

President 201

Chapter 201

No matter how unhappy and resentful Summer was toward Raine, she kept it polite when talking to her." Thank you, Aunt. But I don't need it."

Likewise, Raine was resentful of Summer, but her expression remained the same, except for the slightly more serious tone of voice when she spoke.

"Well then, you had better remember to keep a distance from those men around you."

Summer was pissed by what Rained said, but she fought back her anger. "I know. I will keep that in mind."

Raine furrowed her brows upon hearing Summer's reply. "Since you know, why did you still do that?"

She looked at Raine puzzledly. "Can you please be more specific about what I have done?"

"The newspaper headlines have caused a squabble in the Valentine mansion. Shouldn't you keep your

distance and control your own behavior?" Raine's voice slightly deepened as she was displeased with

Summer's behavior.

Because of the headline news in the newspaper, the relationship between Yvette and Jazz had gone

sour, and there had been a rift between Yvette and Mark,

too. A gloomy atmosphere was engulfing the Valentine mansion.

Should Summer feel guilty and keep her distance from that man?

It was already so late, but she still asked the man to send her home and came outside the apartment.
If

they were photographed by the media again, there would be another round of hoo-ha.

The incident had damaged the image of Mark and of the Valentine family in Santabaca.

"I am really curious to know where Aunt stands when you tell me this." Summer looked at Raine with a

faint smile, her words reeking of cynicism as she pointed out Raine's hypocrisy.

Raine's expression changed slightly, her body stiffening upon hearing that. She knew Summer was insinuating.

"Besides, even if I sleep with other men, my husband won't bat an eyelid. So why bother, Aunt?"

Summer looked indifferent.

Mark's face sank. He looked at Summer with piercing eyes, his contracted pupils searching for something inside her.

His expression was so grim, as if he wanted to eat her alive. Waves of anger started to swallow him.

'How dare she say that!'

Summer was not intimidated. She looked him in the eyes, unflinching.

Her eyes were cold, clear like spring water that flowed in a stream.

But it was precisely because of this clarity and coldness that Mark got even angrier. A burning flame of

anger almost consumed him.

Meanwhile, Baine did not expect that Summer would be so unchaste. Her impression of Summer all

this while was cold, sensible, and eloquent as a teacher.

But she did not expect that Summer had such a licentious side.

It was as if Summer had many faces-those that she could and could not imagine. She seemed like a complex of contradictions.

The thought of Mark being attracted by Summer terrified Baine.

Slowly, Baine clenched her hands, her long and sharp nails sinking into the soft skin of her palms. She

could feel the pain.

The confrontation between the two flustered her, and the fluster came from within her.

The faces and expressions of the two of them deepened, as if a bottomless whirlpool. She could not

see clearly nor understand anything.

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She felt the two were in their own world where she could not get in.

Mark's well-knotted hands gripped Summer's wrist tightly as he took her into the apartment. His face

was grave all this while.

Not that Summer wanted to catch up with him, he just walked too fast. She reminded Mark. "But Aunt is

still there."

"Mark." Baine called out at him from behind.

The corners of Summer's mouth turned up in a smile as she expected him to let go of her.

But he did not. Instead, he clenched her wrists harder. "I will stay here tonight. You go back and tell her."

He said nothing further and brought her into the apartment.

Baine stood alone outside in the cold-the type of cold that she had never experienced before.

He walked away with Summer and abandoned her by the roadside.

Perhaps it was not the weather but Mark's action and words that caused the chills.

But she believed Mark had never fallen in love with

Summer. Absolutely not. She was confident of this.

Her black skirt fluttered in the wind as another gust of chilly wind whizzed past, blinding her eyes.

Summer opened the door, entered, and reached for the light switch. The light turned on instantly to illuminate the house.

She put her bag on the settee, walked to the coffee table for a glass of water, and then spoke to him with a faint expression. "Are you sure you don't want to send her back?"

Raine was Mark's aunt and his lover, too. Would he really have the heart to leave her on the street alone?

An anger rose within him again. He was afraid that he would really strangle her alive. "Where have you

been with him tonight?"

Summer took a sip of water and remained silent.

"Tell me!" He took off the tie from his neck irritably and threw it on the settee behind her. He was irritable, like a bear with a sore head.

"That is my freedom." Did she have to report her every movement to him?

"I have every right to know your where you have been!" Mark's eyes narrowed, his deep voice sounding as cold as frost, and he looked down at her with an intimidating expression.

She put the glass down and looked up at him.

