

President 221

Chapter 221

The man's gaze became deep and passionate. He grabbed her in his arms and kissed her.

Her mind was in a whirl, and by the time she realized what was happening, she was already lying in bed.

The next morning

When Summer woke up, she was alone in the room.

Apparently, the man had gone to work. The man's clothes and her blouse and trousers were scattered

on the floor.

Besides, there were several balls of toilet paper scattered on the floor, which had dried up.

Summer moved her sore body, and sat up from the bed. She got out of bed slowly, cleaning up the mess on the floor with her face blushed.

In the middle of cleaning, Solomon called and asked her to come home at noon. He told her that the insurance policy had expired, and that the principal he had paid in those years had been refunded, about \$ 100,000. Solomon wanted her to give it to Sherman.

Summer said yes and headed off to school, feeling a little weak. Fortunately, there were no classes in

the morning, so she could rest in the office and regain some strength.

She went straight home at lunchtime. Solomon handed her a bankbook, and told her to pay Sherman some amount first and pay the rest of it later.

Summer agreed and took the bankbook. She went to the bank, withdrew all the money in it, and then

went to Sherman's house.

Sherman and Billy lived in a luxury apartment with an open-plan kitchen and bedroom. They were both

at home when she arrived, though the atmosphere was still a little uneasy.

Explaining her purpose, she handed the money to Sherman.

Sherman refused, but Summer insisted. "Since I borrowed money from you, I should pay you back. If

you still refuse, I will never ask from you again when I need money."

Having been friends for years, Sherman knew what Summer was like, so she had no choice but to accept the money.

"I cannot pay you back the rest all at once, so I will pay you back slowly." Summer smiled.

"I am in no hurry. You can pay me back any time.

Don't worry. You can even pay me back twenty years later, just remember to include the interest," said

Sherman jokingly.

"Of course there's no problem. How do you rate interest?"

Summer, of course, knew Sherman was joking, so she played along.

After a moment's thought, Sherman smiled and said, "I want you to be there when I have a drink."

Hearing this, Summer's eyebrows twitched a little, and she waved her hand and said, "I am never going to drink with you again!"

"Why?" Sherman asked disapprovingly.

"You are unreliable. The last time I had a drink with you, I was so drunk I could not even get up, and

you were nowhere to be seen."

A bar was not a safe place for women, and a woman was lying there drunk. Who knows what could have happened?

With a nervous cough, Sherman knew she was in the wrong. "But didn't you make it home safely? Who

went to pick you up? Mark?"

"No, a friend of mine from high school took me back to his house."

If Dean had not been there that night, something bad might have happened. She would never do such

a thing again.

Sherman, however, focused on a different point. "Is that friend a man or a woman?"

Summer gave her a confused look and answered honestly, "A man. Why?"

"Then nothing happened between you two?"

Summer simply ignored her question and asked, "So where were you that night?"

"I was drunk and took a taxi home, but I threw up in the taxi and gave the driver \$300 to clean it."

Sherman shrugged and said, "Don't you think it is ridiculous? Why didn't I get the chance to meet some

friends from high school like you did, or even friends from kindergarten? We can catch up, and maybe

something exciting will happen. A man and a woman in the same room. Anything could happen."

Billy, who had been sitting quietly on the sofa reading the newspaper, paused reading the newspaper and intentionally pretended to cough.

Sherman didn't seem to hear him. She shot a cold look at him and he kept quiet at once.

Seeing this, Summer patted Sherman on the shoulder and said, "I have class this afternoon, so I have

to go now. See you later."

"I will give you a ride!" Sherman immediately stood up.

"It is okay. I can just take the bus from downstairs. Bye."

As soon as Summer left, Mark stepped in. A company document was left there, and he came to pick it

up.

He walked through the hallway and saw Sherman sitting on the bed with a stack of money in front of

her.

