

President 611

Chapter 611

Raine did not want to hear it, so she packed her suitcase. "Maybe I am good-for-nothing, or maybe it is

fate. I will only admit that I drugged the mushroom soup. You don't have to worry about it, Yvette."
1

Yvette's brow crumpled like an old bill, as she was utterly disappointed with Raine. "Where are you going? You are not going anywhere until Summer leaves Mark."

"Commander Angelo is still here, Yvette. Actually, I don't want to tell him about this, so the decision is in

your hands." Raine shrugged it off and reminded Yvette. 1

Yvette knew Raine was threatening her. It was only by now that she knew Raine was an ingrate who still thought about biting back at her, and the motherdaughter trio was up to no good.

Raine would resign to her fate, but it did not mean that Yvette would.

It was Sunday again in the blink of an eye.

A woman and a man were lying on their sides as sunlight shone through the window curtains.
Summer

was curled up like a ball, while Mark hugged her from behind. There was zero gap between them as their

bodies were pressed together like a twin. When the sunlight became a little glaring, her eyelashes flickered, and she opened her eyes.

She adjusted her body and the man behind her woke up. They hugged each other tightly with their lips

joined in fervent kisses.

"Come with me to the office."

"Maybe not. I have got to bring Charlotte to the mall." She felt a little tired, lacking energy.

"You can sleep in the office. After work in the afternoon, I will accompany you and Charlotte to the mall."

"It is too tiring that way. No, we will stay at home. You go alone." She patted his charming face, telling

him she was too lazy to move her butt.

Mark had a gentle look on his face, his lips curling up as he gently smacked her butt in reciprocity.

"Don't get lazy, woman."

She was tired and lazy and would not move, but just lay there. The man raised a brow, taking her bra to

put it on for her. Summer closed her eyes slightly; she was too tired.

"I have seen everything that I should see. Besides, I have seen every part of your body. Why do you

still feel embarrassed?" "Thick-skinned!" Summer put on her clothes, her action nimble. It was only after

that Mark put on his pants leisurely.

The three went to the office together at last.

"I can't. Big Gray Wolf is coming out. Look, Daddy, he i s so beautiful."

Holding Charlotte with his right arm, he scrolled down the webpage using the mouse.

He was supposed to work in the office, but he had an unproductive morning with only two documents

read and done.

Chapter 612

It was not until noon that Summer woke up at leisure. I n fact, she woke up hungry. She raised her

hands and casually tied up her hair with ribbons, and felt an indescribable sense of casualness.

She had not eaten spaghetti for a long time and was now craving it. Mark and Charlotte had no

objection, and so the three of them went to a nearby Italian restaurant. 1

The weather had gotten colder than before. Charlotte did not have any coats, so they went to a mall

and bought bags of clothes.

Charlotte picked a small pink coat, Summer a tassel jacket, and Mark a black trench coat.

After checking the date, Summer did not plan to accompany Mark back to his office. Instead, she

wanted to go to the cemetery because she missed her dad.

"I will go with you." Mark wrapped his arms around her shoulders.

Nodding, she went to the florist and bought a bouquet.

It was still sunny in the morning, but now it was overcast with clouds, and it seemed that it would not b

e long before it rained.

Sure enough, it started to rain when they got to the cemetery. It was a downpour. Fortunately, they had

come prepared with an umbrella.

When Summer came to her dad's tombstone, she saw Daisy sitting on the ground. She must have been sitting for some time as she was soaked to the skin.

"Mom." Summer called her, hurriedly coming up to her and held the umbrella over her head and struggled to help her up.

Mark put Charlotte down, squinting his eyes as he strode over and helped Daisy up with ease.

But as soon as Daisy saw Mark, she flung his hand away with a disdainful expression on her face. "Go

away! You go away!"

There was an unruffled expression on Mark's charming face, and he stood there motionless.

Daisy turned to stare at Summer with a bitter expression.

Her knife-like eyes stabbed into Summer's heart.

