

## President 491

Chapter 491

The Valentine mansion

Raine was crying her heart out, drenching herself in her own tears.

Yvette comforted her while cursing Summer, her words full of disgust and hatred.

"Mark must be blinded by her. He can't see anything right now. That woman must have pulled some tricks on him. It would get on my nerves everything I saw her."

"What about me? What am I?" Raine asked back with a sneer and tears. She had not recovered from the shock and was as if in a trance.

Ronald frowned as he looked at Raine. "Yvette and I will not accept that woman, no matter what."

Raine just shook her head. She could not listen to anything at the moment. All she felt was pain-so painful that she had to cry.

"Comfort her," Ronald said to Yvette.

Yvette put her arm around Raine and patted her on the back, cajoling her while cursing Summer in her

mind.

Ronald's phone rang. He took it out and his expression

changed with a hint of joy in his eyes at seeing the caller ID. He glanced at Yvette to make sure she had not noticed his expression, and then went aside to answer the call. "Hey, are you there already?"

The person at the other end said something, and Ronald's face changed. He hung up the call and strode out of the Valentine mansion without saying a word.

"Where are you going, Ronald?" Yvette was in the midst of comforting Raine when Ronald walked out.

She did not get his response, as Ronald had walked out of the Valentine mansion and gotten into the car.

"What is going on with Ronald? He looked like he was in a hurry and did not even have time to answer

my question." Yvette frowned.

Raine's mind was elsewhere. She had been mocking herself after seeing what she saw in the apartment, and Mark's emphatic words kept replaying in her mind.

It replayed repeatedly and was driving her crazy.

The feelings that had developed for over ten years were gone now. She did not expect that he could denounce his feelings for her so categorically.

"Don't cry over spilled milk. It will help nothing. The only thing we can do now is to think of a way to get

Mark back from that woman.”

Yvette furrowed her brows again. "But then again, you haven't been able to keep Mark even after four

years."

Yvette looked down on her as far as this thing was concerned. They had spent four years together, yet

Raine still failed.

Raine looked at Yvette, her eyes blurred by her tears." Can you really keep someone with you forever?" she asked with a meaningful look in her eyes.

How fantastic it would be if people could actually keep someone forever.

In those four years, she had been eager to get close to him and marry him, but there had never been a

moment of intimacy between them.

Every time she approached him and wanted something to happen, he would have a thousand reasons

to push her away. If decades of marriage between Yvette and Ronald could not keep their relationship

intact, what more a mere four years between Mark and her.

It was like the pot calling the kettle black.

If it were not for Summer's interference four years ago, she would be the one, not Summer, who married Mark and had babies.

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She was still the culprit, after all.

"If you can't keep him, so be it. Why are you staring at me like that?" Yvette gave her a few glances, but

still did not know what that stare of Raine's meant. "It is not too late to win Mark back. You should think

of a way quickly."

"I am tired. I will be going upstairs first to rest for a while." She got up, pulled her gaze back, and went

upstairs.

Yvette called Ronald, wanting to know where he had gone, and if he would come back for dinner in the

evening. But he did not pick up his phone.

On the other hand

Ronald asked the driver to drive at the fastest speed possible and they shot through every traffic light.

The usual journey from the Valentine mansion to the hospital took an hour and a half, but it only took

one hour this time.

The attending doctor, who had been waiting for him, came up at once when Ronald arrived. "Mr. Valentine."

"How is she?" Ronald was worried, but it did not show on his face, as he did not want anyone to find

out

anything about him.

"She has been sent to the operating room and is waiting for the test results."

"Who brought her here?" Ronald asked again.

"It was a friend who sent her in last night," the doctor said. "Please wait for a moment as she will be out

in a moment."

After the doctor left, Ronald sat in the attending doctor's office and waited. Half an hour later, the doors

of the operating room opened, and the doctor came out first and walked directly into the office. "Mr.

Valentine."

Ronald had almost run out of patience. "Tell me about her situation."

"She has leukemia, according to the diagnosis."

Ronald's heart skipped a beat, his breathing quickening. He almost could not believe what he heard.