His handsome brows furrowed slowly. He moved his thin lips and asked, "Are you planning on getting a

divorce and dividing up your assets?"

Billy was very sensitive about the word 'divorce' right now. He would get angry with anyone who mentioned this word in front of him!

"You just came in, can't you just say something nice? Anything nice."

"No..." Mark responded naturally. The look on his pretty face did not change at all. "Go get the document," he ordered, kicking Billy with his long legs.

Billy just sat there and refused to move. "Say something nice and I'll go get it."

"Like what?" Mark raised an eyebrow, squinting at Billy with a cold look.

"For example, you may wish us a happy marriage forever, or having a happy and harmonious family, or

having a child soon, and growing old together..."

Billy was worried that Sherman might make a sudden decision. Sherman had been giving him the cold

shoulder all this time. He could never guess what was going on in her mind.

He was afraid she would want a divorce on impulse. Therefore, he was careful with his words and manners.

But the first thing Mark said was getting a divorce and dividing up their assets. Did he think his life was

too long?

Mark just gave him a cold snort, looked down at his wrist and narrowed his eyes. "I am in a hurry. One,

two n

Before he counted to three, Billy got up and rummaged in the cabinet next to him, but his chest was filled with anger.

Was it so hard for Mr. Valentine to say something nice to comfort him?

He snorted and asked intentionally, "Mr. Valentine, do you know who sent that stack of money on the

bed?"

Mark knew he had something to say. "Does it have anything to do with me?" he asked, looking askance

at Billy.

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"Of course it is, and very much so. Ms. Hart sent the money." Billy was unhappy with Mark's attitude

and irritated him on purpose.

As he had expected, Mark's handsome brows immediately furrowed, and his voice sank. "Why did she

send that stack of money?"

"Ms. Hart borrowed a lot of money from Sherman. She came here today to pay \$100,000, and said she

would pay the rest later."

Mark's eyebrows furrowed even more now. He ignored Billy. His eyes fell on Sherman and asked, "Is

that true?"

Sherman nodded.

"When did she borrow the money from you?" Mark continued.

After thinking about it for a moment, Sherman answered, "I think it was when the two of you came back

from Norwood."

Mark pressed his thin lips tightly, feeling uncomfortable. "How much did she borrow from you?"

She was his wife. She needed money but never asked him for it. Instead, she would rather borrow from

others...

Besides, he left her a card, so why did she not withdraw cash from it?

This realization made his heart sink a little, and irritated beyond words.

"\$700,000, but she paid me \$100,000 today," Sherman said, pointing to the stack of cash on the bed.

Mark pressed his thin lips tightly into a straight line. Without another word, he took out his checkbook,

held the pen in his left hand, signed it furiously, and handed it to Sherman. "Here is \$600,000. The

money she borrowed from you is now written off."

Without reaching for it, Sherman shook her head and said, "Since it is Summer who borrowed money

from m e, then let her be the one to pay me back."

"I am her husband. Why can't I pay for her?" Mark's deep voice barely brushed through his teeth.

"Then, as you say, you are her husband. So why did she borrow money from me instead of you?"

Sherman asked, and continued.

"She must have had a reason to do what she did, and I know Summer's temper better than anyone. If I

took the money from you today, she would probably never talk to me again, and besides, I don't need

the money.

When I loaned Summer the money, I did not expect her to pay it back, but she insisted, and so I let her.

Because she dislikes having to owe people anything. It is the only way she will feel good about it, and I

want her to feel good.

And the next time when she is in trouble, she would turn to me for help and not shut me out of her world. She has her own principles. Also, she only asks for help from the closest person around her..."

Mark's expression grew colder and colder as he heard these words. So, she was shutting him out of her world now?

No more words. He took the document from Billy, threw the check on the sofa, lowered his face and

eyes, turned on his long legs, and prepared to leave.

But Sherman's voice came from behind him. "You had better take that check with you. I would never

take it. If you insist on leaving it here, I will tear it up, and I will not tell Summer about it, so she will pay

me back eventually."

