had gotten used to living in Athana, and he hadn't seemed to be home-sick which was much to

Summer's relief.

"You should bring Charlotte back," he said as he smiled and continued, "I think she has gotten quite

sick of having the food here by now."

"But what about you?" Summer asked while staring at him.

"I'll return to Santabaca when my legs have fully recovered. I would naturally return soon. I still have a

job there after all. Plus, I have the most renowned nurses here taking care of me, what else is there for

you to worry about? Go home, and live well with him."

I guess someone who wasn't meant for you would never belong to you,' he thought as a bitter smile plastered on his face.

"Fine, I'll head back. When you've returned to Santabaca, don't forget to give me a call," she said.

She, too, agreed that she wouldn't be much help to him by staying in Athana.

"Okay," he replied while smiling.

The night view in Athana was beautiful with lights shining through the night sky. After admiring the view,

the trio had headed back to Santabaca.

"Let's head back to my apartment," he said as he took over her suitcase and gazed at her.

She shook her head, "I think I should bring Charlotte home first."

"They don't know you've returned already, right?"

Come stay over at my apartment for a few days," he persuaded. He snaked his arm around her small waist as he purred.

"I don't think that's a good idea. You're clearing plotting something here, Mark!"

"What should I do then?" He tightened his arms around her as he pulled her in, pressing his forehead

against hers. Their noses met, and he asked, "How would I be able to see you then, hmm?"

She could feel his hot breath on her face. She lightly pushed against him and thought, 'He sure is

getting more touchy!' "I'll call you. It's not like we're dying or something, I'm just going home for a bit."

"Can you not say stuff like that, Summer Hart?" he said in an irked tone. Feeling resentful, he pinched

her nose as a punishment.

She licked her lips and took his hand down. She held onto it as she consoled him, "I will keep in touch

with you. Mark, do you know how you look now?"

"How?"

"Like a clingy cat!" she replied.

He chuckled lowly and spilling hot breaths on her neck. His voice was hoarse when he said, "Yeah, like

a clingy cat on heat. This description is on point. I like it."

"I'll ask the chauffeur to send you and Charlotte home."

She looked at him and asked, "What about you?"

"I'm going to the office. There should be quite a few documents piling up that need to be reviewed, so

I'll head there for a bit."

She nodded and tiptoed to fix the tie he was wearing with his shirt, "Be safe on the road."

He replied with a hum. After giving her and Charlotte kisses on their cheeks, he left. The chauffeur helped them carry their suitcases onto the car, and it drove to the opposite direction he had left.

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Once they've arrived home, Charlotte was immediately engulfed in Daisy's embrace. Daisy showered

her with kisses. Solomon hugged her and checked if she had lost any weight while asking if she had eaten well over at Athana.

Little Charlotte nodded and took out two gifts from her suitcase. She presented the gifts to them as if

she was holding treasure in her hands. With her cute squeaky voice, she said, "This is for grandma, and this is for grandpa."

"Aww, my baby. You even got your grandmother a gift. Come, let me give you more kisses as thank you!"

Summer got herself a cup of warm water and took a seat on the couch. She updated them about

Dean's condition, and they felt relieved after hearing that he was getting well.

Summer received a call after dinner. It was from Grace. She had asked for Summer to meet up as they

hadn't met in a while.

Daisy did not object her from going. After changing her outfit and grabbing her bag, she waited for Grace in the lobby of her apartment.

A red BMW was parked by the side of the road. It was

truly eye-catching. She opened the door and saw Sherman in the back seat. They drove away after she

got in.

Sherman felt her stomach churn, but she tried to endure it. Summer was not feeling any better as well.

She was dizzy from the quick motions, and she leaned against the window.

"Grace, would it kill you to drive slower?! We have a pregnant Sherman on board, ya' know!"

Hearing so, Grace slowed down the car. Later, they arrived at a club. The music was blaring, and the

lights, blinding.

It had been quite a while since the trio had hung out at a place like that. Sherman couldn't drink, and

Summer's tolerance was low, so she hadn't dared to drink much. Grace alone had continuously drunk

four to five glasses.

When she had gotten drunk, all she said was complaints about Charlie and how he didn't treat her well.

