

President 51

Chapter 51

Gordon came across as so commanding that she couldn't help but react instinctively.

"Meet me in the living room in half an hour. Come down with Mark."

Gordon's voice was strong and sonorous. After seeing Summer's reaction, he turned and left.

She breathed a sigh of relief. When she returned to her room, the man in the bed was already awake.

He propped himself up on his hand under his chin, looking lazy.

He squinted at her, looking a little sleepy, and spoke in a distinctive husky voice, "Good morning, Mrs.

Valentine..."

His chiseled, handsome face was softer and more relaxed than usual, looking more alluring under the

soft, warm light.

Summer's heart was racing uncontrollably. The moment she saw his bare chest in the air, warm blush

rose to her cheeks. She turned sideways, "Grandpa told us to meet him in the living room in half an hour."

Then she turned and went to the bathroom. Having washed her face, she started to brush her teeth.

Suddenly, the bathroom door was pushed open.

The man was naked, with broad shoulders, narrow hips, and well-defined muscles with smooth lines.

His body was perfect enough to make a woman blush and her heart race.

Summer saw him coming, frowned, and then mumbled, "What are you doing in here?" There was still

foam in her mouth.

"Brushing my teeth..." He stood beside her and looked at her calmly. "What do you think I'm doing here,

Mrs. Valentine?"

"Will you go out first? I'll be ready in a minute!"

Mark raised an eyebrow with a nonchalant expression on his handsome face. "Two of us can't fit in the

bathroom?"

Seeing that he had no intention of going out, Summer did not waste her time and just moved sideways,

brushing her teeth even faster.

His thin lips curved up. He gazed in satisfaction at her reddened neck and earlobes as if it was a pleasant sight.

"You b*stard!" She cursed with her cheeks blushed and quickly left the bathroom. Mark chuckled as his

thin lips curved wider.

She thought Gordon had something important to announce, but she didn't expect that he just wanted them to join him for morning workouts.

It was 6:40 am, and it was cold and a little dark outside.

Gordon was exceptionally gracious to her because she was pregnant. She could jog or walk, but she had to do four laps.

Despite wrapping herself up tightly in a down jacket, she could still feel the cold wind sneaking in.

Mark, however, only wore a grey tracksuit adding a touch of casualness to his handsome looks.

In just a moment, he had Gordon by a wide margin, leaving him far behind.

Summer exhaled a cloud of mist while shivering with cold, but Gordon's glance startled her. Not daring

to slack off any longer, she moved quickly.

Thus, the trio formed an unusual sight.

Mark was leading in the front; Gordon was in the middle; Summer was the last, as sluggish as a snail.

She did not run much. After four laps of walk, she felt all hot but refreshed, especially in the fresh air. It

made her feel comfortable

As her eyes met the man opposite, she beheld the sight of him running.

His long legs strode out powerfully while his arms swung in a graceful arc. Like a lion, he was running

vigorously and gracefully.

Beneath his jacket, sweat had soaked through his white tank around his neckline. The tank clung to him, making him look sexy as hell.

Never had she noticed men could be this hot when they were running.

Mark, as if sensing her gaze, turned around. He deliberately glanced over her with his narrowed eyes,

and the arc widened faintly.

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Summer quickly looked away when their eyes met. The moment she recalled the bathroom scene, she

blushed, shaking her head and gritting her teeth.

This man's elegance could put almost everyone to shame, and when he was acting dirty, no one certainly could be his match!

The outcome was that they had to do workouts every morning from then on.

Gordon said this to Summer himself after Mark went to work.

Hearing this, she felt a headache but dared not disobey.

Gordon was the one she feared the most in the family because he was intimidating without even trying.

At noon, she called Nancy. "Nancy. How's Howard?"

"He's home already." There was no emotion in Nancy's voice.

Summer didn't mind, but she was a little worried. She talked to Nancy for a while before she hung up.

On the other side, Nancy held the phone tightly, and her face looked grim. She pressed the number and called.

But no one knows who she called.

Meanwhile, Summer could not sit still at the Valentine mansion, so she decided to go home.

