## **President 591**

| Chapter | 591 |
|---------|-----|
|---------|-----|

She had not known that love was such a difficult and painful thing. She thought that being in love

meant they could be together. However, it wasn't as simple as she had imagined.

Finally, they were separated by a great chasm, where n o one could traverse.

After losing her father, she couldn't afford to lose her mother. She was adopted at a young age, and it

was her mother who raised her through thick and thin.

She was in anguish, but his sorrow was nowhere lighter than hers...

Staring at her again for a long time, Mark turned around and took hold of Yvette's arm. He bowed

politely toward Daisy and apologized, "Aunty, I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble today. I will

come again another day to apologize."

"There is no need. The Valentines shall have nothing to do to us anymore. You don't need to come. I

won't let you in. Now, leave!" 1

"I'm sorry!" Then, he led Yvette away.

Getting into his black Bentley, Mark did not utter a word. He drove at a very fast speed.

Yvette sat on the other side. She knew she couldn't let her son despise her, so she said, "Mark, mom spewed nonsense because I was blinded by anger. Besides, there's no way I could hold my anger in check when such a thing happens to our family!" Hearing her words, Mark glanced at her abstrusely and gloomily. "There are things... that I don't wish to see twice," he uttered. In the end, she was still his mother, the mother who gave birth to him and raised him. Not long after, Summer, too, was chased out of the house. Daisy still didn't want to see her. She had not yet overcome the sorrows. 1 Summer wandered the streets and meandered aimlessly until it was the end of the working hour. Then, she fetched Charlotte from kindergarten. Charlotte wanted to eat that "old man". It had been a while since she brought her there; so, Summer brought her to KFC. There was a crowd at KFC. After queuing relentlessly, i t was finally their turn.

After dinner, Charlotte wanted to go for a boat ride by the lake. Following that, they went to the

night

market. When they arrived home, it was already 9:00 p m, and the sky had turned dark. Summer piggybacked Charlotte. The little girl slept soundly as she was clinging to her mother's back. A familiar black Bentley was parked downstairs. Mark was leaning on the car and smoking a cigarette. When he saw her, he walked up to her. Suppressing her emotions, she asked indifferently, "What are you doing here?" Without saying a word, Mark reached out to carry Charlotte off her back and placed her on the car seat. Then he turned around and returned to her. "Let's talk." 1 "Who told you that I hated you?" Mark gripped her shoulders tightly with his hands as they exchanged glances. He paused and looked through her eyes, trying to see into the deepest reaches of her heart and mind." Because it was you, because of you and our child.

Even if you did not take such action, I would have sent him to prison myself. But I hoped that you

do it yourself to bring down your adversary. All I wish for you is to be happy, not to suffer. Since

would

when

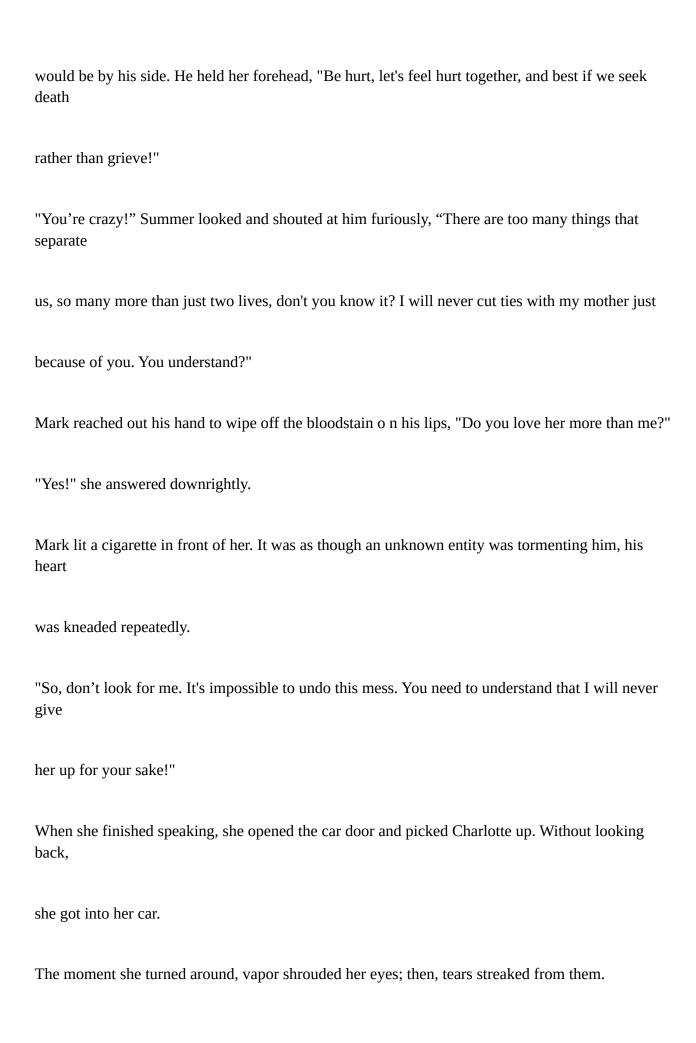
have I ever hated you?"