As her rage burnt, she vented all her displeasure. After that, she ran into the dance floor and swayed her body and hips as she danced.

Summer and Sherman were sitting on the couch, and in front of them had bowls of popcorn. They chatted while having some of the popcorn laid before them.

Suddenly, a gentle yet magnetic voice sounded, "Hello miss, may I ask for a dance?"

The two turned around and saw a man dressed in a smart grey suit. He was charming and had felt noble and graceful. He extended his big slender hand towards her as he gave off a pure yet gentle impression.

Summer was stunned.

She glanced at Sherman and pointed at herself as she asked, "You're talking to me?"

The man had sounded smooth like a breeze when he politely replied, "Yes."

Sherman bumped into her shoulder lightly and whispered, "D\*mn, your charm on him is truly remarkable. Dean had just left, and now this hottie comes along."

"Stop joking around," Summer said in a hushed tone. She stared at the man for almost half a minute before reacting. She blinked her eyes and passed the popcorn kernels onto his palm as she gave a

light smile and said, "Could you please help to throw these away? Thank you."

The man froze before smiling lightly. His smile was warm and sweet as he said, "Your response sure is

refreshing, miss. Maybe we would meet again someday."

After saying so, he turned around and left gracefully. He threw the kernels away into the dustbin, and

his eyes had flickers of emotions.

Summer's brows furrowed as she stared onto the man's back. She wondered why his face had looked

so familiar, 'Where have I seen him before?'

She tried to think, but the memory was foggy. She was sure she had seen his face before, but she

couldn't remember where no matter how hard she tried.

And soon, she had forgotten about this occurrence.

It was 10, but Grace had no intention of stopping. Instead, she had danced even harder.

"Are you rushing home?" Summer asked Sherman as she looked at her.

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"Nope. He's been busy dealing with a contract with his client lately, and it sounded urgent. He has been

sleeping at his office these few days. It's just me alone at home, and honestly, it's quite lonely. I prefer

to stay here with you guys and have fun."

Staying in a big house all alone, one could only hear their own echoes. All that accompanied them was

their own loneliness.

Around half-past 10, Summer and Sherman had pulled Grace back from the dance floor. They scolded,

"That's enough. You've danced enough!"

Grace had felt better after venting all her rage. The trio had gone their separate ways after leaving the

club.

Charlotte had been whining about wanting to eat cookies, so Summer decided to get some before

returning home. Coincidentally, a bakery was just next to the club.

She got some cookies and also some pastries Charlotte liked. As she walked forward, she saw Ronald

and Yvette at a cross-junction.

It had seemed that they had just returned from Norwood. Ronald was pulling two suitcases along with

him. A black Bentley had pulled over, and Yvette

got in.



Ronald hadn't, but he was telling Yvette something. Later, the black Bentley drove away.

Right after, a slender figure walked towards Ronald. Summer could tell it was a woman just by judging

from her figure.

The woman felt graceful, looked thin, and had a voluptuous figure with her perky bust and bottom, but

she had a cap on and even wore a mask. Summer couldn't see her features clearly.

They had interacted politely with one another and had kept a distance. Since Summer was far away, she couldn't pick up on what they had said.

She lowered her head and noticed it was almost 11 p.m. She retracted her gaze and quickly hailed a cab. Without giving too much of a thought of what she saw, she left.

"What time is your flight?" Ronald asked as he faced the woman before him.

"12 a.m. We don't have much time," she said, lifting her wrist to check her watch.

He furrowed his brows and said, "Why don't we change to another flight? Night flights don't feel too

safe. Let's change it to a morning one."

"I've already booked the ticket, and I'm too lazy to go through the trouble of changing it. I'll just go along

with the flight," she said flatly. Her almond eyes

batted with her long lashes. She looked alluring.

Feeling worried still, he insisted, "Okay, I'll reschedule it for you then."

"It's okay. You don't have to. It's late. You should head back to rest."

Ronald felt somewhat defeated. He stepped towards a black alley, and the woman followed along.

The alley was dark and dim. Once they were both there, he pushed and pinned her against the wall

and kissed her fiercely.

Only after a moment did the woman lightly push him off. Her flushed lips curled up as she smiled and

said, "Get going."