It was obvious that Sherman would not take the money, and of course he was not happy with it, so there was a bit of darkness and coldness between his eyebrows.

He left the check there after all. The intention was obvious, Sherman could do whatever she wanted, whether she wanted to tear it or keep it...

On the other side

Summer was picking vegetables and fresh meat in the supermarket downstairs. That was the advantage of staying in a luxury apartment. It was very convenient.

Back at home, she decided to make some vegetable soup. He should drink some lighter soups as his wound was healing.

Leaving the soup to simmer, she went on to boil some potatoes and cook some dishes.

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As Summer was cutting potatoes, the door opened and Mark walked in. She smiled and said,

"Welcome back."

"Yea..." Mark responded lightly, his eyes giving her a meaningful stare.

Summer did not notice it. She bustled around in the kitchen in an apron. "Wash your hands first. The

food will be ready soon."

Mark did not move. He leaned aside, moving his thin lips, and asked in a deep voice, "Why didn't you

use the card I gave you?"

Summer, still holding the spoon in her hand, paused slightly at Mark's question and said, "I am not in

need of money, and I am not really buying anything, so I did not use it. Do you need the card? I will get

it for you now."

Hearing this, Mark's anger, which had been building up all day, was on the verge of exploding. His face

looked sullen and his eyes were as cold as ice, staring at her coldly as if he could see through her mind.

She was lying...

He gave her the card before she borrowed money from Sherman. Since she already had the card, why

did she borrow from Sherman instead?

She would rather spend Sherman's money than his. It was ironic, and it pissed him off. To her, was he

less important than Sherman?

Just then, the phone vibrated. He then calmed the anger burning in his eyes and picked up the phone.

The caller ID was: Raine.

His eyes were slightly fixed on the screen for a moment. As his long finger was about to swipe across

the screen, he thought of something. He glanced at Summer in the kitchen, then walked to the window

away from the kitchen, and answered the call.

However, it was not Raine who spoke, but the servant at Valentine mansion.

She said she did not know what was wrong with Raine. She was suffering. Her face was pale, she was

sweating from pain, and she could not even stand up.

Hearing this, Mark quickly hung up the phone, picked up his silver-gray coat, and walked to the door

quickly. 1

Summer caught him trotting towards the door. She asked from behind him, puzzled, "Where are you going now? Dinner is almost ready."

However, she was only answered by a deep voice, that was slightly hurried, "I have an urgent

meeting..." 2

When she tried to speak again, the tall figure had already disappeared out of the door.

In the kitchen, the vegetable soup was simmering with a rich aroma, the potatoes were cooked and the

other dishes were ready.

Looking at the sumptuous meal, Summer suddenly lost her appetite. She turned around and went to the living room, turned on her computer, and prepared for the next class.

She estimated that the meeting should be over in an hour or two. She was not hungry at all, so she decided to wait for him.

After logging on to Facebook, she started preparing the lessons.

Suddenly, the Messenger app had a new message. She moved her mouse and clicked on it. Sherman sent her a smiley face.

Summer reciprocated with a smiley face and they started chatting.

Sherman: Is Mark home at the moment?

Summer: He was, but now he is back in the office. Why?

Sherman: Did he tell you anything?

Summer: What is it?

Sherman: Nothing, what are you doing now?

Summer: Preparing for the next class.

Sherman: You are indeed an excellent teacher. You are my role model. I should learn from you.
Well,

go ahead. Got to go.

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"...Thanks for your compliment, I shall begin my work!"

Summer started typing quickly.

Now there were not many courses. So it was easier to prepare for the lecture because there was less
content.

The big room was very quiet, except for the sounds of her tapping on the keyboard, echoing through
the room.

It was nothing to her before, but now it seemed to her that even the typing was so clear and loud.