Summer trembled in her heart. Her palms grew slightly warm, but she remained silent. Chapter 592 He spoke, and she listened. Just as he was staring deeply into her eyes, she, too, did likewise. They were so close and gazed so deeply at each other, yet they were like the two most distant beings on earth, unable to bridge the gap... "Actually, nothing between us will change. The oath I swore before my mother cannot be undone. So, let us end it here." Mark stared at her furiously. He clutched her arms unwittingly, the veins on his hand bobbing with anger. As he overdid it, she frowned due to the pain. "I t hurts..." Leaning forward, he kissed her right on the lips firmly and passionately. From between his lips and teeth, he spewed out some words, suppressed in his deep voice, "Let us be hurt, and to hell, we go together!" With all her might, Summer shoved him away. She panted heavily, and her chest was pounding.

At that moment, Mark was like a relentless and wretched lunatic. She hurt him. So, he also wanted her

to be hurt. May they both be hurt. Let no one be free of it.

Going to hell together wasn't a bad idea since she



In his car, Mark slammed his fists on the steering wheel so hard that it shook. His joints turned pale white, and his veins were bobbing in anger even more visibly. In her bedroom, Summer did not sleep. She was leaning against the door. Mom had raised her. How could she take it for granted!" She had caused mom to lose dad. How could she let mom lose her too? Thus, they were not destined to be together. Despite all the struggles, it was still impossible! At the pub. Mark shoved the beer away, "Not in the mood. Not interested as well." Immediately, he got up. Without any gesture, he drove off and headed to Summer's residence. The next morning, when Daisy opened the door, there he was, with bloodshot eyes, looking fatigued. Chapter 593 "Stop wasting your time. I will never allow Summer to be together with you, not even over my dead body. Back then, I would have been moved by your persistence.

"But not anymore. Summer's father's portrait hangs in the living hall. Every time I see it, I am reminded

of his death. Did you think that you standing here for many days could ease my immense resentment?

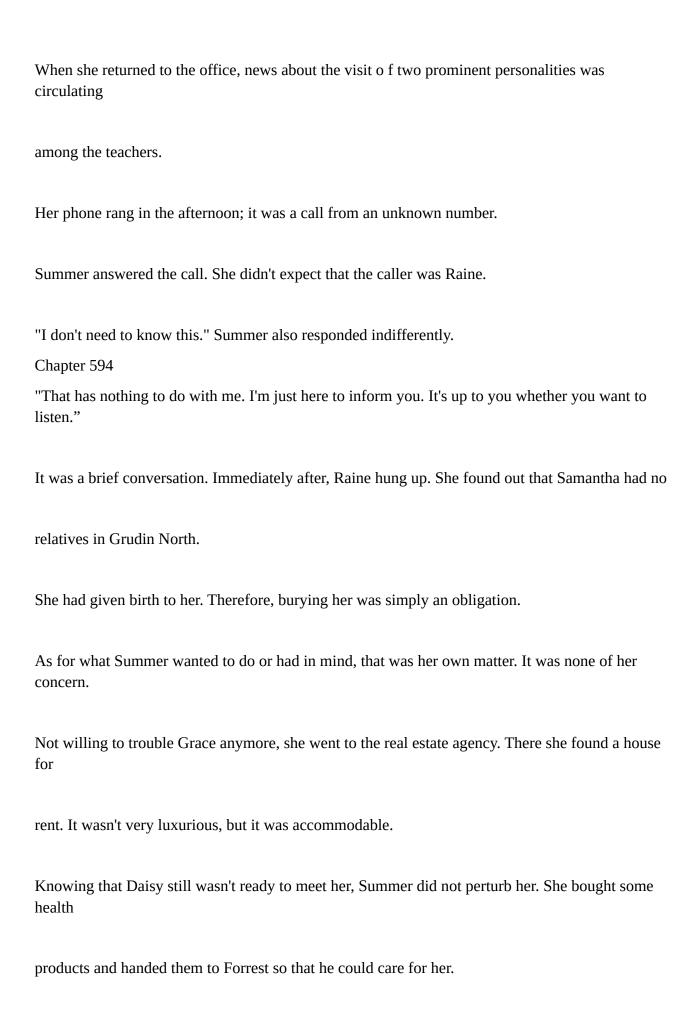
Never!