"Could you please say it again?"

"It is indeed leukemia. We have done two tests and the results are consistent, showing that it is leukemia."

For a while, Ronald felt his hands and feet turn cold, his blood rushing up to his head from all over his

body. It was leukemia; he never thought that she would get leukemia.

"Don't worry, Mr. Valentine. Her leukemia is in the early stage. As long as she receives surgery and treatment, she will still recover. The most important thing is that she has discovered it in time."

Ronald snapped back and looked relieved. "Get ready for surgery now."

"The surgery requires matching bone marrow for transplantation. Therefore, we must find the right bone marrow before we can proceed to the next step. The bone marrow matching rate between parents and children is the highest."

Ronald went into the ward. The woman had been pushed out of the operating room, and she was sleeping.

She was beautiful, with curving eyebrows that looked like willow leaves, a small nose, vermilion lips,

and an oval face. Like a beauty straight out of an ancient painting, she had that amorous vibe around

her.

Sitting by the side, Ronald held her hand, sighing repeatedly in his mind.

His sighing had probably disturbed the woman, for her eyelashes started flickering, and she opened her eyes. Those beautiful eyes were enchanting yet casual, lustrous and expressive, as if they could talk. "How come you are here?"

"Samantha, you are sick."

"I know. I woke up once this morning, and I didn't ask any friend to call you. After all, this is Santabaca.

It might affect your reputation." The woman ran her slender fingers through her dense, seaweed-like hair. Every move of hers was full of an amorous vibe.

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Ronald held her hand tighter again, without saying a word; just holding her tightly, with force.

Samantha's willow brows were raised, and her slender fingers ran over his brows gently. "What's wrong?"

Sighing again, Ronald wrapped her hand in the palm of his hand, bowed his head, and kissed her. "I will find the right bone marrow for you. I will."

She was stunned for a moment, and then regained her composure. "Find bone marrow? My condition

sounds tricky."

"It is the early stage of leukemia. The doctor said that as long as you find a matching bone marrow and

undergo treatments, you will recover. Don't worry."

Nodding, Samantha lazily squinted her narrow eyes. "Is there any fruit? I feel like eating some fruit."

Ronald took an apple and peeled the skin, and his brows were still knitted together. "Are you not worried about your illness?"

She looked nonchalant, no matter what she did. She curled up like a kitten.

It was leukemia. Her reaction surprised him. He was expecting to see her be sad and cry.

"Why should I be worried? Didn't the doctor say as long as I find a matching bone marrow and do the

transplant, I will be fine? Besides, you will allow nothing to happen to me, will you?"

Ronald's breathing became heavy, even his chest started heaving. "Absolutely. I won't let anything happen to you."

"Then what should I worry about?" Samantha said, chuckling. "By the way, I almost forgot to tell you

one thing; I gave birth to a child before."

Ronald's expression changed. He was shocked and then looked bleak.

"Aren't you happy? But that was all when I was young. If you mind it, you may leave me."

"What are you talking about? I was just surprised. Since you said it happened when you were young,

why should I mind? But the doctor said that the bone marrow matching rate between parents and children is the highest. Since you have a child, it is the best choice," Ronald said. 1

Samantha flipped through a magazine with her slender fingers that had red nail polish. "Just that I gave

away both children."

"Why?" Ronald was even more shocked.

"Of course, I had reasons for doing that." Samantha's gaze moved, and her hands stopped flipping through the magazine.

Ronald knew her temperament. She never liked to be poached about her personal affairs. "So, where did you leave your children? I will get someone to find them."

"Santabaca has changed so much. Besides, it was thirty years ago. How can I remember?" 3

"If so, where can I find them?" Ronald frowned.

"I left my most personal thing with one of them. If you can find that, then you will find the child."

"What is that?"

"A ring."

Apartment

Mark had left for work. Summer tidied the apartment and then called out to Charlotte. "We are leaving

now. Turn off the TV. It is time to go home."

Charlotte pouted as she turned off the TV. "The TV in Daddy's house is huge. Mommy, can we live with

Daddy?"