After a while, the lesson's preparations were finished. She did not feel hungry, nor did she feel
sleepy,

so she sat down on the sofa, and turned on the TV.

She had little interest in sitcoms, soap operas, or comedies, and when she switched to the legal
drama,

she pressed the 'play' button.

The length of the legal drama was not short. The complete story lasted about one hour.

By the time Summer looked up at the French quartz clock in the living room, it was 10:30 p.m.

She usually went to bed at ten o'clock, and it was now past that time, and yet she did not feel hungry until now.

Glancing at the time again, she got up, scooped out some potatoes and a small bowl of vegetable soup, and sat down at the table by herself, eating quietly.

The door remained silent, and in the end she waited until eleven o'clock.

Because she had to go to school the next day, sleeping too late could affect her sleep quality.

The food in the kitchen was still warm, but it did not look like he was going to eat it. She went to the

kitchen, packed the food away, and cleared all the things up before she went to bed, still worried.

Fumbling for her phone from the nightstand, Summer dialed his number, held it to her ear, and waited.

After a moment, she finally reached him. With some joy in her face, she asked, "When will you be back?"

It has been about four hours since he left. Was the meeting not over yet?

"I have some important projects to discuss. I don't think I will be back tonight." His voice was very deep

and low, and if you listen closely you can hear a subtle note of suppression.

Summer paused for a moment and asked, "Have you had dinner yet?"

"Yes..."

"All right then. I am sure you are busy right now, so I will leave you to it. Good night." She was being

considerate.

"Good night, Mrs. Valentine..." There was a hint of softness in his voice.

In a hospital ward

Raine was lying in a hospital bed. Her face was pale and bloodless, and even the hair that fell on her forehead was wet with sweat.

She did not have a good rest or eat well these days, and got appendicitis.

She had just undergone surgery and had her appendix removed.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw him standing in front of the bed, and the satisfaction, and dependence that came from the bottom of her heart was beyond anyone's comprehension.

But Mark did not see her wake up because he had his back to her.

When she gently moved her lips and was about to speak, his phone rang. He went to the window and

picked up the phone, his stern and cold face softened at this moment.

At first, for some reason, his voice was deep and subdued.

Plus, he was in the hospital, but he lied about having some important projects to discuss.

A thought began to creep into her mind. Could it be Summer on the phone?

Then his last words confirmed her suspicions. She clearly heard him utter the two words softly, "Mrs.

Valentine..."

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She got sick, and he rushed from home to help her, and he lied to Summer, and he waited for her to wake up. She should be happy for what he had done for her, but now she did not feel that way.

Mark was not one to tell a lie...

He did not have to lie to Summer. He could have said two things to Summer like how he previously does; the first thing was, she did not have the right to ask, and the second thing was, to just tell

Summer she was in the hospital.

But he did not choose any of the two options. He chose to lie.

That is to say, he was deliberately hiding the truth. As for why he would hide it, it was obvious that he

did not want Summer to know.

It was clear that Mark had some feelings for Summer at this point.

Before this, she had stubbornly refused to accept the situation, but now she had to believe it.

There is one saying that is true. Time can develop everything, including feelings.

Mark and Summer slept together at night and ate together during the day. They would only get more used to each other over time.

This was definitely not a good sign for her.

Mark slid his phone casually into his suit pants. He turned his tall body around, saw that Raine was gazing at him thoughtfully, and wondered what she was thinking.

"You awake?" He moved his thin lips and asked lightly.

"Yeah, was that Summer on the phone?" She suppressed her emotions and tried to force a smile on her beautiful face.

Mark raised an eyebrow and then nodded his head

"But why did you lie to Summer?" Raine asked deliberately. She really wanted to know what he was

going to say to her!

No answer. A dark light flashed across Mark's deep eyes and he changed the subject. "Would you like

some water?"

The disappointment bubbled up openly on Raine's face, and she nodded. Did he not want to answer, or

did he not know how to answer, so he intentionally changed the subject?

