

President 651

Chapter 651

Summer smiled. "Just like what you've said, I wasn't brought up well. If there is nothing else, I'm going

upstairs."

It was almost impossible to reason with her or try to restore her usual self. She had attempted it previously, but she had now given up.

"You swore before your father's portrait that you will leave my son alone. Unless you want your father to

die with regret, you will leave my son immediately and stop your daydreams. Let me tell you, you will

never become part of the Valentine family or its daughter-in-law!"

It was unnecessary to repeatedly discuss the matter as it had already become a routine.

"Since I swore by my father's name, he would surely forgive me. Because he loved me, he will

understand and accept me. Even if he doesn't, whatever befalls me is mine to bear; it is my sin. You

don't need to worry! Haven't you heard that it takes two to tango? If your son doesn't strike when I

reach out, nothing would happen. Since you have so much time and energy to face me, why not start

from your son? If he agrees that we split, I will have no qualms."

After saying that, she carried Charlotte upstairs,

leaving Yvette alone. Yvette was irritated, her chest heaving heavily as she breathed.

She couldn't comprehend. 'What is so attractive about Summer?'

'She knows Mark wouldn't heed me, yet she tries to make me confront him. If this isn't an insult, what

is?'

'She is definitely trying to make a fool out of me. Does she think that she can get away with provoking

me?'

'B*tch, let's see how long you can last!'

Yvette's eyes sparked with malice, and she let out a shrill laughter that would send shivers down one's

spine.

'I had given her one last chance, but she rejected it. Now, she'd better not regret her decision...'

Early next morning.

Mrs. Woods rushed out of the meeting; she appeared pale. Before Billy could chide her, Mrs. Woods said, "Harry, there's something wrong with Mr. Valentine."

Harry hurried into the meeting room. Indeed, Mark was looking pale and appeared unsightly.

"Sir." Harry called out softly as he helped him out of the meeting room.

The pain in his stomach was grueling; he couldn't even find the strength to stand up. "Take me to the

hospital," Mark exclaimed.

His stomach felt very painful, and it hurt inexplicably whenever he took a deep breath. As he hugged

his abdomen, he presumed it was cholera. Although the weather was cold, he was sweating profusely,

his lips purplish, his limbs convulsing.

When they arrived at the hospital, the doctors hurriedly wheeled him into the emergency station and immediately carried out phlebotomy.

The excruciating pain was like a thorn piercing through his belly, and it felt extremely exhausting.

Harry thought to himself, 'How I wished too, but how am I supposed to keep him in check?'

'The smell of alcohol and smoke dancing in the air made the office like a sacrificial altar. Every time

The doctor removed his mask. "Before I forget, Mr.

Valentine asks to see you."

Chapter 652

The expression on Mark's handsome face turned icy cold. "I'll call Ms. Hart." Harry quickly pulled out

his phone.

At that moment, he could tell what Mark needed most; he was very certain that Mark desired Summer's

comfort.

"N-No need to call her. Sh-She'll be there in the afternoon..." he uttered laboriously. "The doctor will be

giving me sedatives immediately and put me on IV. Afterward, you send me back to the apartment."

The IV process began after first aid measures were taken care of. By the time he had finished a bottle,

she would have also finished work.

"But you need someone to care for you!"

"When this bottle is finished, send me back to the apartment. Then, return to work." Although Mark

looked pale, he maintained his unwavering authority.

Harry knew that Mark did not like hospitals, especially the odor there. Furthermore, it was just IV, and

the doctor had said it could also be done at home. Hence, he nodded in acknowledgment.

There were three rooms. Harry had no idea which room had been Mark's, so he supported him into a

random room-the rightmost room.

He hung up the IV bottle and set its drip rate to the minimum. Then, he closed the door.

Mark was administered with sedatives prior to the IV. It contained a tranquilizing substance that would

make him drowsy. As a result, he fell into a deep sleep.

Not long after Harry left, Yvette arrived at the apartment and went straight into Mark's room. Seeing

that nobody was in the room, she smiled.

Then, she carried a pouch into the living room. Inside the pouch was a large bottle. Nobody knew what

exactly was its content... Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original:

'nobody knew what exactly was inside the pouch...'

