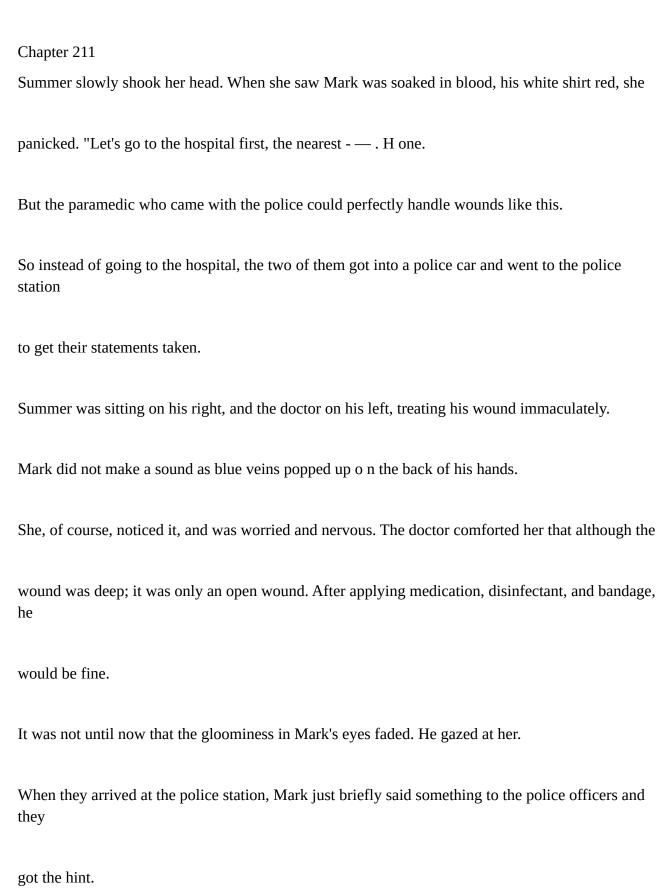
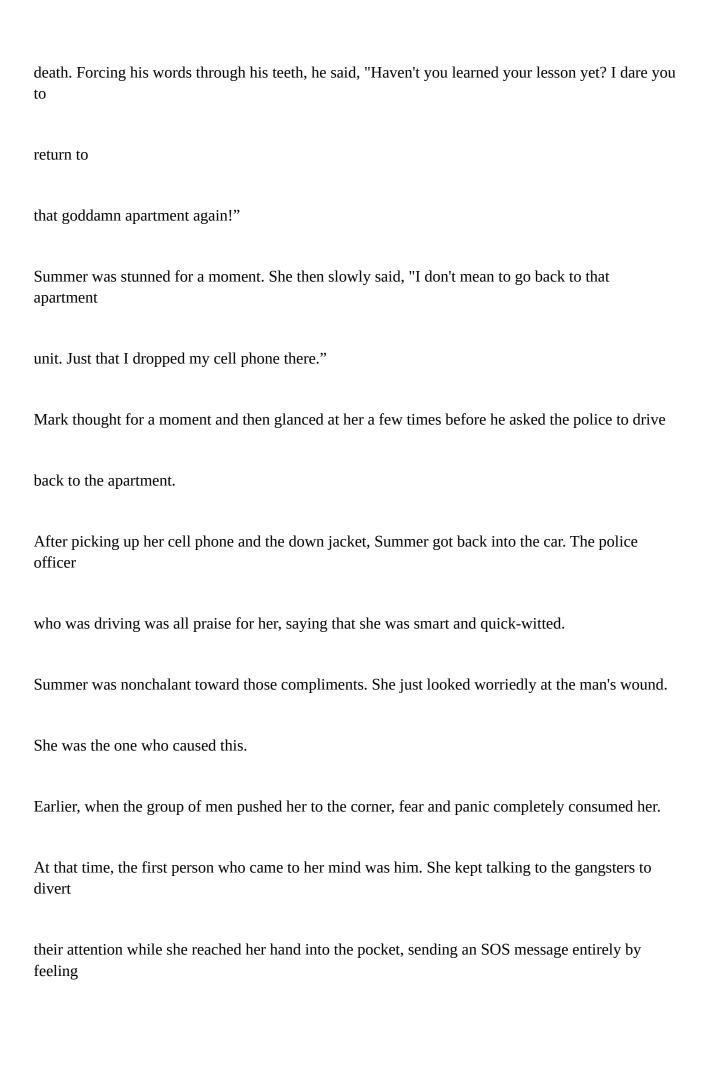
President 211



