

President 81

Chapter 81

Summer was not annoyed; she just shot him a few looks. Besides, she was not expecting any kind words from him anyway. She then said to the old lady, "Ms. Moore, let me bring you some prunes."

The old lady was definitely a big fan of those prunes. In a blink of an eye, she demolished the two boxes Summer had taken out. "Where are you planning to go next?" The old lady asked.

"What do you reckon, Ms. Moore?"

"Have you ever come to Norwood before?"

Summer shook her head.

"Since it's snowing recently, skiing in Brighmond Ski Park would be nice. You can also enjoy the snow-

kissed scenery on a boat at Harwood Citadel after."

Summer was quite fond of the suggestion. She was even more excited about skiing. As the thought hit

her, she looked at Mark and asked, "Do you know how to ski?"

"Yes, I do...Why did you ask?" He looked at her and said.

"You have got to be my coach then," she answered naturally.

Mark squinted his eyes and looked at her with a calm demeanor, "Did I say I was going?"

"Well, you did not, but you were the one who suggested a honeymoon. I can't be here for a honeymoon

by myself, right?" Summer refuted out of anger.

The old lady watched them with her bright eyes, switching her gaze from one to another without interrupting them.

Mark furrowed his brows, shot Summer with his sideeye, and landed his gaze on her abdomen. "Are you aware that you are pregnant, Mrs. Valentine?"

"I h-h-have almost forgotten..." She coughed softly out of guilt, "Well, skiing is off the list then. Let's just

go sightseeing in Harwood Citadel."

The old lady patted her thigh and said, "Just how forgetful I am, I have almost forgotten about my precious little baby. There is no way the both of you are going skiing, never."

Mark started to look a little helpless as he was massaging his forehead gently.

Soon afterward, Summer went upstairs for a shower, leaving the old lady and Mark alone in the living

room.

"What kind of feelings do you have towards Summer?" The old lady asked.

His gaze shook ever so slightly, but he remained silent while sipping on his tea.

She grabbed a pillow from the sofa and threw it at Mark, "How dare you show me this attitude?"

The pillow hit Mark right at the center of his face. He took it in his hands and whispered, "Ouch, it hurts,

M s. Moore..."

He only showed this side of him-his cheeky and child -like demeanor-to her.

"I am glad it hurt, and don't you dare avoid my question. What was going on in your head when you decided to marry her?"

The old lady knows Mark really well; she would definitely not fall for his tricks. "Ask yourself, do you

have any feelings for her, Mark? Even if it's just a little?"

Mark placed the pillow aside, the corner of his lips lifted as he squinted his eyes, "Ms. Moore, are you

planning to switch your expertise from a translator to a love guru?"

His response earned him a stomp on his foot. A stomp so hard that he accidentally let out a faint grunt.

"Don't try to be funny with me. Why is it so difficult for you to answer?" Ms. Moore said.

"Come on. This is my relationship. Why are you so curious about it anyway..." Mark frowned as he responded. He was clearly hurt; one should not underestimate Ms. Moore's strength.

"I would not have batted an eye if you were not my

grandson. Frankly, I am very fond of the girl. She embodies purity and elegance. Both of you would make a perfect match. She might even be too good for you."

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The old lady muttered softly to Mark. Her judgment had never been wrong. Summer marrying into their

family was an honor to Mark. He was a lucky man to have her as his wife.

However, she was still uncertain about the actual reason behind Mark marrying Summer.

She was worried that Summer would be hurt, that is, if Mark still had lingering feelings for Raine...

"What about Raine? Be honest with yourself. Have you forgotten about her completely, or do you still

have a special place for her in your heart?"

Mark gulped, his face turned solemn. But his smile did not fade. He stretched lazily and answered,

"Look, it's already ten o'clock. You should go to bed, Ms.

Moore."

"Are you avoiding my question on purpose, or are you genuinely worried about my health? What would

you do if Raine ever came back into your life?"

"There really is no need to answer such hypothetical questions..." He smiled mischievously and added,

"She is already back."

Bewildered, the old lady frowned upon hearing what h e just said, "She's back from Athana?"

Looking directly into her eyes, Mark answered with an affirmative "Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Gruden North. She is currently working as my dad's assistant secretary. Can we drop this

conversation here? I am feeling a little tired. Good night, Ms. Moore, sleep well..."

