

President 641

Chapter 641

Ignoring him, she had only walked two steps forward, when her arm was suddenly grabbed from behind, and the force caused her to be slammed against the wall.

He was pushing himself up against her, pressing her s o hard that Summer's back started to hurt. She pushed him off and said, "I have promised as you asked of me, what else do you want?"

"Oh, what else do I want? I want to choke you..." He gritted his teeth, breathing hot air into her face.

"So this is how you admit your faults, eh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't know what you mean." She was confused.

"It's always your way or the highway. I merely punished you for one second, and this is your reaction.

What else would I expect from you?"

Suddenly, a light flashed through Summer's mind, and she understood what he meant.

"My way or the highway? Me? You want it when you want it, and then push it away when you don't want it. You came to me every day for the last two days, and now you've lost your patience after only a few days?"

The bitterness and discomfort in her heart

disappeared. She looked up and questioned, "Aren't you very close to that girl, so close, and so very caring for her? Don't you like her?"

"Think it over with your stupid brain!"

Mark replied to her before dragging her out to the front of the door, and then slammed the door shut.

Looking at the tightly closed door, Summer sighed and rubbed her nose.

It appears that he is very angry.

But it was not her fault that this idea had sprung up in her mind. His actions and words easily confuse

her.

"It's cold outside. Let me in first. Have you eaten yet? What would you like to eat? I'll make it for you."

Listening to her voice, Mark snorted, as he sat on the sofa in the living room. He did not want to forgive

her so easily!

The light inside was bright. The NBA game was on TV, but there was no audio on, just the pictures playing on the screen.

"Do you want anything to eat? I'll get it for you now." Summer's voice floated in.

He still sat there, leaving her standing outside. The TV was muted, and he narrowed his eyes while listening to her.

"You seem very busy, and I'll only disturb your rest if I go on quarrelling like this. Well, I guess I should

go

back now. Have a good rest..."

At the end of these words there was a total silence. She really seemed to be gone, otherwise she would not be so quiet.

Was that the extent of her patience? He was so mad and left her outside, but then she left after just that little attempt of coaxing?

Mark brought her into the living room and growled, "I thought you'd left? Why are you still standing

there?"

"How could you have opened the door if I hadn't said so?" She knew his soft spot. "Now tell me about

the girl."

He snorted coldly and pushed his luck further. He turned his muscular body away from her and watched the game on TV.

Mark grabbed her wrist. "You heartless woman, can't you have a little patience with me?" "Are you going to talk about it or not?"

Chapter 642

He narrowed his eyes at her for a moment, then raised his hand and gave her a few sharp, loud slaps on the hip before he told her everything about the girl.

"Where did you go that day with Charlotte?" She still could not forget his hurtful words at that time.

"Makayla paid a visit to her parents' grave, and I took Charlotte to see the sights nearby."

"So, you were deliberately saying such hurtful words to me?"

Mark nodded slightly. If he was going to teach her a lesson, he had to teach her a good one. Only when

she felt the pain thoroughly would she remember him in her heart.

"You're good at acting, really, and you should go on." She sneered back.

"Acting also requires cooperation. How long do you think it would have lasted with someone as impatient as you?"

"What about her? You let her live here? Also, I never knew many people out there call you brother, do

tell me."

He pinched her chin. "She is an orphan, and I treat her like a sister. She calls me brother because she

respects me. I am her brother in her heart, and I recognize her as a sister. Whose mind do you think is

as dirty as yours?"

She has a dirty mind? That was funny, and Summer actually laughed at it.

"You think it's funny? I told you not to disturb my life, and you really didn't disturb my life. How could

you be so obedient? How much do you actually love me? You said you don't want me, and you really

showed it. You wouldn't even see me. You're so cruel. Shouldn't I be angry? Shouldn't I make you feel

the pain?"

He looked at her, hitting at her with his complaints. The fire in his heart was still burning, and it felt as if

it was not too much to crush her to death!

"Well I'm here now, aren't I? I took care of my mom first, and then I went back for you. Yet you're also

giving me a hard time, aren't you?"