Summer bit her lips and called out to Daisy again, "Mom."

"Is this your vow to me and your dad?" Daisy pointed at the grave with her trembling hand. "He was

the one who caused your dad's death. Is this how you treat your dad? Have you forgotten all the vows

that you made in the mourning hall during your dad's funeral?"

She was silent, standing there, biting her lip. She bowed her head and said not a word.

Her silence was an admission of guilt in Daisy's eyes. Daisy was trembling uncontrollably as she

questioned Summer, "Is this how you treat your dad? He held you so dearly in his heart, yet this is how

you repay him!"

Mark stepped up, spread his arms, and drew Summer into his embrace, then looked fixedly at Daisy.

"Mrs. Hart, she is your daughter. Why force her into this?"

"Force?" Daisy's face turned green with anger, and her vision dimmed for a second.

"Carrying on the mistakes of the previous generation to the next makes little sense at all, does it?"

"Mom!" "Mrs. Hart!"

There was chaos, and Daisy was then taken to the hospital.

"I will leave when she wakes up. Let me stay here with you before that." His voice was slow, deep, but

gentle.

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She nodded. The two of them sat on the bench with her head on his shoulders and her eyes closed.

After a while, the doors of the emergency room opened, and the doctor walked out. "The patient has high blood pressure, plus the shortness of breath. That was why she fainted. She is fine now."

Summer was relieved. She saw Mark out and then returned inside.

Mark's face was sullen, like dark clouds in the night sky. He glanced at her a few times before getting

into the car. No one knew what was on his mind.

All he thought was that he could not bear to leave her alone; he did not want to, but he knew he must

not agitate Daisy again.

Daisy had regained her consciousness. Summer took a deep breath and walked in. "Mom."

"Cut off your relationship with him immediately!" Daisy's breath was still rapid, her chest heaving.

Summer stayed silent as she brought her water and peeled an apple for her, but refused to respond.

Daisy was still furious, throwing the apple and sweeping the glass of water to the ground. "Answer m

e!"

"Mom, I want to be with him." She suddenly looked up and her hands on her side clenched into fists.

She had said she wanted to be courageous and try it once for him. It was not just empty talk; she really

meant it. She wanted to try it.

The next moment, Daisy slapped her mercilessly." This is your dutiful daughter, Solomon. Do you see

this?" she cried out.

Summer felt a burning sensation in her cheek from the slap. Daisy's reaction was not a surprise, as she

had expected it.

"If you still want to be with him, then get the hell out o f here and don't come again. My life and death

have got nothing to do with you."

While the two were in a tense deadlock, the doctor and nurses walked in to measure Daisy's blood pressure and gave her an infusion.

"If you refuse to get out, I won't get the infusion or blood pressure reading today."

Not only that, Daisy wanted to get out of bed and was uncooperative. Not knowing what to do, the

doctors and nurses winked at Summer. Summer had no choice but to leave the ward and closed the door behind her.

As Daisy was too emotional, the doctor gave her a sedative, which worked like magic as Daisy calmed

down and fell asleep.

Summer sat in the ward until nightfall. The handprint on her cheeks was still obvious, and the swelling

did not go away.

The vibration from her phone jolted her out of her daze. She pulled off the quilt, walked out of the ward,

and then stood in the hallway. It was Mark calling.

"Is she okay?"

"She has fallen asleep," he said, and then asked again, "Are you okay?"

She was taken aback, then nodded. "I miss you."

"Really?" His voice was suppressed.

"I really miss you." She was tired, but his voice made her reluctant to hang up.

Chapter 614

"I want to be by your side at this moment as I don't want you to face it and bear it alone, do you understand?"

Summer nodded. "But she will get emotional whenever she sees you. You must not appear in front of

her."

"Yes, I can't appear in front of her, but I can in front of you. Open the window if you want to see me."

Her brows were knitted together tightly as she walked over, opened the window, and poked her head

out. There she saw the silhouette of a tall guy.

