

## President 621

Chapter 621

It was a feminine song, but Mark could sing it with a unique taste of intoxication; it was mellow, charming, magnetic, and moving.

Summer listened seriously and attentively, not missing a single sentence. In fact, she wanted to hear his voice and ingrain it in her heart.

The surroundings were quiet, and all that echoed in her ears was the sound of the wind, as well as his

deep, melodious voice.

A long time had passed, and she was still reluctant to hang up. He suddenly said, "Come down. I am in

front of the hospital."

Tears burst out of her eyes at that moment. She was afraid of making any sound, so she clenched her

teeth, choking back her cry. "I am busy; I don't think I can go down."

"I am waiting for you. I drove all the way here, shouldn't you let me see you for a second?" Mark's voice

was deep, yet carried a hint of gentleness.

"I am really busy. I can't make it. I am just making some time to call you. Tomorrow, we will meet in the

cafe across the street. I will wait for you." "Come down." His voice deepened, anxious, as if he would kill her.

"Go home now. It is getting late, and I don't want you to leave Charlotte alone at home." She shook her

head, her teeth almost sinking into the flesh of her lip. She wanted to see him so badly. 1

But she did not dare to go downstairs, and she did not dare to see him, afraid that he might see her tearful eyes, and that she would get greedy and cling to him.

"I repeat; come down." His patience was gradually running out.

"No, you go home now. Charlotte will cry if she wakes up and can't see you. Go now and be safe. I am

hanging up now."

She hung up and slumped down on the floor, her tears flowing out like a river burst its bank. She could

no longer hold back herself. It hurt her to the core, as if a knife had stabbed into her heart.

Downstairs

Mark sat in the car, smoking one cigarette after another, and soon finished an entire pack of it. His expression looked sullen as black smoke.

He rushed over immediately when she called, but she refused to come down.

Narrowing his deep-set eyes, his eyes flickered in a dim, cold light. Her voice had a thick nasal sound

and traces of weeping. How could he not hear it? The sneer at the corner of his mouth spread. He opened the window, and let the biting chilly wind blow in. There was something that he could know without needing her to speak.

Summer squatted on the floor in the hospital's corridor for a long time. She did not dare to move a bit,

even if her legs got numb.

A nurse, who passed by, helped her up and was startled to see her tearful face and the ringing cell phone which she refused to pick up.

And downstairs, Mark had a cigarette in his left hand and a mobile phone in his right, repeatedly calling

the same number that no one answered.

She did not sleep all night, and so did he. Mark sat inside the car and smoked cigarettes all night.

Chapter 622

She called Mark in front of Daisy and asked to meet in the cafe across the street.

When she was about to go, Daisy again warned and threatened her with a grave and serious expression. Summer was tired of it. It seemed that Daisy's paranoia had gotten worse. Now that she had agreed; what was Daisy still worried about?

The cafe

The two agreed to meet at 10:00 am. When Summer arrived at 9:40 am, Mark was already there.

He was wearing a black suit, his charming face looked tired, his eyes bloodshot. It seemed that he had

just rushed over from his office. She walked over, sat down across from him, and looked up. "Why did

you come so early?"

Mark leaned forward to get close to her, reaching to pick up her dangling hair and stroking her cheek

affectionately. "I don't want you to wait. You didn't sleep well last night, huh?"

Summer subtly avoided his hand by picking up the coffee cup from the table. In fact, there was no need

to pretend anything now since she was about to tell him the truth. But his gentleness and affection were

still

killing her.

Her subtle gesture inadvertently hurt Mark's heart. He squinted his eyes.

"Mark, let's break up." The hot coffee scalded the corner of her mouth. She gasped and spoke slowly

but clearly.

"Say it again." Mark stared at her coldly, as if his eyes were about to pierce through her.

Summer took a deep breath, looked up, and stared at him. "Let's break up-you and me." 1

It turned out that rubbing salt into a wound could be so excruciating, the pain intense and corrosive, eating into the flesh and bones.

