

President 171

Chapter 171

The three of them had been sitting there waiting. It was not until 7:10 pm when Mark finally appeared at

the restaurant entrance.

He first glanced with his eyes slightly narrowed at Summer, then at the other three, before he took his

seat.

"Did your dad call you?" Yvette still did not give up.

Jazz felt a headache. 'Can't she stop it even for a while?'

"No, he should be very busy at this time," Mark said faintly.

"However busy he is, he should call you on your birthday. You are his son. But he did not even bother t

o call!"

Baine pulled at Yvette's sleeve to remind her. "It is Mark's birthday today, Yvette."

Only then did she restrain herself, taking a deep breath to regulate her breathing.

Jazz took out a pen and handed it over to Mark. "Here you go, Mark. Happy birthday. It might not be an

expensive brand, but I bought it with my money."

After working part-time at the gas station for some

time, he bought something with his hard-earned money.

"Thank you." Mark's lips turned up in a smile as he patted Jazz on the shoulder.

Summer bowed her head and opened the small bag she carried with her as she planned to take out the

birthday present she had bought for Mark.

But before she could take the present out, Baine was handing a present to Mark with a smile. "I hand-

picked this for you. Hope you will like it, Mark. Open it up."

"Whatever it is, I know I will like it because it is from you, Aunt."

Mark took the beautiful gift box in his hand and quickly opened it. It was a dark-patterned black wallet.

Looking at Mark's expression, Baine felt an indescribable sense of satisfaction, tenderness, and joy.

Summer looked up inadvertently and saw that wallet.

She was stunned, literally frozen on the spot, as her hand holding the present stopped. She never

expected this to happen. It caught her by utter surprise.

It had never crossed her mind that Baine would have bought a present the same as hers. They were

literally the same wallet.

Baine was one step ahead of her in giving out the present. That left her with none to give to Mark.

If the wallets were of the same brand but of different model or shape, they would still be considered different. But these two wallets were identical. She would only embarrass herself if she took it out now.

She pulled her hand out. She had gotten the present, but she was not going to give it out.

One reason was that someone else had given out the same thing.

The other reason was that someone had beaten her to the punch by giving out an identical wallet, which was her favorite, carefully selected present. Those elements of mystery, surprise, and excitement vanished in a blink of an eye.

When a present loses its meaning, it becomes useless. When she saw the same present, it made her feel uncomfortable.

Mark looked over at Summer with his hand extended out. "Where is my present, Mrs. Valentine?"

There was an awkward smile on her face as she explained in embarrassment, "I forgot to bring it when

I hurried out of the door earlier."

Mark's face darkened, his eyes narrowed. He stared at her with eyes that looked as if they would pierce through her.

"What else have you not forgotten, huh?" His voice was deep and cold.

Chapter 172

Summer looked away when his stare made her felt awkward. "But something I didn't forget."

"What?" Mark was still staring at her, his eyes sullen.

She took out the good-luck charm she got from the astrologist from the pocket of her coat. "I got this

good luck charm from an astrologist. Give me your hand."

Mark extended his hand in front of her and observed her every move.

Her fingers were soft, but felt cold. She lowered her head and tied the good luck charm to this wrist

matter -of-factly. "It really suits you."

Mark raised his long eyebrows as he stared at the dark red mahogany bracelet on his wrist, doubting if

this thing really suited him.

Summer was observing him. Seeing the look on his face, she said, "Take it down if you don't like it."

Jazz heard that and nodded in excitement. "I like it. Take it down and give it to me, Mark."

"It actually looks pretty good." The longer he looked at the dark red mahogany bracelet, the more

pleasing to the eye it became. Not half bad at all. He felt happier than ever all of a sudden.

Raine's expression changed. But it was just for a split second before she looked as usual again. Deep

down, a tremendous emotional storm was brewing inside her.

Mark inadvertently saw the exquisite packaging box exposed in Summer's small bag. He narrowed his

eyes and reached his hand over.

Summer looked at his hand, but did not know what he was doing.

The next second, he picked up the small bag she placed on her lap and reached for the exquisite packaging box inside.

She came to her senses and quickly tried to grab it back.