The four men would end up in jail for a year. They were extremely dissatisfied with the outcome. But the police would not give a damn because person whom they had messed with was Mark Valentine. "Officer, we were beaten black and blue. Look at the wounds on the four of us. We are no better than him!" "It was just a legitimate self-defence." The officer told them categorically. "He was using excessive force. We were nearly beaten t o death." "You all carried knives." In the end, the officer ignored their complaints and asked them to be sent to the jail right away. Mark's wound had been treated, and statements had been taken. They could leave now. Summer was following him along. Getting in the police car, the police officer asked," Where do you want to go, Mr. Valentine?" He told the officer the location; it was his high-end apartment. Summer frowned, and hurriedly said, "I want to go back to my apartment." This undoubtedly angered Mark. His handsome face turned stony, wishing he could strangle her to



her fingers over the phone. It turned out that she had made the right bet.

Mark's lips curled upwards, as if he was the one who praised her.

Back in Mark's apartment. The place was spotless. Apparently, the house was regularly cleaned.

"Are you hungry? Do you want to eat something?"

Summer looked at him as she rummaged through the fridge. "Do you want to have soup or ramen?"

Mark said not a word, but looked at her in silence. His dark eyes constantly flickered like dark clouds in

the night sky.

Chapter 212

"You had better not let me see guilt on your face, Mrs. Valentine," Mark said.

Summer's hand paused for a second. "But you are hurt because of me. This is an undeniable fact."

He glanced down at her with his charming but cold face, his voice as deep as ice, when he said, "It is a

man's responsibility to protect his wife. Who else would you want to come to save you if not me?"

She was stunned at hearing this. Following immediately, a burst of warmth rose within her, along with

some unexplainable emotions that made her shiver and jump for joy.

He had said nothing nice to her, but these simple words of his were the best among them.

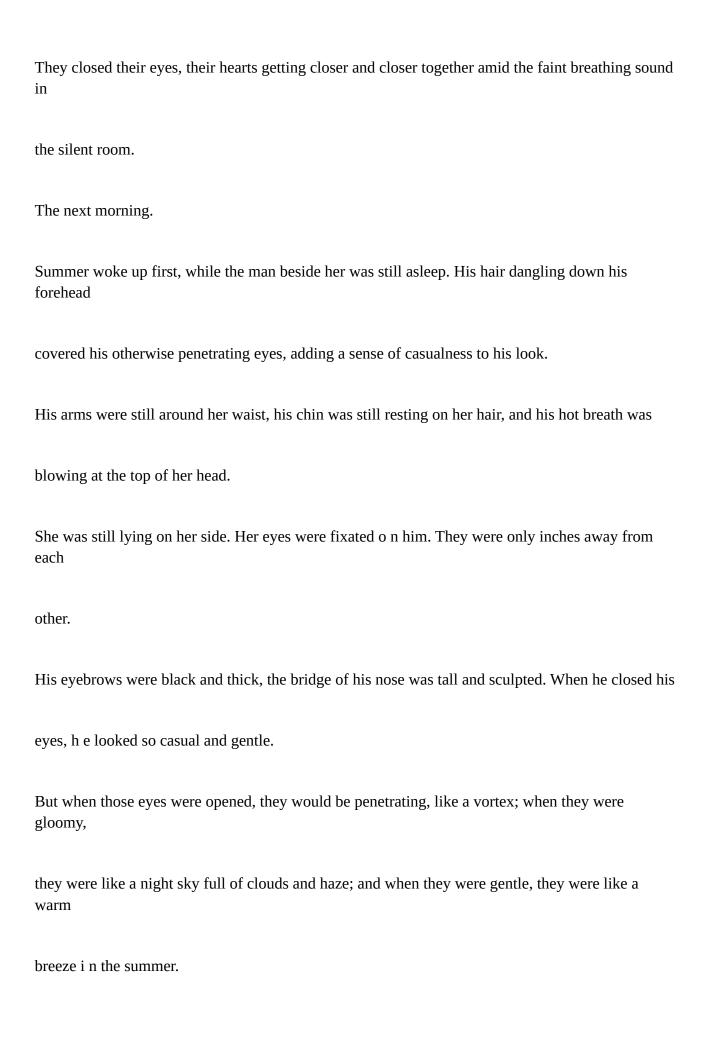
Tenderness quickly concealed those fears and terror, her expression softening. She then went into the