Mistranslation

shud be 'what exactly was inside the bottle'

At that moment, the apartment door opened, and Summer entered while carrying her bag.

Unexpectedly, she bumped into Yvette.

'How shameless. After saying such dreadful words, she still dares to set foot into my son's apartment.

She cannot live without a man, can she?'

Ignoring Yvette, Summer threaded toward the room. She had left a few documents when she was

resting here yesterday afternoon.

No one was in the room. 'He should still be at work.'

'Why do I smell alcohol? Where is it coming from?' She glanced across the living room but did not find

any spirit lamp.

Although the walls of the living room had traces of dampness, she didn't notice it. Instead, she spotted

the black coat on the sofa.

Frowning, she was filled with doubts. 'Isn't this the coat he wore to work?'

Staring at Summer, Yvette felt utterly disgusted. 'Look at this vixen; how dare she treat this place like

her own.'

Even if their relationship as mother and son was severed, he would not budge, but neither will he give

her up.

Chapter 653

But this was a different situation altogether. Whether it was Mark or Summer, the same method would

only work once, and not twice.

To ensure her peaceful life, Yvette had to get it right once and for all to prevent any aftermath. Besides

this approach, she did not have a better idea...

Summer suddenly realized she had forgotten her bag the moment she picked up the coat, so she returned to the room to get it.

Yvette smiled hideously like a vicious and venomous matron. It was terrifying.

She flicked a lighter to ignite a quivering blue flame. The eerie blue flame was flickering and bobbing up

and down, looking somewhat peculiar...

Summer carried her bag. However, she noticed the bed was untidy, so she stooped forward and rearranged the bedsheet and the pillows. Before she could regain her stance, a high-pitched and nervewrecking shriek came.

Only Yvette was in the living room. Besides her, there was no one who could possibly be screaming.

However, Summer paid no attention to Yvette's bewildered screeching.

She got up and exited the room. When she witnessed what was before her, she was petrified.

Fire. Red flames pranced upward; it was a fiery inferno, setting off the curtains of the French window

ablaze. The fire soared about a foot high. It was like a firestorm.

Yvette retreated. She became pale and was trembling. She had not expected the fire to be so massive

that she couldn't even react in time.

When she saw Summer, Yvette let out all her fear and hatred onto her while not forgetting to press the

record button on the recorder secretly. "It's all your fault! Why do you harm me? Why!"

"Shut up!" Summer was shaking, and her face was pale. She looked toward the door. The fire was too

ferocious; it was almost impossible to escape!

"You want to harm me and kill me. You're so cruel, and more wicked than a wretched woman!" Yvette

ignored the flames and kept slandering Summer.

"Shut the f*ck up!" she lost her patience and snapped at Yvette.

The fire spread quickly and fierily. In just a few moments, smog filled the air; so smoky that one would

begin to tear.

In the blink of an eye, the inferno raged toward her like a bloodthirsty beast and scalded her cheek.

Summer clearly knew that she could not remain still any longer, or else it was only a dead-end!

The bathroom was still clear of the fire. She quickly grabbed a towel, drenched it with cold water, and

covered her nostrils.

As she was frightened, the red complexion of her face faded and turned ghastly. She trembled and quickly removed her shoes.

She was as though in a firestorm and surrounded by the inferno. The smog made it difficult for her to

open her eyes, and she could not stop coughing.

Due to her age, she was no longer nimble. A spark flew and fell on her dress. She shrieked and rolled

on the floor to put out the fire.

Chapter 654

'I need to escape. Whether she lives or dies, does it really matter?'

Summer stared at her coldly and returned to the room. Yvette was filled with fear and terror. As the fire

encircled her, the flames on her dress were ready to engulf her.

In the bedroom, Summer undid the bedsheet and quickly fastened it to the window. As the apartment

was on the second floor, there was still a way out!

Because the bedsheet was too short, she fumbled through the closet for another two. After connecting

them together in tight knots, she flung them out of the window.

"Ahhh! I'm going to die! I'm really going to die! Mark, Jazz, Mommy is so afraid!" Yvette screamed in

horror as though she had lost her mind.

Summer was palpitating; sweat broke out on her forehead and flowed downward like a stream.