She gave the driver the location after getting into a taxi. The mobile phone rang before the taxi moved.

The phone call was made by the teacher supervisor. The results had come out, so she was asked to sort out a notice to be sent to all students by noon tomorrow.

She gave the taxi driver the location, and he made a U-turn and drove in the opposite direction.

When she arrived at the office, all the teachers were busy sorting out the results. Seeing Nancy,

Summer walked up to her and patted her on the shoulder unexpectedly.

Thud!

Nancy dropped the files to the floor. Apparently, she was startled by the sudden pat.

"That startled you? Since when have you become so timid?" Laughing, Summer put her bag on the table and sat down.

Nancy looked at her, and the corner of her mouth twitched a little. She then bent down and picked up

the files. "Hurry up. We have a lot of work to do today."

"All right, let's get to work!"

Nancy did not respond. She just gave Summer a perfunctory smile. Her eyes were focused on her phone as if she was looking at something.

Then the silence returned to the office, except for the sound of paper flipping and people breathing.

Everyone was so busy that they had to have take-out lunch. One of the teachers stretched and turned on the TV. "Let's take a break before getting back to work."

The teachers turned around, lunch boxes in their hands, watching TV.

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Oh, isn't that Summer? Summer is on TV!"

Startled, Nancy turned her head and looked.

Summer was amused by their conversation while eating her lunch. She was just someone ordinary.

How could she be on TV?

However, the next second, she heard the TV host's voice clearly.

"Parents are more concerned about teachers' moral qualities following the recent sexual assault

incident. According to a newspaper, a female teacher of First Santabaca High School leads an

improper and immoral life. She frequents bars, flirts with her superior, and her family is addicted to

gambling. It is said that she has sold her body to marry a rich man... These are photos and information

from the newspaper

Chapter 53

Summer was utterly surprised to see so many photos of hers. She didn't even know when some of them were taken.

The first set of photos were taken outside the bar. Tony Frey, the teacher supervisor, held her close and

got into the taxi.

Her cheeks flushed red, and she snuggled in his arms while his chubby hand lay at her waist.

Her brows furrowed, and her hands clutched the water glass.

She never went out with Mr. Frey. The only time they were in the same place was when all the teachers

had dinner together.

So, no doubt Tony must have taken advantage of her while she was drunk.

The next set of photos showed her coming out of the hotel in the early morning, her clothes crumpled,

her hair disheveled, and her gait a little awkward. One could easily figure what had happened.

The last video was of Carlos holding her in his arms and groping her at the Club Nightshade.

All the teachers in the office looked at Summer with contempt, disgust, and disdain.

Never had they expected Summer-who looked so innocent on the outside -to be a slutty b*tch behind

them. They felt disgusting! Summer was aware of how the teachers looked at her. However, she knew

very well that it would make no difference no matter how much she tried to explain it.

All she wanted to know was who had taken the photos and which newspaper the TV host was referring

to.

Who was targeting her?

While her thoughts were still wandering, a burst of footsteps hurried in.

Smack!

Before she could look up, a hard slap fell on her cheek, leaving a tingling and burning sensation.

And then, rude shrieks and curses followed. "How dare you seduce my husband, you b*tch!"

All Summer could feel was the numbness on the left side of her face. She looked up, and there stood

Mr. Frey's wife.

To avoid further drama, she gritted her teeth swallowed the insult.

It was a stout woman in her forties who was so angry that the muscles on her face were quivering. Her

eyes were burning with rage, filled with murderous intent against Summer.

"I did not seduce Mr. Frey." Summer gently touched the painful side of her face and said it clearly, word

by word.

"No? You mean my husband seduced you? You look like a decent woman, but who knows how many

men have slept with you!"

Mrs. Frey was so acerbic and caustic that the things she said were intolerable to the ear.

"Of course, I know myself well, but I'm afraid you have no idea what kind of person Mr. Frey really is. I

feel so sorry for you."

She chuckled and said it with a lukewarm attitude. Mr. Frey-whose father-in-law was the school principal -had a reputation of being perverted and targeting young female teachers. Mrs. Frey must have been kept in the dark.