Ronald had felt reluctant still.

Everyone was asleep when she returned home.

Summer stepped quietly as she entered her room. Her heart pounded when her phone rang abruptly.

She was quick to move and picked up the call immediately. She lowered her pitch when she answered,

"Hello?"

"Are you sleeping soon?" a husky voice sounded through the phone.

"Nope. I just came home. What about you?" she replied while changing into her house slippers. She thought, 'Charlotte isn't in the room. She must be sleeping with Daisy.'

"I miss you..." "Hey!" Summer exclaimed as her cheeks burned, "Have you been this cheesy before?"

"No. This big change only happened after I fell for you. It's all because of you," he said and chuckled.

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She could not hold her laughter in and chuckled as she said, "I did not know I had such an effect on you. Now I'm curious to see when your face would be as thick as the Great Wall of China, and when it

does, it would mean I have taught you well."

"You cheeky woman. Go get some sleep soon. I'll leave when you switch off your lights," he said gently.

"You're here?" she said as her brows furrowed. She stepped to her window and drew her curtains open.

A man was standing there holding onto his phone. While she couldn't see his expression, she could see him dressed with grace and stood relaxedly.

It was almost midnight soon. Other than Mark, who else could it be?

"Why are you here at the apartment so late?"

"I missed you, and I wanted to come over to see..."

When she heard so, her heart filled with butterflies, and sweetly, she replied, "It's late. How are you going to head home?"

"The car has been sent for repairs, so I will take a cab back later. Don't stand in front of the window. Go

and lie down on your bed."

"You would need an hour to head home from here. It's already 12 am. It's hard to get a cab here-"

A smile was heard in his voice as he cut her midway and said in a low, magnetic tone, "Then, let me stay with you."

Her heart pounded erratically following his reply. She felt her heart thumping loudly and replied, "Quit

joking around. It's late."

"It's hard to get a cab here. Do you want me to walk back home?"

"Can't you call Harry?" she asked. She had doubts about his words as she thought, 'How could he not

have a ride when he's the director of a corporate company?'

"Judging by the time, he would be asleep by now.

Should I call him up for such a trivial private matter, hmm?" he said, ending with a higher pitch in his

reply. He sounded slightly displeased.

Summer raised her brows, hearing his words, "Since when were you so empathetic of your employees?"

"I have always been empathetic towards them. I always care for them, don't you know?" he bantered.

His voice sounded cocky.

Summer was speechless. She thought, 'Just how narcissistic can he get?'

His voice softened and sounded gentle when he spoke up again, "Let me come over to you, just for a

bit,

please..."

She couldn't help but feel bewitched by his tone and words. Her heart pounded in her chest, and her legs felt weak.

"I'll make sure to tiptoe and be extra quiet to not wake them up. I'll just be up for a bit, don't worry.

Okay?"

Feeling defeated, she let out a sigh. "Wait there," she said as she agreed.

During then, she stepped towards the living room and opened the door. She had almost yelled in shock

when she had unexpectedly met with his tall figure.

Mark was one step quicker than her as he pulled her in his arms and covered her lips with his big hands. His warm breath fanned onto her neck when he shushed her.

She calmed down her breathing and the erratic pounding of her heart as she patted his chest lightly.

Feeling worried, she reminded him again, "Stay quiet, don't make a sound."

"Okay," he replied. He bobbed his throat as he tightened his hold on her. Her body was flushed against

his warm and leaned chest. Slowly, they quietly moved past the living room and into her room. He softly

kicked the door shut with his long legs.

"You can only stay for a while. Then, you'd have to leave. Okay?" she asked.

"Yes, I know. Get some sleep. I'll leave after you've fallen asleep," he said. He tucked her in bed and bent down to peck her plush lips.

He had looked tired with a slight redness in his dark eyes. She held onto his hand and shifted to make

space on her bed. She said, "Lie down and get some rest too."

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"Are you trying to seduce me, Summer?" he asked with his brows raised. His eyes glinted with mischief

as he gave her a once-over.

Hearing so, she pinched his soft side on his waist and said, "Could you quit fooling around?"

"Isn't there a saying that says girls love bad boys? I would just be pretending if I were to act gentlemanly now," he said as he lightly patted her forehead.