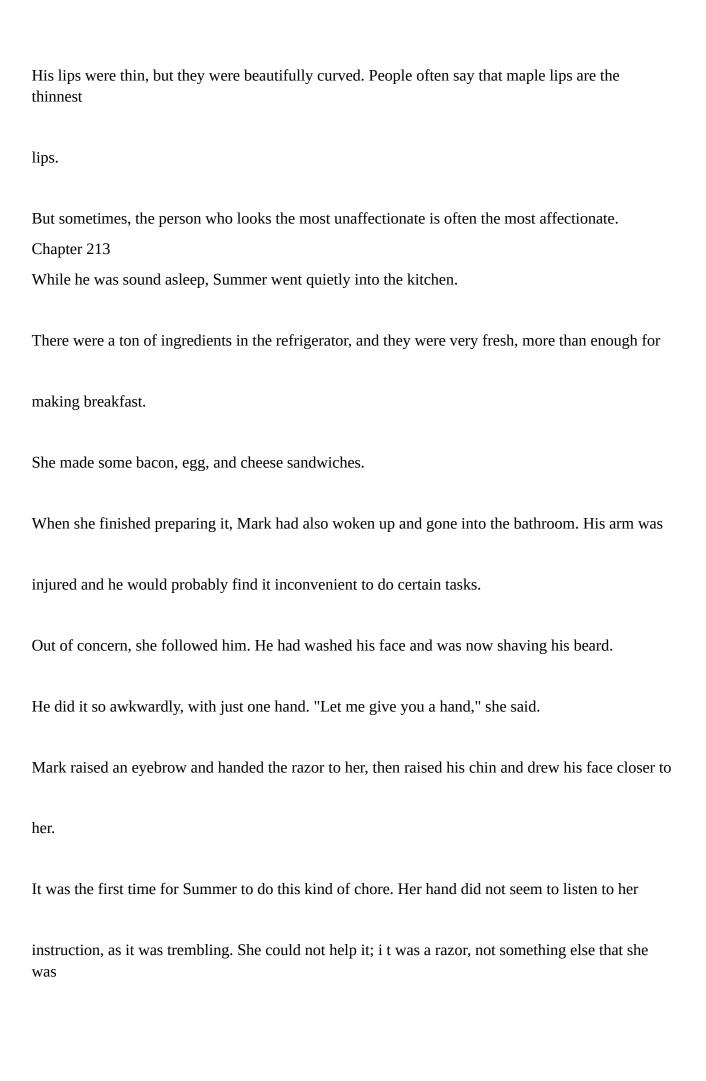
kitchen and made him soup. She did not drink the soup but just sat across from him, looking at him and getting a sense of satisfaction that she had never had before when he drank all of it. He was a left-hander, and he hurt his right hand. So his injured hand did not affect his daily life much. The bed in the room was huge, more than enough for the two of them. He lay on the bed first. When she got i n later, he immediately took her into his arms. He put his long and strong thigh over her waist and use his arm as a pillow for her head to rest on. He then hugged her in his arms. This posture was uncomfortable and intimately close. She wriggled. Mark placed his chin against her hair and said with a deep voice, "Keeping wiggling if you want to hurt my wound further-the harder, the better." This trick worked like a charm as she calmed down immediately and remained motionless. She did not