"You will never repent, will you? You are such a shameless b*tch! Get those reporters in."

Mrs. Frey's voice was shrill like a hen, piercing their eardrums. How dare this b*tch laugh at her!

The reporters immediately rushed in. The next moment, Summer was surrounded by a flood of reporters who had been waiting for a long time.

"Is your private life usually that wild, Ms. Hart?"

"You are a teacher, and yet your behavior is improper. Do you have the decency to face your students?"

"How many men have you slept with, Ms. Hart? Does your husband-who got you pregnant before marriage

-know about this?"

Teachers had become the subject of heated discussion since that child sexual assault. Hence, no reporter would want to miss a headline like this.

Chapter 54

The number of reporters crowding the office was so huge that the teachers in the office did not even have room to stand.

But none of the teachers spoke up for Summer either because there were too many reporters present or because they were afraid of offending the principal's daughter.

And third, they did not know Summer well.

So they sat on the sidelines to avoid getting themselves into trouble.

Summer, who was also pushed back by the crowd, was wobbling unsteadily on her feet. Instinctively,

she protected her abdomen with her hands as she feared that anyone would accidentally hurt her baby.

Nancy, standing not far away, saw exactly what Summer was doing. Her white teeth sank deep into her

lips. 1

Suddenly, she acted on impulse. Pretending to be unsteady on her feet, she stumbled forward with full

force.

And so the reporters standing in front of her were shoved forward without warning.

As the crowd could not resist the push from behind,

Summer was knocked to the ground. Her abdomen even hit right onto the corner of the table hard.

A burst of unspeakable pain came from her abdomen. Her face turned pale in pain. She sat there and found herself in such pain that she could not get back to her feet!

Even so, the reporters had no intention of stopping. They were still pushing, squeezing, and making noise.

The noise filled her head, and she started to feel dizzy. The dizziness and pain were unbearable.

It was as if the reporters had gone mad. Some of them even accidentally stepped on the back of Summer's hand.

Through the gaps in the crowd, Mrs. Frey stared in satisfaction at Summer, who was gasping. She wiggled her fat ass and snorted.

'Serve you right for acting up in front of me, B*tch!'

"Get out of the way!" A deep, cold voice suddenly came in.

The voice was so authoritative that all the reporters stopped in their tracks.

Looking at the direction of the voice, all of them were stupefied, standing in place like sculptures.

'H-H-He...Wh-Why is he here?'

Mark in a gray sweater looked a little rushed and tired; his handsome face was covered with frost, his

eyes cold and his voice menacing.

"All not moving? Do you want me to repeat what I just said?"

Mark's imposing manner was so intimidating that all the reporters did not dare to say anything, let alone

looking into his eyes. They just backed away quietly to make way for him.

Who in Santabaca would dare offend Mr. Valentine?

But what was the relationship between Summer Hart and Mark Valentine?

But who dared to ask? Who dared to beard the lion in his den?

Mark strode quickly towards Summer. His thin lips compressed tightly into a straight line. He bent over

and held Summer in his arms, very gently.

Summer was surprised and shocked to see the familiar and beautiful face of the man. Her hands

gripped his sweater. "Mark..." She whispered.

She thought she was hallucinating, but when she touched the warmth of the sweater, her heart grew

warmer and softer.

"Yes?"

His eyes swept across her cheek. It was swollen and pale.

Chapter 55

Contrary to Summer's usual soft pink cheeks, the slap mark was too much of an eyesore to Mark.

Feeling displeased, he suddenly clenched his fist.

She looked at him, gave him a faint smile, and then turned to the reporters.

"I have every right to hold you accountable for the harm you have done to me today. Just wait and see!"

Despite her weak breath, she had a determined look on her face. She gripped the corner of Mark's sweater and glanced up at him once she finished her words. Gritting her teeth, she said, "My stomach

hurts.

Hospital..."

Smoldering anger flashed from Mark's eyes. Without hesitation, he strode out.

When the reporters saw that, they moved their feet, wanting to leave the office. Mr. Valentine was too

intimidating. They should leave as quickly as possible.