But Mark lifted it up with his long arm. Summer could not reach it. Their behavior looked intimate, as if

they were flirting with each other.

Seeing the interaction between the two, Raine squeezed her hands, her body trembling involuntarily.

Mark fished out the gift box and opened it up and a wallet came into view.

He glanced at the other wallet on his left and his body stiffened with his expression darkening.

Even Raine, Jazz, and Yvette were taken aback.

It surprised everyone that the two had bought the same model of wallet.

Summer felt upset. She quietly lifted her foot and stomped it on Mark's foot under the table.

"They are the same wallets. Why don't you give one to me since you can't really use them both?"
Jazz

said as he snapped back.

Mark took the wallet on his left and threw it over to Jazz without saying a word.

He might not mean it, but in the eyes of Raine, it meant differently to her.

That wallet on his left was the present she gave to Mark.

But he gave it away to Jazz so casually and kept the wallet that Summer gave him.

She always remembered his birthday and had spent a n afternoon looking for a present for him. But
all

she got was this in the end.

She felt she was stabbed in her heart. Her every breath was accompanied by an unspeakable pain
and

irreconciliation.

Those emotions that she had been suppressing inside her for so long finally erupted. She gritted her
teeth and took out her cell phone under the table.

At this same moment, Summer's cell phone vibrated. She took it out and saw that was Sherman.

Summer was worried about Sherman, thinking that something might happen to her. So she rose to
her

feet and excused herself.

Chapter 173

Summer walked out of the revolving restaurant.

Raine was typing a message on her phone under the table. She pressed 'send' as she finished writing.

She did it discreetly, so neither Jazz nor Yvette had noticed it. She got up and excused herself to the washroom.

As she left, he gave Mark a meaningful look.

While looking at the dark-red mahogany bracelet on his wrist, Mark felt his phone vibrating in his pants

pocket. He fished it out and took a look.

Raine sent him a short and concise text message.

'See you in front of the washroom.'

Mark put the phone back quietly with an impassive face, pushed the chair back a little, and got to his

feet.

"Where are you going, Mark?" Jazz asked after taking a sip of red wine.

"I must have had too much water and need to take a leak," Mark said with a magnetic voice as he went.

He had disappeared out of the door before his voice trailed off.

But Jazz and Yvette had sensed nothing wrong with

the surrounding atmosphere.

In front of the washroom.

Raine was pacing back and forth, her face grave, as if something was bothering her.

She knew that if this continued, she would go mad.

Since Yvette had reserved the entire floor of the hotel for themselves. No outsiders would be here, and

that included the washroom.

But Raine was not sure if Mark would come.

The only thing that she could do now was to wait.

Every minute lasted forever; the wait was a torment for her.

A few moments later, when a man wearing a black suit came into view, the gloominess and anxiety on

Rain's face vanished instantly.

She broke into a smile, like a beautiful flower in full bloom after a storm.

Mark approached and looked at her. His face looked as calm as a pool of water, without the slightest

emotional change. "What's wrong?"

In the emergency passage of the hotel.

Summer held her cell phone to her ear, furrowing her brows and kneading her forehead with her hand.

Sherman was crying again.

"Summer, things have been peaceful recently until now. I have been trying my best to forget the incident and not to talk about it. I am calm; so calm that I started to be surprised by myself. I am actually depressed and feeling horrible. I feel like my head is going to explode. I feel like drinking.

Where are you? Can you come out and drink with me?"

Sometimes, getting too depressed is not a good thing, as it could manifest as a superficial calmness.

But when one finds a vent, the dam will burst and the destruction will be unstoppable.

"Sherman, you can't go on like this. If you still want to be with him, get over it and change yourself."

"I know all of this, but it was like a thorn stuck in my throat. I couldn't puke it out or swallow it. The pain

is torturing me."

Chapter 174

Summer let out a soft sigh. "You can swallow vinegar to get rid of the thorn in your throat. But what do

you need to swallow when it is a thorn in our heart?"

"I don't know, but the only thing I know is that I will swallow anything as long as I can get rid of the

thorn. Come, drink with me."

"It is his birthday today. I can't go right now. Once it's over, I will find you, okay?"

She coaxed Sherman like a child, with patience and a soft voice.