He poured her a glass of warm water and sat down on the sofa beside her. His long legs folded gracefully as he leafed through company documents.

"Yvette is in the hospital. Did you know that?" Raine took a sip of water and said.

The pen in his hand stopped moving. Mark's eyes looked up from the file and asked, "When did this happen?"

"Two days ago. She is in the same hospital. If you have time, go and see her. She is a little upset about

Jazz leaving."

"Hmm..." A soft reply came from between his thin lips. "I will go and see her later."

After that, he stopped talking, and Raine did not want to bother him either. As she drank the warm water, her eyes fell on him.

Yvette was not the only one who was upset. Her heart was also full of sadness, but who could she tell

about her sadness?

No one!

Moments later, Mark went to Yvette's ward.

It was late, but she was still awake, leaning on the head of the bed, and seemed to be thinking of something.

Hearing footsteps, Yvette turned her head around and saw Mark. She snorted coldly, then said disapprovingly, "You still remember you have a mother. How did you know I was in the hospital?"

"Aunt told me," Mark replied lightly and sat down beside the bed.

"Raine?" Yvette frowned.

"Yes. She has appendicitis. The servant called me and I took her to the hospital. She had just had an operation." His explanation was simple and clear.

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I see.

Yvette nodded, but then grumbled,

"I have been troubling Raine these few days. She prepared the food for me. I am very picky. She was

in and out of my room several times just for a meal. She also put a lot of flowers in my room. It really

tired her out. She is a hundred times better than your Mrs.

Valentine. As my daughter-in-law, she does not even visit me when I am sick."

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Over the past few days, her favor for Raine has increased sharply, while her favor for Summer has plummeted.

Mark's long, slender fingers rested on his forehead and gently kneaded it. "She does not know you are

in the hospital. If she did, she would not have done so. She has always been very kind," he said in a deep voice.

Kind? Yvette laughed at the word but didn't show it." Mark, you married her for the baby. When are

you going to divorce her after the baby is born?" she asked.

This kind of woman was not suitable to be a daughter-in-law of the Valentine family!

She has only been married to Mark for a short time, and the Valentine family became so fragmented because of her. If this goes on, what will become of the Valentine family?

Besides, a woman like that was not good enough for Mark. Get a divorce, the sooner the better!

A wave of unexplained irritability welled up in Mark's heart. His handsome face was somewhat sullen,

casual and sulky. He instinctively repulsed the subject. "I have a plan in mind."

"Then what is your plan? Tell me so that I know what you are thinking." Intrigued, Yvette added, "She

seems like a scheming woman. She is not much of a good woman either, she is flirty or something. You

had better get divorced as soon as possible!"

When Mark heard Yvette's words about Summer, he frowned, with a hint of impatience and irritation.

"I know exactly what kind of woman she is..."

"You do?" Yvette looked a little more indignant and disapproving. "Some women hide their true intentions too deeply to show. I have seen too many women who do not say what they mean."

Such a woman was like a nine-tailed fox, with only one of the tails exposed in front of a man, but behind the back, the remaining eight tails were dancing with ill intentions.

"Well, that is the end of the subject. What did the doctor say about you?" Mark spoke directly and cut

the subject short.

Yvette was annoyed at the interruption, but did not continue. "The doctor said I need more rest."

"Well..." he responded, "I am going to talk to the doctor now..."

Watching Mark disappear from sight, Yvette took a sip of warm water on the table.

Mark clearly did not want to talk about it, and she could not figure out how he felt about the woman.

Sometimes you could not talk about the same topic too many times or he would get bored and disgusted.

So you have to stop in time, so that you are not overdoing it.

The next morning

Summer got up and got herself ready, and then went to the kitchen. The meal prepared last night remained untouched. Apparently, he did not come back home last night.

She wondered how important the contract was. He did not come home all night!

