## **President 71**



"You had better believe I will ask my brother-in-law to kick you out of here." Amara would not back

down. She shot Lily a sideways look.

Failing to win the argument, Lily went physical. But Amara would not take it lying down.

The commotion started to attract attention. Sherman nudged Summer's arm as she had noticed it, too.

"Hey, your sister-in-law is making trouble again?"

Summer was getting some shut-eye when she heard Sherman. She opened her eyes and looked over,

just in time to see Amara attacking Lily.

It was impossible to get a moment of peace when Amara was present.

Summer frowned. She walked over and pulled Amara over with one hand. "Knock it off, Amara!"

"Not yet! She scratched my face! I swear will destroy hers!"

"If you dare to make trouble again, I will instruct the security guards to throw you out!" Summer warned

her with a serious face.

Amara yielded, but Lily egged her on. "I dare you to do that. Bring it on!"

The somewhat cooled down atmosphere heated up again. Amara grabbed a glass of wine from the table and splashed it at Lily's face.

Not seeing it coming, the wine hit Lily's face right on.

The gloves were off. In retaliation, Lily grabbed a glass of wine from the table and splashed it back

Amara, and this continued.

at

Amara just got some splatter on her clothes, but Summer bore the brunt of it, with her face, neck, and

chest soaked in red wine. She looked as if she just had a swim in the red wine tank.

Shivering from the cold and aggravated by her dizzy head, she went weak at the knees and tumbled sideways.

Jazz lunged over and gave Summer a helping hand. H e took off his suit jacket and put it on Summer,

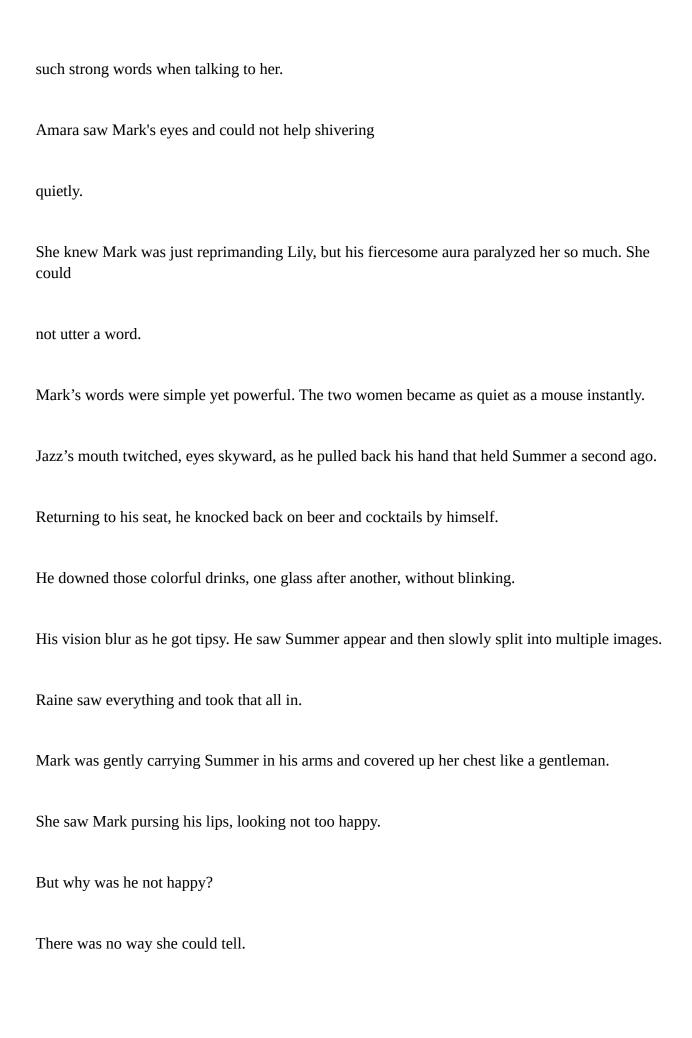
while h e wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

Before they even took a step out, the deep voice of Mark came. "I will take care of her."