She said, pinching his chest. His indifference and alienation these days, as well as those fake displays

of intimacy, made her very tired and hurt.

Mark's eyes finally lit up a little, and the flame in his eyes faded a little. "Well, so you do have a little

conscience. I haven't had dinner yet. Now go and make dinner for me."

"What would you like to eat?" She rose from his arms.

"Creamy chicken mushroom soup." He hadn't had a good dinner these few days. He hardly ate anything. How can you eat when you're angry?

Summer roughly went through the fridge and said, "There are no ingredients needed for mushroom soup. Think of another dish, and I'll make it for you."

"Go and buy the ingredients then. I've been angry for s o long. Shouldn't you make it up to me? There's

a supermarket downstairs. It won't take you long." He was like a disgruntled woman with a grudge.

"You've been mad at me for so long. Am I not mad at you too? Your acting was so real. How do you think I've been these days? I can only make you spaghetti, s o take it or leave it!" She was angry now,

too.

Mark narrowed his eyes even more, but his mood got better. Her words pleased him.

Since he was suffering, so was she. Both of them were suffering...

Sometimes love really seems magical. Heaven and hell were only one second apart.

Seeing it was eleven o'clock, she sat up in his arms and put on her shoes. His strong arms tightened around her waist. "Where are you going?" "Going home."

Chapter 643

Summer shook her head and said, "No, I realized that it's not good for women to be too easy after this

experience. Maybe someday you'll really like that woman, and you'll let her move into this apartment,

and I'll end up like this. I want to have my own life and aspirations."

"I told you, she's only a sister to me. Her brother has leukemia and some time ago he was in a coma, she couldn't handle it alone so I let her move in here..." 1

"Well, I see. I also find that you no longer care and consider my feelings as before. You care less and

less about me. I honestly don't even know what kind of feelings you have for me right now. You'd never

say anything like that to me before, or ask me to drive up here to pick up Charlotte and get her clothes.

I think you've changed..."

Mark looked like he had a dark cloud over his head, heavy and dark. The acting was too real. Wasn't

he shooting himself in the foot?

What the hell was this? He obviously wanted to punish her, but why was he the one to suffer and get

into trouble in the end?

"Is it wrong to act too realistically?" He was speechless, and he almost had the urge to lose his temper.

"No, but I'm now questioning your feelings. Are you really that good at acting, or are you actually tired

of me, and that's why it's so easy and natural for you to act so real?"

Summer held Charlotte's clothes in her arms and said, "It's getting late. You better go to bed earlier. I

have to go now."

Mark raised one of his handsome eyebrows and wrapped his sturdy arms around her waist. "Stay."

"Just go to sleep. Charlotte and my mother are still waiting for me." She made up her mind.

"I'm really innocent. I swear to you, I will never do that again!" Only now did he know what regret is!

Summer stroked his face and said, slightly perfunctory, "I know."

A little sad, he picked up his black windbreaker and kneaded his forehead with his fingers. "I'll take you

home."

"I'll drive. The car is downstairs." She declined, raised her eyebrows and said, "You really don't need to

send me back. I have to go now."

Summer walked quickly out of the apartment and closed the door, but Mark was a step slower. By the

time he got out, the elevator door was already closed.

He stood in front of the elevator, waiting for the next one. By the time he reached the ground floor, the

red car had sped away.

Mark's brow creased higher and higher. Was he punishing her, or was he punishing himself?

"Good morning. Did you sleep well last night?" His thin lips curved upward as he greeted her.

The four of them sat together at the table in a harmonious atmosphere. Daisy's attitude was lukewarm

towards him but she did not lose her temper.

"Mrs. Hart, shall we go out together after breakfast?" Mark asked, sipping his milk.

"What for?" Daisy's attitude was cold.

Chapter 644

"It's your birthday today, isn't it?"

Summer slapped her forehead. Damn it! She almost forgot something so important!

Daisy refused to go. She was not in the best of moods. And with Solomon's recent death, she was not

in the mood to celebrate her birthday.

But how could Charlotte agree to that? She wrapped her arms around Daisy's legs and begged sweetly, "Grandma! My lovely grandma! My dearest grandma!"