As sad as Sherman felt, she was still sensible. "Sure, Summer."

After hanging up, Summer let out a long sigh. She knew how Sherman felt, and she felt sorry for her.

But how could she help her?

She collected her thoughts and glanced toward the dining hall before heading to the washroom.

She knew she would tense up again as soon as she returned to the dining hall. She wanted to relax her

mind. Besides, she had nature's call to answer.

When she came in front of the washroom and was about to push the door open, she heard voices coming from the inside.

Stopping and tilting her head, she listened in. She froze on the spot like boulder when she recognized

the voices.

The voices belonged to Raine and Mark, respectively.

It gave her the chills. She held her breath, standing there without making a sound as he peeked in from

behind the door.

Raine and Mark were facing each other, only one step apart from each other.

"I thought you had something to say? Why don't you speak now?" Mark looked at Raine and asked in a

deep voice.

There were signs of dilemma and internal struggle on Raine's face. She closed her eyes. A few

moments later, she opened her eyes. "Do you know how long it took me to find a suitable present for

you?"

"I don't know. What I know is that I may do whatever I want with the present. Don't I?"

Raine's face stiffened, her voice reeking of bitterness. "You weren't like this last time. You kept and cherished all the things that I gave you."

He raised his eyebrows, his expression deepening further. "As you said, it was last time, three years ago. Things have changed. Don't you understand?"

Things had changed in the past three years; Raine forced a smile. "Yeah, three years on and you are

no longer the person you used to be."

Mark sneered, his eyes locked on her as he called her by name, "Raine, is it you or me who have changed?"

"We have all changed. Time and reality have changed us. Things are no longer as they used to be. I am sorry for my recklessness. You may go now."

"Raine, I have been at your beck and call all this while. But for how long do you think you can still do that?"

His voice was as cold as ice, as if it could freeze her to death. Mark gave her a few cold glances before

he turned around and walked straight out.

'I have been at your beck and call all this while. But for how long do you think you can still do that?'

These words sent Raine into a panic. She lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Mark's waist

from behind.

She had seen the interaction between Mark and Summer, and she took that all in.

It panicked her. She was afraid that Mark would grow a feeling for Summer, and if that happened, he

would never come back to her.

Chapter 175

Suddenly, Mark felt a pair of hands wrapping him from behind. He stopped and said in a flat voice,"

Raine, why are you hugging me now, hmm?" He sounded so emotionless yet deep.

"I don't know, I don't even know myself anymore! I just know that I want to be with you, but I can't... I

have my responsibilities!"

Raine had finally let out all the sadness and vulnerability behind her facade, shaking her head as she

felt the pain in her heart.

Mark turned around and pushed her away with both hands, grabbing her shoulders tightly. Their eyes

locked, and his tone turned soft, "Share them with me, I am here."

"I am here..." A phrase so simple yet so full of promises.

His gaze felt bottomless, so deep, and so dark. Through his eyes, she felt like he was ready to

shoulder all her burdens and worries. As long as he was with her, nothing in this world was impossible!

His gaze lured her into a deep trance. She was completely smitten!

At that moment, she wanted just to put everything behind and tell him her struggles. But she still had

mixed feelings as she was worried about the repercussions of her reckless actions. Raine was hesitant

and torn between telling him or keeping everything to herself.

She wanted to go all out, yet she was afraid of the consequences. She was disorientated. The conflict

and her overwhelming emotions were taking over her sanity.

"I can't tell you, but I really do have my reasons."

Raine shook her head profusely. She couldn't look Mark in the eye anymore. She knew she would not

be able to control herself if she did, "But, I know, I love you. I love you with all my heart."

She could not keep her feelings to herself anymore; she really couldn't. The words were already at the

back of her throat!

Just when she was about to speak, a soft commotion from the other side of the door caught Mark's

attention. His intense eyes became alert immediately, "Show yourself!"

A cold shiver ran down Raine's spine when she heard that. She couldn't imagine what would have

happened if Yvette was right behind that door.

Noticing her unusual behavior, Mark wrapped her shoulders and held her against his chest, protecting

her at all costs.

However, it wasn't Yvette who went in. It was Summer instead.

When Raine saw that it was Summer, her tensed body and emotions were instantly relieved as she wheezed weakly in Mark's arms.

