

President 141

Chapter 141

"It is getting late. I must make a move first. You two please talk to each other. Who knows, you two will

have some common interests?" Summer changed the subject.

Kayla furrowed her brow. This sounded so awkward. Was this a blind date?

Dean's situation was no better. He watched Summer leaving and was anxious to leave.

Summer could not help laughing. "She won't eat you for lunch, Officer Singleton. Why are you so nervous?"

She patted Dean on his shoulders a few times, then left the two to themselves.

At nightfall, Raine was heating milk in the kitchen. She had been having insomnia for the past nights.

So she gave up coffee, which could make her problem worse.

As the milk was done, she poured it into a glass and carried it out of the kitchen.

Just then, she saw Mark walking up the stairs with a cosmetic box in his hand.

Who did he buy cosmetics for?

Her heart started pounding as she watched him disappearing from her sight.

Who else would he give the cosmetics box to if not Summer?

Her heart thumping quicker and quicker, her hand that held the milk glass shaking. She could not describe her feelings.

Mark opened the door. Summer was sitting at the dressing table with a facial mask on while playing something on her notebook.

He strode in and hemmed, casually dropping the cosmetics in front of her, then took off his coat and hung it aside.

She looked up from the screen and glanced at the cosmetic box, then looked back at the screen again.

She was playing Blackjack on her notebook, and she was the dealer.

Mark stood behind her, squinting as he watched her playing.

She seemed not to notice the cosmetics set, but kept on playing Blackjack. She had one two and a queen.

After a while, Mark gently tapped the table with his fingers, trying to get her attention.

"These cosmetics are for you." He sounded unnatural.

"Who gave it to me?" She did not look up at him.

"What do you think, Mrs. Valentine?" He shot a look at

her and hissed.

The things came from him. Who else could be the giver if not him?

"Are you sure these are for me, not someone else?

Don't regret it after I use them."

Mark looked annoyed, his voice deepening when he said, "I don't look drunk, do I?"

"Oh, thanks, then." She appeared nonchalant.

Feeling neglected and slighted, Mark became angry. He got up and stood behind her.

She now had three cards: one two, one queen, and one nine.

Mark squinted and suddenly spoke in a deep voice." That's twenty-one!"

Chapter 142

When Mark suddenly spoke, her hand reflexively clicked on the 'hit' button and got the king, which meant she burst.

She turned around and glared at him. "Look what you did to me! Don't suddenly speak behind me!"

He should not have told her this and that while she was focusing on the game.

Mark smirked. He took the tie off his burgundy shirt and sunk into the settee. "It is just a card game.

Why do you have to get so serious?"

She finally paid attention to him-not because of the cosmetics, but the goddamn card game.

"Isn't it just a card game? Do you know how difficult it is to achieve a total of twenty-one? You should

not have disturbed me while I am focused on it!"

She was still fit to be tied. She had played ten games and lost nine. When she thought she could make

it all back in this game, he screwed it up for her. She lost almost all her tokens.

"Wasn't the mouse in your hand? I was just cheering for you. It was you who hit that damn button."

She glared at him. 'Cheering? How ridiculous!'

"Have you ever played card games? Do you know how to play Blackjack?"

Mark squinted and smirked at her, then looked at the screen. "It is a fresh round, Mrs. Valentine."

She quickly looked back at the screen.

This time, she finally got lucky-a Blackjack, which meant she won immediately and got herself 5,000

tokens back.

She looked at the time; it was 9:40 pm, time to go to bed. So she got up and went into the bathroom.

He glanced at her. After she disappeared from his sight, he sat down in front of the notebook and

fiddled with the mouse.

When Summer came out, she saw him sitting in front of the computer with a serious expression on his

face and his finger gently tapped on the mouse button.

She looked on and was startled for a while.

Without taking a closer look, he would have given the impression that he was working on a computer.

But the truth was, he was just playing Blackjack.

Summer snapped back and came up to him from behind, just in time to see a pop-up message: 'Your tokens are less than 1,000. Please reload before continuing.'

She folded her arms and stood behind him with a grave expression.

Mark had sensed her presence behind her. He kneaded his forehead with a hint of embarrassment on

his face.

"You have taken a shower? Luck isn't on my side today."

He casually glanced at her and went into the bathroom before she could say anything.

Summer closed the notebook lid and said snappishly, "What else do you know, Mr. President? You don't even know how to play Blackjack."