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Summer closed the door and then pinched her little nose. "You have all your attention on that TV now,

eh? Let's go home now. Or else, Grandma will be worried."

"Mommy, Daddy said I am a timely rain. Whenever he was in a drought, I would always come and pour

him a bucket of water. What is timely rain and drought, Mommy?" Charlotte's two round eyes blinked

and her two braids swung.

Summer could not help but gritted her teeth. What the hell did Mark say to the child? She brazened it

out and gave a perfunctory explanation.

After just making two paces, Summer got a call from Sherman, telling her that there was a teacher

vacancy in the Sunnyside High School, and asked her if she was interested.

Summer thought for a moment, and then agreed to check it out at the high school the next day.

The two chatted for a few moments before hanging up.

It was nightfall when Summer reached home. Daisy was washing Charlotte's clothes when she heard

sounds. She looked up. "Where have you been? Why did you come back so late?"

Summer pinned the dangling hair behind her ears."

Taking Charlotte to stroll around Santabaca."

Charlotte had gone away to drink water, so no one was exposing her. Daisy did not ask further, and continued to wash the clothes.

After watching the TV with Daisy and Solomon for a while, Summer carried Charlotte back to the room.

Charlotte rolled to one side in bed, hugging a rag doll in her hands, and fell asleep.

Summer was cleaning up the room when her cell phone vibrated. She took a look at the screen and the

corners of her mouth rose spontaneously, her voice softening like wet wool. "Where are you now?"

"Take a guess." The man's voice was deep, but gentle.

"Don't tell me you are downstairs at my apartment again." She chuckled, taking a wild guess.

"I didn't know you were so smart, my love."

Summer's brows furrowed. She walked to the window and drew open the curtains. Sure enough, she saw the tall figure of him downstairs.

"May I go up tonight?" Mark's voice deepened and was enchanting.

But Summer would not be bewitched, nor fooled this time. "No."

He did not give up and wanted to get to the bottom of it. "Why is that?" "What do you think?" Summer

almost forced her

words through her teeth. "You should know better."

He always forced himself on her whenever he liked, regardless of the occasion and venue.

Moreover, Charlotte had caught them in the act twice.

A deep chuckle overflowed from his throat. Mark's chest trembled, but he coaxed her in a soft voice. "I

will behave this time."

She quirked a brow. "Do you think I will believe you again?"

"You don't believe that I will tease you, or you have no confidence in yourself and will get aroused, huh?"

"Mark!" She blushed and felt annoyed. A cracked bell can never sound well; he just could not get serious every time he spoke.

"All right, I will stop teasing you." The corner of his lips upturned. "Trust me, I will behave."

Charlotte was still chewing something in her mouth in her sleep. Summer glanced over at her and then

looked back out of the window. "No, Charlotte is sleeping with me tonight."

"She was born to check on me. She would pour a bucket of water in my driest time. If this continues,

you will miss the best part of your sexual life."

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Mark gave special emphasis on that sentence.

Knowing what he meant, she blushed even more. She warned him. "I dare you to talk nonsense in front

of Charlotte again."

"What happened?" Mark was puzzled.

"Did you know what question your daughter asked me today?" She asked in a heavy tone of voice.

"She asked me what drought and timely rain meant."

Mark chuckled louder, and could almost see Summer's look of embarrassment. He asked nonchalantly,

"Then how did you answer my daughter?"

"Are you gloating now?"

"No. Since I can't go up there, you come down. I will leave after seeing you. I spent hours driving over.

You can't send me away without letting me see you. Come down here, I will stand here waiting for you."

Mark's deep, magnetic voice throbbed and jumped like a piano, with some kind of magic power that could penetrate people's hearts.

When Summer snapped back, she found herself closing the door behind her and coming into the living

room while being careful not to make any noise. She

could not help but sigh, raising her hand and knocking herself on the forehead.

It was early fall. The wind blowing by at night felt chilly. Mark was wearing a black shirt and stood there

waiting for her with his thin lips upturned.