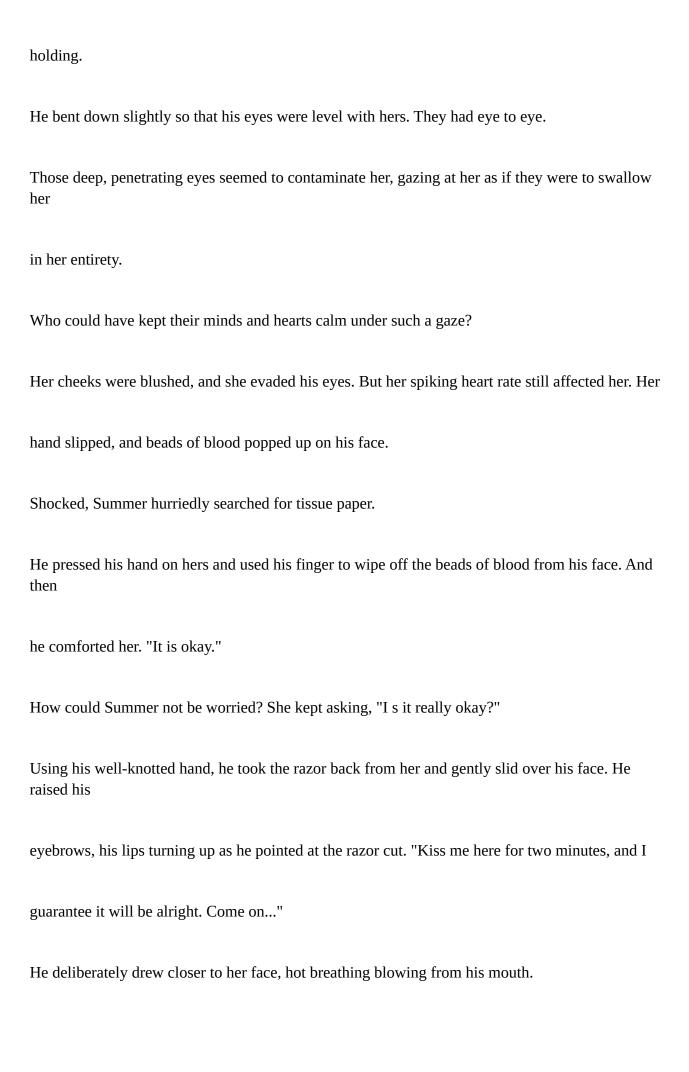
His lips curled upwards and his eyes softened. His eyes sharpening up as something came to mind. "

want to hurt his wound that had just been bandaged.

Were you scared just now?" he asked softly.
She was startled, grabbing the shirt in front of his chest with both hands and feeling his warmth. She
then slowly shook her head.
"Are you hurt?" Feeling worried, he kept asking. His eyes narrowed into slits as he lifted her clothes
and felt up her body for any injury she might have.
Her body felt ticklish, her cheeks slightly reddening. She quickly stopped him and said unequivocally,
"No.
I am not hurt."
Those fears were not worth mentioning in front of this warmth, and they were quickly drowned out. At
this
moment, she only felt his softness.
Mark was relieved upon hearing that. He loosened her up a bit. "Go to sleep. Hug me if you have
nightmares."







Just when their relationship had just eased up a bit, h e started to push his luck.
She stared at him and sprinkled water on his face with her wet hand.
A few drops of water got into his eyes. As he squinted slowly and dangerously at her, she hurried out of
the bathroom with the corners of her mouth turning up in a smile.
It was time to go to work after breakfast.
The apartment was between Valentine Group and the school. So they were going in opposing
directions.
The two walked out of the apartment side by side. A low-key but luxurious black car had been waiting
for them for a long time.
Harry got out of the car, greeted them politely and respectfully as he opened the door for them.
Mark acknowledged him, and then quickly grabbed Summer, who was about to leave, and shoved her
into the car.
"I am going to school." She told him.
He closed the car door, leaned back on the seat with a smile hanging on his lips. "I never said you
weren't going to school, did I?" Chapter 214

"But your office and my school are in opposite directions."
"I will send you to school first, only then I go to my office." He raised his voice, which was deep and
magnetic.
"That will be a waste of time. I will just take the bus from here."
The two places were in opposite directions. Sending her to the school and then returning to his office
made little sense.
But Mark ignored her argument. He just nodded to Harry, motioning him to drive.
Upon seeing this, Summer frowned and glanced at him a few times. He did not even listen to what she
said.
The car started and was driving forward at a steady pace.
It did not take long before the car stopped outside the school. Summer thanked Harry first, then looked
at the man next to her. "Don't move your arms. If anything happens and needs to go, Harry will help."
Mark's lips curled upwards and nodded. Obviously, he appreciated what Summer said to him.
Harry looked at the two in the rear-view mirror.

Something told him that the relationship between Mark and Summer was getting better and better. Summer got out of the car, and the man next to her followed suit. As his eyes landed on her delicate, petallike red lips, his eyes darkened and his gaze deepened and was hot. Summer suspected nothing, but just looked at him in surprise. Just as she was about to speak, he hugged her by her waist and planted his lips on hers. His powerful arms tightened the grip, and their bodies were pressed tightly together. Summer did not see it coming. She stood there, stunned like a puppet for a while. It was not after a few moments later did she snap back. Here was a school where of people came and went during the morning rush hour. There were many students and teachers arriving. She could not believe that he was kissing her in public. Summer got nervous and struggled, trying to pull away from his embrace. No way Mark would let her go. He gasped in a deep, rough voice, his hot breath sprinkling on her sensitive ear sockets as the kiss on her lips went from shallow to deep. He ignored her sobbing and bit her mouth.