She was rendered speechless. She wondered, 'Why hadn't I realized how good he was in bantering?', and said, "It's such a waste that you're not a lecturer with this talent of yours."

He reached out and held onto her chin somewhat tightly with his fingers. His tongue twirled around her

lips and replied, "Having one lecturer in the family is sufficient enough, or else it would be an apocalypse when we have an argument, so having talent in speech isn't all that good. I would be in charge of working and getting what we need whereas you can take care of us and educate our children. That's the greatest plan of all."

Summer looked at him with her eyes glimmering brightly. It looked like sunlight was being reflected off

the water, glistening and shining beautifully. Her

heart felt full of love and tenderness.

And she thought, 'So this is what it feels like to be with someone you love so dearly. It feels perfect even if we're just sitting and staring quietly like this.'

"Rest for a bit," she said while patting the spot beside her, "It's almost 1 a m., and you'd have to get to

the office again tomorrow. Lie down and rest."

His thin lips curled into a smile. He bent over and took off his leather shoes. Then, he laid down next to

her.

The bed wasn't spacious, so it felt slightly cramped up for two adults sleeping together. Mark was lying

on his side, and he turned her to lie on her side too as he pulled her into his chest.

His chin had rested on top of her head. He fished out his cell and set an alarm before closing his eyes

to rest. He had planned to leave after an hour.

His warm, masculine and pleasant scent had engulfed her senses. It had gotten late, and soon, she fell

asleep after wrapping her arms around him.

Their bodies had clung together tightly and had left n o space in between. The air in the room felt warm

and cozy.

It was a sound sleep for both. Until the next morning a t 6 am. did Summer wake from her slumber.

When she awoke, she was met with his black silk dress shirt.



Her mind was blank at first, but her sleepiness soon shook off, and she sat up immediately. She

hurriedly

rocked his body and woke him up, "Mark! Get up now!"

His soft hair shifted and covered his defined brows. The top buttons of his dress shirt had been popped

open, exposing his smooth, lean pectorals.

He opened his almond eyes and squinted them hearing her call. He drowsily gazed at her while staying

silent and pulled her into his embrace. He rubbed his nose on her cheek and said, "Just for a bit more,

please, babe."

She rolled her eyes and scolded, "Get up now, Mark Valentine! Hurry!"

He shifted his position. Displeasure and sleepiness laced his voice when he said, "Call me Mark."

"Mark, you have to hurry and get up. My parents are about to wake soon," she ushered. Her parents

normally awoke at 6.10 a.m., and it was already 6 a.m.

"It's too cozy..." he commented, not wanting to get up.

"Didn't you say you want to protect their impression of you? If they bump into you later, there would be

nothing left of the good impression they have of you!" she warned.

What she said had worked as his eyes moved, and he finally sat up on the bed. Without a word, he dived in and gave her a deep kiss.

Only when she felt her breathing quicken and out of breath did he let go of her lips and stood up to tidy

up his attire.

"Didn't you say you would only take a short nap and had even set an alarm yesterday? What happened?" she asked while fastening the buttons on his shirt.

He pressed on his temples with his hands and sighed defeatedly, "It felt too cozy hugging you to sleep,

and it was as if you hypnotized me. Even when the alarm rang, I switched it off."

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"Sure, okay. Whatever you say. Hurry up and leave, please!" she said while hurriedly pushing him out,

at the same time looking out for her parents. She was worried to have bumped into them.

Mark was not happy with how she was acting so sneakily, "Am I an embarrassment to you?

"You're not, but now is not a good time for us to meet," she patted on his back and continued while speaking softly after grunting, "My parents haven't forgiven you yet. If they were to catch you here now,

you would be blacklisted forever in their hearts. Do you understand? H

He arched his defined brows and closed his eyes as he sighed, "This is a price I have to pay for my sins."

"That's right. You wouldn't have to pay if you didn't commit one," she agreed while nodding.

"Do you know how long would I be off their blacklist?"

"I'm not too sure..."

At the Valentine mansion.

Everyone else was having breakfast by the dining table except for Mark.