Ms. Moore was still processing what Mark said as she was struck by his words—Raine actually went to

Gruden North to be Ronald's assistant secretary again. But when she recollected herself, Mark was already at the end of the stairs.

She let out a long sigh unconsciously, 'What is Mark even thinking?'

She was just worried, very worried..

'But still, times have changed. It's just how the youngsters handle their relationships. Even if I had the

answers to my questions, what difference could I make?

'At the end of the day, it's best just to let nature take its course.'

However, if she had to choose between Raine and Summer, she still leaned towards Summer.

Raine practically grew up before her eyes; she had a decent personality as well. But something about

her and Mark just felt off...

At this point in her life, Ms. Moore was old, but her worries seemed to increase along with her age.

Now, she was even meddling with her grandson's relationship.

She smiled to herself and walked away with her cat in her arms, "Let's go to bed, Deedee."

The next day.

The weather went crazy. The snow was a lot worse compared to the past few days.

Just a few days ago, the ground was covered with nothing but a thin layer of snow, whereas now, the

snow on the ground was so thick that it left a deep footprint after being stepped on.

Summer was never good with the cold; her limbs froze whenever winter visited. No matter how hard

she tried to keep herself warm, she would still freeze as hard as a rock.

This was the reason her father always teased her about her being a cold-blooded animal, just like a snake.

Feeling the biting cold, she put on the thickest down coat that she could find, along with a knitted beanie and a pair of thick gloves.

Mark glanced over at her, who at the moment was wrapped with layers of thick clothing. His gaze lowered and landed on the gloves she was putting on,"

It looks familiar..." "What looks familiar?" Summer asked with her head tilted, busy fixing her beanie.

He lifted his eyebrow and laid his eyes on the gloves she was wearing.

Following Mark's gaze, Summer waved her hands and said, "This was my gift to Jazz, but on that night

—"

Her words were already at the tip of her tongue before she was reminded of the incident that happened

that night. She immediately cut herself off and changed the subject and asked, "Are we leaving?"

His eyes turned cold, and without speaking, he turned around and walked away.

Summer picked up her pace behind him. Mark's strides were so wide that she was actually having a hard time catching up. It was apparent that he was not considerate of her and had no intentions of slowing down.

Previously, she was told only to visit Harwood Citadel during the summer or the winter.

The reason was that summer was the only season when the impatiens flowers bloomed. The impatiens

bloomed throughout summer, covering so much land that the scenery looked like they were connected

to the sky. The stark yet soothing contrast of the pink flower bed and the emerald green petals was

breathtakingly pleasing to the eye, making Harwood Citadel ever so exquisite.

As for winter, everything in Harwood Citadel would be covered in thick white snow. The slow fall of

delicate snowflakes onto the lake brought an ethereal glow to the place, showing a different side of

beauty with serenity.

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Walking down the meandered corridor, Summer noticed that the Barren Lake was frozen. In other

words, they could not go on a boat ride.

It was a little disappointing at first, but the appealing scenery compensated for everything.

The historical Covenwood Bridge and Waygough Pinnacle appeared extra fascinating under the thick

blanket of snow.

The scenery was so enjoyable that she did not feel tired even after walking for miles. The only thing

that was bothering her was the man in front of her. Never did the man check on her or turn to look at

her. He maintained a constant distance between them.

Summer thrust forward to catch up with him. Her breath came in short gasps. She stretched out her

hand to grab him and said, "Hey, you could be a little more considerate towards a pregnant woman and

slow down, you know."

A cold breeze brushed against them. Mark looked down at her freezing hand and tightened his brows.

"Are you shocked? My hands and legs freeze during winter every year," she said with a faint smile on

her face.

"Where are your gloves?"

She patted the back of her head, just remembering about the gloves, and said, "How forgetful of me. I

left them back at the wishing well."

Mark squinted, "Did you leave your brain at home?"

"No, but it is not unusual for people to lose their belongings. Besides, you are partially responsible for

this, since you like to walk fast. I only left it behind because I was too busy trying to catch up with you!"

Her anger showed itself through her tone. Furiously, she pulled her hand back but was instantly

stopped by Mark, who held it firmly in his big warm hand.

Shocked, she froze as still as a rock.

But Mark was unbothered, shoving her hands into the pocket of his coat.

There really was a distinctive difference between the temperature of a man and a woman. Summer was stone cold, while Mark was as warm as a morning sun.