She had no time to think about it. She went to the kitchen to make some oatmeal, ate it and then went

to school.

Lately, she distinctly felt that she was not moving as nimbly as before. She became a little clumsy.

In the twinkling of an eye, she had been pregnant for four months, and her stomach was getting bigger.

She could not wear any of her clothes now. She had to go shopping for maternity clothes.

At noon, Summer took a taxi to the hospital. She had not been to the hospital for check-ups for over a

month, so she must make time to go there today.

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She went to the obstetrics and gynecology clinic.

There were a lot of people. She sat on the bench and waited.

Aside from her, there were two other nurses sitting on the bench, chatting.

"All right, I will talk to you later. I am going to change Mrs. Valentine's dressing," one of the nurses said,

standing up.

"Which Mrs. Valentine? You sound respectful," asked another nurse.

"How many Mrs. Valentines are there in Santabaca?" The nurse asked back.

"Right. There is only one Mrs. Valentine who can live up to the name, the power and the money. She is

a very important patient. Don't waste your time here. You had better go now."

The words fell on Summer's ear, loud and clear. Mrs. Valentine, was that not Yvette?

But when was she admitted to the hospital?

She really should pay a visit to Yvette because, after all, Yvette is her mother-in-law.

However, she and Yvette were at odds with each

other. If she went to visit her, she would be reviled and embarrassed.

But then she thought again. It would not be right if she did not visit her. Even if she and Yvette were at

odds with each other, she should still visit her, otherwise she would appear rude and lacking manners.

After the check-up, Summer went to a nearby store and bought a fruit basket and a bouquet of flowers.

After finding out where Yvette's room was, she went straight up. The door was wide open, and she could see the nurse inside looking after Yvette.

So, without knocking at the door, she strode in, calling uncomfortably, "Mother."

When Yvette heard her voice, her expression suddenly changed. She immediately stopped smiling and

made no effort to conceal her dislike of her, but she could not show it so obviously in front of the nurse,

so she had to swallow her animosity, kept her poise, and responded, "You are here."

"Yeah." Summer put the fruit basket aside and asked the nurse next to her about Yvette's condition.

Yvette, however, felt that Summer was hypocritical and had no good intentions, and her dislike for her

deepened.

As soon as the nurse went out, her face changed and she yelled at Summer harshly, "Get out!"

Summer looked up and said, "Mother, are you talking to me?"

"Who else is in the room?" Yvette said coldly. "I wonder how your parents educated you!"

Respecting her as an elder, Summer did not talk back. She simply asked, "Would you like an apple?"

Let me peel one for you."

"Are you so shameless? Didn't you hear me tell you to get out of my ward? Only unscrupulous parents

will give birth to such a daughter!"

However, Yvette's attitude got worse, and her words were very unpleasant.

That finally caused some resentment in Summer." Have you even met my parents? How would you know if my parents are such bad people?"

"I am your elder. How dare you interrupt me while I am talking?"

"It depends on what you say. If it were true, I would not say a word, but if it was wrong, I have the right

to refute it." Summer spoke every word clearly, and she was neither humble nor rude.

No doubt Yvette's anger flared again. "Get out!" she shrielled.

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"I will leave after peeling the apple for you. But there are people coming in and out, don't you worry

about damaging your image when others see you like this?" Summer said nonchalantly.

This remark struck Yvette right on her weak point. The anger was trapped in her chest with no way to

release it, making her uncomfortable.

After peeling the apple, Summer put it on a plate and got up to leave.

The anger trapped in her chest was finally released. Yvette reclined in the hospital bed, patted her chest and yelled, "Get out of here! Now! You had better keep your face out of my sight!"

Jazz went to America because of her. Right now, she did not want to see Summer, not even once.

Summer laughed. Who did she think she was? Did she think she really wanted to appear in front of her?

She was really asking for trouble. She did not have to visit her at all. Why bother?

She was polite and respectful to Yvette, but Yvette did not value it at all. This time, she really made the

wrong decision!