He was wearing the windbreaker he just bought earlier today, leaning against the car, holding a mobile

phone with his left hand to his ear and an umbrella in his right. The raindrops falling from the night sky

made a constant pitter patter on his umbrella. He was looking up at her, squinting his eyes, as if he was

gazing into her soul.

"Are you seeing me?"

"Mm." She could hear the thumping of her heart.

"Can you bear with her?" he asked, his long fingers clenching the phone harder without him

consciously knowing.

She used her fingertip to trace his outline. It hurt her." Yes," she replied.

"Even if you can't, you will persevere for me. You miss me, and you won't give up on me, will you?"

His voice was mixed with the pitter patter of the rain, carrying a hint of dreaminess and confusion, just

like how he felt right now. He was afraid that she would buckle under the pressure from her mom and

choose to let go. He was panicking even at this moment.

She heard and understood the pitter patter of the rain and the rising pitch of his slightly trembling voice

toward the end of the sentence. Was he scared? He was a graceful yet arrogant man with an inborn

sense of dignity in him. Everyone in Santabaca was fearful upon seeing him. But his tone of voice told

her that his heart was heavy and humble. Even the surrounding atmosphere became tense and

suppressed.

She did not like him this way, nor did she like the suffocating air at this moment. She put up a smile and

teased him to ease the tension. "Are you begging me, Mr. Valentine?"

"I am begging you." He said word by word, his voice deep but gentle, open but not embarrassed.

His serious tone of voice transfixed her. Her eyes welled up and her nose became runny. She choked

back her emotion, fearing that he would discover it.

Mark spoke again, but his voice became softer. "So,

you won't let me down, will you?"

She nodded instinctively before realizing that they were on the phone. She quickly responded with a "M

m."

"You won't abandon me, will you?"

"Mm, you are not a three-year old. How do I abandon you?"

"What about Charlotte?"

"She is sleeping in the car."

Chapter 615

Summer's eyes were moist with emotion. "I hate you for sweet talking me tonight-you made me feel so

touched."

"Only when you are touched, you will not leave me. I will only sweet talk you from now on." His voice

became hoarse.

"No, I don't want it. I am having goosebumps all over m y body."

He chuckled. He chuckled, looking at her helplessly." Has anyone ever told you that you are a

buzzkiller?"

She thought for a moment and chuckled. "Yeah, do you remember the first time we met? You sang I

Can Love You Like That, and I sang Never Ever. I am not just a buzzkiller but also have an explosive

energy and a dry sense of humor."

"I can see that." He played along. "Go back in. I will take Charlotte home."

"Okay. Remember to send her to school tomorrow morning. I won't go back tonight. But I am not sure

about tomorrow. So I will call you then."

The next morning, when Summer woke up, Daisy was already awake. She was looking out of the window, appearing calm. But this behavior of Daisy was even more confusing and frightening.

"Mom, do you want breakfast? I will buy you something downstairs. Do you prefer pumpkin soup or hot

chocolate?" Summer went over and asked in a soft voice.

Daisy was still very indifferent, as if Summer was a stranger to her. "No, thanks. Could you please call

Forrest? Thank you."

Summer felt disheartened, feeling as if thousands of needles pierced into her with intense emotional

pain spreading all over her body.

Daisy deliberately distanced herself from her. She no longer quarreled with her, but completely tore apart the relationship between them.

Solomon had lived with her for most of her life, traveling, sleeping, eating together, and enjoying each

other's company. Suddenly, her spouse was gone, and she could not accept this reality. The faces of

Ronald and Yvette kept showing up in her mind; she could not forget that they were the culprits for her

husband's death.

Summer did not listen to her. She clenched her hands and took a deep breath, then forced a smile. "I

will go downstairs and be back in a while." Closing the door behind her, Summer left and came to the

corner of the corridor, her smile fading.

After she left, a tall man pushed open the ward door and walked in.