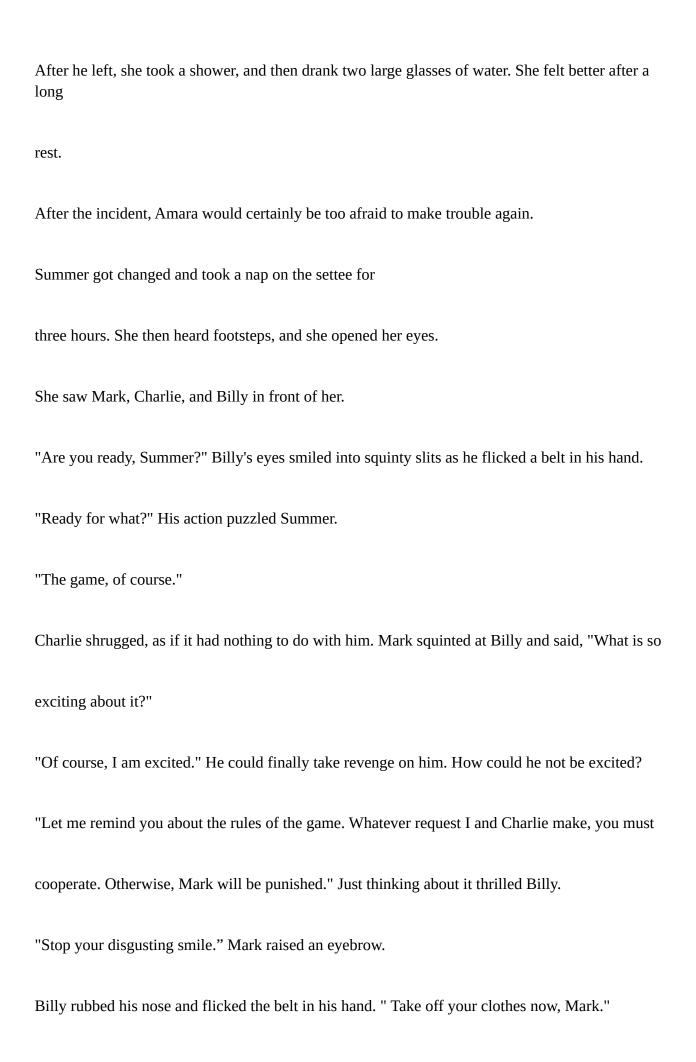
Bending his body slightly, Mark swept Summer up in his arms with both hands. He then squinted a

warning at Lily. "Go back to Norwood if you make trouble again."

Lily's heart skipped a beat. Never once Mark had talked to her like that. This was the first time he used









Red marks gradually appeared on Mark's back. Summer knew that Billy was doing it for real. She bit her lip in hesitation. "The sooner you do it, the earlier we can wrap this up. Otherwise, we can go on the entire night." While speaking, Billy increased the force of the whipping. No way he could abuse Mark like this normally. He did not want to miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. The lashing carried on. Summer's heart thumped and ached when she saw the bruises on Mark's back. 'Here goes nothing!' She gritted her teeth. Playing games such as this was common during wedding day. Instead of shilly-shallying, she thought she might as well end this quickly. Billy stopped and grinned. Summer came up, picked up the candy on his forehead with her mouth and then ate it. When they had eye to eye, her heart pounded. She quickly looked away. She was aware that her cheeks must be red, like dripping blood. Mark bit his lips. Billy saw that and smiled, taking pleasure in it. Meanwhile, Charlie was sipping on the red wine. His mouth turned up in a faint smile as Mark's

expression changed-he really had excellent self-control ability. At last, Mark's face turned sullen. He bounced up from the bed and kicked Billy in the butt, then grabbed his arm with both hands and shoved him out of the room. He then came back and stood in front of Charlie. "Do you want to go out on your own, or let me do the honors?" Charlie smiled; he was smarter. "No thanks. I am a hands-on person." As he spoke, he headed out the door. "Have a sizzling night," he said as he thoughtfully closed the door behind him. Outside the door, Billy was leaning against the wall with a perverted smile of enjoyment on his face. Never mind that he was kicked on his butt. That did not stop his good mood. "Stop smiling like that. It is disgusting," Charlie said. "Why is that? Don't you think I look good with this smile?" Charlie had no words. "Mrs. Mann..." Mark murmured. His hoarse voice made Summer tense up. 1