Many passing students stopped and looked over, oohing and aahing in amazement. Summer could hear it clearly and blushed, her earlobes hot, so much so that they could even cook eggs. She pushed him with both hands and stomped on his foot, trying to make him let her go. But he still ignored her and kept biting her lips as if h e wanted to punish her. A tingling sensation was mixed with a bit of pain. Summer glared at him, and just when she was about t o suffocate, he finally let go of her. She saw those students standing in the surroundings from the corner of her eye and was embarrassed by herself. Her cheeks blushed and the red had spread to the base of her ears. Mark looked up with his long, narrow eyes and asked deliberately, "Why is your face so red, Mrs. Valentine?" She was so embarrassed that she did not even dare to raise her head. When she heard what Mark said, she felt even more upset, so much so that her cheeks continued to redden. She glared at him and forced her words through her teeth. "You shut up!" Mark's cheeks were rosy like a red apple, his eyes sparkling. He was swallowing uncontrollably, his gaze deepening, and his member was tingling in his pants.

Chapter 215

At this moment, there came the sound of footsteps, followed by a surprised voice. "Summer?"

Hearing this, Summer brazened it out and looked over awkwardly. "Amy?"

Amy Dawson and she were in the same office.

Everyone called her GM, short for General Manager, behind her back, because she liked to poke her

nose around and had a finger in every pie. Other than that, she was a nice person.

"I didn't expect that it was really you, Summer." Amy let out a smile, looking at her in surprise.

Summer blushed even more. She smiled back awkwardly, but did not know what to say.

Fortunately, Amy quickly shifted her attention to Mark. She sized him up for a while and said, "This

must be Summer's husband."

Summer said not a word, just nodding awkwardly.

"I have only been away for a while, not knowing that s o many things have happened. I didn't even get

to eat your wedding candy. Summer, shouldn't you and your husband treat us to a makeup dinner?"

She was her colleague. It was entirely normal to treat colleagues to dinner.

Summer thought for a moment and said, "Shall we make it tonight? Mark is a little busy, so it would

only be me."

"How could it only be you? This is considered a makeup wedding banquet. It is only proper for the husband and wife to attend together. Isn't it, Summer's husband?" Amy said.

"I will make time to attend in the evening," Mark said, his lips curled up in a nonchalant smile.

"That's more like it." Amy beamed.

Immediately, Mark excused himself politely, then glanced at Summer's slightly swollen red lips one more time and left in a good mood.

As Summer and Amy walked into the school, Amy pulled at Summer's arm. "You know what, I was really surprised just now. I didn't know you were so open-minded."

Summer just forced a smile and could not find a word to respond.

Fortunately, she had arrived at the office, where other teachers were busy prepping lessons and checking materials. So Amy stopped asking further.

But the blush on Summer's face had yet faded. Sitting in the chair, she took a deep breath and suppressed her heartbeat to lower the temperature that was about to ignite. She told herself to relax.

The Valentine mansion.

For several days, Yvette and Raine were the only ones i n the Valentine mansion.

With only the two of them here, life seemed dull in the mansion. They barely spoke ten sentences

during breakfast. "By the way, Raine, didn't you go looking for Mark that night? Did you find him?" Raine was flipping through the newspaper that was full of news about Grudin North. Her hands froze for a second when she heard Yvette speaking. She did not look up but just answered calmly, "I found him." "He was in his apartment?" Yvette guessed. "No. Summer has rented a house next to the school. Mark is staying there, too," Raine said, concealing all her strange emotions on her face. Hearing this, Yvette slammed her spoon on the table, feeling her chest tight and out of breath. Upon seeing this, Raine put down the newspaper in her hand, went behind her, and gently patted Yvette's back. Chapter 216 Yvette had been fit to be tied for the past few days because of Summer. When she heard Raine telling her this, she blew her top. After drinking another glass of water, Yvette's heartbeat gradually normalized. She had guessed it right;

Summer was indeed a scheming woman.