Yvette's voice echoed as if inside Summer's head. She tried not to take notice of it, but it kept creeping

into her auditory canals.

"Mark, Jazz, Mommy is very scared..." she sobbed while begging for her life.

Yvette's cries and screams were very tormenting.

Summer came out from the room and found her rolling on the floor, crying in distress. The fire was just

an inch away from her, just a little closer, and she would be burnt to whiskers.

Summer had never seen anyone struggling before death, and Yvette was the first. She was desperate,

agonizing, and tussling with death.

Her arms trembled while she gritted her teeth. 'I want to save her, but that's Yvette!'

'If it wasn't her, I would have rushed forward immediately. But...'

As though impeded by a prison ball, her feet were immobilized as she could not overcome the obstacle

in her heart. She turned around and returned to the room again.

Yvette, who was lying on the floor, stopped screaming. She became very quiet. She was awaiting the

moment when the fire would consume her like the devil's reckoning.

Her eyes were wide open but appeared desolate. 'Are all humans left with emptiness, apathy, and terror at the brink of their demise?' Although she didn't want to die, she was helpless, and she could only leave it all to fate.

At that instant, the room became quiet. No more cries were heard. Only the crackling sounds of the burning inferno remained as though humming life's requiem.

The crackling sounds smashed through her heart when she entered the bedroom. Summer stopped and

supported herself by the doorframe. She was in a dilemma; her chest thumped heavily, and her face reflected the fiery colors of the fire.

Suddenly, she gritted her teeth as though she had come to a conclusion. She dashed into the bathroom

and emerged with a pail of water. Then, she rushed out and splashed it onto Yvette.

Shuddering, Yvette stared at Summer. She had prepared to die but did not expect Summer to save her.

Yvette's back was excruciating. She looked at Summer bafflingly and shook her head.

"Do you want to die? If you are dead, my life would be in bliss. Are you sure you want me to live

happily ever after?" Summer uttered indifferently.

certain Yvette had a tight grip on the bedsheets, Summer kicked her hard on the legs, so hard so that they turned feeble, and she slid down.

Chapter 655

Without second thoughts, Summer also hung onto the bedsheets and slowly slid downward.

Nothing tragic happened because the bedsheets were strong. They landed safely. Yvette, feeble in both feet, sat on the ground and wept silently.

Nobody could understand what it felt to escape the gates of Hades. Summer breathed heavily; she held her quivering legs, trying to calm herself.

The Civil Defense Force personnel had arrived and cordoned the area. Many people had gathered.

Summer borrowed an onlooker's phone, and as she dialed Mark's number, her hands were trembling.

Nevertheless, no one answered the call.

Then, she called Harry. The call connected, and she asked, "Where is Mark?"

"He's in the apartment. He wasn't feeling well this morning. After being administered with sedatives,

he's now resting in the apartment."

His words were devastating. Summer stumbled; she lost her balance and held on to the tree behind."

You're saying Mark is in the apartment?"

Yvette heard it too, and she stopped weeping. She convulsed and trembled in her arms, face, mouth, and entire body.

'Mark, Mark, he's in the apartment!' "It's true. He was sedated. I think he is still asleep now. It was I who sent him back to the apartment-"

Before Harry could finish, the phone had slipped from Summer's grip. She remembered that his coat was still on the sofa.

She shivered as though she was encased in an icy casket. It was scorching a while ago, but now it's frigid; it was such a contrast.

She rushed forward frantically but was stopped by the officers. "You cannot go through here. It's dangerous!"

"Th-Th-There is still someone inside... Pl-Pl-Please save him..." she trembled.

"The fire is too big; it's beyond our control. We cannot go in.

"Then, is he going to die in there?"

"The fire brigade hasn't arrived. Please be patient."

'What... wait for him to die?'

Many passersby crowded the scene. However, they were just here for the commotion, and there was a

lot of ongoing discussions. Perhaps a few were sincerely anxious and worried, but some were merely

onlookers.

It was a self-centered society.

Nobody mattered to anyone. They would not risk their life for a stranger.

As her tears flowed, Summer broke through the barricade. When the officers realized it, she had already dashed into the apartment.

"The fire is so big. Is she out of her mind?"