Nevertheless, Mark paused. He turned around and looked back with icy, cold eyes.

"Where are you going? We need to talk. From now on, no one will leave the office..." His voice was

cold.

In the hospital.

Summer had been wheeled into the emergency room, and she was still there. Mark leaned his tall body

against the wall, looking cold and gloomy.

"Mark, how is Ms. Hart... How is Summer now?"

Jazz rushed to the hospital as soon as he saw the news. He did not even have time to change his work

clothes. He looked hurried and worried. In the middle of the conversation, the doctor opened the door

of the operating room and came out. He took off his mask and said, "Mr. Valentine..."

"How is she?" Mark frowned and stood up immediately.

"The patient's condition is fairly stable. Her lower body is bleeding, but fortunately, the impact is not too

serious. She will recover in a few days."

"After all," the doctor said, "the patient is pregnant now, so it's better to be careful."

Mark turned to look at Jazz. "You go to the ward first. Take care of your sister-in-law..."

Jazz nodded and then asked, "Where are you going?"

"To take care of something..." He pulled his thin lips; his eyes narrowed slightly.

After lying in the hospital bed for some time, Summer's eyelids moved gently. She slowly opened her

eyes.

When Jazz saw it, his handsome face lit up with joy. In his excitement, he held her soft hand tightly in

his big hands.

"How's the baby?" She asked anxiously, panting.

"The baby is fine. The doctor says you and the baby are all fine. You just need to rest for a few days."

After a short pause, he asked with worry, "Do you feel any discomfort? Should we call a doctor?"

Where's the water? Would you like some?"

During their time together, he deliberately did not call her Ms. Hart or his sister-in-law.

Summer was relieved that the thing she had been worried about was finally over. Her tense body could

finally relax.

She shook her head and coughed uncomfortably, one after another, dry and hoarse.

The next second, Jazz's big hand was on her back, patting her slowly. He asked her carefully, "Does it

hurt?"

"I'm fine, Jazz, just a little sore throat. I'm feeling better."

As she was speaking, her eyes swept around the ward, but she did not find the man. She could not help feeling a strong sense of disappointment.

Just then, a phone rang. Jazz picked up the phone. It was Yvette.

"Jazz, could you reach your brother?" Yvette's tone did not sound very good.

Jazz could tell it, so he frowned with suspicion. "What happened, Mom?"

"Turn on the TV, and you'll see. Also, contact your brother and tell him to come home first!"

Chapter 56

Meanwhile, at the Valentine Mansion.

Amara was sitting on the couch in the living room as she looked around, admiring the expensive interior and decorations while commending the Valentine's wealth in her head.

Furrowed brows appeared on Yvette's defined features as she asked, "I think Summer will be home quite late today. How about I phone you when she's home?"

"It's alright. I'm free today anyways. I can wait. Do you have coffee?" Amara replied as she continued

looking around.

"Get her a cup of coffee," Yvette did not hide her disgust.

Back at the hospital.

Jazz felt puzzled as he hung up the call. He then switched the television on to see what was the commotion Yvette was referring to.

As Summer felt curious as well, she watched the news with him. She saw Mark in his dark grey coat

facing a group of reporters. With grace and poise, he spoke up.

"Seeing as she's my lawfully wedded wife, don't all of you think that the rumors of her seducing those

men

are utterly ridiculous? To the publishers who reported this, do you guys think that those men are on par

with me?"

All the reporters were silent as they looked among themselves.

Everyone there knew that no woman in Santabaca with the right mind would give up Mr. Valentine and

go for other men.

No man could ever compare to him. It was impossible.

What had shocked the reporters more was hearing that Mr. Valentine was married. They were all curious about one thing: when did he get married?

Eventually, a bold reporter had finally asked the million-dollar question, "Excuse me, Mr. Valentine.

Could you let us know when exactly did you get married and where the wedding was held?"

Mark furrowed his brows. His unrivaled power and charisma were emitted through his deep and solemn

voice as he spoke up.