After glancing around the table and noticing him,

Yvette asked, "Jazz, where's your brother?" "No idea. Maybe he's at the apartment, or maybe he already went to work. I'm not too sure," he said before having some soup.

She stopped questioning further and placed some dishes onto Ronald's plate. She said, "You haven't eaten at home for so long. Eat more."

"Okay," he responded and filled up a bowl of mushroom soup for her, "You should eat more as well.

You've lost so much weight."

"Kay," she nodded and smiled. It was her first smile ever since Ms. Moore passed away.

Raine's gaze first fell upon Ronald then shifted onto Yvette. Her eyes glistened with emotion, but she

remained silent.

After breakfast, Jazz headed to the company while Ronald went to his study. Raine, too, followed him

to his study and closed the door behind her.

"You're here. Come, sit," he said while pointing to the seat before him.

After taking a seat, she boldly asked, "Have you ended things with that woman yet, brother?"

"No, we haven't. Why do you ask?" he questioned as he sat down, "Why do you suddenly care about

this?"

"Didn't you say you would file a divorce with Yvette four years ago? You've been stalling it for four years

now. Not only did you not get divorced yet, but you had also even gotten closer with that woman! What

are you planning exactly?"

Ronald took a sip of his tea and replied, "How can I get involved in a scandal now that the election has

started? Plus, Mark's grandpa is still present. It wouldn't be much of a problem."

"Have you not thought about how things would blow up and be exposed one day? What are you going

to do then?!"

"We can't speak for the future. What we can do is take one step at a time and plan accordingly. I will ask for a divorce when the election is over," Ronald said. He had already decided what his plans were.

Raine furrowed her brows and responded, "Do you know how severe the consequences would be?

Whether it's Mark of Jazz, both of them would hate you!"

"I guess that's inevitable. I truly love that woman."

"Mr. Angelo might even confront you. Please think about this clearly and rationally, brother."

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Ronald sipped his tea. "The Angelo family is no longer how it used-to-be twenty years ago, during which it was the mover and shaker here. After Ms. Moore died, Angelo was in sorrow. Besides, he had

left the company many years ago. If news spread, he would only tarnish his own reputation if he thinks

of confronting me for Yvette's sake. The Angelo family is no longer what it used to be."

Raine said nothing. By the sounds of it, he had made up his mind and would not change it anymore.

"I am not a heartless person. I will do my duty to the Angelo family and not let this become a subject of

ridicule," Ronald said.

"In short, I can already foresee trouble ahead for the Valentine family," Raine said.

Yvette pushed the door of the study room open and walked in with a smile while the two were still talking. "Ronald and I are going over to Mark's apartment. Do you want to come along with us, Raine?"

Raine's expression changed, and she nodded. "Yeah, why not? Since I have nothing to do at home."

Meanwhile, Mark skipped work after only three hours of work.

He was lying on the settee with his long legs crossed elegantly. Charlotte straddled his belly while watching My Little Pony. She would bounce up and down whenever she saw a hilarious scene.

Mark would grunt and smack her hip twice when she did that.

Summer was in the kitchen, where vegetables, eggplant, mushrooms, chicken, and garlic were piled u

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Earlier, she got a call from Mark while shopping with her parents. He whined and complained, asking

her to cook for him.

She had to lie to her parents and bring Charlotte over, only to find that a certain shirker was sleeping on

the settee, and vegetables piled up on the coffee table.

While waiting for the clam chowder to cook in the pot, Summer made tacos and grilled steaks.

While she was at it, someone hugged her from behind all of a sudden. She was taken aback, and then

eased u p. Who else could it be other than him?

"It smells so good." His chin rested on her shoulder, and his fiery lips landed on her beautiful neck, his

teeth leaving behind a conspicuous hackney on her skin.

Summer trembled from the tingling sensation. "Stop messing around here. Wait outside. Food will be

served in just a while."

"I will wait here, wanting to stay with you," Mark said i n a deep voice. He hugged her, his hands sliding

under her clothes, teasing her by making swirling motions around her belly button. She shrank back.

"Mark, get out of here. Charlotte is still in the living room." Her elbow hit his abdomen, her cheeks

feeling hot.

What happened in the middle of the night last time had embarrassed her too much. She did not know

how to face it if Charlotte caught them in the act again.