"Can she even make it out alive?"

"That someone inside must mean a lot to her.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have rushed in while risking her life."

Chapter 656

The visibility inside the apartment was very poor due to the ferocity of the fire. Avoiding the flames, she

fumbled her way through the smog.

Although there were places that remained unscorched, her feet were still occasionally scalded by the

vivacious flames; it was hot and painful.

It was very tough to navigate through the fire, and the smoke fumed so heavily that it made her dizzy.

Every step was laborious. The door of the rightmost room had already burnt down when she arrived.

The flames were spreading close to the bed.

But he was still lying unconsciously in bed.

Summer was horrified when she saw what was before her. She could not picture what might have happened to him if she had arrived later.

She removed the IV and used all her strength to help him toward the door. He was very heavy, and all

his weight pressed hard against her.

She covered his and her nostrils with a long towel, each of them sharing one-half of it.

Perhaps it was the chill of the towel or the heat of the fire that made Mark open his eyes slowly, and right before him was an inferno.

"You're awake? The place is on fire; we need to get out quickly. Follow my lead as your body is weak,"

said Summer.

In fact, Summer had not much energy left. She was simply holding on to her final breath.

Mark was distressed at her gloomy appearance. In a weak voice, he uttered, "If you can't bring me out,

please leave me alone. Charlotte is waiting for you..."

"I will surely get you out..." she gritted her teeth and braved through despite her burns and scalding.

"You're so stubborn..." he said gently and removed his weight on her as he staggered along.

It was impossible to escape through the main door. The only way out was the window.

It would be unbelievable to say that Summer wasn't terrified. He was awake, and since she could hear

his voice, she became calm because she knew she had someone to rely on.

They paced forward very slowly. Because of his condition and the burns on her legs, they could not move quickly.

The vision in the room was blurry, and nothing was visible. Mark's throat rumbled as he staggered in

pain and difficulty. But when he saw her frail but unbending figure, he was filled with inexplicable affection.

When he raised his head, his smile stiffened; his

handsome face was alarmed, and his eyes furrowed-

"Watch out!" he cried out.

"What?" Summer was puzzled.

No matter how much she tried, he didn't respond. The blood on his forehead kept flowing out, and it hurt her very much.

She gritted her teeth and crouched on the floor; then, she hauled him up with all her might, and her tears poured out uncontrollably like a broken dam.

Nobody knew how much effort or willpower she had exhausted, but it was her determination that carried him to the window.

One could only realize their hidden potential in a time of desperation.

Through the window, she could see that the rescue team had laid out the jumping cushion. With her chest throbbing heavily, she hugged his waist and threw themselves out of the window...

Chapter 657

When Summer woke up, it was already the next afternoon. Her legs and arms were bandaged with thick linen gauze.

She pulled aside her blanket, and when she was about to get out of bed, she was stopped by the approaching nurse. "Where are you going?"

"To see someone." She had not forgotten about how severe and life-threatening his injuries were when

he protected her.

The nurse tried to stop her but failed. As she feared that Summer might dismantle her IV, she brought

her over instead.

Mark was still in the ICU. The chandelier that struck him directly on his head was huge and heavy.

There was bleeding, and the blood clot pressed on his nerve. Therefore, it was hard to predict when he

would wake up.

Dressed in sanitized attire, Summer sat beside him in the ICU. She placed his hands on her cheek, and

tears welled up in her eyes.

'You got to be alright. Please be alright. Nothing should happen to you!'

Mark's head was bandaged in white linen gauze, and

his cyan stubble had vividly surfaced. His face was very skinny, and she was deeply hurt.

Yvette was at home. She had ordered the maid to prepare mushroom soup to bring to the hospital.

Charlotte sat meekly on the sofa. She was not attached to Yvette, and she knew that Yvette disliked

her and mommy.

She longed for mommy and daddy, but they had not returned for the entire night.

Standing up, Charlotte went up to Yvette while she was speaking to the maid. She tugged her tiny and

tender hand at Yvette's and shook it gently.

It was a light and gentle touch. Yvette's fingers twitched, and she turned around. Looking at her were

the little girl's glittering eyes. "When is daddy and mommy coming home?"