"The press conference regarding my marriage will be held soon without a say. What's important today

is about the rumors, and I will definitely investigate the matter thoroughly and uncover the one who had

leaked the pictures and videos!"

Right after, the television was switched off. Falling into a daze, Summer was overwhelmed with thoughts and emotions.

'So, this is what it feels like to be protected and assured that everything is going to be okay just because there's someone by your side,' she thought.

But as she replayed what he had said to the reporters in her mind, she felt her brows twitch in annoyance.

"Seeing as she's my lawfully wedded wife, don't all of you think that the rumours of her seducing those

men are utterly ridiculous? To the publishers who reported this, do you guys think that those men are

on par with me?"

She thought no one other than Mark could have the guts or power to say something so bold that was also undeniable for anyone.

Back at the office at school.

All of the reporters had stopped recording. Mark turned around and glanced solemnly at the reporter closest to him. He demanded, "Show me what you've recorded from the beginning."

Not daring to say anything, the reporter quietly switched on his camcorder and showed Mark what he

shot from them barging into the office onwards.

Nancy's heart pounded in her chest anxiously. She was worried that Mark would find out something unfavorable to her from the recordings.

Feeling extremely nervous, she bawled her hands into fists unconsciously as she watched the recording.

She thought she was in luck as her actions looked natural and weren't too obvious. She reassured herself, 'Surely nobody would notice anything off.' 'Plus, many people were pushing around. Nobody

could possibly know who was the one who started it.' She felt relieved as she watched on.

The reporter switched it off after they were done.

Mark was quiet when his eyes swept over everyone. He then got up and walked towards the door.

As he passed by Mrs. Frey, he stopped in his tracks. The look in his eyes was cold as he shot daggers

at her. She felt as though his gaze had pierced through her.

There was almost a pin drop silence in the room. Her previous arrogant demeanor was swept away as

she kept her head low, not daring to look into his eyes.

She felt her legs wobble and almost fall over after he left with his piercing gaze.

Chapter 57

As Mark entered the ward, Jazz got up from his seat on the couch and walked over to him, "Hey, mom

called and asked you to head home."

Summer, lying on the bed, flipped over to face them as she heard Jazz speak up.

"Okay," Mark answered nonchalantly. He shifted his eyes to Summer, and his gaze landed on the red

patch on her cheek.

"I, too, want to head back," she said as she sat up.

She figured their parents might be in a big shock and overwhelmed with worry after hearing about the

commotion on the news.

Retracting his gaze on her, Mark asked Jazz, "What did the doctor say?"

"He told me to take extra care, but I still can walk about!" She rushed to answer before Jazz could.

Getting off the bed carefully, Summer tried to walk as she took small steps forward after Jazz went out

of the room to get her discharge procedures done.

Mark's brows furrowed as he watched her. He walked towards her, and she was carried bridal style in

his arms.

As she stared up at him and gazed at his chiseled features, her feeling of surprise had been replaced

with butterflies fluttering in her stomach, and she felt her cheeks heating up. Being truthful to her heart,

she leaned in his warmth quietly while her lips curled into a soft smile.

His gaze shifted downwards as he glanced at her. He silently hummed to himself as he realized she

was enjoying his warmth.

From behind, Jazz watched them, feeling a lump forming in his throat. Shifting his gaze bitterly, he

looked away.

As they stepped into the Valentine Mansion, Summer froze when she saw Amara on the couch. She knitted her brows and wondered why Amara was there.

Meanwhile, Mark was fixated on the graceful lady who stood behind the couch. His expression changed, and his eyes had a swirl of emotion as he clenched his fists.

Upon seeing the lady, Jazz froze as well. He was curious as to when she returned to their mansion.

Summer did not notice Mark's change in expression as all of her attention was on Amara.

In a short while, Mark regained his composure, and his eyes held their usual coldness. No one could have ever caught the flash of emotions his eyes reflected a while ago.

As her gaze shifted past Amara, Summer noticed the lady the brothers were surprised to see. From the

looks of her appearance, the lady looked young and was probably in her late twenties.

The lady turned around when she heard footsteps entering the room, and her features had surprised Summer.