"Dean took me to give tuition to his friend's child and sent me home after that. That is where I have been. May I know, do I have the right to know where you have been, too?"

His handsome face stiffened for a moment, and a dim light flashed in his eyes. In a magical way, his irritability suddenly vanished, and he became softer." You may."

This time, it was Summer who was stunned. She thought she had hallucinations, but she knew she heard it clearly.

Finding pleasure in her stupefaction, Mark sat down on the settee and picked up her glass of water and took a sip.

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Summer came out of her thought after a while and went into the kitchen to make a simple corn chowder. She then sat at the dining table and started eating, once again ignoring him completely.

Mark found the water hard to swallow when he saw she was giving him the cold shoulder again.

Gloominess shrouded his good mood, his deep squinted eyes staring at her from behind. "Let's talk, Mrs. Valentine."

After taking a sip of the corn chowder, her hands and feet warmed up. She looked up at him and spelled out her words. "What does Mr. Valentine want to talk to me about? Is it about the tripartite

relationship between the three of us? Since you refuse to divorce, then your intention must be to maintain the status quo. And the so-called status quo means that our marriage is just a transaction.

"When you have the right to interfere with my affairs, but I can't with yours, what is the point of talking?"

Mark narrowed his eyes, thinking she was not ordinarily smart. She always hit the nail on the head.

"Unless you have made a thorough decision to divorce me, or decide to be with her, then there will be a

need for a good talk between us. And when you want to talk

to me, have you decided what to talk about? Don't tell me you are on impulse just because you can't bear to see my face and attitude."

Mark was not a person who would usually talk about himself, but she could vaguely guess what was on

his mind, judging from what he said for the past few days.

He was a well-known figure in Santabaca, and everyone was trying to butter him up.

It must be that he could not stand it when she gave him the cold shoulder for the past several days.

He frowned and looked her in the eyes. He could see his own reflection in her black, lustrous pupils.

By now, Summer had finished the corn chowder. She got up but left the bowl and spoon on the table

while she went to brush her teeth in the bathroom.

When she came out after a while, she glanced at him. " Wash the dishes and help yourself to it if you

want to a bowl of corn chowder. I am tired, and I need to sleep."

If this marriage did not end and she kept being callous toward him, it would only destroy her mood.

Should she wait and see and let things take its natural course?

She had a baby in her womb, and the doctor said that she should keep a good mood. It was for the sake of not only her but also the baby.

As her voice trailed off, she went into the bedroom and retired to bed.

Mark watched her disappear. What she said just now made him feel better.

He walked into the kitchen, washed the bowl she had just used, and helped himself to the corn chowder.

The thing was light and sour, but it tasted refreshing. He seemed to have gotten used to her cooking style.

The heater in the guest room had still not improved. The room was still cold. He glanced across the living room, and his eyes landed on the door of the room before he walked toward it, keeping his steps

light so that he would not wake her up.

Summer had fallen asleep. Since she became pregnant, she was especially lethargic. She went to bed

early at night and felt as if she still did not get enough sleep when she got up in the morning.

Mark quietly came to the bedside and stood there, staring at her. His lips slightly raised.

Her palm-sized cheeks, fair pink skin made her look like a quiet and well-behaved girl. But she was also stubborn and eloquent.

When she got angry, she looked icy cold and would not look at him for days, let alone talking. He hated

this, but there was nothing he could do.

He gingerly swiped his warm, well-knotted hand across her cheek.

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After that, he picked up the quilt and blanket from one side. Instead of returning to the living room, he

spread the blanket on the floor and lay down beside the bed.

The room was small and just for two people. Even though the heater did not work properly, it was still

much better than sleeping in the living room.

There was only the faint breathing sound of the two of them in the room.

Summer woke up in the middle of the night to answer nature's call. Pregnancy made her not only

lethargic but also prone to frequent urination.

Sitting up in bed, she could barely make out a person lying on the floor under the faint moonlight. She

frowned, turned on the table lamp, and she finally saw it clearly.

The man was sleeping on the floor with his handsome face resting on his arm. He was casual, lazy, and looked entirely different under the moonlight.

Perhaps, outside the apartment, after he ignored Paine, grabbed her by the wrist, and took her away;

or perhaps, when she asked him if he had the right to know his freedom, and he agreed to it, her heart

had softened slightly.

A woman in love seems to be like this; even if the other party only provides a little warmth, she will seize it and ingrain it in her heart.

She had told the landlady in the afternoon about the heating issue, but things had not improved at all.