"Get the hell out of here!" Daisy shouted when she saw it was Mark.

Mark ignored what she said and stood there, his expression nonchalant. "She is your daughter. How can you put her in such a difficult dilemma?"

"Same to you. She will not be in a dilemma if you leave."

It was pointless for Mark to continue the conversation. He just said what he had to say in a deep voice.

Chapter 616

"The way you said it sounded as if I owed it to her. Leave. I don't want to see you! I will think of your

sick parents whenever I see you. I thought they were well-bred; obviously I was wrong."

"You have always been kind, and you have liked me too, haven't you?"

"I like you?" Daisy sneered, her breathing becoming rapid again, and her body started to shake. "I like

anyone but the son of my husband's murderers. You're foolish!"

"Is it I or you who is foolish?" Mark asked. He left the ward, and Daisy's vision went dark and she fainted again.

Summer had bought pumpkin soup and hot chocolate. Upon hearing from the doctor that Daisy had been rushed into the emergency room, she panicked and frowned. "She was still fine when I left. What

happened after that?"

"She got emotional again."

She sat down on a bench and waited. An hour later, Daisy was out of the emergency room, but was on

an oxygen mask. She slept for another two hours before regaining consciousness.

"Didn't I tell you that the patient is extremely fragile? She has high blood pressure and is emotionally

unstable. Besides, she didn't have her breakfast. Why did you agitate her again?" The doctor

reprimanded Summer.

"I didn't irritate her. I went downstairs to buy breakfast. When I came back up, she was already in the

emergency room." Summer shook her head.

"It was not her but someone else." Daisy gasped as she woke up, still feeling weak.

"Who was it?" Summer turned around and asked hurriedly.

"Who else, if not him, could anger me so much?" Daisy was lying on the hospital bed. "He said that you

rented a house for us and borrowed money to pay off our debts for the past few years, and questioned

me about why I still wanted to be so hard on you. I didn't know that we owed you so much. You can

take the house back now. I will rent another one after I am discharged. As for the money Forrest owes

you, I will ask him to pay you back."

"Mom, please don't be like that." It broke Summer's heart to hear that.

"Get out. I am tired and I need to rest." Daisy turned to lie on her side and closed her eyes.

"You have not eaten anything yet. I will buy something again. Sleep only after eating." Daisy said

nothing again and her breathing slowed down. Just when Summer was about to say something again,

the doctor motioned her to leave with his eyes.

Standing outside the corridor, she could feel the chilly wind biting into her face. It felt as painful as what

she felt inside her. She took out her cell phone and dialed the number.

The call was connected after a few rings, and his usual deep, magnetic voice came. "Have you eaten?"

"Were you in the hospital earlier?" She did not answer his question.

There was a moment of silence on that end, and then Mark replied softly, "Yeah."

He was silent and did not answer her question.

Just then, the doctor came over, and beckoned her to go to his office. She collected herself and

followed the doctor.

Chapter 617

"You mean my mom has a mental problem?"

"Yes, the patient shows signs of a mental problem.

She seems to be trapped in a downward mental health spiral: stubbornness, digging herself a deep

hole, and paranoia."

Summer nodded as she listened carefully. Those signs were indeed showing in her mom.

"But you must be easy on her and don't agitate her anymore. You know, people who are too paranoid

sometimes do things they can't even imagine."

"Do you have any psychologist to recommend, doctor?"

Harry and the secretary were waiting with bated breath outside the conference room.

Senior executives of the company, and the president of another company were sitting at the table.

Something was amiss with the company's president today. Mark usually entered the meeting room with

his phone in silent mode, but not today. He strode out of the meeting and answered the phone when

his phone rang.

After just talking for a minute or two, he sat down,

motionless. Seemingly, the other side had hung up the phone.

Harry could tell that it must be Summer at the other end just now, because only Summer was daring

enough to hang up on Mark.

Mark put his cell phone back into his pants pocket and returned to the meeting, expressionless.