'She's gorgeous! I have never seen such a flawless-looking person,' Summer gasped to herself.

She had a small V-shaped face, brows beautifully shaped with rounded arches, clear almond-shaped eyes, and a pair of small plump lips. Black luscious locks framed her face and cascaded down around

her shoulders. She could even play as Aphrodite or any goddess from the ancient mythologies.

Even though she was only dressed simply with a black down jacket, she still radiated elegance and gracefulness.

Speaking up, Jazz finally broke the silence, "Aunt Rainie, when did you return?"

'Since aunt Rainie is back, then surely brother would...' He thought to himself.

Summer felt a bit puzzled when Jazz addressed the lady as their aunt.

She was shocked as she thought, 'He called her aunt Rainie, so she's their aunt? How could she be

their aunt when she looks so young!' "Just a bit earlier than you guys. Oh, you must be Summer.

Right?" her voice sounded melodic as she replied. It was gentle and graceful.

Mark's well-defined face and dark eyes looked emotionless, and his expression gave away nothing at

all.

He gazed at Raine as he moved his lips to answer, " Yeah..."

With lips curling up into a soft smile, Rained walked towards them and looked at Summer as she

complimented, "My, you're so pretty! Mark sure has got a good eye."

Summer was taken aback and didn't know how to respond. Coughing slightly to ease the awkwardness

she felt, she replied, "You look beautiful as well, aunt Raine."

It was strange for Summer to address someone so young as her aunt.

"That's really kind of you to say, Summer. Thank you. I'll be heading back to the kitchen now and check

if the food is ready. You guys can sit and chat first."

Chapter 58

With a smile, Raine turned and went to the kitchen.

Stepping towards the couch, Mark put Summer down. His eyes narrowed in thought as he went up the

stairs while taking off his coat.

Both Raine and Mark had acted too casually towards each other, and Jazz could not tell what they truly

felt.

He cracked his head as he wondered, 'What was truly in aunt Raine's thoughts at that moment? What

did brother truly feel just now?'

Only when Mark had gone out of her field of vision and entered his room did Amara stop staring at him.' He is too mesmerizing!' She thought.

In Amara's eyes, he was charming from head to toe, and one glance was enough to make her swoon

and fall for him.

In the kitchen.

Raine stood in the corner of the kitchen, holding a palm against her chest. Her heart was pounding uncontrollably, and she tried to calm her erratic breathing.

It was inevitable. They had finally met after three long years, after all. Unlike how she had reacted before, her heart could not remain calm.

"Why are you here?" Summer questioned Amara with a n impatient tone.

After the bad experiences she had with Amara, Summer could not tolerate her anymore.

"Can't I come to visit you? I'm your family, yet I have to find out you have gotten married through the

news! D o you even see me as your sister-in-law?"

The eyeliner on the corners of her eye lifted upwards a s well when Amara rolled her eyes. Feeling envious of Summer, she huffed angrily.

Amara scolded in her head, 'What filthy stunt did she pull to have landed a marriage with such a powerful man like Mark Valentine?'

'Life is just so unfair! I'm much prettier than her!'

In a heartbeat, Summer replied without hesitating, " Nope."

"You little-" Amara raged furiously as she thought, 'If I didn't have to ask for a favor, I would have slapped this b*tch already!'

"You're looking down on my kind of people now that you've married into a rich family, aren't you? I guess you're just like the others who look down on the poor."

Summer scoffed as she looked at Amara, "I'm just looking down on you."

Amara would have exploded and cussed at summer if it were other days, but she could only endure and

control her rage for now.

As if on cue, Raine went over to them and patted Jazz on the shoulder as she asked, "Jazz, could you

head up and let them know that dinner is ready?"

After giving an okay to his aunt, he went up to the rooms. His steps were light and quick.

Raine sat next to Summer as she asked in a gentle tone, "Are you feeling better now?"

Nodding, Summer replied, "Yeah, I do."

As they were having a small chat, some of the Valentine family members had come downstairs. With

slightly wet and tousled hair, Mark was dressed in a black V-necked sweater matched with grey

sweatpants. He looked relaxed and comfy.