"Charlotte is watching My Little Pony. You are so beautiful in this white apron, which satisfies my

fantasy to a certain extent. It would be better if you wear nothing under it."

His voice deepened and turned hoarse, sending her heart pounding.

Summer's breathing became heavy, just like Mark's, as their bodies were pressed together.

Right at this moment, an angry voice came from behind them. "What are you two doing?"

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The voice was sharp and loud, as if it was about to rip their eardrums apart. Yvette, Ronald, and Raine

were standing there in the kitchen doorway.

They could see clearly what was happening before their eyes, especially looking at that angle of theirs.

An indescribable shock filled their faces, their expressions changing.

Yvette glared at Summer, not bothering to hide her outrage. 'Shameless bitch!'

Ronald glanced at Mark, then at Raine beside him, and frowned.

Raine's expression was no better. Her face changed from red to pale, her fingernails sinking into the

flesh of her palms. Her body was shivering, as if a bucket of ice water had poured down her head, her

body and limbs feeling cold.

Mark's reaction was quick. But he did not look back, his deep-set eyes moving in the eye sockets.

Meanwhile, Summer's heart was racing. That voice was all too familiar. Who would it be if not Yvette?



Yvette stepped in and stood in front of Summer, and breathed out her hatred. "You are so disgusting!"

In Yvette's eyes, Summer was a scheming woman.

There was no doubt about it. While she kept a chaste face by telling everyone there was nothing between Mark and her, she and Mark were blatantly doing this in private. She was nothing but shameless. 1

"Knock it off, Mom." Mark frowned, his deep voice clearly carrying a sense of displeasure, hugging Summer in his arms in front of the three of them.

Anger rose higher in Yvette, and she raised her voice, which was sharp and loud. "Are you defending

her now, Mark?"

"Yes, she is my woman and the mother of my daughter. It is my duty to protect her." He spelled out his

words.

Raine's expression changed again as a sense of irony and cold struck her. What about her? Who was she to Mark?

Mark held Summer's shoulders with just the right amount of force. In fact, it was gentle. Summer was

calm, even when she was facing Yvette and Raine.

She looked at Yvette without saying a word.

Yvette became a little out of breath. "I am your mother, who brought you up since you were a child. Yet

you are defending her against me now. What am I to you?"

"Had you been calm and not made those nasty remarks, I wouldn't have to defend her, would I?"

"Nasty remarks? Even if what I said is nasty, she deserves it." Yvette blew her top at last. "Mark, have

you forgotten how she pushed me down the stairs and Raine off the cliff four years ago? Why are you

defending a vicious woman like her? Why are you doing this to me?"

"That's because of your deep prejudice against her. She is not what you think. I know her better than anyone else. You don't have to doubt my ability to read people."

He squinted. He said softly, but was determined. "Tell me, if you were three-months pregnant, holding

on to the edge of a cliff with one hand and grasping Raine's hand with the other, how long do you think

you could hold on? Besides, if she really wanted Raine dead, why did she even bother to grasp Raine

with all her strength?"

This woman must have used some disingenuous means to bewitch Mark. Otherwise, Mark would not

have behaved this way.

It was as if a layer of black cloth was wrapped around his eyes, blinding him. That woman had bewitched him.

Yvette would not listen to his reasoning at all, as anger had consumed her. "All this notwithstanding,

you were the reason for the scars on Raine's face. How could you treat her like this?"

Raine felt so hurt, as if a sharp weapon had pierced into her heart.

Ronald stepped forward, held Raine by her shoulders, and let out a soft sigh.

"I feel guilty for Raine. But guilt is not the same as love. I will try my best to make up for it, in some

other way," Mark said, as he looked at Raine and then at Yvette.

"I will never accept her, not in this life. She will never get to be part of the Valentine family, unless I am

dead." Yvette banged her hand on the table.

"I want her." Mark spelled out his words, and then repeated himself. "I really want her."

His every word hurt Raine like salt being sprinkled onto her wound, which festered and was indescribably painful.

"I respect you as my mom, but you can't control me about who I should love. No one may decide that

for m e."

Summer raised her head and looked at Mark's sharp-featured, sculpture-like face, her heart fluttering

and melting.