Her hand definitely felt warm in his pockets. But as she was staring at his masculine hand, she unconsciously blurted, "Your hands are warmer than the pocket."

Mark froze before turning towards her slowly, his eyes fixated on her.

Feeling uncomfortable, she chuckled awkwardly and flicked her nose, "Forget about it."

"Dramatic..."

He muttered before putting his hand into the pocket and wrapped his fingers around her hand. A soft smile stretched across his face.

The pair were walking side by side, but Summer had lost interest in the view. Her heart was pounding

on her chest; her cheeks were flushed; her whole body started to feel warmer every second.

"Haaah..." she exhaled deeply. Her racing heart could not slow down no matter how hard she tried.

How nice it would be if they could stroll around like this for the whole day.

For the remaining time that they spent in Harwood Citadel, her hands never felt cold again. His hands

were as warm as a fireplace, so warm that it even kept her cheeks warm.

As they passed New Haven Plaza, Summer pulled the car over to buy her parents some souvenirs.

They never allowed her to buy them any branded down jacket, always complaining that it was overpriced.

As winter was coming to an end, the mall started to sell spring wear. Most of the branded down jackets

were already on sale.

There were a lot of varieties and colors to choose from as well. She was torn between the choices for

quite some time before settling with a navy and a burgundy one.

Suddenly, Yvette crossed her mind. She stopped and turned to the man behind her, "What does mom like?"

She had always felt uncomfortable around Yvette. There was always an indescribable awkwardness between them.

Mark scanned the mall and answered nonchalantly, "Just get her any scarf..."

Any...

Could "any" ever satisfy her?

Yvette had such high standards and taste. Summer was not foolish enough to just pick 'any' scarf. She

knew that she must pick cautiously if she wanted her effort to be acknowledged.

'How could a simple scarf like this cost \$2,000!'

Summer's eye twitched. She herself could knit such a scarf. Besides, even if she used the finest yarn she could find, it would barely cost her \$100.

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'What was that brand anyway? The price is absurd!'

However, she still went for it and picked a yellow soft-patterned scarf eventually.

She glanced over to the men's section, and something caught her attention. It was a blouse with a band collar, simple yet elegant.

Tempted, she pulled Mark towards it and got the sales assistant to get him the right size for him to try.

He gave it a quick glance before looking at her. Mark lifted his eyebrows and strutted towards the fitting room.

This proved that she has good taste. The light blue blouse complimented him well; it made Mark

appear even more charming and entrancing, the band collar further highlighted his graceful elegance.

He already had a good figure; his muscular chest lifted the shirt entirely, showing the well-defined edges and corners. He looked as if he was a professional model on a walkway.

The sales assistant's eyes were glued to his body. Nothing seemed to be able to divert her attention.

"We shall get this, pack it up, please," Summer bumped the sales assistant's shoulders gently, 'Does she have to stare so obsessively?'

Upon paying, Summer froze in place, gulping as she saw the bill.

'\$6,000 for two down jackets and a scarf, while his shirt costs \$4,000!'

Mark crossed his arms and squinted. With a cheeky smile, he watched her calmly and proceeded to urge her, "Are you going to pay?"

U H

Did she even have a choice?

Gnashing her teeth, she whipped out a credit card from her purse and passed it to the cashier, "Swipe

it."

Smiling, the cashier extended her arm. Suddenly, Mark leaned forward and passed her an American

Express card, "Swipe this."

"Alright, sir."

Before Summer could even come to her senses, Mark had already signed the papers and handed her his card.

"What's going on?" She was confused and lost.

"Just use this when you shop next time..." he said in his deep voice before grabbing the shopping bag.

Summer was puzzled, "But why would I shop with your card?"

Mark squinted as he looked at her, "What do you think,

Mrs. Valentine..."

His deep voice lingered on the last two words, emphasizing them to make sure that she heard him clearly.

Summer snorted and chuckled, locking eyes with him, "It seems that being Mrs. Valentine might not be

entirely bad after all."

"..." his expression softened, and his eyes lit up, though his face was still emotionless.

The car was running in the night sky. Summer checked the time, and unbeknown to her, it was already

half-past ten.

Without realizing it, time passed fast today.

Suddenly, his ringtone alerted. With one hand on the steering wheel, Mark answered the phone,

"Hello..."