This time, Mark fell into silence, his expression deepening as he swirled the coffee in his hand.

There was a silence between them. Their breathing became tight and painful. After a long while, just

when she was about to break the silence, Mark suddenly spoke, "You decided last night?"

Knowing that he was referring to the breakup, she nodded and twisted her fingers, the knuckles of which turning white.

The corners of his mouth curled up in a sneer. "I thought I could melt your stubbornness with my love,

but it seems that is impossible."

"You are heartless," Mark said.

She closed her eyes, feeling as if a fire was burning inside her, and nodded. "I will."

Chapter 623

No one could hurt Mark-not even a bit. But the look in Summer's eyes and a word from her mouth could hurt him dearly..

Her words pierced into his heart like needles. Mark snickered, his voice hoarse. "Since this is what you

want, then I will give it to you. But remember, I will no longer be available to you as no one will stay in

one place and wait for someone forever."

For the first time, he loved a woman so much that he offered his heart to her, yet she threw it away. He

got up and walked away, his steps not long and quick, as if he still had some expectations.

Summer stared at him from behind, panting heavily, and tears rolled down her cheeks as an

uncontrollable sadness consumed her.

Hearing nothing from her, Mark sneered and laughed, and he never looked back.

What else could he expect from her? If she did not want him to leave, she would have spoken just now.

What else could he expect?

Leaving the coffee shop meant the end between the two of them. It was a complete end to their relationship.

'I will no longer be available to you as no one will stay in one place and wait for someone forever.'

As the words he uttered when he left rang in her mind, she burst into tears, her eyes blurred so much

that she could not even see the coffee cup in front of her. Every step he took away from her, it stabbed

into her heart like a sharp knife until the flesh and blood turned inside out.

She knew he was absolutely serious this time. There was really no relationship between them

anymore. They were back to the beginning-back to where they were supposed to be. It was like a rock

falling into the water, where there would be ripples at first. But as the rock sank to the bottom of the

lake, the water surface would return to normal as if nothing had ever happened.

The waiter walked over and asked if she wanted a refill. Summer shook her head and walked into the

ladies' room. She had stopped crying but felt feeble and stared at herself in the mirror.

She did not have the right to cry, as she was the one who pushed him away.

She stared through the mirror, feeling numb after the pain passed. With no sensation left, she stood

quietly and chuckled.

Sometimes, laughter is more despairing and more hollow than crying. If a person cries, it means that

person is still feeling the pain. But when the pain is over and laughter sets in, it could mean something

worse.

The knuckles of the hands holding the steering wheel turned white, and blue veins popped up on his forehead as Mark clenched his jaws tightly. He hit the steering wheel with his fist and made a ton of noise.

When Charlie and Billy arrived in the private room, they saw about ten empty bottles in front of Mark.

He had been abstaining from drinking for a long time, during which he only drank coffee and tea. So

what happened to him today?

"Something must have happened between him and Summer. He would not have behaved this way otherwise." Billy knew.

This really worked. At first, Harry was calling them repeatedly, but after hearing what Billy said, he went

silent.

Usually, the more one drinks, the more muddled the mind becomes. But Mark was extremely sober.

At last, he swept all the empty bottles to the floor in frustration, and then leaned back on the settee and

lit up a cigarette, one after another.

Chapter 624

The three of them were equally good at drinking. But Charlie was the first to pass out, and Billy was still

drinking and kicking Charlie.

Using alcohol to numb his sorrow was making the matter worse. He got more upset in the end. He leaned back and stayed motionless.

The culprit was still smoking. Charlie's eyes teared up because of the choking smoke. "Didn't you quit

smoking a long time ago?"

"I can't help myself," Mark uttered a short sentence in a hoarse voice.

"It seems that no one could read the 'Smoking can kill you' warning sign on the cigarette packs."

Charlie smiled.

Mark said nothing, took out another pack of cigarettes, and lit up again.