When Mark got serious, he meant what he said, more than anyone else.

Raine chuckled with sarcasm, her eyes welling up. She turned around and walked out of the apartment.

"Raine, Raine!" Yvette called out to her.

Raine seemed to have not heard it. She quickened her pace and ran out staggeringly.

"Are you happy now? Is this not what you want?" Yvette glared at Summer. "I hope karma will catch up

o n a woman like you soon."

Summer's eyes flickered, but she remained silent.

Yvette then chased after Raine while Ronald remained here, looking at Mark with a stern look in his eyes. "You shouldn't treat Raine like this, Mark."

Mark looked him in the eyes. "I know what is best for her." "But your best is not what she wants."

"I can't give what she wants. There are no two ways about it."

"I would not accept her, either. Since when did you become so unfeeling?" Ronald still had that stern

look on his face.

Mark cocked a brow, his lips twitching before words flew out of his mouth. "I can't give Raine what she

wants. Does this mean I am unfeeling? If this is your interpretation of unfeelingness, then you are shallow.

I know what I am doing."

"Perhaps not so in your heart, but that is what I think. Just think about what you and Raine have gone

through four years ago, and look at it now. What else do you want me to say?" Ronald snorted. Before

he left, he shot a glance of displeasure at Summer.

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Silence returned in the kitchen. The only thing that was audible was the interlacing breathing sounds of

the two.

Mark's eyes locked unto the woman in his arms. They were filled with concern, as he was afraid that

those nasty words would hurt her. "Are you okay?"

"About what?" Summer looked at him.

"Don't listen to what they say and don't take what they have said to heart. Do you understand?"

"Sure." The corner of her mouth curled up, and she shook her head. "I didn't take it to heart."

Those in the Valentine family, except Jazz and Ms. Moore, hated her. She had realized this four years

ago.

When she agreed to be with him again, she was mentally prepared for this situation. After all, Yvette hated her too much.

He tightened his grip on her, and she fell against his broad, warm chest, letting her lean against him as

he looked at her affectionately. "Leave everything to me. I will handle it. Don't think too much and don't

be bothered by it, lest you will get more crow's feet."

She laughed. Just when she was about to speak, he suddenly leaned over and gave her fervent kisses on

the lips.

The sound of the clattering of slippers came just at this moment, as Charlotte stood at the doorway and

rubbed her eyes. "Mommy, I have been sleeping for a long time, and I am hungry. Is the food ready yet?" She walked in as she spoke. "What are you doing with Daddy?"

"Charlotte!" Summer called out to her immediately. "I sprained my ankle, and Daddy is taking a look at

it. Could you please help Mommy get a bottle of water from the refrigerator?"

Charlotte nodded and shuffled out of the kitchen.

Summer gave Mark a push. "Hurry up!"

The two of them hurriedly brushed down their clothes. It was another embarrassing moment.

"This is the second time around." Mark sounded listless, his magnetic voice hoarse. "We will be caught

with our pants down literally if she suddenly comes again."

Summer's face was still red. She pinched the soft flesh on his waist. "It was all your fault. You have got

t o be mindful of the venue and time."

He hugged her again. "She probably timed it just right. She didn't make a sound when my parents came in, yet she appeared right at the moment we were about t o make out. She must be my little nemesis."

"Don't be so mean. Clean the things up. Little Nemesis i s hungry." She pushed him out of the kitchen

with a

smile.

Mark was not satisfied. He leaned over and pecked and kissed her on the lips for a while before he left

the kitchen.

When she brought the dishes out of the kitchen, she heard Charlotte screaming in the bathroom. Mark

must be fixing her.

Summer poked her head in and saw Mark tossing Charlotte in the air, again and again.

Yvette's and Ronald's remarks had not affected her today.

Before this, she had no plans to be with him again, so she did not mince her words when talking with

Yvette. There was no need to put up with Yvette's constant accusations.

Now, since she was thinking of being with Mark again, and Yvette was Mark's mom, she would tolerate

Yvette to some extent. She did not want Mark to get caught up in the crossfire.

But she could only tolerate Yvette so much. Not wanting Mark to be caught in the middle did not mean

that she would keep putting up with Yvette's insults.