His expression shifted instantly; he even looked furious. He clenched the steering wheel so tight that

his veins were showing, "Are you sure? Okay, understood..." Summer had no idea what the person

said to him from the other end of the phone that irked him this much.

She was shocked by his sudden expression change as she had never seen this side of him before-

troubled, grim, gloomy, and cold.

Her heart tightened as she asked anxiously, "What happened?"

Mark did not respond. He held both his hands tightly on the steering wheel as he jammed on the

brakes. Coldly, he said to her, "Get down and take a cab back to the villa!"

"What about you?" she asked. He did not look good, and she was worried that something had gone

wrong.

"I am going to Grudin North, then back to Santabaca. Book yourself a plane ticket if you don't want to

stay i n Norwood anymore."

"Okay, I know what to do."

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Summer did not bother to question any further. She took all her bags and got out of the car hurriedly so

that she would not waste his time.

Judging by the looks of his face, something serious must have happened...

Shortly after she got down from the car, his black car drove away at the speed of a bullet train, leaving

Summer nothing but a cold breeze.

Summer shivered in the cold night, standing by the road and waiting for a cab all by herself.

But the weather tonight was exceptionally bad, especially with the snow falling from the sky. Every cab

that passed her by had the occupied sign put up.

Her teeth were chattering after waiting for thirty minutes in the cold. It felt like an eternity before she

managed to get herself a cab... She was still trembling even after she had settled down in the car. She

was so cold she felt tongue-tied, not being able to say anything.

"Half an hour more.." she sniffled, her face went numb from the cold.

"It's below zero Celcius degree tonight. No wonder you're freezing. You've been waiting in the cold for

more than half an hour."

The driver cranked up the heat in his car for Summer to warm her hands by the car's air outlet.

It was already past 11 pm when she reached the villa, but the lights in the living room were still shining

through the window. Ms. Moore was still awake, watching the TV with her cat in her arms.

"Hey Ms. Moore, why are you still awake? It's past 11 already," she said.

The old lady's face was stern as she hushed Summer, indicating that she should keep quiet. Ms. Moore

then shifted her gaze towards the TV, watching the screen seriously.

Summer had no clue as to what she was watching that got her so hooked. Curiously, she too went over

to watch the TV.

It was the local news, an earthquake happened in Grudin North with a magnitude of 7.8, causing many

houses and buildings to crumble like houses of sand. The earthquake happened at 10:00 pm. Ms.

Moore had a grim look on her face when she dialed Yvette's number to ask her about Ronald.

However, there was no reception in Yvette's area.

None of her calls went through, no matter how many times she tried. All she could do was to call after

some time.

Hanging up the phone, the old lady looked past Summer, "Where is Mark?"

"He went to Grudin North to settle some issues-"

Summer just came to the realization after she finished her line. She bit her lips, her heart tensed as a knot.

An earthquake just happened in Grudin North, the place where Mark was heading..."

The old lady's expression shifted, her brows tensed, "When did he leave?"

"Somewhere around 10 pm, I'll try to get a hold of him now. The earthquake just ended in Gurdin North,

so the airport would definitely be closed now."

She immediately took out her phone and dialed his number. But all she got from the other end of the phone was a cold robotic female voice, "Sorry, the person you're calling is out of reach. Please try again later. Thank you."

The old lady was still staring at her. Summer shook her head and muttered, "He switched off his phone."

"Honestly, everyone makes me worried!"

None of them was sleepy anymore. They shared the couch and glued their eyes on the TV screen, watching the news.

It was now a few minutes to 3 in the morning. This was when Ronald suddenly appeared on screen, directing the rescuers.

Seeing this, Ms. Moore let out a big sigh of relief. Just when she was about to call Yvette, her phone rang - it was from Jazz.

"Alright, I've already watched the news. Please rest earlier, both you and your mother," said Ms. Moore.

Everyone in Valentine Mansion was as restless, keeping their eyes peeled for Ronald in the news. His

appearance on TV was the only time they felt at peace.

"Alright, everything is okay now. Go get some rest, Summer."

Summer nodded in response, "You sleep earlier too, M s. Moore."

However, she still had no signs of sleepiness. Her mind was running wild - 'what if the earthquake was

not really over, what if another earthquake hits...'

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Summer spent the night tossing and turning, barely even closed her eyes. She only started to feel the overwhelming sleepiness when the night shifted to day.