On the other hand, Mark's gaze tightened when he saw Summer. His expression was intangible. No one could tell or comprehend what he was feeling at that moment.

Oddly, he tightened his grip on Raine's arms, so tight that she felt like he was going to crush her. But

she could sense that he was overwhelmed.

Her arms were starting to feel extremely sore from his grip, but she bit her tongue and remained silent,

not wanting to make a sound.

The situation they were in did not allow her to make any noise.

Watching silently, Summer could not decide whether she wanted to cry or to laugh. All she felt was mockery and insult.

In front of her was her husband talking ever so softly to another woman in his arms. And she was just

a bystander, watching them from afar.

The pain and bitterness were devouring her. She clenched her hands into fists, digging her fingernails

into the palm of her hands. She wanted the physical pain to last.

Nobody spoke a word at that moment. Between them was nothing but a suspenseful and suffocating atmosphere...

Eventually, it was Summer who broke the awkward silence. With a straight face, she said coldly, "Mr.

Valentine, this is the women's restroom, would you mind leaving? I need to use the toilet."

Chapter 176

It was as if the man standing in front of her was not her husband, but just another stranger who had walked into the wrong restroom.

Raine was taken aback by Summer's response. It took her by surprise as she did not expect Summer to react in such a way.

Mark lifted his brow, his gaze as dark as night. It was almost frightening. He just stared at Summer intensely without uttering a word.

"It's really urgent, I have to go now. Could you please leave, Mr. Valentine?" she spoke coldly once again, her palms starting to hurt.

However, she needed physical pain to keep her cool. The more it hurt, the clearer her head was.

Still struck and speechless, Mark continued standing with Raine in his arms. He just kept staring at her

deeply, as if he was frozen in time.

However, if observant enough, one could easily see the emotions he hid behind his dark eyes- feelings

of panic and helplessness.

At that moment, Raine was also at a loss of words. Her tongue was tied.

There was no other explanation for her behavior

today. She was undeniably impetuous; she was so caught up in the moment that she lost her mind.

It could also be said that the continual episodes she witnessed had caused her to lose control of herself.

The birthday party today was undoubtedly the day that her buried emotions were let out of the bag.

She could not believe how Mark responded to Summer's gift for him!

Nobody understood him more than she did. He was never a fan of those things. Yet, he still put on the

good luck charm Summer got for him - on his wrist!

On top of it, he was so serious about the gift that he stared at it for quite some time.

If this was the fuse, then him tossing his wallet to Jazz was the explosion!

However, she had not the slightest regret about her actions. In fact, she was relieved and moved.

Judging by what Mark said to her and his protectiveness over Raine, it was safe to say that he still loved her!

'Yes, I am the one he loves, not Summer.'

When she figured it out, she was completely relieved and at ease after reassuring herself!

"Are you not going to leave?" she said frigidly before continuing, "Then explain, explain to me what I

have just heard. Explain to me what I am looking at right

now. Go ahead, I'm all ears."

Raine was provoked by the way Summer was questioning them, but she did not show. Instead, she took a step forward and said, "I'll explain."

Summer gave her the side eye and said slowly, "But I am more interested in his explanation."

She looked over Raine and laid her eyes on Mark. She couldn't read his expressions clearly. All she could sense was coldness, a coldness she had never experienced before.

"But I am the reason why this is happening, so it's best for me to do the explaining," Raine took two steps forward and looked directly into Summer's eyes.

"Do you know why I don't want to listen to you?" Summer stared back at her, not holding back.

"Why?"

Chapter 177

"I can't trust you anymore. You just showed me that your words carry no weight, you almost seem pretentious..."

Word by word, she spoke slowly but clearly, "You made a promise to me back in Grudin North and I

trusted you. But by the looks of it, I guess your promise didn't age well, huh?"

Baine could not respond to what Summer said. Her innocent face flushed with embarrassment.

"Also, there is something that I really don't understand about you," Summer said. "You told me that you

don't love him, yet you are seducing him behind my back, saying that you love him. So tell me, do you

actually love him, or do you not?"

Baine bit into her lip with her pearl white teeth, leaving a deep mark on her lower lip.