Harry shook his head. Mark was still in a good mood with a smile hanging on his lips when he came out

to answer the phone just now. But things got a one-eighty turn in the blink of an eye. It looked like even

the weather forecast could not catch up with the changing face of the company's president.

Those people in the conference room looked at each other and were clueless about what had happened.

The meeting continued as usual, but Mark's mind was elsewhere. What Summer said just now had hurt

him.

After the meeting was over, he was the first to leave. Back in his office, he listened to Harry's report that

Mr. Valentine had boarded a plane and was on the way back to Athana.

He nodded with little emotion, his lips curling up with a sneer.

He went to see Daisy because he could not bring himself to see Summer suffer. He had never thought

that when things went around and came to her ears, it became a problem.

Perhaps Daisy had spun what he said. The thing was, Summer believed it instead of him.

Harry came in quickly. "Yes, Mr. Valentine?"

Harry picked the documents up, quietly gasping as he was gobsmacked by Mark's temper. "I will ask

someone to redo them."

Following that, all the proposals and contracts on the desk were thrown out in front of Harry.

Chapter 618

Cold sweat was trickling down Harry's forehead. He wondered what had caused Mark to blow his gasket.

Life is hard for an employee. All documents-with and without errors-had been returned to him, and he

had to redo them all.

It would be a bad day for the managers of various departments. Harry sighed as he carried the stack of

files out of Mark's office like an office boy. But before he closed the door behind him, he noticed Mark

was keeping his eyes on the phone beside him all the time. Was he waiting for Summer to say sorry first?

Whoops, this was an arrogant company's president.

The doctor handed Summer a business card of the best psychologist in Santabaca. The treatment would not come cheap, but that was not a problem.

As long as Daisy could return to normal and no longer had to suffer, Summer was willing to spend the money.

She called the psychologist right away and was lucky to get an appointment with him in the same afternoon. She was overjoyed. She wasted no time to leave the hospital and went to meet up with the psychologist at the agreed venue.

It surprised her when she met the psychologist, who

looked completely different from what she imagined before. He was young and handsome, probably in

his thirties, wearing a dark blue trench coat and khaki casual pants, very British-styled. Sipping on a cup of coffee, he looked like a young Brad Pitt with his side profile.

The two had a good chat, and Summer described her mom's situation as clearly as she could to the psychologist, Kolby Witt.

After that, Kolby offered to send Summer back to the hospital. She declined at first, but he insisted. So

she gave in and accepted his kindness.

As they arrived in front of the hospital, Summer got out of the car and waved at Kolby, thoughtfully telling him to drive safely.

What she did not notice was, the face of the man sitting in the black Land Rover nearby had darkened.

After Kolby drove away, and when Summer turned around, a hand grabbed her arm with force and pulled her into a car. She was shocked. But after seeing who it was, she patted her chest and panted.

"Why didn't you make a sound? You scared me."

"Who was that man?" His face darkened like ink as he took off his tie with irritation. He thought she

would realize that she had sounded too harsh over the phone earlier, and was waiting for her to apologize.

After waiting for an entire afternoon, there was not a peep from her. He was furious, and even helpless

at

her hard-heartedness.

To be honest, he did not mind lowering himself, as a great man yielded when it was necessary.

"He is the psychologist whom my mom will see." She shook off his hand. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you think I am doing here?" His expression eased.

Chapter 619

Mark grabbed her wrist again and forced his words through his teeth in a deep voice. "Don't you think

you owe me something?"

Summer frowned and leaned over to kiss him on the lips without thinking much.

Mark's anger dissipated by more than half. He pulled away after a long while.

"Hey, go home first. I will call you when I have time." She had an I-can't-even look on her face as he

behaved like a child.

"Have dinner with me."

Summer glanced at the time. "Thirty minutes, Okay?"

The two of them went to a nearby restaurant and just got a quick bite.