She got herself out of bed and headed to the washroom, washing her face with cold water to give herself an instant refresher.

As she was walking down the stairs, she saw the old lady dozing off on the sofa. It was apparent that

she did not have a good sleep yesterday.

Summer put a blanket on her and whipped out her phone, trying to get a hold of Mark.

Two seconds, three seconds, five seconds, seven seconds...

"Hello..."

When Summer heard the ever so familiar deep voice from the other end, she felt as if a huge weight was lifted from her heart and soul, "Have you reached? Are you okay?"

"Yes..." he gave an unusual short reply.

After a short pause, she asked: "How about Ronald? Is he okay?"

"He's fine..." he answered shortly once again. However, Summer could sense annoyance from his tone

as he proceeded to say: "Anything else?"

"Nope. Anyway, please"

Mark cut her off before she could finish her sentence, " I'm really busy, see ya-she didn't say she was hurt"

Summer didn't understand the last line, 'she didn't say she was hurt? Who is she?'

But she did not think much about it; she knew that he was busy. She figured that she should not bother

him, so she sent him a text instead.

'Please take care of yourself and be safe. Keep an eye out for any aftershocks, and be safe on your way back ... home...'

'Home', she was debating whether she should use this word. She deleted and retyped it three times

before she put herself together and decided to send the text message to Mark. 1

After sending the text message, Summer could not stop looking at her phone. She was expecting to receive a reply from him, even if it was as short as the letter 'K'.

But five minutes passed, and her phone screen was still black. 'He is probably really busy now.'

She was now all by herself in Norwood. She had lost the mood to enjoy her honeymoon, especially after the earthquake had happened. All she wanted was just to return to Santabaca.

Summer recalled Mark saying that he will head back to Santabaca after he was done in Grudin North.

She figured that she should stay in the Valentine mansion for a peace of mind so she could be the first

person to see him when he returns to Santabaca.

Once she had made up her mind, she told Ms. Moore about her decision. Though it was a shame to see her leave so soon, the old lady did not make her stay. She just wished Summer a safe journey home.

Summer nodded with a big grin before grabbing Ms. Moore for a tight bear hug. She then packed her

bags and made her way to the airport.

Sitting alone on an airplane felt different from sitting with somebody else - it felt lonely.

Although she stayed up the whole night, she still was not sleepy. All she could do was to watch the clouds pass her by through the small window.

It was already noon when she reached the Valentine mansion. Both Yvette and Jazz were away, making an appearance at a charity event.

She unpacked her bags and kept aside the souvenirs that she brought back from Norwood, planning to

visit her parents at home for a while.

When she arrived, she opened the front door that led to their living room - what she saw shocked her.

The living room was in a mess; it looked like a crime scene. Everything they had was scattered all around the floor.

"Mom, mom! What happened here? Did a robber get in? Have you called the police?"

She entered the room as she was yelling until she met a group of men in their suits. They were pulling

Amara's hair, a sharp knife in hand.

Sitting on the side of the bed was her father, Soloman, consoling her shaking mother, Daisy.

Judging by the situation, Summer already knew what happened. Amara was a stubborn gambling addict; it was clear that she had no money with her, which led to the men barging into their home.

As soon as she laid eyes on Summer, Amara's eyes lit up. She saw a chance of redemption and grabbed it.

She confidently told the group of men: "This is my sister, the wife of President Valentine. I'm sure you've heard of Santabaca's well known Valentine group, yeah? She has plenty of money. Go get it from her!"

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Summer was downright disgusted upon listening to what Amara said. She found it awfully repulsive

and said, "I am NOT Mark's wife, nor do I have any money. She is the one who owes you money, you

can do whatever you want with her!"

"Summer Hart!" Amara shouted.

Summer acted as though she did not hear her and gently patted Daisy's shoulder, ignoring the cries from Amara.

The group of men shared glances among one another and scoffed. They puffed out a mouth of

cigarette smoke and said, "We will act according to our prior agreement, if you fail to return the money,

you'll lose your fingers."

"Mom, Dad! They're serious. They will certainly cut my fingers off. Please save me! I swear I will change! I swear by it!" cried Amara.

Disappointed to the core, Summer's parents couldn't bring themselves to speak to Amara.

"Cut the yapping off with her fingers!"