It was not obvious when lying in the quilt, but once she stepped out, the chill bit her skin.

Quietly, Summer took out a quilt from the cabinet on the side and put it on him. Only then she went into

the bathroom.

After returning, she could not fall back asleep. Her eyes occasionally glanced at the body on the floor

with concerns. She tossed and turned, finding it difficult to fall asleep.

She said nothing in the end. It was not after a long time later did she finally fall asleep again.

The next morning, Mark woke up first. When his deep and slightly sleepy eyes saw the quilt on his body, his thin lips curled upwards and he was in a good mood again.

Mrs. Valentine's attitude toward him seemed to be easing up.

He lowered his head and glanced at the time. It was six-something. He lifted the quilt and got up, then

glanced at her and left the room.

He walked out of the dark alley outside the apartment. There were breakfast stalls selling everything lining

the street.

Standing in front of a stall, Mark's eyes darted on the various breakfasts, wondering what her

preference was. At last, he made up his mind. "Some of everything, please," he said to the stall owner.

The stall owner nodded happily, swiftly filled a portion of each item, tied the bag, and handed it over.

He took the bag in his hand and held out a \$100 bill to him, then turned around and left without waiting

for the change.

As soon as the landlady opened the door, she saw a charming, tall man walking towards her. She broke into a smile and greeted him. "Good morning, Mr.

Valentine."

"Good morning." He nodded apathetically and politely, and then he walked past her and opened the door.

Watching him disappearing from her sight, the landlady gulped. She had never encountered a man as

superb as this one.

She was in her forties and had long passed the age where she would easily fall for a man. But she was

still fascinated by him, completely losing her selfcontrol.

All beautiful things are pleasing to the eye. It only takes a glance to make one feel charged up.

In the eyes of the landlady, Mark must a thoughtful and charming man. She came to the conclusion because of the takeaway breakfast he was holding in his hands.

Chapter 205

But at the same time, the landlady could not quite understand something. Judging by Mark's attire,

graceful and dignified way of speaking, deeds, and every move, and his car that was worth millions, he

was a rich man. But why did he stay in such a place?

The landlady shook her head, stretched as she walked toward the nearby square for her morning exercises.

Summer was still asleep when Mark returned. He did not wake her up, but sat at the dining table and

pecked at the breakfast.

After that, he put the rest of the breakfast in a heatinsulation container, checked the time, picked up his

black coat and left. He had to attend an international conference at 7:30 am, and it was 7:00 am now.

It was 7:10 am when Summer woke up. The first thing she did by instinct was to glance down at the floor.

The quilt on the floor had been folded up and placed aside neatly, and there was no sound coming from

the living room. Obviously, he had already left.

She got out of bed and freshened up. Because she woke up late, she had little time for breakfast. So she planned to heat a glass of milk.

When she came into the kitchen, she was puzzled

when she saw a heat-insulation container on the stove. She walked over and opened it up, only to see

that there was orange juice and hot chocolate inside.

On the side were a baguette, croissant, pancake, and even two hard-boiled eggs.

She did not have to guess who bought these things. But she was a little surprised because he did this.

She arrived on time at the school, but just barely.

When she came to the classroom, she found that Jazz's place was still vacant. She asked the substitute teacher who went to the self-study session last night and was told that the seat had always been vacant.

That meant Jazz did not come to school all day.

She frowned, walked out of the office, and called Maria in the Valentine mansion. "Maria, did Jazz return home?"

"No, he didn't come home all night."

At this time, her eyebrows were knitted tightly together. She dialled Jazz's number, but he did not answer.

He did not return home nor come to school. So where did he go?

After a while, she dialled his number again. This time, she was finally connected, and her face brightened up.

When she heard noises and the PA broadcast in the background, her heart skipped a beat and she could not help clenching the phone with both hands. "Jazz, where are you now?"

The PA broadcast in the background was apparently at the airport. But what was he doing at the airport?

"Airport." Jazz replied honestly.

Hearing that, Summer's breathing became quicker. Still with the phone to her ear, she hurried out of the

school. "Don't go anywhere, Jazz. I will be there soon."

After flying out of the school, she waved down a taxi and jumped in, panting. "Airport, please."

The taxi was going at a not-so-slow speed, but for the anxious Summer, it was still too slow.

Sitting in the front passenger seat, she kept urging the driver to speed up.

The driver was patient and said nothing, trying his best to accommodate his passenger's request.