"If you do not wish to see my relationship with Summer become stale, then get away from my sight, and stay away from her. I have never been this heart-hardened before. Even though it is the first time, I will remain resolute!" 1 She had lost him forever in just one night. How could she withstand such misfortune? He was her soulmate, her firmament. Without him, her world was in shambles, and everything before her was pitch black darkness! Just then, a call came from the office as though an emergency had occurred. Mark gestured politely and left. However, Daisy wasn't moved a single bit. She remained headstrong. Summer went to school. Her face was sore, her eyes swollen. They were slightly reddish too. During lunch, the teacher opposite her had brought her share of lunch. She wanted to use the washroom, s o she got up and left. Through the door, she could hear gossip coming from outside the washroom. "Ms. Hart had such a wonderful life before this. Mr. Valentine would deliver nutritious lunch to her

every

afternoon. He was so caring." "Indeed, Mr. Valentine is a remarkable man. But now, the situation isn't easy on anyone. They are separated by the death of their unborn child and her father. How can they be together?" "I agree. His father caused the death of her father. Being together would only be more tormenting!" "Actually, Mr. Valentine had been very magnanimous toward Ms. Hart. The video of his father uploaded to the internet stirred up a hullabaloo; everyone knew about it. His father was even imprisoned. Yet, he remained whitewashed." "His father deserved it! it was his own intolerable deed. Otherwise, what else could Ms. Hart do to him?" "No matter what, the feud between them is deep. It's too deep." "I think, if I were in her shoes and got back together with Mr. Valentine, my mother would have clobbered me to death. Her husband had died, you know!" "You used to fret about not having a chance with Mr. Valentine. What about now?" Summer had recollected her composure before she exited the washroom. She appeared calm and

indifferent.



The new house did not have very pleasant amenities. The windows were small, and there was no parking garage. She had planned to buy a car, that was what she thought.

The transportation and navigation weren't very convenient. Thus, there was no need for an expensive

car. All she needed was one that could get her around.

She went to the car dealership. After comparing a few

prices and models, she found the Volkswagen Golf best suited her taste.

She was a swift decision-maker. Once she had decided, she would not have second thoughts. She swiped her credit card and bought the car.

Charlotte was most thrilled. She skipped and scampered, not getting enough of it.

refused, so he scolded her, 'you're hopeless if you can't even drive.'

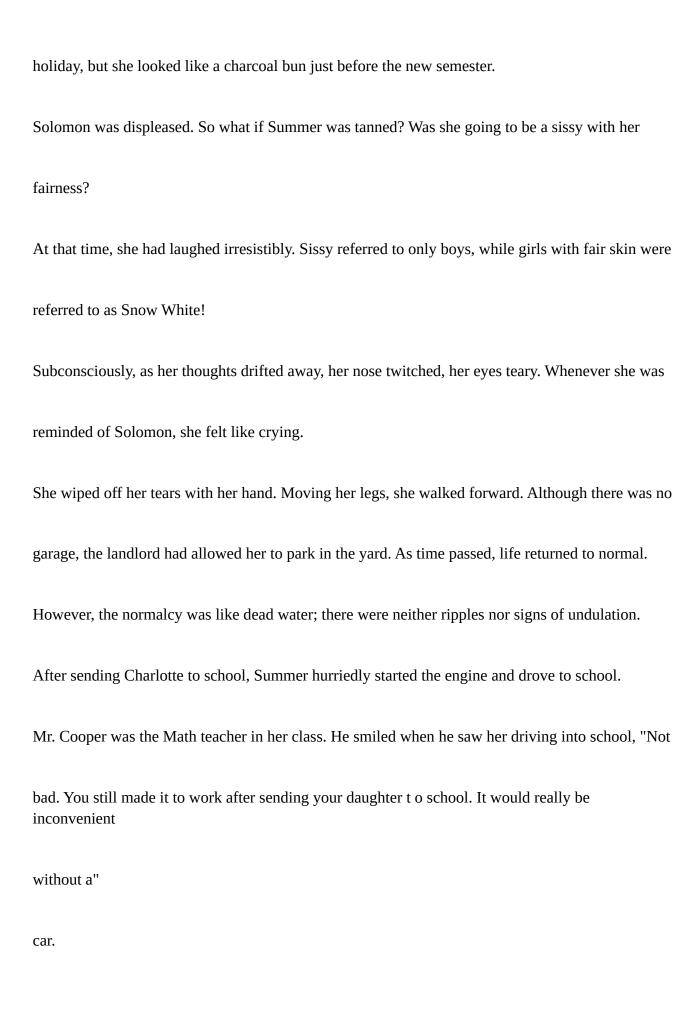
A few years ago, when she was in college, Solomon had insisted that she get a driving license. She

It was the summer holiday when she enrolled in the driving academy. The sun during that time was

scorching, and she spent those days under the sun. After she received her driving license two months

later, she was as tanned as charcoal.