Following behind him was Yvette, with her delicate makeup enhancing her features. However, she did

not seem too happy.

Summer furrowed her brows when Amara did not make any motions to leave and ushered, "Don't you

have some matters to tend to? You should leave."

Raine smiled as she spoke up softly, "Since dinner is ready, why don't you stay and eat with us before

leaving?" Amara quickly agreed before shooting a glare to Summer, "Sure."

As they all sat around the dining table, Yvette spotted Amara in the corners of her eyes. Immediately,

Yvette lost her appetite.

"Hey mom, where's grandpa?" Jazz asked after glancing around.

"Uncle Marsh had invited him to meet up for a hit," Yvette answered. When her gaze landed on him,

her brows knitted as she continued, "What is that you're wearing?"

Chapter 59

Jazz froze as he remembered that he was still in his work uniform. With his eyes crinkling, he tried to

gloss over her question, "Do I look too attractive to the point that you can't tear your gaze off me?"

"I can see oil stains on your shirt. Go and get changed," Yvette replied without thinking much into it.

With a playful smile, Jazz got up from his seat. He winked towards Raine behind Yvette's back as a signal to Raine, so she would help him hide the truth from his mom.

She nodded as she got the message. She waved him off to urge him to get dressed quickly.

"Raine, didn't you say you were coming back home with your fiance?" Yvette asked before taking a few

sips of her soup.

"He still has to finish up some work before heading here. You'll get to meet him for sure. I have some

pictures of him. Would you like to see them?"

Looking at Yvette, Raine raised her head as she replied while filling up the other bowls.

"Sure, let's see them. I'm sure that, for someone who could steal your heart, he must be special and incredibly charming," Yvette smiled as she said.

"I wouldn't say he's incredibly charming. He's the same as any regular person-it is not like he has an

extra set of eyes or lips."

Raine replied as she fished out her phone. The wallpaper on the lock screen of her phone was a man

with his arms around her shoulder. They were standing under a big tree.

The man's face was defined and framed with thick brows and bright eyes. His eyes held a certain gentleness.

"He looks charming indeed. You always have such a good eye for men. Mark, come look," Yvette said

as she purposely passed the phone over to tease his response.

Mark looked nonchalant as his gaze fell on the screen. He took a few glimpses before saying, "He's not

bad."

"I think so too," Yvette agreed cheerfully. As she thought of something, her expressions then turned solemn. Facing Summer, she questioned her, "What's going on with today's news?"

Summer, who tried to lay low and kept silent all the while, felt stunned when she was cued. "I've already started the investigations on that matter," a deep voice spoke up before she could reply.

Yvette cast a doubtful glance towards Summer as she heard his reply and said, "I hope what the news

reported isn't the truth."

It was clear to Summer that Yvette's reply was directed to her.

Without giving a care to the slightly tense atmosphere, Amara shamelessly asked, "Seeing as it's

getting pretty late, could I spend the night here?"

"Don't you have other urgent matters to tend to?" Gritting her teeth, Summer bit out her words.

"Who told you so? It's snowing, and there are no cabs around here. Can't I stay for a night?"

Hearing Amara's reasoning to that extent, Yvette had no other option but to let her stay for the night.

She was worried that the rumors-which could harm the Valentine's name-would spread if they were to

turn her down.

Yvette would hate it for that to happen to the Valentines, so she quickly ordered the maids to tidy up a

guest room.

After dinner, Yvette went to her room straight as the others stayed downstairs. She couldn't bear to see

Amara, Summer, and even Raine any longer.

During dinner, she tried to see if there was anything off as she observed Mark and Raine, but it seemed

that both of them looked fine and calm even.

Mark's expression gave nothing away, and she couldn't tell what he had in mind despite him being her

son.

Feeling worried for him, she won't give up that easily.

As Summer was not feeling well, she could only take small steps walking up the stairs to her room and

away from Amara, whom she didn't want to be near.

Mark's eyes narrowed slightly when he saw her, and he walked towards her and lifted her in a bridal

carry just like he did at the hospital.