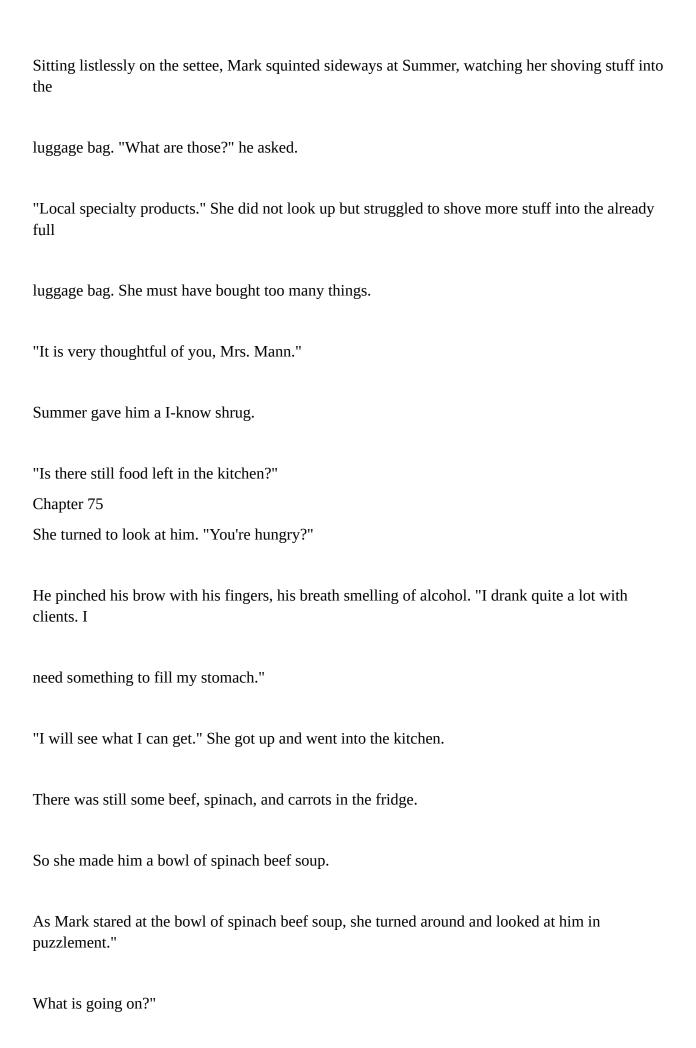
"W-What?" she stammered.