Her heart softened all of a sudden as she came up and stood in front of him.

He put his cell phone back into his pants pocket and stared at her with a pair of deep-set, radiant eyes

that were lustrous and black as ink.

He said not a word, his gaze blatant and unsubtle, as if he was seeing right through her.

Summer blushed, her cheeks getting hot and reddening. She raised a hand and gave him a gentle push, and he looked down at her. She looked so hot that she could cook him alive.

But Mark gave no response. The temperature of her cheeks rose higher and higher, and she gave him

a pettish pout. "Now that you have seen me. You should go now."

"We have been Borneo and Juliet for so long. Do you think you can send me away just like this?"  
He

lifted Summer's chin with his shapely hand, and scanned her from head to toe.

"Then what do you want-"

Before she could finish her sentence, he leaned forward and planted his lips on hers, then pressed her

against the black car and kissed her red lips directly, and then he pressed her against the window of the black car behind her in fiery kisses.

"You are so beautiful when seen from a distance, but at close range, you are even more beautiful."

The corners of her mouth rippled with happiness as she gasped. "You are such a macker! Also, are you

not inviting trouble by making yourself horny all the time?"

Mark's thin lips upturned as he broke out in a wicked smile. "I am really worried that you will be sexually

depraved. But don't worry, I will be gentle."

"Be serious!" Summer felt that his man was getting more and more shameless.

It was not until someone returning to the apartment walked past that Summer pushed him away. Her heart was pounding uncontrollably. "Just go now."

Mark patted her cheek gingerly, his voice gentle. "I want to see you go upstairs first before I leave."

She glanced at him twice before turning around to return to her apartment unit. Thinking of what happened just now, she was thankful that she had not made a sound.

She would not have become so daring and wild if not for him. He was such a bad influence.

Here was the common area of the apartment. She could not imagine how embarrassed she would be if

her neighbors saw what they were doing and words spread to her parents' ears.

She felt like dying just by thinking about it. She returned to her room and drew open the curtains again.

Mark was waving at her gracefully before getting into the car. She suddenly felt like they were like a

cheating couple.

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The next morning

Summer went downstairs after breakfast when she saw Sherman waiting for her by the car.

"I will go with you." Sherman opened the car door. "The school principal is a friend of my dad. He is a

nice man. I wouldn't have to worry about you if you could work there."

"You sound like my mom." Summer laughed.

Sherman laughed, too, as she fired up the engine and stared at Summer's expression. "You look happy

now, your face ruddy and lustrous. It seems that Mark satisfies you well."

Summer chuckled upon hearing what Sherman said. "Yeah."

"Look at that sarcastic look of yours. What's wrong?

Tell me."

"He touched me twice. But each time, my girl came and interrupted us at the critical juncture, so he had

to pull away halfway and touch himself in the bathroom. He said if this continues, he would not be able

to get it up again."

Sherman burst into laughter. "Charlotte is so adorable, but also naughty. Her temperament is different

from

yours."

"Yeah, she is unlike me or her dad. I wonder whose gene she has inherited." Summer had an I-can't-even look on her face.

"I think her temperament mimics that of Jazz, her uncle." Sherman swirled the car to the left. She paused for a moment before she continued. "Do you think I should tell Billy I am pregnant?"

Summer gritted her teeth while speaking of this." Then do you want to tell him?"

"I have been thinking; now that I have forgiven him, and that he is the father of the child, I feel like I

shouldn't keep things from him. I think I will tell him," Sherman said. "I didn't tell him about the child

earlier because we were in a quarrel, and were not on speaking terms."

Perhaps because of seeing how happy Summer's family life was, and how precious the kid was in their

life;

Or perhaps she saw that a man like Mark could also be a good father. Though funny at times, she wondered what Billy's reaction would be if he knew he was having a child.

"How has Billy been doing recently?" Summer asked.

"Very good. He comes home after work every day. Perhaps, the money is really as what he said it is."

"Then it is up to you. Just follow your heart." She could not give her definite advice, because she had

only met Billy a few times, and she did not know him well.