Daisy was wavering, but she still did not agree to go.

"Grandma, if you go today, I'll buy you a birthday present. I'll buy you anything you want. Otherwise, I

won't buy you anything!"

Daisy could not resist Charlotte's pleading. She sighed and picked up Charlotte, saying, "All right! All

right!"

The black Bentley was already waiting outside, and Mark had helped to apply for leave for Summer and Charlotte in advance for a whole day.

Hearing this, Summer could not help but roll her eyes. Was he helping her and her daughter skip school together?

They went to the mall first. Mark asked Summer to

pick out some clothes for Daisy. They were all new styles. The color, style and texture were quite good.

Daisy was going back to her hometown in two days to attend a relative's wedding. She really needed to

get some clothes.

Some distance away, Yvette was shopping with a group of rich ladies when she saw the four of them;

three adults and a child.

"Mrs. Angelo, didn't you say your son was separated from that woman? Why are they together now?"

"Yes, yes, I heard it was this woman who sent Mr. Valentine to prison. Shouldn't your son be holding a

grudge against her? Can he still be with that woman?"

"Yeah, I saw on TV some time ago that your son was with a pretty girl. It's only been a few days. Did he

already break up with that girl?"

The chaotic conversation around Yvette brought her mood to its lowest point. She found the hum of conversation in her ears annoying.

Actually, these rich ladies did not know the whole story at all. They were all stirring things up as if they

were watching a good show.

Besides, some of the rich ladies knew what was going on. But in front of Yvette, they naturally sided

with Yvette, blaming Summer for everything.

These words made Yvette even more embarrassed. She felt like these people were just laughing at the

Valentine family. They were making fun of her!

Yvette suddenly lost interest in shopping. She turned and said, "You guys go on, I have some business

to attend to."

Yvette, standing in the corner, heard all the chatter. She gnashed her teeth, looking embarrassed and angry. What a bunch of gossipers!

She looked naive and innocent yet adorable and smart. The cashier liked her, too.

Chapter 645

Daisy picked up Charlotte in her arms with joy. She was really her little baby, the apple of her eye.

Mark and Summer looked at each other, and they both chuckled. In the end, Summer kept the savings

and Mark signed the bill.

"Grandma, I don't have enough money, and I don't have as much money as Mommy and Daddy do. I'll

buy you a cake, a big cake, ok?"

"Okay."

Yvette stood in the dark behind them, listening to all of their conversation, and then followed cautiously

behind them.

Le Fleur was a famous restaurant in Santabaca, and was well known for its elegant, romantic and quiet

setting and view of the beautiful garden. Many people came to Le Fleur for the atmosphere.

Mark had booked a private room in advance. Outside the private room was a sea of flowers, and beyond it were trees. Now the leaves were all yellow. The scenery was very beautiful.

"May I take your order?" Asked a male voice.

It was a very familiar voice. Summer turned around and looked at Kolby in surprise. "What are you doing

here?" "Oh, hi." Kolby chuckled. "I'm volunteering today. I have to work here every month. You and your

mom can order whatever you want. The bill's on me."

"How can that be? We have to pay the bill." Summer refused. She insisted on paying.

"This is my mom's restaurant. Just order whatever you want. I'm volunteering here because of my good

looks. My mom says I'm the mascot here."

Summer and Daisy both burst out laughing. "Is your mom trying to attract women with your close resemblance to Robert Pattinson?" 1

"A hundred points for a correct answer."

In the middle of their conversation, Mark gave Kolby a meaningful look, then unexpectedly kissed

Summer on the cheek, brushed her hair around her ear, and lied, "There's something stuck here."

He had not forgotten that it was this guy who had taken her to the hospital. He thought he's up to no good!

Summer did not expect Mark to suddenly act like this in front of her mother and other people. She gritted her teeth slightly and blushed a little.

Daisy, of course, saw this too but did not say anything. She thought maybe Summer had made the right

decision this time.

Well, he was obviously jealous...

Kolby's eyes narrowed with laughter and turned to Mark. "Mr. Valentine, Makayla is my cup of tea. May

I pursue her?"