Even so, it was two hours later when Summer arrived at the airport. She was sweating on her back even though it was in the mid-winter.

Chapter 206

Standing in the crowded airport, Summer's eyes searched for Jazz. She took out her cell phone and called him again. "Where are you, Jazz?"

"The bakery on the side."

Hearing this, Summer's tensed body and heart eased up instantly. She panted, patting herself on the chest in relief, knowing that Jazz had not left yet.

She carefully looked at the surrounding shops, searching one by one, until she saw a bakery.

When she walked in, Jazz was sitting on the corner table by the door, fiddling with his cell phone. He

looked up and broke into a bright smile that was unique to a teenager.

"Why didn't you go to school? What are you doing at the airport?" Summer gave him an earful.

Saying nothing but still with the corner of his mouth turning up, he rose to his feet and stood in front of

her, then put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her carefully. "Let me take a look at you."

"What are you looking at?" She asked in puzzlement.

"Look what you look like when you are worried about me." Jazz said, his serious eyes focusing on hers.

Her white cheeks were the same as usual. Perhaps because of anxiety, they appeared slightly pink.

There were some tiny beads of sweat on the tip of her nose, and her eyes looked anxious and angry.

She should stop this, as she roughly knew what was on his mind. "Jazz--"

But before her voice trailed off, Jazz pressed on her shoulders with both hands to sit her down opposite

him, then said, "Let me speak first."

He then went to the counter and returned with a cake box in his hand.

Sitting down opposite her, Jazz opened the cake box accompanied by music.

Summer looked at the cake in front of her with surprise.

It was not a cream but a fruit cake. There was a tiny tree on the cake, and the image of her wearing white short sleeves standing under the tree. Her face was vivid, with a bright smile on the corners of her mouth.

After a long while, she slowly snapped back and looked at Jazz in bafflement. "Jazz, this is..."

"A birthday cake. Your birthday is on February 8. I will be in Athana by then and can't celebrate with

you. The only thing I can do is to celebrate it with you in advance." A smile was on his handsome face.

"Does it look like you?"

Summer's attention was not on the cake, but on what he

said. She looked serious. "You are going to Athana?"

Hearing that, Jazz put his hand to his forehead helplessly. "You are a teacher, no doubt about it, considering how different your focus of attention is."

"Why are you going to Athana?" Summer stared at him, noticing the redness and swelling on his face

had almost gone.

"Because I feel like going," he replied evasively.

"Why do you feel like going?" Summer continued to ask. "Is it because of what happened yesterday?"

He cut out two pieces of cake, one for each of them, and shook his head. "No."

Summer did not like Yvette at all. But to keep Jazz, she did not mind putting in a good word for Yvette.

"She was fit to be tied and just said something in anger. She didn't mean it. You are her son, whom she

raised since you were small. Why would she not let you return home?"

Jazz said nothing. He took a bite of the cake and exclaimed, "This is really good!"

"Are you listening to me?" Summer became a little annoyed, reaching to snatch the fork from his hand.

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Jazz looked up at her. He had that youthful look, but more of seriousness and solemnity on his face.

"I am already an adult, and I know what I am doing. I am not on an impulse."

"Then why did you suddenly decide to go to Athana? You haven't finished your high school. What kind

of decision have you made? Do you think you are rational enough?

"What happened yesterday accounts for only a quarter of the reason I want to go to Athana. The other

reason is my future career. Of course, one of the most important reasons is you."

Summer was startled. But she said nothing.

He then continued with his firm and unshakable tone of voice. "I like you, but in name you are my sister-in-law. If I continue to look at you like this, I will only sink deeper and deeper in the hole, and eventually become unable to extricate myself. I need something else to divert my attention. I have never been so rational. So don't stop me because I will not change my mind, no matter who it is."

Although he was still a teenager, the staidness and determination on his face were beyond doubt.

Summer could not find a reason to stop him, knowing his determination.

"My thinking is mature and I am planning for my future." He did not look like a high school student at all

at this moment.

How could she stop him when he finally made this rare decision and had such determination?

"When was the decision made?"

"Last night. I thought over it all night." Seeing her softening stance, a smile returned to his face. He pushed the cake over. "Try it. It tastes fruity. I specially ordered from them."

He gave the only photo of her to the bakery so that they could make a cake with her image on it.

This cake was really one of a kind in this entire world, as it belonged to her only. It was also the birthday present he wanted to give her.

But Summer was more curious about another thing." Where did you stay last night?"