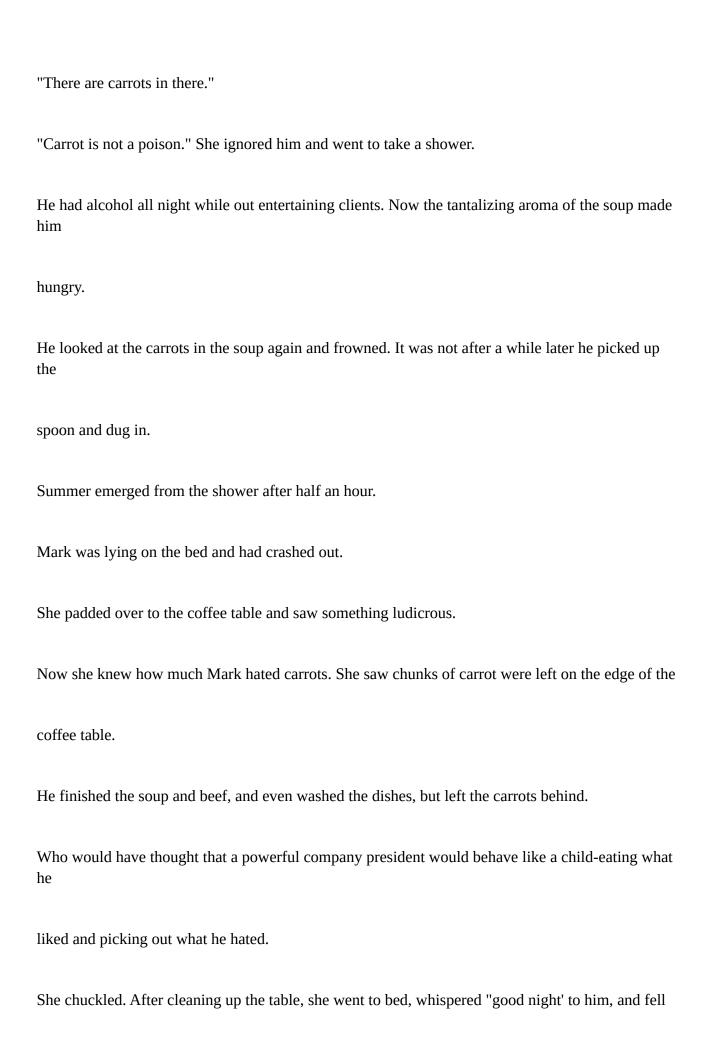
So, this is the difference between men and women.
After the passion cooled down, Summer still did not dare to look at Mark, but kept her head low. Her
heart was still racing. "I'm going to take a shower."
She then walked toward the bathroom, all the while not looking at him.
Mark looked on with his eyes still filled with passion.
"Didn't you just take a shower earlier?" His voice deep and the corners of his mouth turned up in a
dampened smile.
"Umm it was not clean enough the first time. I will take another shower."
He suddenly went up and drew her close to him.
When she woke up, she found herself in the Valentine mansion instead of the hotel suite.
She tried to recall what happened but drew a blank. She had no clue when she returned to the
Valentine mansion.
She looked at the time; it was 8:00 am. Sitting up from the bed, she felt her body sore, as if wheels had
run her over.
Her cheeks slightly blushed with a burning sensation when she recalled what happened last night.  Chapter 74

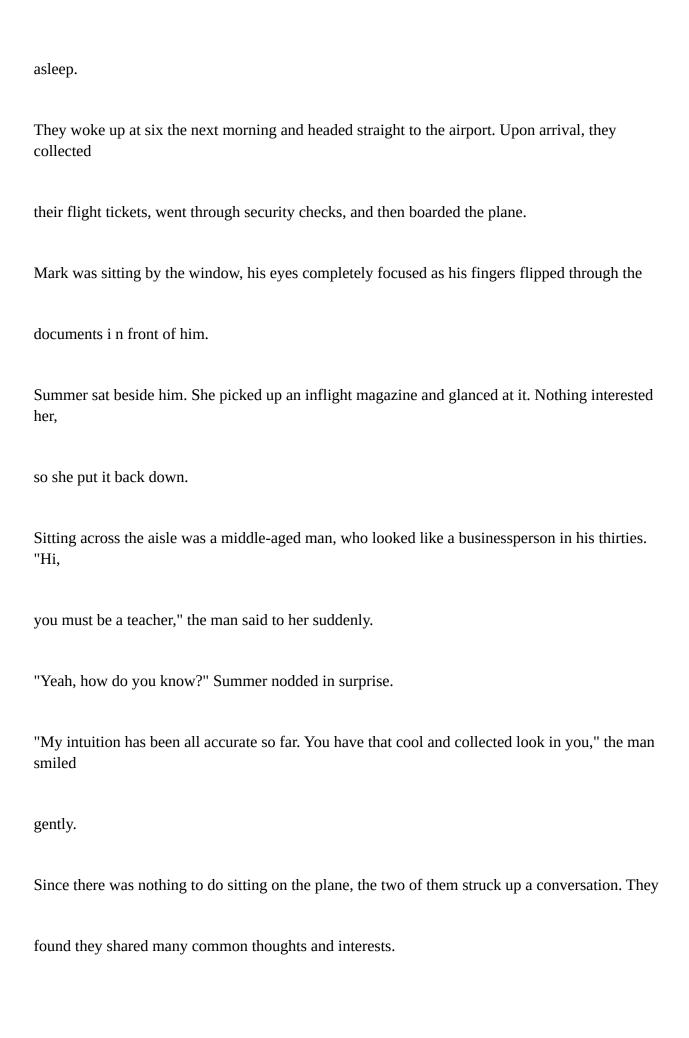
Everyone except Raine was present for breakfast in the Valentine mansion.
Yvette looked up at Mark. "Your grandma called this morning. She asked you to visit her in Norwood."
"Did she say anything else?" He stopped what he was doing. His deep voice had a touch of
gentleness.
"She said that she hadn't seen you for a long time and missed you. But she is busy and can't come. So
she asked you to go to Norwood instead."
"Okay." He gently replied. "I will go with Summer tomorrow."
'Summer?'
As far as Summer could remember, this was the first time Mark called her by her name. It felt
amazingly pleasing to the ears.
Yvette's expression changed slightly, but she hid it well.
"Without Summer here, Mom will feel lonely in this vast mansion." She made a lovely excuse for
Summer.
What else could Summer say when Yvette had already said so?
Summer snapped back and let out a smile. "Mom has