As she walked to the door, a figure blocked her way.

She looked up and saw Mark standing in front of her.

She knew that he must have heard much of the conversation just now.

Summer took a glance at him and, without a word, took a step past him and walked on.

Mark's eyes were deep and dark, like fine colored glaze. He moved his long legs and immediately strode after her.

Seeing this, Yvette immediately frowned and pretended to be in pain. She groaned deliberately to get

Mark's attention back.

But Mark had already disappeared from her sight and was walking quickly toward Summer without hearing Yvette's groans.

Yvette gasped as her stomach ached and her cheeks burned with anger.

Baine walked in, and she saw exactly what had happened. Yvette saw her come in and asked, "How is

your body?"

"I feel better now. How about you?" Baine replied with a faint smile.

"Same old, same old. I almost died of anger because of her." Yvette snorted coldly.

"I thought Summer was a nice girl and did not do anything out of line. Why are you so mad at her?"

Baine said gently, as a sly intention flickered across her eyes.

Yvette sighed. "Raine, you are too kind. She has not done anything yet, and this is already the situation

at home. If she did anything more, wouldn't she turn the family upside down?"

She thought to herself, things could not continue this way any longer!

Some measures must be taken...

Mark took two long steps to catch up with Summer." Mrs. Valentine..." His voice was deep but soft.

Summer was calm and unoffended by Yvette's actions and words. She turned to look at him and asked,

"So, has that important contract been signed?"

A look of caution flashed through his eyes, but his handsome face did not show any emotion. He just

gave a short response and no further explanation. " Yup. Where are you going now, Mrs. Valentine?"

"To the mall." She did not doubt his words.

"Let's go together," he murmured.

Summer took a glance at him and said softly, "Okay."

At the mall, Summer wandered around the maternity section, carefully choosing the right clothes for

her.

Mark's eyes fell on her belly. He noticed that it was getting bigger than before, and her belly was

bulging against her clothes.

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Compared with other pregnant women, she seemed to have a smaller belly, but slightly pointed and

slightly round, which was beautiful.

There was a tiny life inside. It was a really subtle, strange feeling.

He ran his big hand over the clothes and finally chose two for her, a long dress and a loose T-shirt.

They were not designer clothes, but they were comfortable. At the cashier, Summer took out the money

before Mark and handed it to the cashier.

Mark's handsome, gentle face immediately turned sullen and his eyes narrowed. How much did she

hate his money?

He did not explode in anger. He just watched quietly as Summer took the change and the paper bag.

The total cost of the two clothes was \$220, and the quality and fabric were soft to the touch.

Summer was pleased with her purchase. After all, pregnancy only lasted for a few months. There was

no need to buy expensive clothes.

She only needed them for a few months, and she was definitely not going to wear them again.

The atmosphere around her was so quiet. She turned around, and found that the man's eyes seemed

to be fixed on her, but said nothing.

"What's wrong?" Summer thought there was something wrong with her and looked up and down.

"Why won't you use the card I gave you?" Mark stared deeply at her with his eyes narrowed.

She paused slightly for a moment, and then smiled, shaking the paper bag in her hand, and said, "Mr.

Valentine, it was only \$220. Is it worth a swipe?"

His handsome brows furrowed and his stare deepened. "Well, what about the \$700,000?"

Summer immediately stopped shaking the paper bag. She was a little puzzled at first, but then she remembered Sherman's unusual question the night before, and she knew what was going on.

He must have found out that she borrowed \$700,000 from Sherman...

"I urgently needed the money at that time, so I borrowed \$700,000 from her. Is there a problem?"

She actually didn't think there was a problem?

Suppressing his impending anger, he pressed his thin lips in a straight line and asked, "Why won't you

take it from the card I gave you?"

Summer smiled faintly, narrowed her eyes and asked, "Do you feel disgraced, Mr. Valentine, that I borrowed money from Sherman?"