Summer was still staring at her while she uttered these sharp words.

"You said you had your reason, that you could not love him. That was the reason you left for three years.

Since you already have a reason, shouldn't you bury your feelings at the bottom of your heart?

Shouldn't you leave it there and not give it a chance to grow?

Wouldn't it be better if you could just ignore the feelings, move on, and start afresh?"

"But what did you do instead? You said yourself that you had reasons that you can't talk about - that you could not love him. Yet, here you are confessing your love for him, bringing his hopes up and making him fall for you just to turn the tables and tell him that it was impossible between the both of you. Do you even understand yourself? Do you really know what you actually want and what you have to do?"

Summer's words left her speechless because every single word that came out of her mouth was like a sharp knife, painfully exposing her secrets.

"Perhaps you might think that you're on the right, but honestly speaking, I am utterly disgusted," her words shot her with irony.

Baine had never been offended like this before. She bit her lips even harder this time as her eyes started to water, her body shaking from the confrontation.

Baine really had her reasons. Did Summer really think that she didn't want to wake up to him and spend every waking hour together with him?

On top of it, she was a soft person by nature. The environment she grew up in never put her in

situations like this before.

"Frankly, what you're doing now is even more despicable than an actual homewrecker. Do you know

why? At least a homewrecker knows what she's after very clearly, it could be the person, fortune, or

even cars. But you, on the other hand, were never clear with what you wanted. You're hot and cold -

you've been coming and going by your wish, who do you think you are? Do you really think the world

revolves around you?"

Even though Summer did not curse when she said it, her words were still uglier and more unbearable

than any curse words Baine had ever heard.

Baine drew to her full height. Her hands turned into two tight-held fists as tears welled up in her eyes.

She would have definitely fought back if she was innocent.

Unfortunately, she was not. Even though she wanted to fight back, where could she even start?

However, she was just the kind of girl who was classy, elegant and appealing to many. Paired with the

tears streaming down her face, she looked even more defenseless. It was heart-wrenching to look at

her.

Mark finally broke his silence and said, "Enough!"

He only remained silent because he knew exactly that he himself was in the wrong; he understood that

she needed to vent. That was the reason why he tolerated her actions.

He thought she would stop at some point, but unexpectedly for him, she continued and crossed the line

eventually.

'Oh, are you feeling for her now?'

Summer chuckled and responded softly, "Hah! Were m y words too harsh? I, for one, thought that it was alright. If you were virtuous and had nothing to hide, how could such words affect you?"

She was behaving so aggressively, but Raine was the complete opposite. She looked so pitiful and vulnerable, remaining silent and quietly taking in everything Summer said all this while.

The sharp contrast had sparked Mark's instinct to be protective over the weaker. He stared furiously at

her," Who are you to criticize her like this?"

Chapter 178

The corner of her mouth curled up. Her heart was desolated and numbed by his words.

The pain and chills she felt were indescribable. She felt like she had fallen into an ice pit, surrounded

by walls of cold ice piercing through her soul.

"I am your wife, is that enough for you?" she said softly as she lifted her head to look at him after a pause.

'I am your wife...'

Mark's dark eyes twitched when he heard the phrase.

"But apparently, that was all in my head. I thought I was your wife, but by the looks of it, I have once

again overestimated myself."

Summer continued in a cold and flat voice. Though she still had a faint smile on her face, the pain could almost be heard through her voice.

He looked at the face in front of him, the face that was as big as his palm, not too big nor too small. It

looked s o tough, yet so soft and delicate like a flower.

Something tugged on his heartstrings, and he wanted t o stretch out his arm and cup her face. The urge came so unexpectedly strong. He didn't even realize he was sympathizing with Summer.

Right after she was done speaking, she walked into a cubicle and locked herself in without looking at

either of them.

She leaned on the wall in the cubicle, and she could hear very clearly what was happening outside.

However, it was just dead silence. Nothing could be heard other than their breathing. Moments later, she heard the sound of their footsteps walking away.

One after the other, she could hear two different footsteps.

Her cheeks were stiff, and the smile on her face was ever so bitter. Realizing this, she lifted her hands

and touched her face.

She then pushed the cubicle door open and walked out. She did not go back to the restaurant but straight to the elevator. She reached out and pressed the button going down.