Mark could clearly hear from inside the bathroom what she said. He scratched his chin with his lips tuning up, looking sexy.

He wondered where she learned that logic—who the hell said a company president had to master

Blackjack?

At least, she got angry now after days of giving him the cold shoulder. At least, it was a response.

Chapter 143

Sitting in front of the dressing table and glancing at the cosmetic set, Summer instantly knew that it was

high-end stuff.

Mark gave it to her?

The corner of her mouth turned up in a sneer. She wondered why he gave her this cosmetic set.

Was it because she was his wife, or was he just showing affection in front of outsiders?

Could it be also that he realized he had used harsh words in front of her, and so this was a gesture of apology?

Of these three possibilities, she figured, the last possibility was almost zero.

She fiddled with the cosmetic box for a while before she unpacked the packaging. Everything inside was written in Korean, which she could not understand a bit.

Mark emerged from the bathroom. He smelled of orange-fresh, natural, and pleasing fragrance.

He whisked open the quilt and climbed in, then looked at her from behind.

Summer squeezed some lotion on her palm and gently

and evenly patted it on her cheeks. She was instantly bursting with radiance and enchanting.

"So how is the thing?" he asked casually.

Listening carefully, there was an undertone of expectation, as if he was waiting for her compliment.

But it sounded different to Summer's ears. She stopped what she was doing and looked back at him.

"Don't tell me that your purpose of giving me this cosmetic set is just for running a trial, and I am your

clinical mice."

Mark's expression stiffened. But it was just for a fleeting second and almost unnoticeable.

He looked at her with cold eyes, his lazily casual face turning gloomy, with his lips pressed into a straight line.

But he retracted his eyes after a few seconds and lay on the bed with his chest constantly heaving.

He would not explain himself, and the cosmetic set was certainly not a trial product.

He got hot under the collar but could not vent it out. So he lay brooding in bed.

Hearing no reply from Mark, Summer put the cosmetic set back on the dressing table. Taunting gave

rise to acrimony, but her expression remained nonchalant.

Next early morning.

Everyone was having breakfast at the dining table, not no one said a word.

It was not until sometime later that Yvette broke the silence. "Go with me to the shopping mall, Mark,

Summer. I am going to shop for clothes."

"I have work to do back in the office, Mom." Mark looked up at her with an indifferent expression.

"Come on, it is New Year's Day tomorrow, and everyone is off already. What work?" Yvette was not too

happy. "Don't you want to go shopping with me anymore? Do I embarrass you?"

Mark put his fingers to his forehead and kneaded his brow with a helpless expression.

Yvette seized the opportunity. "It is decided then. We will set off after breakfast."

She never asked Summer if she was okay and made that decision for her.

Summer raised her brows, but did not make a fuss. She had been used to it.

Chapter 144

Yvette looked at Raine, her eyes flickering. "I almost forgot about Raine. Do you want to join us,

Raine?"

"I have a gathering with my friends in the afternoon. S o I am afraid that I can't join you guys."

Raine said with a clean and tactful smile, her eyes involuntarily glancing at Mark.

Mark did not seem to notice her glances. He sipped his coffee and glanced sideways at the woman beside him.

Summer ignored the conversation between the two of them. She ate her oatmeal and occasionally talked with Jazz in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

Mark narrowed his eyes a little as he kept an eye on the two.

"Well then, we will leave in a minute," Yvette said with a smile.

After eating breakfast, the three of them headed out, leaving only Raine and Jazz in the living room.

Jazz looked at the time and lazily stretched, then got up from the settee. "I am leaving, Aunt."
"Where

are you going?" Raine pulled her mind back

and asked in puzzlement.

"My part-time job, of course. It is still ongoing. I don't get a break on New Year's Day."

"Is this necessary, Jazz?" Raine frowned.

"It is not out of necessity, Aunt. I enjoy doing this. I am preparing for the future."

He shook his head and hummed a song in his mouth. "No one understands my world, only I know myself, I am waiting for the day in the future, when it will shine..."

He hummed as he walked out of the Valentine mansion. He was full of the charm of youth.

Except for the servants who walked and forth, Raine was the only person in the living room.

Tomorrow would be New Year's Day. Yvette instructed the servants to clean the house thoroughly, letting no stone unturned, so to speak.

Raine suddenly had a strong feeling, wondering if Yvette was still finding any meaning in her life.

Ronald was busy with work. He was based in Grudin North all year round and seldom came home.