How could Summer manipulate Mark if she was not a scheming woman?
She then glanced at Raine a few times, carefully studying her.
But seeing her calm look that was devoid of emotional disturbance, Yvette figured that Raine no longer
loved Mark. Otherwise, how could she remain so indifferent?
After a while, she asked casually. "Where is he? Did he come back these days?"
Raine knew whom Yvette was talking about. "No."
"He never came home for the past few days?" Yvette furrowed her willow brows.
"Yeah." Raine hesitated for a moment and then decided to tell her the truth. "Jazz has gone abroad. H
e has gone to Athana."
Yvette's eyes widened. She almost could not believe it.
"What did you just say? Say it again."
"Jazz went to Athana. It has been several days."
Hearing that, Yvette's normalized heart rate spiked again. She put her hand to her chest while groping
for her cell phone to call Jazz.

Jazz seemed to have changed his number, as the call status voice prompt told her that the number she had dialled was not in service and asked her to check the number and dial again. "I don't know... I don't know... I don't know what that woman has done to Jazz." Yvette gritted her teeth with anger. "Jazz could bring himself to do this thing to his own mother." Jazz had always been listening to her since he was small. Other than his rebellion and disinterest in study, he was great in every other aspect. When he was still in the Valentine mansion, he was the one cracking jokes to make her happy. But now, he disavowed his own mother for the sake of a woman. "Perhaps, Jazz also has its own mind," Baine said. "What else does he have in mind? Jazz hates Athana the most. He always said he couldn't understand a bit of the language spoken there. It must be because I slapped him and said those harsh words that he ran away." Baine said not a word. Since Yvette had formed this perception, she was not going to listen to what

others said.

Yvette's breathing gradually quickened. She quickly became short of breath, feeling a tightness in the
chest. She desperately gasped for air before she passed out.
Raine was shocked. With no hesitation, she asked the chauffeur to send Yvette to the hospital, where
Yvette was pushed into the emergency room.
Before long, the attending doctor emerged, and Raine hurriedly came up to him and asked, "How is the
patient, doctor?"
"Nothing big deal. But she needs to be hospitalized for a while to recuperate. Mrs. Valentine has high
blood pressure and arteriosclerosis, so it could likely cause cerebral hemorrhage. You should pay more
attention t o this. Try not to agitate her. Keep in as good a mood a s possible." The doctor left after
telling her this.
Raine pushed open the door and walked in. Yvette was lying on the hospital bed, her face a little pale
and she was in awful shape.
Hearing footsteps approaching, Yvette opened her eyes and said in a frail voice, "What did the doctor
say?"

"Doc said it is no big deal. High blood pressure combined with arteriosclerosis could cause cerebral hemorrhage. He asked not to agitate you, and keep yourself in as good a mood as possible." Raine repeated what the doctor told her. "But you still need to stay in the hospital for a while to recuperate." Yvette let out a sneer upon hearing that. "How could I keep a good mood when I have such a daughterin-law at home?" Because of Summer, Mark had moved out of the Valentine mansion, and Jazz had fallen out with his mom, abandoned the family, and gone to Athana. Chapter 217 Yvette's hatred toward Summer was growing and had reached a certain level. "Yvette, have you so quickly forgotten what the doctor told you? You have got to keep a good mood at all times." Raine poured her a glass of water. "In the end, there is nothing like family, no matter how good outsiders are. Raine, thank you for this time." Yvette was drinking the water when something inspired her. She didn't expect that Raine would become her critical support at the most critical moment.

At this moment, she was completely grateful to Raine, and was no longer resentful of her, unlike
previously.
After all, her resentment for Raine was not as bad as her hatred for Summer.
There was an indifferent smile on Raine's face. "Don't mention it, Yvette. We are family. By the way,
should I tell Mark about your hospitalization?"
"Don't tell him. I would like to see how long he takes to remember that he still has a mother."
Thinking of Jazz, the expression on Yvette's face dimmed again. "Raine, tell me when you have news
about Jazz. This kid will never contact me." "Jazz will. He is your son."
"I know him well, though not everything. If Summer comes, stop her outside the ward. Don't let her in. I
don't want to see her."
"She is your daughter-in-law. It is perfectly proper for her to visit you in the hospital. How could I stop
her, Yvette?" Raine said coolly.
"I don't need her to visit me-anyone but her. If you don't wish to see me fainting again, just stop her at
the door." Yvette got angry again.