The unpleasant and hurt feelings he was experiencing because of what she said over the phone

disappeared altogether when she kissed him. Sometimes this is just how men work; a kiss or even a sweet word could make them forget everything.

He seemed to be starving and ordered some more food. But he kept his eating manner graceful the whole time.

Summer did not have a clue why he was so hungry and felt sorry for him. "Take it slowly. I will get you

some water. Otherwise, it will not be good for your stomach."

He smiled and nodded gently. But secretly, he laughed at himself for he had to resort to such a trick. He

ate so much because he wanted her to stay with him for a little longer.

Mark walked her back to the hospital. When arriving downstairs, he said to her, "Remember to call me

if anything."

"I know." She nodded.

He still refused to leave. Instead, he stepped forward and demanded, "Kiss me like just now."

"You just had dinner and did not brush your teeth."

Mark had long been accustomed to her anticlimactic responses. He used his powerful arms to draw her

into his embrace, put his mouth to the tip of her nose, and blew with his mouth. "I don't mind you; why

do you mind me, eh?"

"Because it will smell like you are regurgitating what you ate." She laughed.

Mark cocked a brow at her and gritted his teeth. "You are not romantic."

Summer was still laughing, even deliberately squinting at him. "What is romantic? Is it something edible?"

He gave her a few pecks on her red lips before leaving.

One minute it was heaven, and the next it was torment and suffering as she stepped into the ward."

Mom," she called her.

Chapter 620

"No! What psychologist? I have a mental problem? I am all good and in good spirits. You can be with

the murderer who killed your dad all you want, and I won't see any psychologist and listen to your crap.

Never show up in front of me again!"

"Mom, don't be so stubborn. Let's see the psychologist; he can help."

"Stop evading the issue at hand. Just give me a definite answer now: leave with him, or stay with me."

Summer shook her head; either way was a painful choice. She loved both of them and did not want to

lose either.

"Mom, don't force me to choose."

"I am not forcing you. If you choose me, then we will be the same as before. If you choose him, you

stay away from me. If you come to me again, I will slash myself with a knife." Daisy was adamant,

leaving no room for negotiation.

She was torn between the two of them, feeling as if her head was about to explode.

It hurt her to think of him, of him lowering himself. She promised him she would be brave for him and

would try for him. She really wanted to try.

In other words, she did not believe that her mom would slash herself. She clenched her hands into fists

and told Daisy, "Mom, I want to be with him."

"Solomon, this is the daughter you have raised for many years. Do you think your death is worth it?

She chooses the son of your killer over her mom. What else can I say?"

Daisy got emotional and cold in attitude. "Get out!"

"I want to be with him, but I also want you, Mom."

"Get out! Get out! I don't want to see you. Get out now!"

Summer kept shaking her head, refusing to leave. Just then, to Summer's horror, Daisy picked up a knife and slashed herself in the hand.

She was shocked and rushed over, trying to stop her. But it was too late. The cut was deep, and

Daisy's paranoia kicked in. Summer panicked and failed to snatch the knife from Daisy. Blood was flowing from the cut.

In the end, she failed. The struggling string in her mind eventually snapped in half, yet she could not

stop it. Her voice was tinged with her weeping, and she heard her heart gradually die and disappear. "I

promise you. I promise you, Mom, I promise you." 1

Daisy's crazy action stopped at last, which allowed Summer to take the knife from her and call in the

doctor to bandage the wound.

"Remember what you just said," Daisy said before she

fell asleep.

When the surroundings quietened down, Summer found she could not hear her own heartbeat.

Standing in the chilly corridor, she leaned against the wall and dialed his number. The man's deep

voice answered, "You miss me now?"

"Mm." She nodded. "Is Charlotte asleep?"

"She is asleep." His voice was gentle.

"Talk to me for a while. I have never heard you sing; I would like to hear you sing." Her voice was so

soft, almost lovey-dovey.

"I Will Always Love You."

If I should stay

Well I would only be in your way

And so I'll go, and yet I know

And I will always love you

I will always love you..."