"She said you were her brother and asked me to ask for your advice." Kolby chuckled. "Do you mean

you don't object to it?"

"Uh huh..." Mark responded with a light and lazy reply, ignoring Kolby. As long as this guy was not after

his woman.

As Kolby left, Daisy smiled and asked, "Did something happen that day?"

Chapter 646

The waitress wheeled in the big cake Charlotte bought. When Daisy blew out the candles, Charlotte

refused to let it end there and clamored for a Happy Birthday song with her parents!

Mark's handsome eyebrows twitched a little." Charlotte, let Grandma cut the cake..."

"Daddy, do you mean you're not going to sing?" The little girl was not easily fooled.

Mark looked to the woman next to him for help. Summer looked at him and snorted, "Didn't you hear I

have to sing, too? Who can escape it?"

"I'm a poor singer..."

"This is not a singing contest." Summer glanced at him and had no intention of saving him.

Unable to dissuade Charlotte, they were singing ' Happy Birthday to You' standing by the window.

Charlotte's voice was the loudest while Mark's voice was barely audible. Her small brows furrowed and

she tugged at Mark's suit pants. Mark looked helpless and sang louder.

Watching Mark listen to Charlotte and Summer, Daisy felt relieved and smiled.

Now that Summer's dad was gone, those who were

still living were all that matters. She could not separate the three of them.

The cake was cut into several pieces and Charlotte enjoyed it the most. Her mouth was covered with cream and she ate all the strawberries on the cake.

It was a nice birthday, Daisy thought, and she enjoyed it. Her only regret was that he was no longer with them anymore.

Kolby brought in more desserts and finished with a birthday present. Summer looked at her mother and

knew she was having a good time.

After dinner, they left the restaurant and took a walk by the lake. The silvery moonlight shone on the

lake. It was beautiful.

An hour later, they drove home. The car stopped downstairs. Daisy got out of the car with Charlotte and

went upstairs first.

"Thank you so much for today." Summer thanked him sincerely.

"I don't want to listen to words, I want your action..." His intention was very clear. Her lips were pink like

cherries.

Suddenly they heard the sound of heavy footsteps, and Yvette appeared behind them. She glared at

Summer, and her face looked terrible.

Mark turned around, and Yvette was obviously angry.

She pointed her finger at Summer and shouted at her,"

You shameless woman. Didn't you swear to stay away from Mark until the day you die? Look what you're doing now! You and Mark got back together in just a few days!"

Summer did not respond. "Enough!" Mark said coldly.

Yvette was so angry that she could hardly breathe. She saw the news on TV the other day that he was

dating a young girl, and she was happy with it.

He could be with anyone but Summer, that little b*tch! She would not allow it!

"What goes around comes around. He's in prison because of his own bad karma," Mark said coldly.

Yvette yelled at Summer, "You shameless woman! Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning? I want

you to leave my son at once! Now!"

Chapter 647

"You're crazy! Has she placed a spell on you?" Yvette felt dizzy and overwhelmed.

"I mean everything I'm saying now. She can live without me, but I can't live without her. Mom, there's n

o need for you to waste your time..."

Mark then turned to Summer and straightened her clothes. "It's cold here. You better go up now."
His

voice was soft instead of stiff and firm.

Summer looked at Yvette, frowning, trying to say something, but he stopped her. "It's okay."

Summer nodded. Without saying anything, she turned around and went upstairs.

"Where are you going? Did I say you can leave?" Yvette refused to let go, lifting her foot in an attempt

to catch up to Summer.

Mark grabbed Yvette's wrist with his big hand and forcefully dragged her to the car. He pulled her by

the hand and made her sit in the back seat.

"I'm not finished! How can you let her go when I haven't finished speaking?" Yvette refused to sit down

quietly in the back seat.

The car was moving fast, and Mark was sitting next to her. It was his mother, after all, and he did not

want to

push her too hard.

"When are you going to be okay with me and her?"

"She can't be with you. I could never agree to that. She put your father in jail. I will not approve of your

relationship!"