She had never interacted with this child before. The tenderness of Charlotte's tiny hands melted her heart, and it was the first time she properly looked at her.

Charlotte and Mark looked very much alike as if she was a copy of himself, and Yvette was the one who had given birth to Mark.

Yvette bent down and took Charlotte into her embrace. The little girl stiffened and began to feel uneasy

and nervous.

She planned to take Charlotte along when she brought

Summer, who was at the hospital, the mushroom soup the maid was preparing.

'After such an incident, how could my impression toward her not be changed? Leaving her aside, how

many ladies would risk their lives and rush into a situation like that?'

The soup was not ready, but the maid had come forward to inform her of the visit of the police.

When she heard that the police had arrived, she panicked. Her breathing sped up, and sweat broke through her forehead.

Yvette's hands and feet became warm and clammy; however, she remained unusually calm. "What do

you mean?"

Yvette's expression turned gloomy. The sight of the police uniform made her heart race.

'No. I cannot be imprisoned again. It cannot happen.'

Everyone was gossiping about Ronald. If she ended up in prison again, then they would be cursing behind her back.

Chapter 658

She could hardly imagine the situation. 'If that ever happens, I would rather die!'

Yvette had the maid take care of Charlotte. Gritting her teeth and without a sense of pity, she took out

the recorder. "It's her. She wanted to kill me..."

Summer was having mushroom soup when the police arrived, and following behind was Yvette.

Yvette averted her eyes immediately when she glanced at Summer's bandages. Her heart was still

thumping, and she was afraid to look up.

"Ms. Hart, please come with us to the station."

She raised her head and put down her bowl.

Acknowledging, she followed them into the police car, and they departed to the police station.

Summer and Yvette were seated in separated interrogation rooms, and they were surrounded by dark walls.

Yvette had experienced prison once. So, she knew how it felt being in a prison cell. The dark atmosphere was like a living nightmare to her.

She had intended not to harm Summer anymore. Instead, she decided to stop it after the fire and try to

accept her. However, she did not expect this matter to

escalate this far.

All she cared was to avoid imprisonment. Although it was deceitful, she had no other option.

Therefore, regardless of what the police questioned her, she blamed them all on Summer. Other than that, she would answer that she didn't know anything.

However, when the questioning intensified and called for suspicion, she would answer indignantly, "My

son was also in the house; would I be so heartless to burn him alive?"

Summer had only one answer, "I did not start the fire, neither had I any intention of doing so. Other than that, I am not sure."

When the police officer played back the audio recorder, she became enlightened. 'Who else but Yvette

could be behind this?'

She squinted her eyes and raised her head. Then she let out a disdainful laughter. 'I have really rescued a madwoman!' she thought.

'If she could go to the extent of starting a fire, her madness must know no bounds!'

She had never intended to save her, but she couldn't watch her burn to death either. She was afraid that the scene would leave a lasting imprint in her memory, and haunt her forever.

All she wished was to simply live a happy life. Instead, she had been backstabbed.

Summer smiled indifferently and said no more.

And now, she was treated as the primary suspect...

"I have made clear everything that I know or don't know. There is nothing else for me to say." She answered calmly.

Even with all clues pointing at her, she remained indifferent, and the police officer frowned with displeasure.

After two hours of questioning, Summer was detained because the suspicion toward her was too great.

But Summer stopped before her and said, "Haven't you heard, whatever will be, shall be. You cannot

avoid it..."

Chapter 659

Her face turned pale, and she was sweating profusely. She shook her head vigorously. 'I cannot go to

jail. I cannot go to jail...'

Afterward, she went to the hospital. Seeing an unconscious Mark, she sprawled on the bed. She was s

o remorseful that she wanted to stab herself.

Charlotte remained at Valentine Mansion. When Yvette returned at night and saw her, she was filled with guilt and thought of Summer.

She headed upstairs into her room without eating anything. She lay in bed and closed her eyes. The terror she had experienced these few days had been too much for her to bear.

The moment she closed her eyes, her nightmare began. It pranced before her ostentatiously like a

monster. Then, she dreamt of Summer. Summer was holding a knife and chasing after her relentlessly.

Yvette woke up in the middle of the night due to the fright and could not return to sleep. She sat curling

up at the edge of the bed and was sweating profusely.