Sherman nodded. She sent Summer to the school and brought her to the principal's office, where the principal had been waiting for them for a long time.

Sherman left Summer to talk to the school principal while she returned home. Billy was sitting on the

settee and buried himself in a pile of files when she arrived.

He brought her a glass of water, his charming eyes upturned. "You are back!"

She nodded in acknowledgement and took the water from him. After taking a few sips of it, she took a

deep breath. "I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" Billy put his hands on her shoulders to sit her down across from him.

After collecting her thoughts for a moment, she made up her mind. "You are a father now. I have been

pregnant for over a month now."

Billy was stunned for a moment, frozen in place like a wooden man. When he came out of his daze, he

could not hold back his excitement and carried Sherman up and spun her in his arms. "A father! I'm a

father now! I can't believe I'm a father now!"

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He was excited, joyous, and even a little at a loss. Sherman looked at him, her eyes welling up. At this

moment, she felt she had made the right decision.

But something that happened in the future would send chills up her spine, leaving her feeling ironic.

"Tell me what you would like to eat. I will ask someone to send it over." Billy was overjoyed, not

knowing what to do right now, not even sure where to put his hands or feet.

Sherman found it very funny. "Don't be silly. Go to work and buy me some carrot cake in South Lane

only after work."

"Okay, you go rest first, honey. I will go to work now. When you wake up, there will be carrot cake."

Sherman beamed as she walked into the bedroom with the image of a happy family in her mind. The

three of them would be like Summer's family; the child was boisterous, but the family was full of

laughter.

Soon after work, Billy grabbed his windbreaker, left the room, started the car, and left.

He went to a villa in the suburbs. Natalie had just taken a shower, now wearing a V-neck sleeping gown,

her beautiful skin and sexy collarbone exposed.

Natalie beamed when she saw Billy, who looked to be in a good mood. His charming eyes upturned and he was all smiles.

"Why did you come here all of a sudden?" Natalie came up and snuggled in his arms. He looked down

at her neckline and could clearly see the beautiful cleavage.

"I won't be coming here again." Billy pushed her away and sat on the settee with his legs crossed. "This

villa and check will be yours. You may fill in whatever amount you want."

Natalie's expression froze, but she was still calm. "I want to know why."

"She is pregnant." Billy cocked a brow, the joy of being a father filling his charming eyes.

There was only one reason, and Natalie did not ask further. "I will keep this villa because I need a place

to stay. As for the check, I don't need it. You can take it back."

Natalie accepting it with such candor and without a fight surprised Billy.

"Don't be surprised. Because I love you, I respect any decision you make. That is all."

Billy got up from the settee with his lips upturned. He turned around and wanted to leave, but Natalie

called out to him. "Can I kiss you one last time, Billy?"

His back was facing her. When Billy did not answer, Natalie took it as consent. She stepped forward,

tiptoed, wrapped her beautiful arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Billy did not push her away or reject her, but just let her kiss him.

After a long while, Natalie bit his lip and let go. His lip was bleeding. "You can go now."

Billy chuckled and shrugged, glancing at her before he left.

Natalie leaned on the doorjamb of the villa, watching the black car driving away with a smile at the corners of her mouth. 'She is pregnant?'

She was curious how long Sherman could keep Billy by her side this time.

Men like casual, free and easy women. No one likes a crying and noisy woman.

Since Billy could be seduced once, she was keen to know how long Sherman could keep this man this

time. 'Let's wait and see, Sherman...'

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Ronald returned to the Valentine mansion these few days, but he did not stay long there. He seemed to

always be busy.

Yvette could not hold back her curiosity. He was based in Grudin North, but now he was back in

Santabaca. What else could he be busy about?

Frowning and getting up, Yvette went upstairs to sort out Ronald's shirts when she found a long woman's hair on the collar of his shirt.

Her expression changed a little, and she started palpitating. Throwing the shirt aside, she stormed out

of the room.

Ronald was sitting on the sofa drinking tea. He put the teacup down and walked out of the mansion.

Yvette stopped in her tracks when she saw him leaving.