Daisy nagged at Solomon. Was it necessary for a girl to drive? She was fair-skinned during the



"Let's hurry. Because the VIPs are arriving soon, the principal has already gathered all the teachers."

Nobody knew who the VIPs were. After waiting for more than half an hour, two black low-key but

luxurious cars entered the compound.

As the car doors opened, the principal hurried over. A long leg stuck out, and shortly after, a man

emerged from the car.

At that instant, Summer was petrified and rooted to her spot. Never had she imagined that the person

would be Mark.

Chapter 595

He wore a formal black outfit. Not a crease could be found. Only a few days had passed, yet he

appeared skinnier. However, his chiseled face was even more defined and stunning.

People like him were born to look good in formal outfits. He had that perfect physique-broad shoulders,

narrow hips-that could rock every inch of the outfit, attracting attention.

The car behind stopped as well, and the mayor of Santabaca emerged from it.

Recomposing herself, she avoided eye contact and lowered her head, hiding herself among the crowd.

As though there was something, Mark glanced across the crowd, and his sight landed on a certain

spot; after gazing at it for some time, he averted.

The three men walked side by side with each other while the rest marched behind. It was a splendid procession. The lady teacher beside her sneered, "Look at the principal and Mr. Valentine. They are both in formal outfits, but the contrast is just like heaven and hell!" All the lady teachers' attention gathered upon him, gawking. Summer kept quiet and marched along. He came because of work. The school needed a new building, and they had handed the project to Valentine Group as the private contractor. Along the way, it was all work-related chatter. Mark spoke very little. Most of the time, it was the principal and the person-in-charge who spoke. But every time he spoke, the lady teachers behind him would be mesmerized. It was uncertain whether it was his cold or a problem with his vocals that his voice was deep, coarse, ardent, and charming.

After their discussion, the principal rubbed his hands and suggested they had lunch as he had

made the preparations.

already

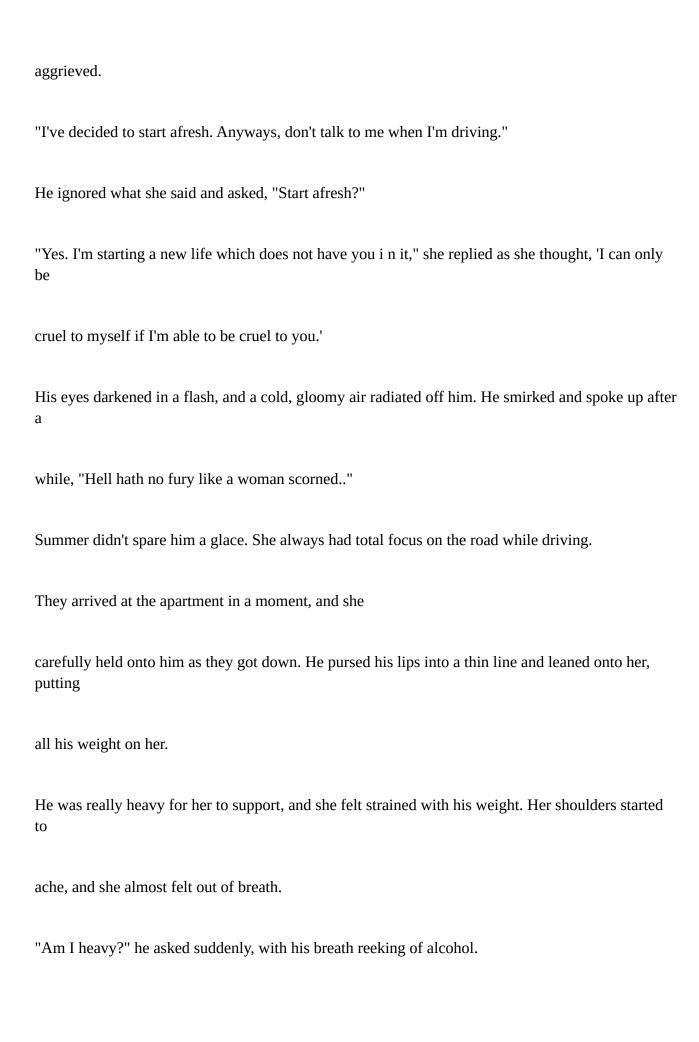
Mark agreed. The principal was excited; it almost drove him nuts. The rest nodded in unison. Thus, the

teachers also tagged along.