Now that he was in love with another woman, it would be even less likely for him to return to the Valentine mansion.

Yvette was living alone in the large mansion, and it was no wonder she was becoming more and more

tacky and mean.

Comparing Yvette of today with Yvette of yesteryears, the difference was like night and day.

She was a sad woman.

But when Baine thought of what Yvette said at the dining table just now, she lost all her sympathy for

Yvette instantly.

How can you still sympathize with a woman whose purpose of life is to taunt and irritate you?

Her mind was drifting when the thought of Mark holding a cosmetic last night came to mind. She got

curious.

She was eager to know to whom he gave the cosmetics.

The question had been bothering her for a while. It was during this time when she saw a servant walking upstairs with a set of house keys in hand.

Baine's eyes brightened up, and she stopped the servant. "What do you do with the key?"

"Mrs. Valentine asked me to clean up Mr. Valentine's reading room."

"Leave the keys to me after you have opened the door. I need to find something in the attic." Baine said

as an inner voice told her so.

"Do you need my help?" "It is okay. I can handle it myself." Baine let out a

gentle smile.

When she stood in front of Mark's room with the keys in hands, she suddenly came to her senses, as if

someone tipped a bucket of ice water on her.

'What-what am I doing here? How could I even allow myself to think of doing this?'

Chapter 145

Raine was shocked by herself. She could not understand why she had become like this, as if

something had bewitched her, and she had lost control of herself.

Reason told her she should turn around and then go downstairs right now.

But her feet seemed to have been glued on the spot; she could not move them.

'No one is here in the house. So why not go in and have a look? No one is going to find out if you touch

nothing in the room. Go now!'

The inner voice won, and she inserted the key into the keyhole and pushed open the door.

After closing the door behind her, her eyes scanned around.

The furnishings of his room had not changed a bit compared to three years ago. The only change was

the added feminine vibe.

Also, there were two quilts on the bed. It was obvious that the two share the same bed.

Her heart ached at the thought of it, as if a knife stabbed into her heart.

When she moved forward further, her body stiffened when she saw the opened cosmetic set on the dressing table.

The corners of her mouth curled up in an ironic smile.

She had flattered herself when she thought Mark bought that cosmetic set for her.

She thought he was waiting for the right time to take it back out and give it to her.

Apparently, those thoughts seemed so ridiculous now. She felt she was slapped in the face.

She thought Yvette was a sad case. It turned out that she was no better than Yvette.

The hands dangling by her sides slowly clenched into fists and her expression turned grim.

So this was how it felt when she slapped herself in the face.

But why on earth would he buy cosmetics for Summer?

She was puzzled, having a bee in her bonnet, panic, fear, and all kinds of feelings.

For the first time, Summer felt that shopping for clothes was such a tiring thing.

Yvette carried a pile of clothes into the fitting room and tried them on one by one.

Mark sunk into the couch, chin on his hand as he flipped through some random magazines.

He glanced up at Summer, whose tiredness was written all over her face, and patted the spot beside him. "Mrs. Valentine."

She just glanced back and ignored him, then leaned against the wall and waited.

Mark shrugged it off and reminded her, "She usually takes over three hours to try on the clothes."

Only then she walked over and sat down at a spot farthest away from him and gently massaged her sore calves.

Since it would take three hours, she did not have to punish herself.

"Are you sure you are going to carry on this attitude?" He put the magazine down and looked at her.

"What is wrong with my attitude?" she asked.

"Indifferent, alienated, strange; is this the attitude you should have as my wife, huh?"

Mark's voice raised toward the end of the sentence, which showed his dissatisfaction. He gently tapped

the magazine to make a noise.

"You may control the Valentine Group, but not my attitude. It is my freedom to choose which attitude I

like. You have no right to interfere, do you?"

Just as he was about to say something, Yvette walked over with a few clothes in her hands. "Pay the

bill, Summer."

Chapter 146

Summer frowned with her expression slightly changed. Not that she did not want to pay Yvette's bill. It

was just that her credit card might not have enough credit limit to pay.

Yvette's spending on clothes was humongous, and Summer did not expect this.

But since things had come to such a pass, she had no choice but to pick up the tab.

She forced a smile and took the items from Yvette. There was a fur coat and a leather skirt.

She weighed the coat in her hand and frowned. This leather thing felt heavy, and she expected it to be

anything but cheap.