She had no evidence and was not sure if he had a woman outside. If she questioned him recklessly, she would not get any answer. Instead, it could make him feel annoyed about her. So she had to find evidence first.

So, after Ronald left, she waved down a taxi and asked the taxi driver to follow Ronald from a distance.

After the black car left the Valentine mansion, it did

not stop until it came in front of the hospital. Yvette, who was following him, wondered why he came to

the hospital.

As Ronald got out of the car, she followed suit without giving it a second thought. She hid and followed

behind him.

Ronald went into the elevator, and pressed the floor button. Since he was the only one taking the elevator, Yvette could see at which level the elevator stopped. It was the 17th floor.

Yvette quickly stepped out, pressed the elevator on the opposite side, and reached the 17th floor after

Ronald.

She hid at the corner of the stairs and watched him enter the second VIP ward. She followed after him.

Ronald left the door open ajar, and through the gap, Yvette could see him sit at the bedside, peeling an

apple, talking and laughing with a female patient on the bed. He even adjusted the pillow behind the female patient. His action was thoughtful and gentle.

She could no longer hold back her anger and stormed into the ward, pointing a finger at Ronald. "You

didn't expect me to follow you, did you?"

Indeed, he did not expect that Yvette would follow him all the way. His expression looked anything but

good.

Yvette was completely enraged, emotions consuming her as she shouted, "Ronald!"

She did not expect that Ronald would come to the hospital and treat this woman so gently behind her

back.

He had never treated her so thoughtfully. From the day of their marriage to the present, Yvette had never felt his gentleness.

She would show him some colors today.

Before long, Ronald regained his composure. He bellowed, "What are you yelling about?"

"Ronald! Are you yelling at me now? Do you feel you are on the side of truth?" Yvette raised her voice.

It was sharp and loud, so much so that it could puncture eardrums. She did not care if it was embarrassing.

"Can you lower your voice first?" Frowning, Ronald walked over and closed the door of the ward. Her

voice was too loud, and the people in the hallway who were passing by the ward started looking curiously into the ward.

"Why? I thought you knew no shame? Are you embarrassed of yourself? I thought that your soul had

been bewitched. I didn't know you could feel shame. Not easy for you, eh?" Yvette snorted, yelling at

him with sarcasm.

"She must be your wife, Mr. Valentine?" the woman, Samantha Blake, who stayed quiet all this while,

finally spoke.

Ronald's eyes moved, and he nodded, while Samantha shifted her attention to Yvette. "I had always

heard about you from Mr. Valentine. You are truly a beautiful lady. But it seems that you have

misunderstood Mr. Valentine and me."

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"Misunderstanding?" Yvette sneered. "Then tell me how I misunderstood him."

"Grudin North is running a medical welfare program, and since I have been diagnosed with leukemia,

Mr. Valentine wants me to become the first batch of the beneficiaries of this program. I heard him

saying that the TV station will come to cover the program," Samantha said slowly.

"Really?" Yvette had calmed down somewhat, but was still suspicious of them, i

"Why would I lie to you, Mrs. Valentine? My diagnosis report is out. I will bring it here so you can take a

look at it." Samantha was about to get out of bed.

Ronald stopped her and looked sternly at Yvette." Knock it off already, Yvette. You are embarrassing

yourself."

Just then, the doctor came in, and Ronald said to Yvette, "Ask the doctor if you don't believe me. The

doctor has the diagnosis report. Go home now, would you?"

The doctor handed the diagnosis report to Yvette.

Things were clearly written in the report. Yvette looked at Samantha, feeling embarrassed. "I have misunderstood. Get well soon."

"Thank you, Mrs. Valentine." Samantha let out a halfsmile, with the corner of her mouth twitching.

"How about you?" Yvette looked at Ronald again.

"I will stay in the hospital for a while. The reporter from the TV station will come over soon. I will return

home after the recording is over. I will ask the chauffeur to send you home."

Samantha let out a sarcastic smile. Often, such a woman was the most foolish.

The interview wrapped up, and the school principal brought Summer for a classroom tour.