Summer chose a seat beside the window, farthest from where he sat. She restrained herself from looking toward him. Looking at a particular spot, Mark lifted his head and bottomed up his glass of wine. He drank plentiful, one glass after another. When it was time to leave, he was wasted. His toned figure reclined in his seat, and his hands caressed his eyebrows. The parade of people had dispersed. Even Mark's driver and the secretary had left. Mark was utterly drunk. The principal was anxious but had no solution at all. However, when he noticed Summer walking past him, he said, "Ms. Hart." She halted her footsteps. Turning around, she said calmly, "Mr. Principal." "Ms. Hart knows the address of Mr. Valentine. Please d o me a favor. Please send him home." Summer gave him a stare, "Mr. Principal, Mr. Valentine has his assistant and secretary. I still have classes that I need to attend." "The assistant and secretary have left. Even his phone is dead. Please send him back to his

apartment."

"Mr. Valentine is already in such a drunken stage. How can he still work? Don't you have any empathy, M s. Hart? Make this your assignment!" Exasperated, Summer gritted her teeth. With the help of two men teachers, they carried Mark into car. He was extremely intoxicated and reeked with alcohol from head to toe. After fastening his seatbelt, she started the engine. In the meantime, his closed eyes rumbled. Slightly opening them, he said in a half-drunken manner," When did you buy this car?" Hearing his question, Summer replied bluntly, "If you're not drunk, you may get off." Chapter 596 Her gaze was fixated on the road ahead as she focused on driving without uttering a word. She was careful as she was still not used to driving. He watched her as he leaned on the side of the window with his chin in his hand. He couldn't explain it clearly in words, but he thought she looked attractive when she was focused. He asked, "Why did you decide to get a car?" He shifted in his seat when he asked. The car felt slightly cramped for him, and he felt somewhat



She gritted her teeth as she pulled and shifted his body which was almost sliding off to support him better, and she asked, "What do you think?" Mark nuzzled his face into her neck. His chest heaved under his white shirt, and his breath felt hot his voice sounded light when he said, "This is what my heart is feeling right now. This is what you made you made me feel, and I want you to feel it too." 'These unbearable pressure and pain are what I gave him..' When she heard his words, her fingers trembled, and she felt her heart waver as it pounded. She restrained herself. She did not meet his eyes nor answer him. She had only held onto him while walking towards his apartment. His throat felt tensed, and his lips chapped. Feeling irritated, Mark tugged off his necktie as he stared at her with his dark eyes. He scorned, "Didn't others say that women would be the ones who cry and make a fuss of things as if the world had ended? Why or how are you still living so calmly? Myself, on the other hand, is a mess." He hadn't expected himself to be such a mess. To end up feeling and acting the way he is now for a

woman.

| This time, her body shivered and trembled as she had an urge to break down and cry from his words.    |
|---|
| Her head was kept low when she walked him to the couch and got him a glass of water.<br>Unknowingly,  |
| her voice had also gotten hoarse when she said, "I'm leaving now."                                    |
| He placed the glass down on the table, and in a swift movement, Mark got up and held onto her         |
| shoulders a s he asked, "Can't we go back to the past?"   |
| "We can," she continued, "if you could revive my dad." 1  |
| He suddenly lost his temper, and he bent down to fiercely press his lips onto hers deeply.            |
| He kissed and bit her as though he was a beast gone out of control who had wanted to bite her to      |
| death.  |
| She panted as she pushed his hand that held onto her wrist off and left his apartment without turning |
| her head back.  |
| down.   |
| She was worried about not being able to hold back from hugging, kissing, and comforting him if she    |
| hadn't decided to leave.<br>Chapter 597   |
|   |

He remained on the couch after she left. Then, he got u p and took out a bottle of brandy. He could see her leave further and further away until she disappeared into the void as he stood by the window. 'What a cruel woman,¹ he thought. Brandy is highly concentrated, but he finished the whole bottle. He hadn't had a good night's sleep since she left, so he thought resorting to drowning in alcohol and numb his senses would be a great decision. Having finished the bottle, he laid on the couch, and the doorbell rang. He missed it as he was fast asleep. The person at the door opened the door herself after not getting any response, and she who stepped in was Baine. 1 She wore a long blue coat that reached her ankles with a belt fastened on her waist and a pair of heels on her feet. She entered the room and found him sleeping on the couch. The apartment smelt of alcohol, and she furrowed her brows at how pungent it was as she wondered how much he drank. Baine headed to the kitchen and cooked some soup

for his hangover. After placing the bowl of soup on a table, she tried to wake him but to no avail. She

sighed and sat him up. "Don't drink so much," said Raine.