While Billy was still in a blackout, his phone rang. It was Sherman calling. So Charlie picked it up and

talked to her briefly.

"I will send this Billy home. You have also drunk too much, Mark. I will find a DD (designated driver) for

you." Charlie was about to make the call.

"That won't be necessary. Do I look drunk to you?" He

flicked out the ash.

"It is better to find a DD. Just listen to me." Billy had had too many glasses of cocktails and blacked out.

So Charlie brought him and left, leaving Mark alone in the private room.

The absence of noise in the private room allowed him to think ever more clearly. He stubbed out the

cigarette, got to his feet, and left.

It was 11:00 pm when he left. But the traffic was still busy even though there were fewer pedestrians on

the streets.

He still had one too many. Sitting in the backseat of his car, Mark kneaded his forehead with his

shapely hand while the DD drove him back to his apartment.

As the car came to a bend, a boy, who might look only about ten-years-old, darted out into the street.

The DD panicked for a moment before he came to his senses and slammed on the brake. The boy

froze in place, like a deer caught in the headlights. There was the screeching sound of the tires, and

then the boy was sent flying into the air before falling to the ground. Blood, a lot of it, dyed the tarmac

red.

When Harry got the call, he rushed over with only a simple piece of shirt on him, his face turning blue

from the cold.

unpredictable.

"Call the lawyer and ask him to come," Mark said to Harry.

"What about you?" "I am going to the hospital."

Chapter 625

The hospital

The light in the emergency room was off. When Mark arrived, the doctor told him that the boy was

unconscious and that he did not have a clue when the boy would wake up.

Mark furrowed his brows and grabbed the doctor by his collar. The doctor was shocked, his expression

changing. "We have tried our best. The patient has a congenital heart disease and might have a heart

attack at that moment. So that is why..."

Congenital heart disease?

Mark let go of the doctor and walked outside the ward, where a girl was crouching on the floor and crying.

The doctor told him that this was the boy's elder sister. The boy's name was Ayaan Donovan, 12, and

the girl was Makayla Donovan, 18. They were orphans.

The girl still looked immature and appeared to have an introverted personality, as she looked uneasy

and lost. People said that children growing up in the orphanage were withdrawn and afraid of the crowd. She was green and quiet, sharing some characteristics with Summer. So Mark could not help but take a few more glances at her.

The girl stood behind him, heeling him like a frightened puppy. She seemed to rely on Mark.

The boy was still in a coma and no one knew when he could come out of it. So Mark had requested the

team of doctors and nurses to call him immediately, or call Harry if they could not find him, if anything

happened to the boy.

The hospital president nodded repeatedly. Just when Mark was about to leave, the girl gripped at his sleeves with her white fingers with tears on her face. Mark took the girl back to his apartment as he figured he had to bear part of the responsibility for the accident.

The next morning, Mark went to the hospital with Makayla. He glanced at the tattered clothes and frowned while the girl bowed her head.

He drove her in a black Bentley and brought her to the mall, where he asked the salesgirl to bring several clothes for her to try.

The girl refused, staring at Mark with her dark eyes, as she was afraid that he might leave. So Mark sat

on the couch and nodded at her. "Go now."

The girl then disappeared into the fitting room and changed into the new clothes. The salesgirl brought

the bill and Mark put down his signature.

The girl followed him closely, fearing that she might get lost if she was not careful. He noticed it and

deliberately slowed down for her. "Would you like

breakfast?"

Mark nodded his head, meaning that he was listening.

The girl quickened her pace and drew up level with him. "Ayaan will wake up, won't he?"

Chapter 626

"Yeah," he responded. "He will wake up knowing that you are waiting for him."

The corner of the girl's mouth upturned into a smile. She thought the same. Ayaan would not want to

make her sad, and so he would wake up.

When they reached the top of the stairs, they inadvertently came face-to-face with Summer and Grace.

The two were obviously shopping for clothes, too.

A day felt like a long time since they last met.

Summer knew that she should not look at him, but she still could not help herself.