Yvette immediately shot him a look. "You had better stay here and concentrate on your study." Denied the opportunity to go to Norwood, Jazz sulked, looking not too happy. After breakfast, Mark went off to work. With only Yvette at home, it was impossible for Summer to stay i n the house. She meandered around town aimlessly, thinking of buying some gifts for Mark's grandma. She called Mark, asking about his grandma's likes and dislikes. She decided to buy some local specialty. At night, she had just finished doing her mask when the door was pushed open. Mark walked into the room, threw his black coat on the sofa, and then poured himself a glass of red wine. "What time is the flight tomorrow?" Summer asked. "Eight in the morning." "Do we need to pack up?" she asked again. He took a sip of the red wine. "That won't be necessary." She nodded, but still took out a luggage bag. She had bought quite an amount of stuff, which was impossible to carry without a luggage bag.







Since they clicked, the conversation became even more enjoyable. The man's mature and humorous personality helped, too. Summer was chortling with delight the entire time. Mark looked up at this time and saw Summer resting her chin on her hand. She had a bright smile her face. She laughed so much that her sparkling eyes narrowed into slits and her cheeks reddened like a Barbie doll. Mark's expression changed. Summer had not noticed it but continued to listen to the man cracking his funny jokes. She was so entertained that she was shedding happy tears. It was at this time that the man handed over his business card to Summer. Just as Summer was about to reach out to take the card, the deep voice of Mark came to ears. "Get up." Summer looked over at him in puzzlement. "Huh?" "We are swapping our seats." His voice remained deep. "Why do you want to swap seats all of a sudden? I am comfortable with this position. It is convenient." She looked at him.

Mark narrowed his eyes and shot a glance at her. "It is not so convenient for me."

So they swapped positions. With no one to chat with and tiredness setting in, Summer fell asleep. Chapter 76 The middle-aged man was disappointed. He thought he had finally met a girl he liked, and he did want to miss the opportunity. He could no longer chat with her, but that was okay. The most important thing was to exchange contact information with her. But she was asleep, and he could not just wake her up like that. So he felt was like a cat on hot bricks and stole glances at her. Mark slammed the document folder close and sank back in the soft leather seat. He then crossed his legs, and he looked at that man opposite the aisle. "Can I help you?" The middle-aged man was startled, trying to figure out what he meant. Mark frowned with his chin lifted. He raised an eyebrow as he gently tapped the business card on the table. "Don't you want to pass your business card to m y wife. Do you need help?" The middle-aged man had an awkward look on his face for a second before he looked away silently. Two hours later, the plane landed at the airport in Norwood.

Summer was full of energy again after taking a nap.