He didn't drink the soup nor did he open his eyes; instead, he reached out and hugged her waist. His

chin was on her shoulder as he said, "Stay with me, don't leave."

Her heart softened, and she replied while patting his back, "I'm not leaving."

"Okay," his body visibly relaxed when he heard her reply. He then mumbled a name, "Summer..."

Instantaneously, she felt as if she was shocked by lightning. His mumble of Summer's name was as

though a sharp knife pierced and pained her heart.

She remained still as she froze. After a while, her lips curled into a bitter smile.

"I know you're hurting. I am too. We can share the pair together. That child is yours, but he was also

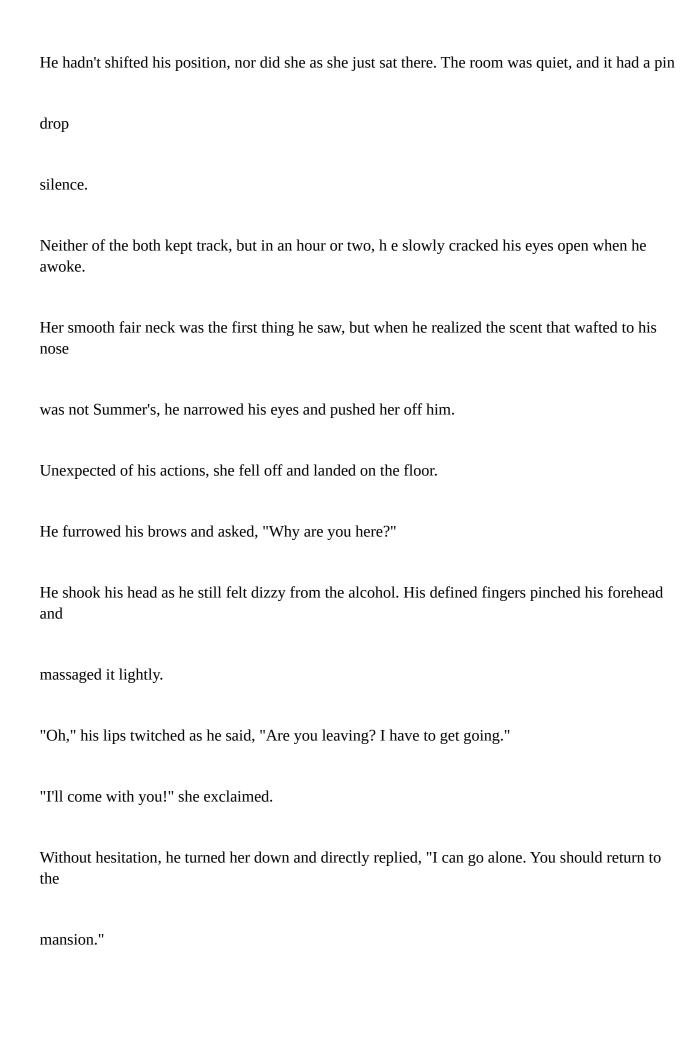
mine. Let's do this together.."

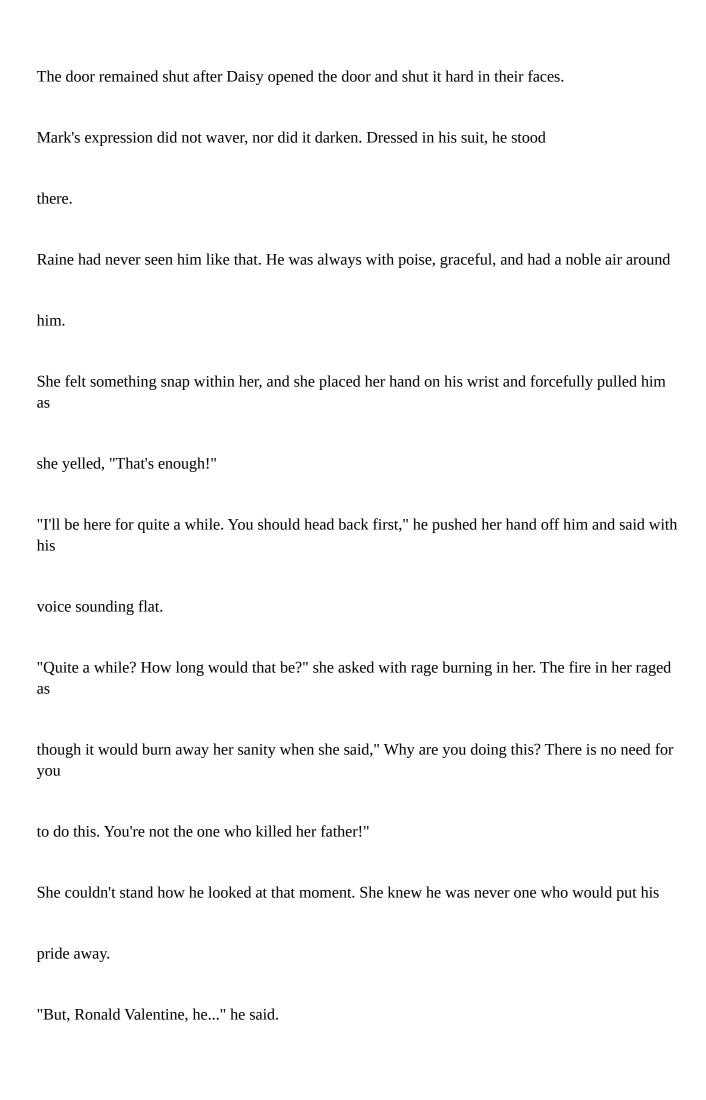
His deep voice was heard when he mumbled again as he slept. He wasn't in a sound slumber as his