"By the lake of the school. The night view there is incredible. Just that it was a bit cold. But then, it made me think clearer."

Summer said nothing upon hearing that. She lowered her head and ate the cake in her hands. The cake was made of the freshest fruits without cream, so it tasted light.

"Have you told them?" She was referring to those people in the Valentine mansion.

"Not yet. I will only tell them after I leave. Otherwise, I won't be able to leave." Jazz had a plan in mind

long before this.

Summer did not ask him to stay. Instead, she earnestly exhorted him to be careful, be safe, call her anytime if he did not feel well and that kind of stuff.

Jazz smiled, responding to her exhortation one by one, and then nodded, like a well-behaved, obedient

teenager.

When the announcement came for the boarding, Jazz spread out his arms with a bright smile on his face. " Come on, give me a hug before I go."

Standing up, Summer and he embraced. He took a deep breath, smelling the faint fragrance from her

body with a reluctant look in his eyes.

He closed his eyes slightly. When he opened them up again, they had returned to normal. He stared at

her intently for a few moments before he turned around and left.

He did not look back as he went, just waving his right hand back at her as goodbye.

Chapter 208

Summer stood on the spot until Jazz went out of sight. Blinking her welled up eyes, she left the airport t

o return to the school.

She had always not been a sentimental person, but at the moment, she was. She just could not bear to

see Jazz go.

The afternoon class ended quickly. But during the class, she could not help glancing at the seat in the

last row by the window.

It was as if she could still see the charming boy lying his head lazily on the table and dozing off, and

when the sun shone in through the window, it coated him with a faint glow.

That was not all; she seemed to have heard that boy humming with his naughty voice, 'Beserve my

love for you with golden quill, and precious phrase by all the muses filed.'

He left to fly higher. So how could she break his wings?

Some girls in the class had not given up asking his whereabouts. So Summer told them the truth, that

he had applied to leave the school and gone to Athana.

They all had a disappointed look on their faces,

surprised by his sudden dropping out of school.

After getting off work, she went to the tuition class again to help the boy do revision.

The pay was good. She could earn up to \$2,000 per month for an hour tuition each day.

Her salary as a teacher was over \$3,000 a month, so it added up to over \$5,000. After deducting her

monthly expenses, she was still left with \$2,500.

She set a goal for herself to pay back \$30,000 to Sherman in a year, and she believed she would

eventually pay it off.

It was French class today. The boy's French proficiency was apparently not up to snuff. He made many

grammatical mistakes and could not remember the vocabulary, i

So, it took some time. It was 9:00pm, nearly two hours later when the tuition was over.

The boy's parents were still hospitable and invited her to stay for dinner. She politely declined. They

offered to drive her home, and she also declined. She said there were still buses at this time.

It was the last bus for the day. So it was not as crowded and noisy as during the day. There were only

five passengers, including her, onboard.

It was ten something when the bus stopped in front of a bus stop sign. She got down and shivered as

she walked against the chilly night wind.

The weather at 10:00 pm in the winter was not comparable to that in summer. There were no

pedestrians on the streets except for vehicles.

She crossed the street and came into the dark, long alley she had to pass through to get to the

apartment every day.

Although she had told the landlady, yet the street lights here had not been fixed. The alley was long,

narrow, and dark.

As she walked into the pitch-dark and quiet alley, she literally whistled in the dark.

Just then, a series of footsteps came from behind her. She could hear it clearly and knew that it was definitely not a hallucination.

She picked up her pace and took bigger steps while secretly glancing back with the corner of her eye.

She did not want them to know that she was alert.

"She is alone. Hurry up and stop her." The rude voice of a man came from behind.

Summer's heart pounded violently. Gritting her teeth, she ran as quick as she could, and the only sound she could hear right now was the air whistling past her.

But this group of people had come prepared. As soon as that man's voice trailed off, a few more roguish men appeared in front of her.

She halted in her tracks, gritting her teeth as she was forced to backtrack. Her cold hands were sweating profusely.

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Four men backed her into a corner, all of them with cigarettes hanging from their mouths. She knew they were anything but good men.

"Where do you go in such a hurry, lady? Come with us, would you?"

The man blew out a lungful of smoke and revealed his yellow teeth. He squinted and took out a reflective knife to threaten her.

Her body was tightly pressed against the wall, but she did not panic. She looked shocked but still collected. With her hand in her pocket, she felt with her fingers and typed something on her phone while she said to those men, "What do you all want?"

"What do you think we want?"

