

## President 71

### Chapter 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 at

Amara, and this continued.

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. He took off his suit jacket and put it on Summer,

while he 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

such strong words when talking to her.

Amara saw Mark's eyes and could not help shivering

quietly.

She knew Mark was just reprimanding Lily, but his fiercesome aura paralyzed her so much. She could

not utter a word.

Mark's words were simple yet powerful. The two women became as quiet as a mouse instantly.

Jazz's mouth twitched, eyes skyward, as he pulled back his hand that held Summer a second ago.

Returning to his seat, he knocked back on beer and cocktails by himself.

He downed those colorful drinks, one glass after another, without blinking.

His vision blur as he got tipsy. He saw Summer appear and then slowly split into multiple images.

Raine saw everything and took that all in.

Mark was gently carrying Summer in his arms and covered up her chest like a gentleman.

She saw Mark pursing his lips, looking not too happy.

But why was he not happy?

There was no way she could tell.

Raine picked up a glass of spirits from the table and knocked back. She choked and tears flowed out of

her eyes because she was not used to drinking.

She got up, put on her sunglasses and scarf, and then spun around and left.

She clenched the handle of her luggage so tightly that her knuckles turned white.

Chapter 72

In the presidential suite.

Mark put Summer on the settee. When he looked at her pink cheeks, anger built up inside him.

"You saw the wine coming your way, right? Why didn't you dodge?"

His voice was deep. When he spoke, there was a familiar and pleasing scent. He really sounded angry.

But Summer somehow felt it pleasant to the ears. She wrinkled her nose and looked up at him with

sparkling eyes. "I am dizzy."

Her voice was as soft as the summer breeze, her expression telling him she felt hurt. She bit her lip,

her face reddening with a tinge of fascinating charm.

Mark swallowed involuntarily, reaching to loosen his tie, which he felt too restricted. "Go take a shower

and then take a good rest. Call me if anything."

"Okay."

After he left, she took a shower, and then drank two large glasses of water. She felt better after a long

rest.

After the incident, Amara would certainly be too afraid to make trouble again.

Summer got changed and took a nap on the settee for

three hours. She then heard footsteps, and she opened her eyes.

She saw Mark, Charlie, and Billy in front of her.

"Are you ready, Summer?" Billy's eyes smiled into squinty slits as he flicked a belt in his hand.

"Ready for what?" His action puzzled Summer.

"The game, of course."

Charlie shrugged, as if it had nothing to do with him. Mark squinted at Billy and said, "What is so exciting about it?"

"Of course, I am excited." He could finally take revenge on him. How could he not be excited?

"Let me remind you about the rules of the game. Whatever request I and Charlie make, you must cooperate. Otherwise, Mark will be punished." Just thinking about it thrilled Billy.

"Stop your disgusting smile." Mark raised an eyebrow.

Billy rubbed his nose and flicked the belt in his hand. "Take off your clothes now, Mark."

Mark shot him a glance and got up. He first took off his suit and shirt, and then his pants. Everything

was done in one fell swoop.

Summer blushed, trying to flee the scene. "I will check out the banquet hall outside."

Billy extended his left leg and stood in her way.

"The banquet is over. There is no one out there.

Besides, the host is lying here now. Why do you want to go out there? Come on, the first game is simple. I called it Mouthing the Treasure."

'Nasty game! Billy is a pervert!'

"Hurry up, Summer." Billy could not wait.

Summer stood still, motionless on the spot.

"You have two more minutes. If you refuse... Don't say I didn't warn you." He let out a wicked smile.

Summer looked at Charlie for help. She thought Charlie was more sensible.

But he just picked up a glass of red wine and reclined on the settee, ready to get entertained.

Summer had no words.

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As soon as two minutes expired, Billy whipped the belt on Mark's back, one lash after another.

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

a point. I will stay."

Pleased with the answer, Yvette patted her on her shoulder. It looked like this was the first time Yvette

was happy with her.

Feeling a little flattered, Summer put up a stiff smile.

Mark raised an eyebrow, and he glanced over at her a few times.

"Mom, do you think grandma really misses me? She made this an excuse to see her granddaughter-in-

law. Since we haven't had our honeymoon, and Summer is still on leave, I am thinking we can have the

best of both worlds by visiting Grandma while having our honeymoon at the same time in Norwood."

Yvette was not too happy, but she could say nothing but nodded her head. "It is up to you."

"I will go to Norwood with you tomorrow, too. I have been thinking of doing so since Grandpa has called," Lily chimed in.

"Very well. At least you guys can look after each other on the road," Yvette said to Lily with an affable

smile.

Jazz, who had been remaining silent all this while, put down his cutlery. "I miss Grandma, too."

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.

Sitting listlessly on the settee, Mark squinted sideways at Summer, watching her shoving stuff into the

luggage bag. "What are those?" he asked.

"Local specialty products." She did not look up but struggled to shove more stuff into the already full

luggage bag. She must have bought too many things.

"It is very thoughtful of you, Mrs. Mann."

Summer gave him a I-know shrug.

"Is there still food left in the kitchen?"

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She turned to look at him. "You're hungry?"

He pinched his brow with his fingers, his breath smelling of alcohol. "I drank quite a lot with clients. I

need something to fill my stomach."

"I will see what I can get." She got up and went into the kitchen.