brows were knitted tightly.

Raine s heart ached with every word she heard as she thought, 'everything he's saying now, all these

feelings, are not for me.' 1

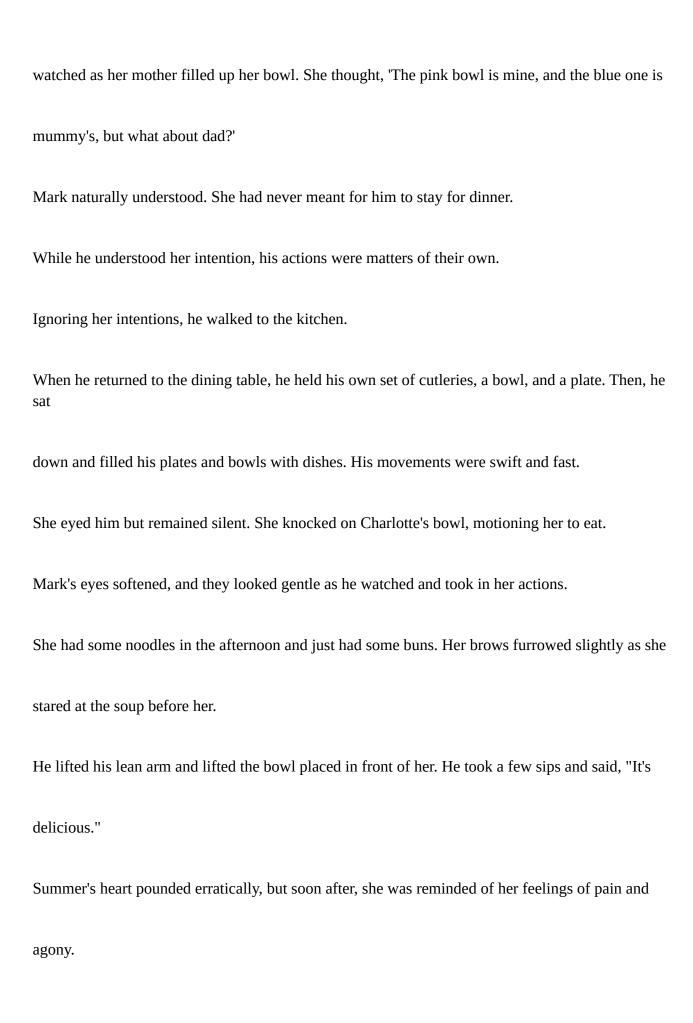




"Yes, it was Ronald who killed him! Not you! You are innocent. You don't have to be here putting all your pride away to beg for forgiveness!" Mark gave her a few glances and replied flatly, "I love her, and never did I thought that I was putting my pride away. There is no pride or ego in the face of love. Raine was laughing bitterly to herself. The pain in her had grown and double-folded as she thought, 'What does he mean by that? Is he saying that for Summer Hart, he can let go of everything he has?' She was frustrated, utterly frustrated. "Mummy, I want to eat that old man!" Charlotte exclaimed while running out of her room. Summer was doing the laundry in the backyard. "Didn't you just have KFC two days ago?" she asked while turning on the tap without lifting her head. The laundry basket was mostly filled with Charlotte's laundry. Summer ignored her and continued washing the clothes in the bucket, rubbing the collars of a shirt. Right at that moment, a deep voice sounded," Charlotte." She turned around and jumped down from the steps.