The sharp-edged knife got Amara's full attention as it inched closer to her. Her face turned as white as

a sheet; her body trembled uncontrollably.

On the other hand, Summer stared at her coldly. 'Why do it when you already know the consequences

of your actions?' 'Amara is a stubborn person who does not bother to change her bad behaviour, and

for this reason alone, she is now facing the consequences. People like her should be punished.

'Let her feel the pain, let her feel the fear. This is the only way she will reflect and learn her lesson.'

The knife was now inches away from Amara. Its sharp and cold blade slit her pinky open. The

excruciating pain made her scream at the top of her lungs.

Summer's parents could not bear to watch, but they could not beg Summer as well, leaving them both

anxious and nervous.

Summer had also diverted her gaze, refusing to watch.

"Mom, Dad, please. I'm pregnant! I'm two months pregnant! I don't want my fingers to be chopped off.

Please save me, it hurts so bad!" 1

Amara's tearful screech echoed in the room. Daisy could no longer stand it and cried, "Summer, please

help her. Take it as I'm begging you, please, help her once more, this last time!"

Solomon followed and said, "Summer, I have no dignity to beg you as a father anymore. But please,

Amara is pregnant. Please save her once more for the sake of her baby."

The silence grew across the room, and Summer finally spoke, "I can save her, but on one condition: she must sign an agreement."

"Sure, I'll comply. I'll do it," Amara agreed immediately. She was so desperate that she could even sign

ten agreements just for Summer to save her.

Summer's gaze hovered over the group of men and landed on the leader, the man with a cigarette in hand. "I'll settle her debt. How much does she owe you?" asked Summer.

"Seven hundred grand," the man said as he exhaled a plume of cigarette smoke, casually shaking his crossed legs.

"Seven hundred grand?" Summer gritted her teeth. She could almost kill Amara in that moment.

On the other hand, Amara had her head hanging low out of embarrassment, not wanting to meet Summer's eyes.

Ever since she knew about Summer and Mark's marriage, she became full of herself, letting herself go

and having no self-control in casinos.

She went around boasting to everyone she met, saying that Mark Valentine, the President of

Santabaca's notable Valentine group, was her brother-in-law.

With this status, many people were willing to lend her money. So even when she had no money on her,

she still managed to get seven hundred grand from the people in the casino and proceeded to lose all of it.

Solomon sighed continuing!^, glaring at Amara fiercely.

"That is correct, yes. Seven hundred grand, do you have it or do you not? If you do, hand it over to me

right now and just scram if you don't. We have some fingers to chop."

Carelessly, the leader of the group was twirling the knife in his hand. It looked as if it could fall at any

second.

"I do, but I have an agreement for her to sign first. I'll withdraw the money with you after she is done."

"Deal, I don't even care about her fingers. What are you looking at? Sign it now!"

The bald leader slammed the knife onto the table, causing Amara to shiver out of fear. She could not even calm herself down to write properly.

About half an hour later, the agreement was settled. Amara signed it and passed it to Summer, who kept it after shooting her a dirty look.

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"Where's the money?" the bald man rushed her.

Summer held Mark's American Express card in her hand. However, she then realized she had no idea

what the password was for this card. How on earth could she withdraw money?

Summer planned to withdraw seven hundred grand from his account and explain to him after he was

back from Grudin North.

Watching her blank expression, the bald man lost his patience and cursed, stabbing the knife into the

bed, "F *ck this, are you playing the fool with me?"

"No, I just don't remember the password to this card. I'll head to the bank to change the password later

and pass you the money by tomorrow. How does that sound?"

"And what makes you think we can believe you?"

Summer just flashed them the American Express card and said, "I have this. Do you need any more?"

"Wow, I didn't expect you to be some big shot. Very well then, you may go. You can never hide from us

anyway. We'll find you no matter what. Make sure you bring us the money by tomorrow morning, before

seven o'clock. I'll be waiting!"

The bald man was definitely not a fool. He knew that the American Express card had unlimited credit.

With that card, Summer would not even have a problem withdrawing seven million bucks, let alone seven hundred grand.

However, Summer felt that she needed to ask Mark about the password. She was still contemplating whether she should ask him now as she knew that he was busy. Besides, she found it hard to ask for money from Mark as well.

But she had no other choice. All she could do now was to give him a call.

After some consideration, Summer finally mustered up her courage and dialed his number. Her heart

was racing as she thought of the best words to say.