Mark laughed a little sardonically. "Why is there such a big difference between the two mothers? Not to

mention the fact that he put himself in jail, and that they, not us, are the ones who have suffered the

most from this. She lost her father and her beloved child. After losing two loved ones, her mother was

able to be open-minded and accept me, so why can't you?"

Yvette did not accept that reasoning. "She can do it because she's after our family's wealth. I will never

approve of your relationship!"

"Well, let me tell you exactly what I've decided. I want to be with her, and I will be with her. Nothing can

change that. Don't make me choose between you and her, or you will regret it!" His voice hardened at

last, as cold as ice.

"Do you mean that you would choose her over me, the mother who gave birth to you and raised you?"

Yvette's voice was shaking.

"If you can distinguish between right and wrong, then I don't need to choose between you and her.
And

don't ever be rude to her again, or stir things up behind her back. Anything you do to them will have
unbearable consequences. If you take it as a threat, I have nothing to say. You should take every
word

I say seriously. I'm not kidding! Don't cross the line, and don't come looking for them. Just live
your own

life and take care of your own business!"

Yvette felt dizzy and overwhelmed. When did he ever say such harsh things to her?

Was he not in his right mind?

How could he say that to her? How would she live with the situation going on like this?

"Mark, I'm your mother. Do you have to talk to me like that?" She could hardly bear it. He was her
son!

"If you get along well with each other, such problems will not exist..."

Chapter 648

Jazz went to Athana again, saying that he had some contracts to sign, leaving only Mark and Yvette
in

Valentine mansion.

Harry came in with a thick stack of documents that needed Mark's review. Then Mark went to the
study.

Yvette sat alone on the sofa in the living room. The big living room was so quiet that there was not a single sound. She turned on the TV and turned it up loud so that she would not seem too lonely.

The Valentine mansion was so big, but only a few people would sit and talk with her. Who else could

she talk to when Jazz and Raine were not around?

Sitting on the sofa, her mind started to wander, and when she thought of that b*tch, she immediately gnashed her teeth again!

She must not let this matter continue. Mark said that h e was going to stay with that woman, and maybe they would remarry!

What would happen to her if they remarry? Let that little b*tch piss her off every day?

No, she could not let it go on like this. She would not!

This time she must use a cruel move. The crazier the better. It is best to kill with one move because if

she

fails, there is no second chance.

Thinking of the gossip of the rich women, Ronald still i n prison, and then thinking of the Valentine family and her son at this time, Yvette poured all her hatred and resentment into Summer.

For a moment, her delicate face was slightly distorted, slightly sinister, and all the elegance and grace

were gone.

Daisy was catching the 5 a.m. train. It was still dark outside, but all the lights in the house were on.

The suitcase was packed. Daisy wanted to take a taxi to the train station, but Summer refused. It was

still dark outside, so it was not convenient to get a taxi. Besides, she had a car. Why take a taxi?

Daisy was worried that Charlotte would not get enough sleep, but Summer did not think so. She could

still go back to sleep after she came back.

When she got downstairs, she looked at the familiar black Bentley in surprise. As she walked to the car,

the window rolled down and the man's face appeared in front of her. "Why did you come so early?" she

asked.

"Has your mother packed all her things?" He opened the door, stepped out, picked up Charlotte with his left hand, and put the luggage into the trunk with his right hand.

She looked at him strangely and coughed. Mark's deep eyes narrowed at her reaction. He was dissatisfied with her reaction. "Is it strange?"

"No. I'm just wondering how long you can be so thoughtful. A week, a month, or just two or three days

and you'll return to your nonchalant attitude?" She shrugged.

Daisy was standing not far behind them, just a few steps away, and his voice was loud enough to be heard

Chapter 649

Daisy was laughing behind them. She thought she had made the right decision. "Are we ready to go?"

They did not go to the train station, but to the airport. Mark had asked Harry to return the train ticket

and get a plane ticket instead.

Harry had been waiting for them at the airport, got the ticket and checked in the suitcase. Everything

was done properly. After the plane took off, the three of them returned home.

They all got up a little too early in the morning, plus it started to rain, therefore, when they got back to

the apartment, Summer fell asleep on the couch while Charlotte had slept all the way home in the car

itself.