It was a sleepless night for her. She appeared to be in a trance, hallucinating that someone was trying

to stab her from behind.

Summer was locked up in a prison cell. She telephoned her lawyer to appeal for the case to be reinvestigated.

Yvette was drinking mushroom soup, but her thoughts had drifted far away, and the soup in her spoon

spilled onto her dress.

"Madam, your soup is spilling over," the man called out.

"Ah!" Yvette screamed. She flung away the spoon and breathed heavily. She calmed down only after

regaining her senses.

The appeal for reinvestigation was a complicated and time-consuming procedure. During the waiting

period, Summer did not notify Daisy as she did not want her to worry.

Yvette went through several sleepless nights. Incapable of anything, she instructed the maid to sleep beside her.

However, it was ineffective. Yvette would still be terrified. She yanked at her unkempt hair and shrieked, "Ahhh!"

"Madam, is something troubling you?" Maria felt something was amiss. During these few days, Yvette

had behaved like a maniac. Furthermore, she had lost a lot of weight as though something had been tormenting her.

"I dreamt of someone strangling me!" Yvette was traumatized.

"It's alright. It's just a dream. You were just dreaming!"

"It's not. She has come for me. She has come to seek revenge..." Yvette shook her head insanely and couldn't stop mumbling.

Despite the furor, she did not call Gordon or Jazz. She was fearful of breaking the news.

It was an inexplicable fear that reverberated from within her bones, and it was cold and frigid.

The night in autumn was also very chilly, and she curled up in a daze on the bench in the backyard.

For the first two days, Charlotte remained sound. But on the third day, she became restless. She kept

crying for mommy and could not be coaxed.

Observing Charlotte's sniveling from afar, Yvette walked up and took her into her arms.

Chapter 660

"I want mommy. I want mommy..." Charlotte rubbed her eyes and cried in her tender nasal voice, and

her eyes were swollen red.

Although Charlotte was her granddaughter, she did not share any intimacy with her. Furthermore, it was her first time carrying her. Charlotte's dainty figure and swollen eyes made her frown.

"I still need to go to school and apologize to Anna." She choked.

"Why do you need to apologize?"

"I hit her. I said bad things about her daddy. Teacher told me that if I'm wrong, I need to make amends.

I need to apologize, or else everyone in class will hate me. But Anna was also wrong. I hit her because

she scolded me first. After I apologize to her, she needs to apologize too!"

As Yvette carried Charlotte while walking back and forth, she was amazed by her ability to reason at

such a young age.

Standing outside the mansion, Maria was engaged in a phone call. She appeared agitated, but she

sounded exasperated. "There are no secrets in this world. How long can you keep it from him? It's best

that you tell

him now!"

When she saw Yvette, Maria hung up and explained, "It's my daughter. She's infertile but is afraid of

letting her boyfriend know."

Nodding, Yvette let Maria carry Charlotte. Then, she returned to her room and locked the door. She shut herself inside and pulled over the curtains, and the room became very dark.

'There are no secrets in this world...' Maria's words kept ringing in her mind.

'Summer couldn't be this naive. I framed her and put her in jail. Now that her child is outside, am I to

think that she will be at ease?'

I'm sure she would get her lawyer to appeal the case. And when they find out the truth, I will be...'

'Can anyone scoop fire into his lap without his clothes being burned? Even if it didn't, how long can it

last?'

After Maria prepared breakfast, she knocked on Yvette's door. However, Yvette refused to eat,

including lunch and dinner. She shut herself in and was unwilling to eat anything.

While everyone was asleep at night, she awoke sweating profusely. She appeared disturbed and pale as if another nightmare had occurred.

Yvette remained awake for the entire night.

Surprisingly, as the day broke, Yvette got up and left her room.

Yvette left. And even at noon, she had not returned.

She had gone to visit Summer at the police station.

It had been few days since they last met. Summer only smiled indifferently, and Yvette felt it was absurd.

Staring coldly at her, Summer continued, "Now that you have achieved your goal, are you delighted?"

'Delighted?' Yvette tightened her grip and frowned.

'I have been tormented for days and had many sleepless nights. How can I be delighted? I'm almost losing my mind.'