Apart from her, who was surprised to bump into Mark, there were many other people looking at him.

Wearing a black suit with a simple white shirt and a dark blue tie, he looked elegant and smart and always caught the attention of women.

Mark saw her yet just glanced over at her, looking haughty and alienated, as if she was a stranger.

She had a mixed bag of feelings and more pain inside. They had become strangers to each other at last.

While trying to catch up with Mark, the girl sprained her ankle. Mark heard the sound and turned around,

then carried the girl up with both arms. "Does it hurt?"

The girl blushed, her eyes gleaming as she shook her head. "It doesn't hurt."

He half-squatted on the floor as he put the girl down, letting her stand and walk slowly.

Summer and Mark did not say hello to each other. She put her hand to her chest and stared at Mark and the girl, then gritted her teeth as they left.

It was not until Mark and the girl disappeared from sight that Grace, who looked at them with her mouth

agape, snapped back and nudged Summer's shoulder." What is going on between you two?"

Summer had a lump in her throat. She could now fully understand the meaning of 'she gets what she deserves.' It was she who pushed him away, bit by bit. Now that things had come to such a pass, she had to bite the bullet. They sat on a bench in the mall, and Summer told Grace the entire story.

"You know I always like to talk crap, don't you, Summer? But today, I am going to say something serious. Mark could probably be the only man who treats you this well in this world. If you give him up,

you will probably never find a man who could treat you the same again." 1

Summer lowered her head, her eyes wandering around, her hands clutching at her chest as she started panting. She felt horrible inside.

"Leave aside his appearance and family background, just think about how thoughtful and deep his love

for you is. Which man do you think can do the same for you?" Grace had never said something in such

a serious tone of voice.

Summer gnawed the straw of her drink and then replied, "My dad."

"I want him, but I can't afford him." A simple sentence contained so much of her sadness, pain, and

helplessness.

Grace took a sip of her drink. "I only know whether you want it or not, but I can't agree with your saying

that you can't afford him."

"My mom's physical and mental health have deteriorated. I can't agitate her anymore, you know?"

Charlotte...

Chapter 627

Sometimes, you come to your senses in just a matter of seconds, and you suddenly see the light at

the end of the tunnel.

The sadness, depression, and the feeling of suffocation were fading away. She was now different from

the miserable look of the past few days.

She was a little excited, her expression brightening up. But then, her expression froze as she looked in

a particular direction.

Those changes of expressions would never escape Grace's eyes. She turned around and saw through

the transparent glass of Mark and the girl getting into the car together. "No way is he going out with

another girl so quickly. Look at your expression; you look like a grumbling woman. Are you sure you

can let go of him?"

Summer pulled back her eyes and stared at Grace, who was still chewing the straw. "Don't you think the girl's behavior is a bit of an eyesore?"

"I just think you are jealous. Why do you think that girl is an eyesore to you? Have you thought of a solution?"

"Almost."

Grace poked Summer's forehead with a finger. "I find

you are completely self-defeating. Now that you have thought of a solution, why did you push him away

again, and then tortured yourself this way?"

"I just found the solution." It was a lightbulb moment.

"Then why didn't you think of it two days ago?"

"My mom scared me out of my wits, and I did not have time to think about it so much, but just felt

painful, depressed, and struggling. It was better to be dead than alive for me," she said, looking around

the mall again. "Shopping costs money, but it could be inspiring sometimes." She mocked.

"Shopping is inspiring? I think it was Mark and that girl who have inspired you, am I right?"

The girl was sitting in the car. She was self-conscious and nervous, while stealing glances at Mark, who

was behind the wheel.

Earlier, when they got downstairs, she found him staring at the beautiful lady, his expression anything

but good. She could even feel the car drifting forward now.

"You like that lady?" she asked in a soft voice. Growing up in the orphanage had taught her to be observant.

Mark suddenly stopped the car and called Harry, then turned to the girl with an indifferent expression.

"Get out of the car. Someone will come to pick you up in a while."