Suddenly, the line connected. Summer bit into her lips and opened her mouth. But the words that came

out were different from what she initially planned to say, "Are you okay over there?"

"You called just to ask me this?" his tone was cold and flat.

She already knew that he was busy, but she still called to ask him for money. On top of it, she still called during the worst time possible. At that moment, she felt utterly ashamed of herself.

She was unable to speak for a second and stuttered, "No... It's just___I..."

"Listen, I have no time to listen to your stammering. Stop calling me!"

Mark was not his usual self. His voice sounded aggressive. Every word he said to her was unusually clear.

Followed his abrupt behaviour was a series of 'beep', indicating that he hung up on her...

Summer's face was bright red, but for the wrong reasons. She felt as if she was slapped across the face, hard. After listening to what Mark had to say, she froze on the spot, not moving an inch.

She just gathered courage from every inch of her body to call and tell him about this issue.

But what happened with Mark on the phone scarred her. She would never ask him for favours anymore, no matter how hard her situation was.

She knew that she, Summer Hart, also had her own dignity...

Collecting herself, she dialed up Sherman's number in hopes that she could borrow seven hundred grand. She was even willing to sign an IOU, to assure Sherman that she will return her debt.

Billy Day was also one of the well-off families in Santabaca, so seven hundred grand should not be a

problem for Sherman, who did not hesitate to send Summer some money the next day...

Summer sighed with relief.

This was the first and the only time Summer asked someone else for money.

Ever since her childhood, Summer was an independent child who did not like to trouble other people. In

this situation, she really had no other option but to turn to Sherman for help, which she would never do.

Amara was lying on her stomach on the sofa, tears streaming down her face as she cried and wailed out o f pain.

Summer looked at her coldly; she had no empathy for her at all. No matter how painful it was, even if it

cost her life, Amara asked for it.

Daisy was busy stopping the blood loss when she said, "I think we should go to the hospital; it's quite a

deep cut."

Chapter 89

Soloman did not respond, instead he looked over to his daughter with worried eyes asking, "Summer,

seven hundred grand is not a small amount, are you-"

"It's alright, I borrowed them from Sherman. She has s o much money that I can return them in my own

time. Don't worry, Dad."

Summer interrupted him with a smile, "Also, she said that she will bring the money over to me next

morning. Really, you don't have to worry about me. Everything is okay."

"We really owe Sherman a big one. Have your mom bake some goodies so we can welcome her.

Regarding the money, you, me and your b*stard of a brother will settle it together."

Soloman let out a long sigh, 'life is tough!'

Amara rolled her eyes as she listened to their conversation. Disagreeing, she said, "The Valentines

have so much money. You are his wife. You have all the rights in the world to spend his money, it's only

natural. Why would you even ask money from your friend?"

Summer scoffed to herself. Now she knew how cruel Amara's heart can be.

If it was not for her parents, Summer would not even bat an eye if her whole hand was chopped off.

But still, her words made sense. The Valentines had so much fortune. As Mrs. Valentine herself, she

still had to ask her friend for a mere seven hundred grand. Was she out of her mind?

"I will only say this once. I will never say it ever again so make sure you register it in your head!"

She stared directly into Amara's eyes, spitting every word loud and clearly.

"If you still want to live as such a dependent child, you have got to pull yourself together. If this happens

ever again, you will bear the consequences yourself. Don't you dare wish to beg for sympathy from my

parents.

"The agreement that you signed just now stated that you would be cutting ties with the three of us in your own free will. We shall have no relationship as of today. If you ever step foot in our neighbourhood, the security will have you escorted, even if it was by force. You can cause a scene, but that will only get you to the police station under the charge of harassment.

"You can also choose to complain and fight back. I will just bring this agreement-the agreement you signed-to the court and let them judge. You can either choose to live a good life or leave this place as soon as possible. It's up to you..."

Summer was direct and cold. She came off so strong it actually scared Amara. She looked over to Soloman and Daisy, hoping to get some sympathy from them.

But to her dismay, she got nothing in return. They were both so disappointed in her that they did not even want to look at her, let alone speaking to her. They also knew that her problems had caused trouble to Summer as well.

Summer slammed her hand on the table and shouted, "Hey, I am speaking to you! Why are you looking at them?"

Amara was shocked by her sudden outburst. Her body was trembling when she said answered faintly,

"Live a good life."