As she had eye contact with that man again, she smiled at him. But the man just nodded stiffly in acknowledgement before looking away. She shrugged it off without giving it a second thought. Everyone got off the plane in an orderly manner. Mark and Lily were traveling light. Only Summer was carrying a huge luggage bag. Mark turned around and took the luggage from her. H e then fished out his cell phone and made a call. "We are at the exit gate now." A second later, a black car pulled up in front of them. The chauffeur emerged and put the luggage bag in the trunk. "Where is Ms. Moore?" Mark asked. "She has been expecting you, Mr. Valentine," the chauffeur replied respectfully. Summer listened on and felt confused. She poked Mark's shoulder. "Who is Ms. Moore?" "Mark's grandma, of course," Lily said with a smug face. "She is the person who cares about me the most." Just then, Summer recalled what Grace told her about Mark's background last time.

She realized she was about to meet the most influential person in Norwood.

She could not help but swallow nervously. It was impossible not to get nervous.

She looked down at herself. She was wearing a woolen coat, black pants, and on stiletto heels. She still looked presentable.

After the car drove on the road for over half an hour, they finally came into the compound of a large mansion, where the security guards were all dressed in green military outfits.

They saluted at the sight of the car and then let the car pass.

Marks squinted sideways at Summer with a faint smile. "Have you brought all your specialty products?"

She rubbed her hands and swallowed anxiously. "Is it too late for me to throw all that stuff away?"

"Yeah, it is too late," he said casually. "But Ms. Moore loves Santabacan prunes."

Summer's eyes brightened up with delight. She had brought an entire luggage bag of prunes, almost.

Inside the compound were blocks of white bricked villas. As the car slowly ground to a halt, Summer

could not help but look around.

Chapter 77

An old lady was standing at the bronze carved gate. She was nearly seventy, but still full of vigor.

As the car door opened, she strode over, gave Mark an affectionate hug, and patted him on the

shoulder. "It has been a long time, Mark."

A gentle look replaced the deadpan face of Mark." How are you doing all these days, Ms. Moore?" "I am great. I can even carry a rock on my back." The old lady's voice suddenly turned into that of a whining child. "You never come to see me. Did you forget me and not miss me anymore?" "Of course, I miss you. You know what, I have brought your favorite prunes. Do you want it?" Mark embraced the old lady in his arms and coaxed her gently. "Yeah." The old lady snuggled in his arms like a child. Summer looked on with her jaw dropping to the ground. She did not expect to see that the old lady could be so lovely. And Mark's attitude toward this old lady was nothing like how he treated Yvette and Gordon. "Are the prunes still with you, Mrs. Valentine?" Mark looked at Summer. Summer snapped back and quickly patted the luggage bag. "It is all here." The old lady swept her eyes up and down on Summer, studying her for a while. "What is your profession?" "I am a language teacher."

"Ahh, an engineer of the human soul. I like it." The old lady nodded approvingly.

Her words surprised Summer. "Have you met that old man yet?" Summer figured the old lady must be talking about Gordon, and so she nodded. But the old lady surprised her next with an awkward question. "Between me and that old man-who looks younger?" Summer looked at the old lady for a while and then hemmed. "Grandpa looks a tad younger." She was speaking the truth. Gordon's hair was darker, which made him look younger. But overall appearance wise, they were more or less the same age. "He always secretly dyes his hair. In fact, he is three years younger than me. You have got a keen eye, Mrs. Valentine," the old lady said. "My name is Summer Hart. Just call me Summer, Grandma." "It doesn't matter. But you are to call me Ms. Moore, just like Mark does." "Okay, Ms. Moore." It sounded awkward to her, though. As eccentric as the old lady was, she was a very likeable person. "I have to get back to the office in a while. You all may go about your things." The old lady looked down at the time. "But be sure to get home before I come home."

Mark raised an eyebrow and nodded in acknowledgement.

After the old lady left, Summer took out her down jacket from the luggage bag and put it on. She then

looked at Mark, who was napping on the settee. "Do you want to go to Chatforte Tops with me?"

He nodded, got to his feet, and walked ahead of her.