Why should she care about his birthday anyway?

Moreover, there were so many people waiting to celebrate with him. Her presence wouldn't have made

much of a difference. Besides, she might not even mean anything to Mark.

She was that kind of person who drew a clear line between what or whom to love or hate. She would

strain every nerve to keep and fight for whatever belonged to her.

However, as for the things that were not meant for her, she would not be bothered to look at it, even if it

was given to her.

She thought he belonged to her. She thought she had all the rights to say whatever she said. That was

why she was bold enough to say all those nasty things to her face. Yet, everything she said amounted

to nothing when compared to his one line.

His words felt like a big slap on the face; it was burning, humiliating, and full of irony.

Also, she was never one to shed tears in front of a man. Being so weak and vulnerable just wasn't her.

She could never bring herself to do that.

As she walked down the cold and bleak streets, Summer stopped a cab with her head held low. She got into the cab and stared mindlessly out the window.

Something came into her mind as she pulled out her phone and dialed Sherman's number, "Where are

you now?"

"Moonlight Pub, you wanna come?" Sherman sounded like she had more than a few drinks as she slurred those words.

"Okay, save me some booze..." The corner of her mouth twitched as she held her hand against her chest. The tearing pain was so surreal as it hit her again and again...

At the restaurant.

Baine walked into the restaurant first, followed by

Mark after some time. They sat down at their designated table.

Jazz instantly noticed that her eyes were red and asked, "Hey Raine, what's wrong with your eyes?"

Her body stiffened as she casually answered, "The soap got into them when I rubbed my eyes. That's

why they're looking like that now."

Jazz acknowledged her response and looked over to the main entrance of the restaurant, asking,

"What's taking Summer so long? Is she not done with her phone call? The dishes are getting cold..."

Upon hearing what Jazz said, Mark's expression shifted. His calm demeanor started to look shaken.

Chapter 179

Raine played with the cutlery on the table, stealing glances at Mark.

Yvette, on the other hand, was obviously upset by Summer's behavior. 'Does she even know her

priorities? She should really have a better judgment, how could she spend so much time on a phone

call on a day like this!'

Jazz wanted to look for her outside but quickly discarded the thought after he saw Yvette's expression.

It was his brother's birthday today. He really didn't want to cause a scene and turn his day upside

down.

The clock was ticking. The dishes had all arrived at their table - some of them even got cold. But

Summer was still nowhere to be seen.

Mark lowered his head and checked the time on his wrist, squinting his eyes.

It had already been 30 minutes since he left the washroom.

Suddenly, Mark stood up and told everybody at the table, "I'll go make a call..."

As soon as he left the restaurant, his strides became wider. He walked as fast as the wind, heading

towards

the women's restroom.

Watching his figure disappearing from the entrance, Raine looked back to the table. She took a sip of

the dessert. Though it was sweet, it only tasted bitter in her mouth.

Unknowingly, her hands had turned into fists, pinching the coat that she was wearing. She was worried

that the reason Mark left the table was not for a phone call but to look for Summer.

But by the looks of the situation, she knew that she was not in the place to chase after him. All she

could do was sit on her chair and wait.

In the restroom was a female staff cleaning the toilet. Once she lifted her head, she was met with a man with charming features. The handsome man had a strong build, and he was rushing into the women's restroom.

Startled, she let out a yelp, wanting to remind the man that he was in the wrong restroom. However, she held her tongue when she saw him opening all the doors of the toilet cubicle as if he was searching for something.

'With such good looks, he wouldn't be some sick p* rvert, right?'

The cleaner was confused as she glued her back onto the wall, inching closer to the exit.

Suddenly, Mark turned and faced the cleaner. Looking down at her, he spoke in a deep voice, "Where

is the woman that was here?"

"W-what woman...?" stuttering, the cleaner answered.

"The woman in beige..."

"I... When... When I came in... I saw her leaving the hotel already..."

He furrowed his brows. It was apparent that he was angry. Anyone could sense his rage as the aura he

exhibited was awfully cold and frightening.

At that moment, the cleaner was scared witless to the point where she could not speak. Her back was

still to the wall, trembling.