"If you are after money, I can tell you clearly that I have \$500 in my bag and an ATM card that has only

\$ 2,000 in the bank account. I will tell you the password and will not call the police nor go after you all.

The money is enough for you all to enjoy an expensive meal and a night stay in a hotel."

She was composed, articulate, and methodical.

The four men exchanged glances with each other. They had never met such a woman before-she was

beautiful.

The man who shouted earlier let out a smile as he threw his cigarette butt to the ground.

"What fun is there going to the hotel without you?"

Why don't you come with us to have some fun? We want the money and you."

While speaking, he leered at her up and down.

He then ignored Summer. The man in the lead gave a lewd smile and put his arm around Summer's waist.

His desperate mates started to tear off her clothes. First off was her down jacket.

She struggled to fight back, but to no avail. Four men against a woman was no comparison. One man

reached to grope her pants. He was crazy and barbaric.

Fear spread like vines up her spine. She reached out to protect her most important parts of her body while kicking with her legs.

Those men finally were agitated. They lifted her leg and put her against the wall. A man sat on her lap

with his big dirty hand reaching into her bottom shirt.

"I knew that this woman has a hot body."

Summer's face turned pale in an instant. She fought back helplessly, her body trembling in the cold.

Fear was filling her at this moment.

Those men were becoming more brazen. Summer was desperate. She leaned forward and sank her teeth into the wrist of one of them and refused to let go—not even when she tasted blood.

That man wailed in pain and slapped her in the face. He used so much force that Summer's cheek turned to one side. She felt her cheek numb, and she was dizzy.

Just when those men were charged up, the sound of footsteps approached. They all turned to look in the sound's direction.

A strong and tall man came up, his face darkening and grim when he saw the scene in front of his eyes. This man was Mark.

Those men exchanged glances with each other.

Mark's intimidating look frightened them, but they did not take him seriously. There was no way the four

of them could not even beat a single man, they thought.

Chapter 210

"Hey, rascal! Are you trying to be a hero? I advise you to run as far as you can. Not everyone can be a

hero. Am I right, mates?" one man said.

The rest sneered. "If you want to be a hero, you have got to pay a price. Don't overreach yourself."

"You have one last chance. Get out of the way, otherwise, we can't guarantee what the consequences will be."

But Mark ignored their bluster, strode over with his long legs, and gave the nearest man a good kicking.

That man did not see it coming and was kicked face down to the ground, his head hitting the wall so hard that he wailed in pain.

The other men did not sit idly when they saw their mate beaten. They let go of Summer, got up from the

ground, and lunged at Mark while cursing something in their mouths.

"You must have a death wish!"

"Let's beat the living daylights out of him, mates!"

Mark glanced at them coldly without saying a word, his eyes deep and his face grave.

A melee started. In the silence of the night, there was

only the sound of fighting and men wailing and cursing.

Summer's hair had turned messy, her clothes tattered. Trembling in the cold and gritting her teeth, she

took her cell phone out of her pocket with her shivering hand and pressed the emergency number, but

said nothing.

The situation was dire. If the gangsters knew she called the police, it would anger them and they could

become even more violent.

Mark had no expression on his face, only the flickering flames in his eyes, revealing his rage.

Both his hands and legs were quick, accurate, and brutal. Each strike was aimed at the most vulnerable part of the body. Mark took no prisoners.

The four men were not his match. They were beaten black and blue, their noses bleeding, faces swollen, holding their painful areas, wailing and groaning.

Enraged, they took out shiny knives from their pockets.

They moved randomly, waving the knives in their hands.

Mark was surrounded, fighting a two-front war, so to speak. Just then, the sharp tip of a knife slashed

across his arm. Blood oozed out instantly, and his movements became slower.

Summer had her heart in her mouth, her heart skipping a beat as she looked at him worriedly.

After a few moments, she took out the phone again and played the sound clip of police sirens, and threw the phone out and away. She then picked up the wooden stick from her side and hit 'one man with her quivering hands.

Hearing police sirens, those men panicked. They quickly exchanged glances, winking at each other as

a signal to leave.

The moment they turned around, Mark lunged forward and hurt their vital parts. They collapsed to the

ground and could no longer get up.

A moment later, sirens blared through the air with strobe light flashing blindingly in the night as a group

of policemen stormed into the alley.

One police officer came up to greet Mark.

Mark gave a nod of acknowledgement and then ignored them. He turned around, took off his black coat, and put it on Summer to cover her body. He then drew her in his arms and said in his deep voice.

"Are you hurt?"