She heeled him with the corners of her mouth turned u p in a smile. Climbing Chatforte Tops on their

honeymoon was not such a bad idea at all. The view at the top was worth the effort.

The heavy snow outside did not seem to deter coming out in droves to the famous Chatforte Tops.

Summer thought she had good stamina. Perhaps because of the pregnancy, she was a little out of

breath after walking for an hour.

Chapter 78

Mark was walking ahead at a steady pace.

He was tall and wearing a black knee-length coat, which looked great on him.

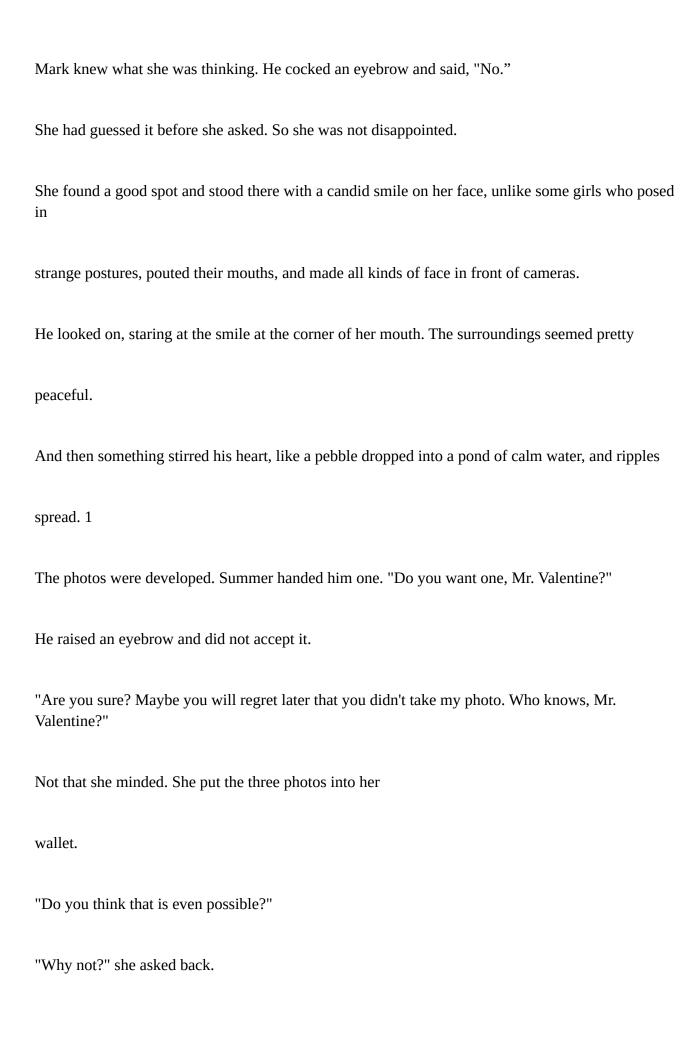
Many female tourists could not take their eyes off this good-looking man. Some even took out their cell

phones and snapped photos of him secretly.

Summer looked at his man and shook her head because his men had now become the center of

attention. Meanwhile, she was out of breath and slowed down.

Before long, she had fallen a distance behind him.
Mark stopped in his tracks and turned around when h e did not hear her footsteps and gasping behind
him.
Summer sat on the stairs and looked elsewhere. The snow on the ground did not bother her at all.
Mark frowned. He walked back and reached to help her up from the ground. "I thought you were the
one wanting to come here? Why aren't you moving?"
"I am tired. I don't want to walk anymore. No one says that we must get to the top. I think the scenery
here is pretty good."
The warmth of his palm and fingers quickly warmed
her hand.
A man with a camera in hands was peddling his service. "Photo service! Photo service! Anyone want to
take photos?"
"How much do you charge?" Summer came up to the man and asked.
"Three photos for ten. Instantly developed."
She looked over at Mark with a smile. "Mr. Valentine?"







later because of what you are doing now?"

Raine gently blew on the coffee, watching the froth floating on the coffee. "Didn't you vehemently

oppose me and Mark to be together back then?"