She did not want to ask Yvette about the price. She just put on a smile. "May I know where the checkout counter is?" she asked a sales staff.

"This way. Please come with me." The sales staff led the way with a polite smile.

While carrying the clothes and following the sales staff, Summer peeked at the price tags.

The fur coat was \$100,000, and the short skirt was \$ 20,000. That added up to \$120,000. But her credit

card limit was only \$100,000.

Her mind was racing as she approached the checkout counter. She had to pay, but she did not have enough money. What should she do?

"Ms., are you paying by cash or credit card?" The sales staff asked with a polite smile.

Summer's eyebrows twitched, but she said nothing.

How could she pay \$120,000 in cash when she did not even carry her handbag with her?

While she was in a pickle, Mark had come over and handed his credit card to the sales staff. "I will pay

by credit card."

"No problem, Mr. Valentine." The sales staff took the credit card from him.

Mark looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "Yeah.

How else can you pay if not me?"

She pursed her lips and said not a word.

"Please sign here, Mr. Valentine." The sales staff handed him a slip.

Mark picked up a pen and put down his signature on the slip, then looked at Summer. "You may move

over there first."

Summer glanced at him and nodded, taking the shopping bag and walked into the counter.

"Have you settled the bill?" Yvette asked. She was sitting on a couch and drank water when Summer

walked over to her.

"Yeah, Mom. Do you have anything else to buy?" Summer put on a half-smile.

She secretly breathed a sigh of relief when Yvette shook her head. "I have gotten what I want. We will

go home in a while."

While they were talking, Mark strode over, and Yvette looked at him. "Where have you been, Mark?"

"The gent," he lied.

Summer looked at him with her head tilted sideways, her eyes meeting his.

Something struck her heartstrings, and she quickly looked away.

While walking past the women's section, Mark suddenly stopped in his tracks as he spotted an apricot

coat that looked minimalist yet elegant.

He pointed with his chin at the coat and asked the sales staff, "May I look at this coat?"

Summer was puzzled, but did not give it a second thought. After all, no one could ever tell what was on

his mind.

Chapter 147

He lifted up an apricot coat and handed it to her, "Try i t on."

Upon hearing this, Summer was stunned. She froze in place, thinking that she had heard wrongly what

he had said.

Yvette's expression changed slightly, but reverted as she thought about something else.

'It is a good thing that Mark's attention is diverted from Raine. There's no reason for me to stop him,'

thought Yvette.

When the salesgirl reminded Summer, she snapped back into reality and went into the changing room

to try on the coat.

The colour of the knee-length apricot coat that she put on matched her skin, giving off an elegant vibe

in addition to her fair and delicate cheeks.

"We'll take this. Please wrap it up." Mark was stunned initially, then nodded satisfyingly after.

Even Yvette complimented, "This coat's not bad."

Holding the coat in her hand, Summer was still a bit zoned out. She couldn't believe that the coat was

for her.

Without any delay, the three returned to the Valentine mansion.

Back at the mansion, the place was spotless. A maid was making roasted tomato soup in the kitchen while Baine was watching from the side.

When the maid saw Yvette, she panicked slightly, thinking she would be blamed for the act.

Baine noticed her nervousness and explained, "She was alone in the kitchen making roasted tomato soup, and I was also a bit bored, so I asked her to let me watch her make it so I could learn."

"Is it so that you could make one for your fiance to eat? " Yvette laughed.

Taking glances at Mark, Baine nodded, "He does like to drink roasted tomato soup."

Mark's eyebrows moved slightly, and his eyes dimmed vaguely. But he still looked as calm as ever, not

a hint of him being unusual.

"Then you should properly learn from the maid." Not only was Yvette not angry, but she was all smiling.

Summer was the last to enter the mansion. By the time she came in, the conversation had ended, and

Mark had already headed upstairs.

"Mark helped pick out a coat for Summer. Do you want to see it?" Yvette asked.

"Sure," smiled Baine. She seemed as though she did not mind at all and just wanted to simply admire

the coat.

Yvette took the coat from Summer and handed it over to Raine, "I didn't know that Mark had such good

tastes. This is my first time seeing him choosing clothes for a woman."

Summer was not interested in the conversation, so she went to help out in the kitchen.

When Raine took over the apricot coat, she knew immediately that it is made of good material, and the

design was of the latest spring wear.

Staring at the coat, she felt her heart throbbing, but she smiled gently, "This looks nice, are there still

any? I want to get one for myself too."