She smiled and ran towards him with her braids swaying behind her. "Daddy!" Chapter 599 Mark extended his arms and carried Charlotte, who was running towards him. He raised the family bucket with his right hand and asked, "Do you want some?" Charlotte's eyes sparkled, and she raised her fair hands high as she exclaimed with her cute voice," Yes! Yes! Yes!" He carried Charlotte in his arms and stepped towards Summer. He stood behind her and asked with his shaped brows raised, "Will you have some with Charlotte?" "No need, I'm not hungry. I still have some laundry to do," she said without turning back as she kept her gaze low. He bobbed his throat and shifted his gaze away from her. He then carried Charlotte and stepped into her room. The room wasn't huge, but it felt cozy, and there was a stalk of a flower in a vase on the table. Charlotte sat there with both her hands full as she enjoyed her fried chicken. She ate till her tummy was round, and she could not eat anymore. He smiled as he pulled Charlotte into his embrace. His large hand landed on her tummy, and he patted

| lightly on it.  |
|---|
| After having her tummy filled, Charlotte soon fell  |
| asleep not long after. Not being able to sleep soundly for the past few days, Mark too dozed off while  |
| hugging Charlotte.  |
| And that was what Summer had witnessed when she stepped into the room after finishing doing the         |
| laundry.  |
| He laid on the couch while their daughter laid on his chest. Both were fast asleep as they breathed out |
| soft snores.  |
| She stepped quietly, careful not to wake them. She took a blanket and covered them up. Then, she        |
| headed to the kitchen and decided to make some noodles as she missed lunch at noon.                     |
| After having her meal, she prepared materials for class and had some papers to mark and correct.        |
| They had a long rest and had only awakened when the night came, and the street lights shone.            |
| Summer had already prepared dinner. There was mushroom soup and a few dishes. It had looked             |
| appetizing, and she was setting up the table.   |
| Charlotte obediently went and washed her hands before taking a seat on the dining table. She sat and    |



"It's getting late. We need to get some rest. You should leave." She ushered. Chapter 600 His long figure sank into the couch as he sat still and stared at her. He pinched and massaged his temples and said, "I'm feeling somewhat tired. Can I stay for the night?" Without any hesitation, she bluntly rejected, "No, you cant!" "I won't take up much place. I can just sleep on the couch, and I won't do anything to you. Don't worry. Plus, I can see what you've spelled out on your face, I don't have any relation to you'. I'm just tired, and I don't want to move." "No, you can't stay. You should leave," she insisted. She knew her defense would collapse if she let him carry on. However, she would never forget about her dad. She would never forget how he died nor her mother's resolve. He's so close yet so far for her, and she knew she isn't allowed to reach out to him. After a moment, Mark got up from the couch. He let out a soft 'hmph' and said defeatedly, "Good night." They were so close to one another, and she could feel his hot breath on her face when he spoke up.

His breath felt unusually hot, and she thought it was strange. She wondered if he had a fever.

When she was deep in her thoughts, he had opened the door and stepped out, leaving her eyes with his tall and lean silhouette. She tidied up the room after keeping her thoughts away. Mark was indeed having a fever. His forehead was blazing hot. He had always been healthy, and the times in which he had fallen ill could be counted with his fingers. His body felt as though on fire, burning himself like a barbeque. His defined brows furrowed, and pursed his lips into a line as he got in his car. He started the car and left. His fever was high, and he felt hot driving. His left hand held onto the steering wheel while his right tugged his necktie off. All of a sudden, a blinding light shone over from the opposite direction. His left hand slipped, and the car skidded right and slammed onto the guardrail. Summer was fast asleep when she answered Harry's call. After picking up the call, she immediately got

out of bed, carried Charlotte into the car, and started the engines.

The car accelerated, and her face had become pale while she felt anxious. She gritted her teeth as she

tried to calm herself down.

Harry told her that he had met with a car accident, and she couldn't help but feel panicked.

When she arrived at the scene, the police had set up and preserved the scene. The alarms were still

blaring from the police cars, and her heart pounded erratically.

She pushed against the crowd and squeezed in. She grabbed a policeman's shirt, and her voice

trembled when she asked, "Where's the driver?"

She was afraid and had regretted not let him stay when he asked the moments earlier. 'Why did I

chase him away just now?' she asked.

Turning towards the direction the police pointed, she scurried over to him. When she saw his familiar

figure, she ran to him and asked, "Where are you injured? Is it severe?"

Mark's left arm was wounded badly. The doctor was patching it up for him and bandaging it when he

heard her voice. His gaze fell upon her as he asked,' Why are you here?"

He patted her back to ease her breathing. His face darkened when he thought about how Harry had

became taken more things upon himself without consulting him.

"Doctor, is he okay?" Summer asked, looking at the doctor.

"The would on Mr. Valentine's left arm is quite severe. He shouldn't move about too much these few

days. Plus, he is having a fever as well, and it's quite bad."