There was still some beef, spinach, and carrots in the fridge.

So she made him a bowl of spinach beef soup.

As Mark stared at the bowl of spinach beef soup, she turned around and looked at him in puzzlement."

What is going on?"

"There are carrots in there."

"Carrot is not a poison." She ignored him and went to take a shower.

He had alcohol all night while out entertaining clients. Now the tantalizing aroma of the soup made him

hungry.

He looked at the carrots in the soup again and frowned. It was not after a while later he picked up the

spoon and dug in.

Summer emerged from the shower after half an hour.

Mark was lying on the bed and had crashed out.

She padded over to the coffee table and saw something ludicrous.

Now she knew how much Mark hated carrots. She saw chunks of carrot were left on the edge of the coffee table.

He finished the soup and beef, and even washed the dishes, but left the carrots behind.

Who would have thought that a powerful company president would behave like a child-eating what he

liked and picking out what he hated.

She chuckled. After cleaning up the table, she went to bed, whispered "good night" to him, and fell

asleep.

They woke up at six the next morning and headed straight to the airport. Upon arrival, they collected

their flight tickets, went through security checks, and then boarded the plane.

Mark was sitting by the window, his eyes completely focused as his fingers flipped through the documents in front of him.

Summer sat beside him. She picked up an inflight magazine and glanced at it. Nothing interested her,

so she put it back down.

Sitting across the aisle was a middle-aged man, who looked like a businessperson in his thirties. "Hi,

you must be a teacher," the man said to her suddenly.

"Yeah, how do you know?" Summer nodded in surprise.

"My intuition has been all accurate so far. You have that cool and collected look in you," the man smiled

gently.

Since there was nothing to do sitting on the plane, the two of them struck up a conversation. They found they shared many common thoughts and interests.

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 on

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 not

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 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 my 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. He 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 he 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?"

Mark knew what she was thinking. He cocked an eyebrow and said, "No."

She had guessed it before she asked. So she was not disappointed.

She found a good spot and stood there with a candid smile on her face, unlike some girls who posed in

strange postures, pouted their mouths, and made all kinds of face in front of cameras.

He looked on, staring at the smile at the corner of her mouth. The surroundings seemed pretty peaceful.

And then something stirred his heart, like a pebble dropped into a pond of calm water, and ripples spread. 1

The photos were developed. Summer handed him one. "Do you want one, Mr. Valentine?"

He raised an eyebrow and did not accept it.

"Are you sure? Maybe you will regret later that you didn't take my photo. Who knows, Mr. Valentine?"

Not that she minded. She put the three photos into her wallet.

"Do you think that is even possible?"

"Why not?" she asked back.



He gave her a noncommittal shrug and another glance. "Are you going to continue climbing or not?"

"Yeah, why not?"

What he did not know now was that at some point in the future, he would stay up and smoke the entire

night because he did not accept this one photo of hers.

Of course, this is just an afterthought.

Somewhere in Grudin North.

Raine was hauling her suitcase and approaching when the desk clerk, who had been expecting her, came up to take her luggage. "This way to the dormitory. Please follow me, Miss Valentine."

After leaving her suitcase in the dormitory, Raine asked the desk clerk, "Where is Mr. Valentine?"  
"In

his office."

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"Bring me there."

The dormitory was only ten minutes' walk from the office. She knocked on the door and entered upon

hearing a response. "Hey, Ronald."

A man looked up from the document. "I didn't expect you to be here so soon."

"I should have reported in yesterday. I am a day late-i n case you didn't know." Raine sat down on the

settee.

Ronald Valentine, Raine's elder brother, was middle-aged, but still good-looking, as his body was still in

good shape. 1

"Is everything all right at home?" Ronald asked.

"Since you are so curious, why don't you go home to see for yourself?" Rained said.

He sat down opposite Raine and took a sip of coffee. "I am busy as hell with a factory coming up here

in Grudin North. There is just no time."

His hand holding the coffee cup froze for a second, as i f something came to his mind. "Do you know

Mark is married?"

She tightened her grip on her coffee cup but kept a calm face. "I know. Why?"

"Have you completely let go of Mark?" "Come on, I am engaged, and he is married. It doesn't make much sense to talk about this now."

"It is not about making sense or not. I am asking you if you are sure about yourself. Will you regret it

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

do you want?" She let out an ironic smile again.

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?"

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"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

because he loves her. It is not set in stone, and it is never too late. You know better than anyone else if

he still has feelings for you."

"Things are not that simple. There is still your wife there I should think about."

She would never forget how Yvette lay in front of her, blood oozing out as Yvette cut herself with a blade.

"You could not handle her paranoid and blunt behavior, but not Mark. Otherwise, she wouldn't have threatened you not to tell Mark what she said and did."

Raine listened with emotion; she knew that what

Ronald said was right. 1 "You are as rational as you are emotional, but don't get too hard on yourself.

You should rely on a man emotionally and trust him. Had you trusted Mark and let him handle things at

the beginning, things would not have ended up this way," Ronald said.

She said nothing.

"Yes, I was insistent and Yvette was adamant to stop you. But you did not have a solution, too, and you

chose to compromise. So it was not only my fault but also yours that caused this situation."

While speaking, Ronald looked down at the time; it was 10:00 pm.

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.