Yvette had been observing her reactions, but seeing that there were no results, she decided to stop showing off, "They're probably sold out. Oh right, is your brother coming back for the New Year?"

Raine asked, "Didn't you call him?"

"I've been calling him for the past two days, but no one picked up."

"Then I'm afraid he wouldn't be back. There's a possibility that he's not able to leave his post since they're currently in a state of emergency due to the recent earthquake in Grudin North."

Hearing this, Yvette was upset, "Just because he's the person in charge of Grudin North doesn't mean

that h e could be this busy till the extent of not coming back home even once! When I suggested for him to work in Bayside Wood, he didn't even listen to me. This is so upsetting!"

Baine did not dare to say anything. 'If she knew the truth, she would be so angry,' she thought.

It is New Year Eve today. Some time had passed since they finished dinner, and the night became darker.

Chapter 148

Summer did not wait in the living room but went straight to her room. She switched on the TV and

waited for the New Year gala to begin.

This was the first time that she did not celebrate New Year at home. She could not get used to it and felt a little lonely.

Usually, her family of five would gather around the TV to watch the New Year gala. It was a very lively

occasion; they even had fruit dessert.

They would only go to bed after the gala had ended. What made it more exciting was the activity where

they exchanged New Year presents.

However, this year, she sat alone in the spacious room and stared at the huge LED TV. Although the view was clearer, it lacked the lively atmosphere of the usual years.

Mark walked into the room holding a document file and noticed her slim figure on the sofa. She was

simply tapping on the remote control; her face was full of loneliness.

Moved, he sat beside her and asked, "What are you watching?" "Waiting for the New Year gala to begin." She glanced a

t him and muttered.

"What time does it start?" Mark crossed his legs.

Summer thought, 'He must have never watched a New Year's gala before. He only knows how to deal

with documents.'

She looked at the time and answered, "8:00 pm, it's starting in twenty minutes."

"Valentine mansion is setting off some fireworks, if you're feeling bored, go have a look." He said gently.

"Where can I see them?" her face brightened, and a bit of her boredom faded away.

He pointed at the balcony and replied, "Stand over there, you'll get the best view..."

Summer put down the remote control and went to the spot he mentioned. A cold breeze whooshed by

and made her shiver a little.

Moments later, the fireworks began. They shot up to the sky, followed by loud crackles. They formed

patterns like large umbrellas and were very colorful.

It was indeed a marvelous sight.

Spending her first Near Year away from home, she needed something that could fill her emptiness; and

the fireworks did just fine.

The fireworks seemed never-ending. It displayed a variety of shapes and colors and lit up the sky so

brightly that it looked like day.

Mark looked at her through the French window, her upward gaze formed a graceful arc. Her hair fluttered as the wind blew. At each crackle of the fireworks, it revealed her alluring smile.

It was as if the fireworks had become her prop, defining her lovely figure.

Stirred, he gazed at her. Then, he stood up and slowly walked toward her...

While he was walking, his phone on the coffee table began to vibrate, its screen flashed.

It was a call from Raine...

The phone was in silent mode; hence, it only vibrated and went unnoticed.

A while later, it stopped vibrating after a long time and became silent...

Standing in front of her, his gaze shifted from the dazzling fireworks onto her fair and alluring face.

At that moment, a huge firework of blue, purple, magenta, yellow, and green spread out in the sky.

They then converged again forming the beautiful shape of a dandelion.

In the end, it lit the sky with a bright yellow evanescence.

At that instant, Summer's face radiated with loveliness and beauty.

His dark pupils flickered. He took hold of her chin, bent over, and placed his lips right on top of hers.

He pressed forward, and her back leaned against the railing of the balcony.

As he acted too suddenly, Summer could not react in time. She was startled for a moment. Then, she began to struggle to break free.

But he had no intention to let go. He held her more tightly.

Summer was not strong enough to repel him and she gradually stopped struggling.

Behind them were the dazzling fireworks display, and where they stood in the scene of the night, the

crackling of the fireworks continued.

Finally, after some time, he slowly released her from his grasp. She was out of breath and felt like she

was about to pass out.

Her chest was thumping, and she was breathing heavily, gasping for air. Her pupils sparked with anger

as she stared at him. Her face was red.

Mark was smiling and placed his forehead against hers. Their eyes locked onto each other; the heat of

his breath spilled over her face; his eyes were burning.