"Sure." Raine said and asked the nurse to bring in all the potted plants she had just picked, and place them by the window of the ward. These blooming potted plants added life to the otherwise plain white ward, lessening the dazzling effect of the whiteness in the environment. When Yvette was at home, her most favorite place was the back garden. Staring at the flowers would improve her mood. Seeing Raine bustling around the ward, Yvette was no longer resentful of her, but started to like her. 1 Meanwhile, at school. The teachers in the office were all tidying up their desks and preparing to leave when Amy stood up and said, "Everyone, wait a minute. Summer and her husband are going to invite us to dinner." Everyone in the office burst into joy. Other than those who were going to pick up their kids from school. and those who had something else on, the rest of them joined the dinner. "I think her husband is rich. The car that pulled up on the side of the road costs several millions. I once saw i t in a magazine. They are actually the same," Amy whispered when Summer went to the



"Some students even took photos of them kissing. I saw them all. Summer is really open-minded." The
teachers were talking and laughing.
While they were at it, Summer came in, still holding a cell phone in her hand, as she had just called
Mark.
She said that Mark had one last meeting, which might take 20 minutes, but he had asked his
chauffeurs to come and pick them up, and the location has been set.
"Can we go now?" Amy looked at Summer. The more she looked, the more she felt Summer was
getting
prettier and prettier.
Summer nodded. They walked out of the school in tandem. Mark had sent over his cars, and they were
waiting outside the school gate. They were two black luxury cars.
The chauffeurs got out of the cars and politely opened the doors for them.
Those teachers were flattered, and they could not stop talking about it.
The car drove all the way and then deviated further and further from the city, as the surrounding
scenery turned more and more beautiful.



"Of course, I know. Solitude is a beautiful and peaceful floating restaurant. Its patrons are mostly politicians, the rich and the powerful. It is hardly open to the public. I heard people mention it by chance, but I didn't expect that I could come here today, thanks to Summer." Those teachers were fascinated. What was it like inside Solitude? "Mrs. Valentine, the president said once you arrive, someone will usher you in. The president will come over in a moment." Nodding, Summer opened the car door, and those teachers followed with their eyes darting around. Chapter 219 The entire Solitude was built on the water, and it could match with those floating structures during ancient times. The long corridors were hung with torches with dancing fires reflected off the calm lake surface. It exuded a sense of elegance, classicism, serenity, and depths. No wonder so many people loved this place. The servers walked out and greeted them to a fanshaped wooden door made of bamboo, which had some writings on it. As they entered, they were greeted by a new world. In front of them was a long bamboo dining