Sitting in the living room, Raine seemed to glance nonchalantly at his back as he walked away. Her eyes carried a faint glimpse of sorrow.

After bidding goodnight to Amara, Raine too left to her room.

Amara was then left alone in the living room. She crossed her legs as she sunk into the sofa while having a cup of coffee and a plate of freshly cut fruits in front of her. Her demeanor was as if she was

the owner of that place.

Chapter 60

In the room.

As she sat and rested on her bed, her mind was racing with thoughts of the news reported. When she caught a glimpse of the man on the sofa, her gaze and attention lingered on him.

As he was looking through some work documents, the sleeves of his sweater were folded up, showing

his toned and muscular arms. His eyes were squinting slightly as he read; he wrote meticulously with a

pen in his left hand.

'We've been together for quite some time, but I've only noticed that he's a leftie,' she thought while admiring him unconsciously.

"How long are you going to stare, Mrs. Valentine?" He asked as he kept his head down, only lifting his

brows.

Embarrassed that she was caught red-handed, she gave a slight cough as she changed the topic, "I think there's something strange regarding what happened today—the news about me, I mean."

"Go on," he replied with a slightly higher pitch, signaling her to continue her speculations.

"I think this was someone's set up to defame me, and I have a feeling that person is someone close to

me,"

Summer explained.

She believed that a stranger would not harm her out of the blue.

Judging from the photos and videos leaked to the press, she was certain that the person who set her up was someone she knew. 'How else could they retrieve those pictures of me?' She reasoned in her

head.

Suddenly, she hit her leg as she thought she had it figured out. She guessed, "Could it be Mrs. Frey?"

He looked up from reading and into her eyes for a moment before asking, "For what reason?"

"Well, it could be because she was furious with me. In the two occurrences that she came and visited

Mr. Frey at school, she had seen him buying coffee for me coincidentally. So, she probably hired

someone to follow me and took those pictures and videos sent to the publishers. After reasoning from

everything that has happened before, I think this is the best possible motive of all."

With lips curled into a faint smile and as if speaking from experience, Mark replied knowingly,"

Sometimes, what you think is the most reasonable may not even be any close to the truth."

Although he was somewhat indirect, she knew that they were not on the same page. So, she asked,

"Then, who do you think could be the culprit?"

"The results from the investigations will be out tomorrow," he simply stated before picking up the pen

again.

Rolling her eyes at him, she knew that was a sign that he was not going to continue the discussion any

further.

She lay on the bed, feeling exhausted from a long and rough day. Closing her eyes, she sulkily but softly bid him goodnight.

"Good night, Mr. Valentine."

Her voice was as soft as a down feather. With his deep voice, he bid as he glanced at her willowy figure.

After a long while, it was silent with only their soft sounds of breathing in the room.

With steady breaths and light snores, Summer was deep asleep on the bed.

Putting down his pen, with his slender fingers, Mark pressed on his temples as he lightly massaged them. Following after, he stood up and went to look out the window.

The night was dark with snow falling heavily, and every surface the snow touched was coated with white.

Just like the night sky, his eyes were dark, and they looked like a pair of bottomless black pools.

Later, he took out a cigarette and lit it up. Smoke wafted around him as it drifted upwards and away. H

e looked alluring with his left eye half-squinted from the smoke.

"Raine..."

After holding it in for so long, he finally muttered her name as it faded away into the dark.

His mind felt as if it was shrouded in a dark mist that no one could ever see through and figure out.

The next morning.

Opening her eyes, Summer turned and grabbed her phone on the nightstand to check the time. It was

7:00 am.

The other side of the bed was empty, and it felt cold to the touch. 'He has left for quite a while, I see,'

she thought to herself.

After giving a little stretch, she got up from bed. The pain in her abdomen had subsided, and she felt much better compared to the day before.

Just as she stepped out from the washroom after cleaning up, the door was pushed open, and a man dressed in regular sportswear came into the room.

"Good Morning, Mr. Valentine," she greeted as her eyes crinkled into a smile.