The look on Mark's face changed completely, and his fists, hanging down on either side of his suit

pants, clenched in anger. He just wanted to punch her on the buttocks.

"Not speaking, and looking so angry. I guess I was right." She turned her head slightly, looking closely

at his face and concluded. There was a faint smile in her eyes, but hardly noticeable.

This successfully infuriated Mark. His eyes became so fierce and cold as if he wanted to devour her whole being, and even his deep voice was squeezed through his teeth. "Mrs. Valentine, who am I to you?"

Without hesitation, Summer answered, "My husband."

"So you know that I am your husband..."

Without looking at her again, he turned and walked straight ahead.

He was so tall, and his legs were so long that he left Summer far behind in just a few steps.

Summer frowned. Was he angry with her? How could he lose his temper!

Summer did not go after him. She walked leisurely with the paper bag in her hand, then decided to take

a taxi home.

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Seeing how angry he had gotten, she believed he had left.

However, when she stepped out of the shopping complex, she spotted him leaning against his car. A cigarette in between his fingers, he looked elegant and charming, standing out from the crowd.

Her eyes glinted with emotion, and her lips quivered. Just as she wanted to speak up, she saw him getting into the car after eyeing her.

Swallowing back what she had wanted to say, she walked over and rode shotgun.

He started up the engine, released the clutch, and stepped onto the accelerator as he made a graceful left turn and drove into the traffic.

It was apparent to her that he was still mad. His thin lips were set in a grim line, and he remained silent

as he drove quietly.

It felt slightly dreary, so Summer decided to speak up to break the awkward silence. She asked, "What

do you feel like having for lunch?"

As if he did not hear her, she was only responded with silence.

"Or, will you be heading back to the office?" she asked again.

His Adam's apple bobbed, but he remained silent.

'This man truly has a big temper,' she thought as she decided not to speak up again. Seeing as she

hadn't slept well the night before, she began to feel sleepy.

Adjusting her seat, she sank into her seat. She closed her eyes and slowly fell asleep.

Not hearing anything from her, he glanced over from the corner of his eyes. When he saw her sleeping

soundly, he felt a burst of anger arising.

He was waiting for her to apologize and make up to him, but there she was, sleeping soundly in front of

him.

Even though he was rageful, he did not wake her. Instead, he slowed down the car and drove steadily

ahead.

When Summer woke up, she noticed she was lying on her bed in her room. Holding herself up, she sat

up on the bed.

Despite wanting to open her eyes, she couldn't as though she hadn't rested enough and her eyes were

stuck together with glue. She struggled as she tried to open them.

After sitting on the bed idly for a while, she forced herself off the bed and walked to the washroom. As

soon as she opened the door, she was faced with Mark, who was dressed in a bathrobe.

He deliberately ignored her, walked past her, and stepped forward.

Her brows furrowed slightly as she wondered if he was still angry. She stepped into the washroom after

staring briefly at his back. She felt awake and refreshed after washing her face.

Checking the time, she noticed that it was already 2:00 pm, but she did not have to go to school since

it was a Sunday.

Stepping out of the washroom, she headed to the kitchen as she felt hungry. There was still some

leftover rice from the day before, so she did not need to cook from scratch. She decided to use it to

make some fried rice.

She gathered the ingredients from the fridge. Since she had just gotten them from the day before, they

were all still fresh. She took some eggs and began cooking up some egg-fried rice. After that, she

cooked up two other dishes and placed them on the dining table.

Later, she went to the study. She stood outside the room as she lifted her hand and knocked on the

door.

She could not hear anything coming from the room. Furrowing her brows, she pushed the door open

and stepped in. She saw him behind his desk, reading a bunch of documents. The corner of his eyes

swept over her when he heard footsteps.

"The meal's ready," she said as she lifted her hand and knocked on his desk, eliciting a crisp, loud sound to get his attention.