

President 211

Chapter 211

Summer slowly shook her head. When she saw Mark was soaked in blood, his white shirt red, she panicked. "Let's go to the hospital first, the nearest - — . H one.

But the paramedic who came with the police could perfectly handle wounds like this.

So instead of going to the hospital, the two of them got into a police car and went to the police station

to get their statements taken.

Summer was sitting on his right, and the doctor on his left, treating his wound immaculately.

Mark did not make a sound as blue veins popped up on the back of his hands.

She, of course, noticed it, and was worried and nervous. The doctor comforted her that although the

wound was deep; it was only an open wound. After applying medication, disinfectant, and bandage, he

would be fine.

It was not until now that the gloominess in Mark's eyes faded. He gazed at her.

When they arrived at the police station, Mark just briefly said something to the police officers and they

got the hint.

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 the

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

death. Forcing his words through his teeth, he said, "Haven't you learned your lesson yet? I dare you to

return to

that goddamn apartment again!"

Summer was stunned for a moment. She then slowly said, "I don't mean to go back to that apartment

unit. Just that I dropped my cell phone there."

Mark thought for a moment and then glanced at her a few times before he asked the police to drive back to the apartment.

After picking up her cell phone and the down jacket, Summer got back into the car. The police officer

who was driving was all praise for her, saying that she was smart and quick-witted.

Summer was nonchalant toward those compliments. She just looked worriedly at the man's wound.

She was the one who caused this.

Earlier, when the group of men pushed her to the corner, fear and panic completely consumed her.

At that time, the first person who came to her mind was him. She kept talking to the gangsters to divert

their attention while she reached her hand into the pocket, sending an SOS message entirely by feeling

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.

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"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 in 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

want to hurt his wound that had just been bandaged.

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

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."

"Mmm."

They closed their eyes, their hearts getting closer and closer together amid the faint breathing sound in

the silent room.

The next morning.

Summer woke up first, while the man beside her was still asleep. His hair dangling down his forehead

covered his otherwise penetrating eyes, adding a sense of casualness to his look.

His arms were still around her waist, his chin was still resting on her hair, and his hot breath was blowing at the top of her head.

She was still lying on her side. Her eyes were fixated on him. They were only inches away from each

other.

His eyebrows were black and thick, the bridge of his nose was tall and sculpted. When he closed his eyes, he looked so casual and gentle.

But when those eyes were opened, they would be penetrating, like a vortex; when they were gloomy,

they were like a night sky full of clouds and haze; and when they were gentle, they were like a warm

breeze in the summer.

His lips were thin, but they were beautifully curved. People often say that maple lips are the thinnest

lips.

But sometimes, the person who looks the most unaffectionate is often the most affectionate.

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While he was sound asleep, Summer went quietly into the kitchen.

There were a ton of ingredients in the refrigerator, and they were very fresh, more than enough for making breakfast.

She made some bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches.

When she finished preparing it, Mark had also woken up and gone into the bathroom. His arm was injured and he would probably find it inconvenient to do certain tasks.

Out of concern, she followed him. He had washed his face and was now shaving his beard.

He did it so awkwardly, with just one hand. "Let me give you a hand," she said.

Mark raised an eyebrow and handed the razor to her, then raised his chin and drew his face closer to her.

It was the first time for Summer to do this kind of chore. Her hand did not seem to listen to her

instruction, as it was trembling. She could not help it; it was a razor, not something else that she was

holding.

He bent down slightly so that his eyes were level with hers. They had eye to eye.

Those deep, penetrating eyes seemed to contaminate her, gazing at her as if they were to swallow her

in her entirety.

Who could have kept their minds and hearts calm under such a gaze?

Her cheeks were blushed, and she evaded his eyes. But her spiking heart rate still affected her. Her

hand slipped, and beads of blood popped up on his face.

Shocked, Summer hurriedly searched for tissue paper.

He pressed his hand on hers and used his finger to wipe off the beads of blood from his face. And then

he comforted her. "It is okay."

How could Summer not be worried? She kept asking, "Is it really okay?"

Using his well-knotted hand, he took the razor back from her and gently slid over his face. He raised his

eyebrows, his lips turning up as he pointed at the razor cut. "Kiss me here for two minutes, and I

guarantee it will be alright. Come on..."

He deliberately drew closer to her face, hot breathing blowing from his mouth.

Just when their relationship had just eased up a bit, he 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?"

"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 he wanted to punish her.

A tingling sensation was mixed with a bit of pain. Summer glared at him, and just when she was about to

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.

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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 in 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.

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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 to this. Try not to agitate her. Keep in as good a mood as 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 daughter-in-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.

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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.
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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 it in a magazine. They are actually the same," Amy whispered when Summer went to the

bathroom.

The other burst into laughter. "Amy, do you know who Summer's husband is?"

Amy shook her head. She had been on leave for two consecutive months and only returned to

Santabaca the day before yesterday. She had no clue of what happened during her absence.

"Then you must have heard about the No. 1 wealthy family in Santabaca, the Valentine family. Summer

is married to the president of Valentine Group. So, yeah, he is rich."

Amy choked on the water and puked out a mouthful." Really?" "Why would I lie to you?"

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"Summer is really lucky. I saw her husband this morning; he is charming, well-built, and carries himself

well, more flamboyant than TV celebrities. He is rich and handsome. Summer is so lucky, so blessed."

Amy made no secret of her envy and jealousy.

"Get a grip on yourself. Not everyone is that lucky to meet such a rich and charming guy. Summer is

one in a million."

"I can see that Summer and her husband are a loving couple. They kissed at the school gate in front of

everyone in the morning. I never knew that she was s o open-minded."

"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.

Pieces of bamboo forests towering into the sky. But in this season, they were far less green than in summer. They were yellowed and withered, but still had a special charm.

Summer had never been to this place before. She looked out of the window.

Other than bamboo, there was also a lake with crystalclear water.

The chirps of birds' were echoing in the ears. It felt so relaxing for the soul.

Those teachers sitting in the car were obviously fascinated by the scenery. They all looked out of the

window, immersed in the scenery's beauty, feeling the vast space and tranquility of nature.

The cars drove on for another moment before they stopped. The chauffeur then said to Summer, "Here

it is, Mrs. Valentine."

"What is this place?" Summer was still a little puzzled. She never knew there was such a place in Santabaca.

"Solitude."

Solitude? She had never heard of this place. It sounded strange.

Amy, sitting behind her, exclaimed, "This is Solitude?"

Hearing that, everyone looked at her in surprise. "You know Solitude?"

"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.

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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 to 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.

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This was the first and only time she heard the word pregnancy from him and him mentioning the child

since their marriage.

"How long has it been?" Amy's eyes widened.

"Three months," Summer said as she snapped back.

"Apparently, you got pregnant before marriage, eh? That's not bad. It won't be long before you have a

baby in your arms. Do you prefer a boy or a girl?"

"A girl." Summer said with no hesitation, as if she already had the answer in mind.

"Why do you prefer girls?"

"Girls are adorable, thoughtful, and well-behaved," Summer said.

Amy smiled and shifted her attention to Mark again. "What about you, Mr. Valentine? Do you prefer

Summer to give birth to a boy or a girl?"

No one had ever asked him such a question. His deep gaze froze, realizing that he had never thought about it.

A boy or a girl?

He turned his eyes on Summer, staring at her nonchalant face that had a pair of dents in her cheeks. They looked like white pear blossoms.

Something tugged at his heartstrings at this moment. If she was pregnant with a baby girl, would the

girl be as 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-of-factly.

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.