He turned the car around in a drift, and then drove in the direction he came.

How long could she remain stubborn this time? Time would tell, but unless he or she died, no one could separate him from her.

He was a man of his word, but when he arrived at her place, he could only lower himself.

But this time, he would not make the first move to look for her. He wanted her to turn around and admit

her mistake on her own accord.

Chapter 628

He demeaned himself for the sake of her.

Back at the hospital, Summer went to the reception to settle the hospitalization bill. The nurse at the reception told her that someone else had settled the bill.

Summer's breathing sped up, and she felt a pain in her chest, as if a thousand needles pierced her.

Her hands and feet curled up and her voice trembled involuntarily. "Who paid for it?"

"Mr. Valentine. All the bills would be settled under his name; he has instructed so earlier." The nurse

smiled.

She could not even squeeze a smile, the look on her face looking more awful than crying, and her nails

sank into the tender flesh of her palms.

'What a fool!'

She felt touched and as if she wanted to cry. The two emotions came together, and she finally laughed.

That thought was breeding and spreading like crazy inside her. Every cell in her body shouted that she

missed him.

Back in the ward, Daisy was watching TV. But Summer was sitting by the window, taking out some wool and knitting a sweater for Charlotte. Something

came to mind, and she switched the TV to the entertainment channel.

It was 6:00 pm and the entertainment channel started showing today's headline news about Mark taking a girl shopping for clothes. Mark's news was the most popular in Santabaca. Strangely, Daisy said nothing after seeing this news. Instead, she stared at the TV screen.

Summer looked up with a bitter look in her eyes when she heard Mark being mentioned in the news.

She then lowered her head and continued to knit the sweater. The needle accidentally pierced into her

flesh. She gritted her teeth and continued to knit, but her eyes drifted toward Daisy inadvertently.

Daisy glanced at the TV, then at Summer, whose face was pale, her hands bleeding.

Looking at the woman on TV again, Daisy felt uneasy and let out a couple of coughs. "Who is that woman?"

Summer looked up and then looked back down. "I have no idea."

A feeling of anger boiled inside Daisy, and she hissed. "You have been with him for so long. Why didn't

you know?"

"Does it matter even if I know?" Summer replied. "He has nothing to do with me now. It is his freedom

to be with that woman, and I have no right to say anything."

Daisy ignored Summer and continued to watch the news, frowning involuntarily.

Summer got up to get herself a glass of water, then sat back down at the window, her eyes glancing at

Daisy and looking away just when Daisy was about to look over.

"Didn't you ask if he was seeing this woman before or after you broke up with him?"

She turned around and pulled at the hem of Summer's clothes. "Who is that woman next to Daddy,

Mommy?"

Summer crouched down and smiled at Charlotte."

Mommy and Daddy have separated. So you will live with me from now on, and your dad will visit you

when he has time."

Chapter 629

Charlotte was still young, but old enough to understand what Summer meant. Her tears started to flow.

"Mommy, is that Daddy's new girlfriend?"

Summer said nothing, but hugged Charlotte in her arms with a flash of light in her eyes. She looked

cunning, like a fox.

Summer's back was facing Daisy, so Daisy did not see her expression but Charlotte's crying face. She

felt sorry for Charlotte.

Daisy had seen Charlotte grow up. It broke her heart as a grandma to see Charlotte crying.

"Mommy, has Daddy abandoned me? Will Daddy have a baby with his new girlfriend and never want

me again?" She cried so hard that she was out of breath.

"It is okay, Charlotte. Daddy will have his new life, but he is still your daddy." She carried up Charlotte

and sat down by the window.

Tears flowed down her cheeks like a river burst its bank. Her eyes reddened and swelled as she

whimpered. "Will Daddy have children again?"

Summer did not answer, but just gently patted Charlotte on the back and coaxed her.

Charlotte cried for a long time and was gasping for air,

looking distressful. Summer coaxed her for a long time before she finally fell asleep. She placed

Charlotte on the adjacent bed.

