

Love Drug (Summer and Fraser)

Chapter 41 The Final Break

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Trevor could clearly sense that Summer's words about breaking up were genuine.

For the first time, Trevor felt a pang of panic, an unfamiliar pain in his chest.

He wanted to step forward and grab her hand to feel her presence.

But this time, Summer was careful. When Trevor took a step forward, she immediately took a step back.

Trevor lowered his gaze, his tongue pressed against his back teeth.

"Summer, I was wrong earlier. I shouldn't have gotten engaged to Peyton and let everyone laugh at you. For the wedding, I've invited the most famous designer from Belvare. I'll make you the most beautiful bride in the world, okay?"

Summer still stood by her decision.

"Trevor, there's no future for us. I've said it before, we are not getting married. If you try anything with me again, I'll call the police."

Trevor's eyebrows furrowed deeply. "What do you want me to do to make you forgive me?"

Summer was like hearing some kind of joke and just felt like she wasn't on the same channel as him.

"Forgive you? The last time Peyton jumped into the water, you left me for her. That was the last chance."

Trevor's voice was deep. "I told you, she's just a responsibility."

"Responsibility?" Summer sneered. "Your responsibilities seem to be weighing heavily on you."

At that moment, his phone rang.

Trevor glanced at it and immediately rejected the call.

Summer saw that it was Peyton calling.

The timing of this call was impeccable.

The phone continued to ring insistently, the sound piercing through the hallway.

Summer's lips curled into a mocking smile.

"Answer it. Maybe Peyton's heart is acting up again, and you'll blame me for stopping you from going to her. I won't take the blame for hurting your 'Sweetheart.'"

Trevor had blamed me before.

The ringing continued relentlessly, as if it wouldn't stop until someone answered.

Trevor's grip on the phone tightened, the veins on his arm bulging.

At the last moment before the call ended, he finally answered.

Peyton's soft, melodious voice came through the phone.

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"Trevor, I'm not feeling well tonight. Can you come and see me?"

Trevor looked at Summer.

"Peyton, if you don't feel well, call Josh. I'm busy right now."

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Peyton's voice trembled. "Trevor, my heart pains so much, I can't breathe. I don't want Josh. I only want

you.

Josh's voice could be heard in the background. "Peyton! Peyton! Are you okay? She's fainted! Trevor, Peyton's breathing is weak. You need to come now!"

Trevor's jaw clenched, his expression grim.

In the next second, he rushed towards the elevator.

Seeing that the elevator would take too long, he ran down the stairs instead.

Summer watched his retreating figure and felt nothing but numbness.

This time, the feeling of sadness isn't too much.

Of course not. The heart had been broken so many times before. No, it had been

cut by a knife so many times. If it still hurts, I might as well be dead.

Summer picked up the keys from the floor, opened the door, and went inside.

She went to the bathroom and filled the bathtub with water.

The tension while facing Trevor slowly began to ease as she soaked in the warm water.

After bathing, Summer put on a pink silk nightgown with a deep V-neck and a hem that barely reached her thighs, revealing her long, slender legs.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Summer's nerves tensed. Could it be Trevor? No, it couldn't be. Based on past experience, Peyton's illness would keep him busy all night.

She put on a long gray coat, covering herself completely before walking to the door.

Looking through the peephole, she saw that it truly wasn't Trevor; it was Fraser!

Why did he come so suddenly? Was something wrong?

Fraser had gone to a business dinner earlier and had a few drinks.

After dinner, his driver picked him up and asked where he was going.

Without thinking, Fraser blurted out, "Brookhaven Estates."

When the driver dropped him off, he realized that he had arrived in Summer's neighborhood.

It was too late to visit her, so he didn't want to go upstairs.

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He just wanted to stay quietly near her building, under the starry sky, and feel an unprecedented sense of contentment.

Just then, a luxury car drove past his car.

In such an ordinary residential community, the presence of such a rare, limited edition luxury car seemed out of place and jarring.

Fraser casually glanced at the luxury car.

It was Trevor. What was he doing here? What had happened between Summer and Trevor?

A wave of intense irritation surged in Fraser's chest.

Without thinking, he got out of the car, found the security guard, and asked for Summer's building number.