She had always been teaching languages, and this time was no different. She was assigned to teach the 11th Grade.

The principal received a call, and then he said to Summer, "Another new teacher has arrived. Why don't you come with me to meet him?"

She agreed, nodding her head out of politeness. As she followed the principal and came back into his

office, she saw a tall man sitting on the settee.

She was wide-eyed as she got close and saw his face. It was the man who invited her to dance in the

ballroom.

The man, wearing a dark blue shirt and suit pants,

was tall, charming and dignified. He stood up and greeted the principal. "Hello, Mr. Simpson."

"Mr. Lloyd." The principal walked over and shook hands with the man. "I am glad to have you teaching i

n our school."

"It is my pleasure." Patrick smiled like a spring breeze.

He then looked at Summer. "What a coincidence."

"I didn't know that Mr. Lloyd and Ms. Hart knew each other. Come over and have some coffee."

The three of them sat down and chatted over coffee.

But it was the principal and Patrick who did the talking most of the time, while Summer just chimed i n

occasionally. She was surprised that Patrick was teaching French.

He seemed to be excellent at how he carried himself and the way he talked.

After sitting for a while, Summer said, "Mr. Simpson, M r. Lloyd, please excuse me. I have got to leave

now."

"I am leaving, too. I can give you a ride, if you don't mind, Ms. Hart." Patrick stood up and brushed down his clothes.

Before Summer could refuse, the principal chimed in." That will be great, since Ms. Hart and Mr. Lloyd

are colleagues now."

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Summer sat inside the black car and wondered why this man looked so familiar, as if she had seen him

somewhere before. But she could not remember it.

"Is something on my face?" Patrick had a charming face. He squinted at her with a smile hanging at the

corners of his mouth.

"No, I just think you look familiar. I think I have met you before," she honestly said. "Where did you

teach before?"

"Athana."

Athana?

After thinking for a moment, Summer had a lightbulb moment as someone came to mind.

"Do you know Baine?"

Patrick pulled the car to the left, then shrugged. "She i s my ex-fiancee."

Summer swallowed. She was right. Her phone vibrated just then, and she picked it up. It was Mark who

called, asking her to take Charlotte out to go through the school enrolment procedures.

She asked Patrick to drop her off on the spot. Patrick did not ask her why, but just obliged with a smile.

Summer watched with perplexity as the car drove away. It was not until Mark's car pulled up beside her

that she snapped back and got into the car.

She thought about telling Mark about it, but she thought better of it after pondering for a while. It was

Raine's business and had nothing to do with her. Why should she bother about it?

When the car was about to enter the residential area, Summer told him not to drive the car into the area, but to just stop right outside.

"For how long will we still have to keep our relationship underground?" Mark's lips twitched, his deep

voice sounding unpleasant.

"It was you who destroyed your image. Regain the trust of my dad and mom before we can see the light o f day."

Mark squinted. "How about making an apology?"

Summer gave him a lukewarm look. "How about stripping yourself naked?"

"That would probably be the best way to show my sincerity." He raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I think the same, too. It is best to go completely naked, taking off even your pants. And don't forget to put on a crown of thorns-the more the thorns, the better." Summer nodded and shot him a meaningful smile. "I can help choose the thorns that will cause you to bleed to your death on the spot."

He was talking crap. Did he want to apologize, or frighten her parents?

"Summer-" he gritted his teeth and called out to her.

But she had already opened the door and got out. After a while, she brought Charlotte along into the car and they drove away.

Daisy stood in front of the window and saw everything. Same with Solomon, who elongated his voice

when he said, "Destiny has a sense of humor, and it is called serendipity."

Charlotte liked the school. She said it was beautiful. Summer was relieved after hearing this. At least,

she had a good first impression of the school.

There were stalls selling cotton candy on the streets. Charlotte looked at the cotton candy, licking her

lips like a gluttonous cat, and shook Summer's hand." Mommy, I want that cotton candy. Would you buy

that for me?"

"I have no money." She looked at the cavities in Charlotte's mouth.

"Then I will ask Daddy for it." She creased her nose.