Daisy had been watching silently, and Summer continued to knit the sweater as if nothing had

happened.

The ward was quiet, and no one spoke.

Afterwards, the doctor came over to check on Daisy. The doctor urged her to go outside to move around and get some fresh air.

Charlotte was awake, but not saying anything.

Summer left the ward, holding Charlotte in one hand and Daisy's with the other.

At first, Daisy was staying in a normal ward. But Mark requested the hospital to transfer her to a VIP

ward, where the environment was better and quiet, suitable for recuperation.

"Daddy!" Charlotte's eyes lit up as she called out in a crisp voice. She broke away from Summer and

ran ahead.

Summer was taken aback and looked up.

Mark was wearing a black trench coat with a gray shirt underneath. The suit pants fully revealed the contour of his graceful and powerful thighs.

He half-squatted down and spread both his arms to let Charlotte plunge into his embrace before carrying her up.

The girl was still standing beside him. It was only until now that Summer could see her face clearly. The

girl was beautiful and had an innocent and shy look on her face.

Summer felt something pricking her heart.

Mark handed Charlotte to the girl standing next to him, and Charlotte refused, kicking her legs and was

about to cry.

The girl shook her head, with a faint redness on her cheeks. "I am not hungry."

The distance between Summer and Mark was not far, so she could hear Mark talking about bringing

Charlotte out for dinner.

She felt as if a fishbone was stuck in her throat; she was in a black mood.

Mark strode over and stood in front of her. But he accidentally dropped his phone.

Summer instinctively kneeled to pick up the phone and handed it to him.

Chapter 630

"Thank you." He thanked her politely but indifferently, like a stranger.

"No problem." Her heart ached, and she took a deep breath.

He did not look at her again as he turned to Daisy and said hello politely. "How are you doing, Mrs.

Hart?"

Daisy looked at the girl and Mark, then at Summer." Surviving!" she said grumpily.

"Take care. After having dinner with Charlotte, I will send her back." Mark did not mind Daisy's reaction.

Summer remained silent. It was Daisy who felt not too happy. "Charlotte has already had dinner. Thank

you for your kindness."

"I want to have dinner with Daddy. I want to be with Daddy. I am hungry," Charlotte suddenly said.

Charlotte's words were a slap in the face for Daisy.

She looked embarrassed. But it was her own granddaughter; there was nothing she could do about it.

"I will send her back safely." Mark turned around and left with the girl and Charlotte.

Mark did not look back again, not even trying to

glance out of the corner of his eye. He seemed to treat her like a stranger. But when he was about to

walk out of the ward, he paused for a second.

When looking from behind, those who were not in the know would have thought that the three of them

were a happy family.

"What the hell is going on with you? Why didn't you stop him? She is your daughter; how could you let

him take her?" Besides, he was with another woman. She did not say that last sentence.

Summer retracted her gaze. "She is also his daughter. He has the right to visit Charlotte."

Daisy could not find a word in response to her. After all, Mark was Charlotte's dad, and he had the right

to see his child. 1

"But why are they going for dinner late at night? Call him now, tell him to bring Charlotte back now because she has a digestive disorder." Thinking of the trio leaving together, Daisy could not help but feel upset.

"He is Charlotte's dad. Even if they don't dine together today, they will in the future. Let Charlotte get

used to it now," Summer said.

"You two have just separated, and he has quickly found a new woman." Daisy snorted, frowning her

brows.

Daisy was complaining aloud as they walked down the corridor. "I am in the pink of health, and I don't

need exercise. Return to the room. I want to rest."

Summer picked up a glass of water. "It isn't right to disturb them right now."

"Fine, then. I will make the call." Daisy frowned.

Summer handed the phone to her. Daisy turned around and went to the bathroom. She looked at the phone and hesitated for a moment, then put the phone aside.

While Summer was taking a shower, Charlotte was sent home. But it was not Mark but the girl who sent Charlotte back.