"That was yesteryears. Now I have seen too much and thought through so many things. Since you and

Mark have no blood relationship, there is no moral issue for you two to be together."

"Don't you think you are telling me this too late? When I told you about this, you strongly opposed it

and threatened to disown me. Have you forgotten all this, Ronald?"

She would never forget what happened.

"Things are different now. I have thought through it and don't mind that now." Ronald sighed.

Raine let out an ironic smile.

"You should not have brought up this topic at all, Ronald. It was you who wanted me to forget Mark.

Now that my heart has finally calmed down, you suddenly decide to drop a boulder and stir things up

again. Am I a puppet that you may control at will?"

It took her three years before her heart could calm down.

But now, he suddenly told her this, and it tugged at her heartstrings once again. What did he want?

"Since your feelings can be stirred so easily, it means that your heart has never truly calmed down. You

are just suppressing it, and one day, it will blow up in your face," he said.

"Whether I have calmed for real, or am just suppressing it, these are all you have wanted. I was just

trying my best to do what you want. But now, you deliberately brought it up. I don't get it, Bonald. What

d o you want?" She let out an ironic smile gain.

Three years ago, Bonald threatened her. Because of her gratitude toward Ronald for raising her, she

reluctantly cut away her relationship with Mark.

She had compromised and told herself that since she had decided, she would stick it out, no matter

how painful it was.

And so, from then on, she would only be Mark's aunt and nothing else.

But just when she had succumbed to fate and calmed down at last, he brought this up. It opened old

wounds and added salt to injury.

Ronald looked at her. "You have always been smart, but why are you so dumb—you lost your mind at

just the mention of Mark this time?"

She clenched her hands into fists on her sides and tried to regulate her breathing. "Just get straight to

the point, Roland. I can't guess what you are trying to tell \_ \_ n me.

She could not deny that Ronald's last sentence had hit her soft spot.

"If this is the case, then I will be frank with you. I won't interfere in your relationship with Mark again, n o

matter what happens. Get it?"

Raine's expression abruptly changed. She looked at him. "Do you know what you are talking about

now, Ronald?"

Chapter 80

"Of course, I know. I raised you and Mark. It is good if you and Mark could be together. I have gone

through a lot in the past three years. I am not so obstinately insistent anymore. You are still young. I

don't want you to live your life with regret and hate me because o f this.

Raine sneered. She did not feel the slightest joy but a hint of hatred.

"It would have been nice had you told me this three years ago. But now it is too late." Mark was

married, and she was engaged. 1

"I have never understood Mark, even as a father. But one thing is for sure; he marries that woman not



He stood up, patted Raine on the shoulder, and said earnestly. "In fact, the biggest dread is for one to

make the same mistake over and over again until one reaches the point of no return. I have said so

much, but the choice is up to you. It is getting late now. Take a good rest."

Ronald had left, but his words fell on her like a boulder slammed into the calm surface of her heart.

Her heart had been stirred. She stood in front of the window, staring at the snow on the ground outside

all night.

She thought about the future, relationships, and more until headache set in.

Back in the villa, the old lady was sitting in the living room, watching TV.

"Where did you two go today?" She asked as Mark and Summer entered in tandem.

"We have gone to Chatforte Tops," Summer said with a smile.

"So how was the trip?" the old lady asked.

Summer took out the photos from her wallet and handed it to the old lady, her eyes narrowing into a

smile. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"You mean the scenery or the person?" the old lady joked as she took the photos in her hand.

"Of course, it is the scenery, Ms. Moore." Summer laughed amusedly.

She was surprised by how natural she was when facing the old lady. There was without the slightest

feeling of strangeness and awkwardness.

The old lady petted the cat lying on her lap and then put on her reading glasses. "I would say you are

more beautiful than the scenery. Isn't it, Mark?"

Mark was sitting on the settee, his eyes landing on the blushed cheeks of Summer. "It is all right."

"Did you mean the scenery or the person?" the old lady asked again.

"Both are all right." His voice deepened.