Mark stopped staring at her as he pulled a long face, marching out of the restroom. He reached his hand into his pocket and pulled out his phone, dialing Summer's number.

The first call ended with a recorded robotic voice telling him to try again later as no one picked his call.

When he called for the second time, Summer had already switched off her phone...

Upon hearing this, Mark's face went grim. He went back to the restaurant and took his black trenchcoat, flatly telling the three people seated at the table, "Let's go."

Yvette was confused, "Where are we going?"

"Back to the mansion..."

"You barely had anything for dinner, why are you rushing back?"

Looking at the bountiful and appetizing dishes on the table, Mark hardly felt tempted to eat them. He

had no appetite and flatly said, "You guys can go back to the mansion later if you're not full. I'll head

home first..."

Chapter 180

Raine put down the cutlery in her hand and said, "I'm also full. What about you, Jazz?"

"Me too," Jazz lifted his glass of wine and downed it again. He looked at the restaurant's entrance,
"But

why is Summer still not back yet?"

"She was feeling unwell, she told me before she left..." he said slowly.

All three of them wanted to head back to Valentine Mansion, so Yvette had no choice but to follow.

But, the hatred she had for Summer became even stronger. During her own husband's birthday, she

first answered a phone call for half an hour, then left early, claiming that she was not feeling well.

'She was way too inconsiderate as a teacher!'"

In Moonlight Pub.

The sound of the booming music was echoing around the place. People were grooving their bodies
to

the tunes on the dance floor, indulging themselves.

Summer held on to her coat as she walked in. The first thing she noticed was Sherman beside the
bar

counter, drunk.

She went over and sat beside Sherman. The pungent

smell of alcohol fumed over her instantly. She arched her brows and asked, "How many drinks have
you actually had?"

"Just enough, probably just seven or eight? I am not going home sober tonight," Sherman slurred,

"Come and have some for yourself!"

Her hand was already at the glass when she suddenly paused and shook her head, "I'm pregnant, I can't drink."

"You can't drink liquor, but wine should be fine. Hey bartender, get us some of your best wine!"

A glass of wine was then served before her. The bright red liquid was still swirling in the wine glass.

Summer stared at the glass and said bitterly, "How do you tell if a person is in love with another person

or not?"

Her voice was soft and flat. It sounded like a question for Sherman to answer, but it also sounded rhetorical, as if she was mumbling to herself.

But still, Sherman vaguely heard her and asked, "What do you think?"

"The answer is, when you're going against the person h e loves, no matter how sensible, rightful or reasonable the things you're doing or saying, you will never win against the other person's tears or soft expression..."

Her voice went softer and softer after each word before coming to complete silence. She felt like

someone pulled out her heart from her chest, sliced it slowly with a dagger slowly.

Just because of love, a stream of tears, and a helpless face was all it took for him to surrender, to
relent.

While her righteousness only offended and disgusted him.

The contrast was so evident and strong. Summer chuckled inwardly, her eyes turning bitter as her
heart aching in pain. She lifted the glass of wine and chugged it down.

Once in a while, one has to treat themselves to alleviate all the suppressed pain in their heart.

In these twenty-something years, the times Summer drank could be counted with one hand. But
tonight

was undoubtedly the most heartbreaking one.

As for Sherman, she did not slow down either. She was continuously drinking packs after another.

Summer, who was sitting beside her, was also drinking glass after glass. It did not take long before
the

counter was full of glasses.

Hammered, Sherman stumbled up from her seat and staggered her way through the bar, completely
forgetting about Summer.

Although it was just wine, Summer's tolerance was never the best. She felt woozy after a few
glasses

and passed out on the bar counter.

It was at this time that her phone on the bar counter rang. The bartender tried to wake her up, but she

was just too drunk to respond.

Judging by her looks, the bartender believed that she was an easygoing person rather than a fussy

one. The bartender was also afraid that the person might be calling for something urgent, so he picked

up the phone with good intentions, "Hello?"

"Isn't this Summer's number?" It was Dean calling.

'Summer - he's probably referring to this drunk lady over here,' He looked at her and said, "She is

wasted and on her own, could you come and pick her up?"

Dean could hear the deafening and booming music blasting through the phone and immediately

agreed.