"Louder, I can't hear you!"

"Live a good life!" Amara cried out.

"Mark my words, Amara. I am a man of my words, and I can be cruel when I want to. You better not

challenge me!" i

Outside the ICU.

Mark was leaning against the hospital window, his black trench coat now covered in crease.

His expression was grim as he looked deeply outside the window, his eyes slightly pink, with a visible

web o f red veins.

However, as sluggish as he looked, it still could not mask his charismatic features. In fact, it even made

him look more mysteriously good looking.

He started his journey from Norwood to Santabaca by airplane, then from Santabaca to Grudin North

by car.

And when he reached Grudin North, Raine was still in the ICU.

The secretary next to him told him that Raine rushed into a crumbling house to save a new-born baby

during the earthquake.

When she was carrying the baby out in her arms, the house fell and directly hit her.

Mark chuckled to himself 'she is so kind that she would sacrifice her life just to help people..'

Chapter 90

He smiled coldly as his gaze tightened. His eyes were s o dark that it looked like he wanted to wipe out

everything. He really felt like choking her to death!

He glanced over to the phone that he tossed on the bench and thought about the Summer's call just

now.' She sounded hesitant, and she rarely stutters...'

Raine was lying unconsciously on the ICU bed, and he was feeling really awful.

But Summer kept calling at the worst time possible, and it sparked the anger that he bottled up in his

heart. That was why his tone was so harsh.

He picked up his phone, and his slender finger circled the characters 'Mrs. Valentine' for a while.

However, h e still did not make the call.

He looked up from his phone and squinted his eyes on the ward's door. He was so irritated that he

fiddled with his necktie, waiting...

As Summer stepped into the living room in Valentine Mansion, she saw Yvette and Jazz sitting on the

sofa.

Yvette heard her footsteps and turned to her tepidly, " When did you come back?"

"This morning, mom," Summer said.

"What about Mark? Is he at the office?"

"He is not at the office. He went to Grudin North from Norwood directly. He said there was-"

Before Summer could even finish her words, Yvette's eyes widened before she bounced off the sofa.

With her eyes locked on Summer, she asked, "Where did you say Mark went?"

Summer was confused by her sudden change of emotions, but she still answered truthfully, "Gruden North."

She gasped as she asked, "When did he go there?"

"Around ten last night."

Yvette cooled down and said, "Why didn't you stop him?"

Summer's brows twitched. She didn't say anything. How could she stop him? Could she even stop him

herself?

"Mom, why are you getting mad at Summer? Who could ever stop Mark from doing what he wants to do?"

Jazz said resentfully, trying to keep Summer out of trouble.

But it was clear that Yvette was not in the mood to entertain him. She took out her phone and dialed a

number as she walked into the kitchen.

As soon as the call connected, Yvette shot her question, "Is president Ronald really alright?" "Yes

Madam, he is already directing the rescue mission. You could probably see him on the TV, please don't

be worried," said Donald's secretary.

"By the way, is there anyone else that got hurt?" She did not mention any names but was

unconventionally gentle when she asked.

The secretary paused for a moment and answered, "The newly transferred secretary, Ms. Raine has

suffered a serious injury. She is still unconscious in the ICU now."

Her heart stopped when she heard about Raine and hung up the phone shortly after. She was right -

Mark must have traveled to Grudin North for Raine!

She could not just watch this unfold. There was no way she would let things escalate between them!

Mark can never spend time with Raine alone. They might rekindle their past romance!

She saw Summer sitting on the sofa as she walked to the living room. Instantly, a light bulb went on in

her head, "Summer, can I talk to you about something?"

"Sure," Summer responded. She noticed something different about Yvette; she became gentle.

"I have to take care of things for the fundraising and Valentine Mansion. Your father-in-law and Mark

are both in Gruden North without anyone to care for them.

I am a little worried about them. Since you happen to be free now, could you go over and take care of

them for me?"

Before Summer even spoke, Jazz was already opposing strongly and said, "No way, an earthquake just

happened over there. How could a pregnant woman be at such a place?"

"She's only two months into her pregnancy. There isn't even a visible bump yet, so she should be fine.

Your dad and Mark are both men. Who is going to do their laundry? Not to mention that Mark is a little

bit of a clean freak himself. Tell me, Jazz, how could I not be worried?"