Mark wanted to go to work after he took them home. But when he saw them sleeping so soundly, he could not resist the temptation. He also felt tired and sleepy.

On the big black bed, the three of them lay together, and only the sound of their breathing echoed in the room. It was quiet and peaceful.

Yvette went to the office, but when she got there, the CEO office was empty.

"Where's Mark?" She looked at Harry.

It was a difficult question, and he did not know how to answer it. Seeing his hesitant look, Yvette immediately asked, "He's with Summer?"

Harry nodded, his eyebrows raised high, and Yvette continued, "Where are they?"

"They're sleeping in the apartment."

That woman really had a bad influence on her son. Skipping work and sleeping in the apartment?

Yvette's anger rose so high that even Harry could feel the heat coming his way. Her heels clattered on

the floor and she left in anger.

She could not let the situation go on like this. If it goes on like this, the Valentine family will be destroyed by that woman.

Wasn't her son attracted to that woman because of her attractive face? If her face is ruined, would he still be attracted to her?

Yvette's thinking has become bigoted and obstinate to the point of madness and being out of control.

She did not realize how terrible and frightening were the thoughts she bred right now!

If she takes this step, even if she regrets it in the future, there is no turning back.

When Summer woke up at noon, she saw the man next to her and realized that he had skipped work!

As the CEO of a company, he really had no sense of self-restraint. How could he stay at home and sleep!

Mark heard it when he reached the table, and his face turned solemn. "Sweetie, I'm your real daddy."

Chapter 650

"I know. The teacher says this is being a good wife and good mother. Nowadays many men want to marry this kind of woman," said the little girl seriously.

"I feel the same way. Should I find you another daddy? Your mommy is in such high demand right now,

and it should be easy to find one." She also cooperated with the little girl.

Mark's face grew grimmer and grimmer. He stopped eating, stood up and hoisted Summer onto his shoulder. Summer felt her head spinning, and before she could scream, his big hand smacked loudly against her hips.

She was annoyed. Her hair completely covered her face, making her look disheveled. "Put me down!"

"Aren't you going to find her a new daddy? Go ahead then..." As he spoke, his big hand fell on her hips

again.

His hand was big and strong, and as it fell on her hip, she felt the force, then a tingling pain.

"Ah!" Angry, she yelled at him, "Let me down. My head is spinning. I'm dizzy."

Charlotte sat in the chair and looked at them quietly, her short legs crossed and she said, "Go on and

bully Mommy. I think in today's society, a man should not

fail a woman who washes his underwear! And yesterday I saw Mommy washing your underwear with

her own hands!"

Summer paused, turned around and asked, "Charlotte, who taught you that?"

Where did she learn that a man should not fail a woman who washes his underwear, huh?

"Nobody taught me that. It's on TV every day!" Charlotte's little mouth pouted high, and her little apple

pink face was full of discontent and complaints. "There are so many TV stations but only two stations

play Shaun the Sheep and Barney all day. The rest is all about love and romance, which is totally

disrespectful to children!"

"Cough..." She could not help coughing, and her stomach was still against Mark's shoulder. It was uncomfortable, but she really wanted to laugh.

Mark, of course, did not expect his daughter to utter such terrifying words. He frowned and said, "Don't

watch TV from now on!"

"I have the right to watch TV too!" Charlotte turned around, picked up some meat sauce spaghetti, and

sat down on the sofa. Then she turned on the TV like a boss.

"How did you educate your daughter?" Mark's eyebrows twitched as he watched Charlotte. She had learned everything she needed to learn, and everything she should not.

"How did I educate my daughter? What about you?" Summer snorted coldly.

Hearing this, Mark knew that he was wrong and apologized softly, "It's all my fault. I didn't teach her

well. Are you still angry? Do you want me to scold her?"

He was only joking, but he was afraid that she would bring up the past issues of four years ago, so he

immediately apologized.

He had certainly owed them both for the past four years. That was his eternal regret and pain...

"Go and teach your daughter, don't stand in front of me. I want to eat."

Mark sat opposite her with a charming smile on his handsome face, trying to lighten the mood.

"Why are you here?" Summer came straight to the question.