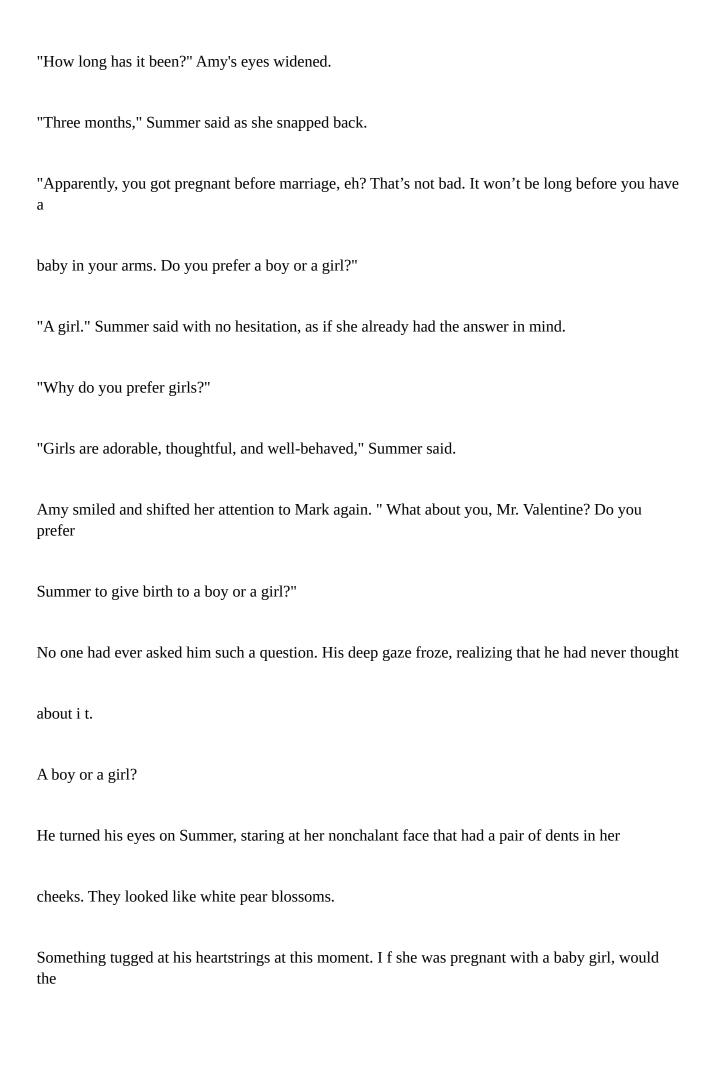
table,

surrounded by pale white flowers that gave out a faint, pleasing scent.
Directly opposite was the crystal-clear lake they saw on the outside. The lake was covered with reeds.
When a gust of wind blew by, the reeds would sway with the wind.
Those teachers were seated, and they all exclaimed with wonder over the beautiful sight.
Summer was immersed in the beautiful scenery, too. Just then, door opened, and servers started to
serve
the meal.
Almost every dish was light milky white, without too strong seasoning. They were light and fresh at first
glance, cooked in such a way to bring out the food's natural taste.
"Don't serve food first. Otherwise, the food would have turned cold by the time Mr. Valentine arrives,"
Amy said to Summer.
"Please excuse me." Summer got to her feet, going away to make a phone call.
"When will you be arriving? We are here. Umm, the food is being served right now," she said into the
phone.

"I will be there in just a while," Mark said in a deep voice. "Keep them entertained first, Mrs. Valentine." Nodding, Summer exhorted, "Be safe." "I will, Mrs. Valentine." He responded briskly, as if the corners of his mouth were raised. After returning to the private box, she asked everyone t o feel at home and help themselves to the food. But those teachers were apparently well-nurtured. They insisted on waiting for Mark to avoid being seen as rude. No one ate, and Summer had no choice but to wait. While waiting, she called Mark again. About twenty minutes later, Mark arrived. His black coat was hung on his arm, so naturally and casually. He looked like he came in a hurry, yet that did not hinder his charm, natural elegance, and honor. He apologized with a flat but polite voice and an apologetic expression on his face. "Sorry, I am late. Toast to everyone who comes." As soon as his deep voice trailed off, Mark picked up the sake on the table and toasted. His action was clean, without the slightest hesitation. Following him, those teachers picked up the sake

on the table and toasted each other.

Everyone had arrived, and they started to tuck in.
Those teachers looked a little reserved and nervous to dine with a distinguished figure like Mark.
It was not until Mark struck up a conversation with them did the atmosphere ease up. They could now
talk and laugh freely.
There was a glass of sake in front of Summer. Mark saw it and narrowed his eyes, then took it away
and asked the server for a glass of fruit juice.
"Oh, what a loving couple. Mr. Valentine is so thoughtful. Summer is so lucky." Everyone at the table
cheered.
Summer blushed at hearing that.
"She is pregnant. Drinking is not suitable for her," Mark said. There were no changes in his expression,
and his voice was gentle.
Summer was slightly startled before her gaze fell on him.
Chapter 220
This was the first and only time she heard the word pregnancy from him and him mentioning the child
since their marriage.



girl be a s beautiful as her? She would have the same dimples on her cheeks, and her brows would share half of his and half of Summer's features. He felt an emotion within him, but he could not describe it. It just felt full and content. He then said with his natural deep voice, "A girl." "Why doesn't Mr. Valentine prefer boys?" "They are noisy," he said with a frown. Amy thought this reason was funny, and so she asked, "Then what if it is a boy?" As his deep and slightly tender eyes glanced over at Summer, he gently kneaded his brow with his hands, sounding helpless. "I will just have to raise him." Summer was staring at him as he looked over, and their eyes met. His eyes were deep like water, a deep pool that wanted to swallow her inside. Her heart raced. Fearing that she would fall into it, she glanced away. Suddenly, she felt a warmth wrapped around her hand under the table. She was taken aback, knowing

that it was him. She spontaneously looked at the man beside her.

Mark was staring at her with lips lifted, his slightly rough finger rubbing against the soft skin of her palm. Just like that, he quietly placed her hand on her thigh, hand in hand. The feeling was so intimate. While the others were talking and laughing at the table, Mark answered their questions matter-offactly. At the same time, he clasped her hand affectionately under the table. Summer's earlobes felt hot. She felt content and could not help but smile, with the corners of her mouth turning up. i It was 10:00 pm by the time the diner was over. They had scheduled some other activities originally, but since it was getting late and getting back to the city would take some time, they called it off. Those teachers got into the other vehicles, while Mark and Summer got into the black Land Rover, with Harry as the driver. Back at the apartment, Summer put on her slippers. Before she could move her feet, the man behind her swept her into his arms.