Summer tilted her head to avoid him. She held her breath and said, "Mr. Valentine, we need to talk."

"About what?"

"We can't go on like this..."

"How?" Mark raised his eyebrows.

"Our marriage is just a trade; you can't force yourself onto me like how you did just now and take advantage of me," she answered.

Hearing so, Mark squinted his eyes. "Isn't our marriage registered?"

It was indeed true, she nodded, unable to deny it.

"Have you gotten your marriage certificate?" he continued.

Again, she nodded, it was kept safe in the drawer by the bed.

"Since we are legally husband and wife, what is it that I can't do?" He questioned.

She tightened her lips. She found no meaning to continue arguing with him; it would just be a waste of

time.

What she could do best was to avoid it.

The fireworks finally came to an end. Summer returned to the room, just in time for the live broadcast of

the New Year gala.

But just as she had sat down on the sofa, she felt a weight on her thighs.

She looked down and saw his tall figure lying on the sofa, his head resting on her thighs, as if they were a pillow.

Summer shook her thighs intentionally, not wanting him to rest his head on them.

Her childish behavior caused him to burst out in laughter. He gently pinched her eyebrows and with his

right hand, he took the document and knocked on her forehead softly; his deep yet gentle voice

uttered, " Mrs. Valentine, I'm very tired. Please behave.."

Seeing him so adamant and pampered, in addition to his warm gaze and gentle voice, it touched her soft spot.

She stopped shaking her thighs and remained still. She watched the TV while he flipped through his documents with his head resting on her thighs.

The room atmosphere was faintly solemn but instead of coldness, there was warmth and subtle bliss...

Right in front of the French window, Raine was curled up and hidden in the corner.

It was at that spot where she clearly saw them both sharing a kiss on the balcony.

Chapter 150

It was quite a distance, so she did not catch sight of their expressions. Yet she could see the intensity.

At that moment, she felt her heart slashed by a thousand blades and viciously pierced.

'Why did she have to witness such a scene?'

'Had she not suffered enough for the day?'

It was supposed to be a lively New Year's Eve. But all she felt was a never-before feeling of bitterness,

loneliness, and pain.

Moreover, before their kiss, she had called him twice but were all unanswered.

'What were they doing in the room during that time?'

She sat there and could not prevent herself from guessing and imagining things. Her thoughts seemed

to be driving her crazy.

She had never lost control like this before. If this continued, she would really go mad.

It was certainly a sleepless night. Baine was entangled in her thoughts; frustrated and unable to keep calm, she had no mood for anything else.

On the other side.

This year's gala wasn't bad, especially the sitcom; Summer was amused until she could not hold her laughter.

Afterward, she heard sounds of calm breathing. She looked down and found that he had already fallen

asleep.

The wrinkles on his handsome face seemed to have lessened. Few loose strands of hair partially covered his eyes, they gave away his laxness.

He was only wearing a black silk shirt. Its glossiness was exposed by the light and had a pleasant touch.

But his shirt was only partially buttoned up and his bronze-like chest was exposed. It made her flush.

Admiring his sleeping look, Summer gently stroked his brows, nose, and lips.

He was like the perfect creation of God. Every part of him exhibited profound gracefulness. How could

any woman possibly resist?

She had never imagined herself getting married to such an outstanding and remarkable man. She had

expected herself to marry a normal man and to live a normal life.

Such a man would constantly be surrounded by a lot of women.

She understood that there is someone he loves. Even after getting married, his feelings had not faded,

and no one could object it.

She never had the idea of falling in love with him; but now, she seemed to have fallen for him.

She couldn't prevent or be part in his past relationships; nevertheless, hereafter, she would certainly be

part of it.

Since her love had been unexpected, she decided to give it a try, to win him over and erase all traces of that woman from his heart.

'It's certain that he still has feelings for Raine, but he hasn't had an affair with her, has he?'

'Therefore, I should give it a try...'

Quietly, she spoke to herself in her heart.

At that moment, a message ringtone was heard.

Summer pulled out her phone from her pocket and read it.

Everyone of them were messages of well-wishes; from her friends and from colleagues; they numbered around twenty odd messages.

She read them one by one. She adjusted her sideburns and began to reply to them one by one.

She really hoped that in this new year, she could be just like how the messages described, blessed, happy, and smooth sailing...

The next morning.

While it was still dawn, sounds of trumpets roared through the streets, waking every sleepy soul.