

President 381

Chapter 381

"Dean, it is your birthday, not mine. So I am fine with anything," Summer said.

"Then we will go for Estainian cuisine." Dean decided. He had dined in foreign cuisine restaurants with

her several times, but he was not a big fan of them.

They entered a private box, inside which was fully seated except for three empty seats.

Those men in there were all Dean's colleagues from the same police department. When they saw

Summer walk in, they all whistled and teased Dean.

"We have beautiful Mrs. Singleton here!"

"Absolutely. No wonder Captain has been refusing to bring her out. He is afraid that we might steal her

from him."

"Oh, isn't this the little princess in the photo on our captain's desk?"

"Sure, she is.-Hey, Little Princess. How are you?"

Charlotte was not afraid of strangers. She stood there, smiled, and spoke with her tender voice.

"Hello

everyone, my name is Charlotte Hart. I am three years and seven months old, and I am a

kindergartener."

Everyone at the table was amused by her innocent

and earnest look, wanting to give her a hug.

Summer felt awkward when they addressed her as Mrs. Singleton. Dean gave them a stern warning.

"Come on, Captain. We know you haven't won her over. We are just conducting a drill, so that when we

line up and salute her in uniform when you two tie the knot, she won't feel too intimidated."

They certainly knew that the captain was still in unrequited love. They were doing this to cheer for their

captain.

"Yeah, everyone in the department knows that you have a crush on her. It is not so hard to tell when you have her and the little princess's photos on the desk."

Everyone laughed. Dean felt embarrassed for being exposed, his hard blocky face whiskery red.

On the contrary, Summer appeared natural and graceful. She let out a smile and said hello. "I am

Summer. Nice to meet you all."

She just did not expect that Dean would put her and Charlotte's photos on the desk in his office. It was

completely out of a shy guy's character.

"Captain, why do you blush like a baboon's bottom?"

"Look how natural and graceful Mrs. Singleton is. You look nothing like her, Captain."

"Hahaha, Captain looks more like a woman than a man."

"Hahahaha..." "Knock it off! Shut up and eat now." Dean snapped.

These men took special care of Summer and Charlotte. They were generous and always spoke their mind. Everyone got along well with each other, and laughter had never stopped.

Because of the presence of Charlotte, they just sipped on the liquor. The most important thing was to

have a good time, and drinking was secondary.

"Captain, are you sending us away just like this?"

"Aren't you going to invite us to the bar tonight?"

"Exactly. Mrs. Singleton and Little Princess should come along, too."

"No kid at that kind of place. If you guys really want it, I will go with you all tomorrow night, but not

tonight." Dean vehemently opposed it.

How could he let Charlotte go to such a place?

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"Look how protective you are. Your thinking is still a little too conservative."

"What is wrong with being conservative? You are not married and have children. You will know when

you do. Whether it is a boy or a girl, they must receive proper teaching of conduct."

Immediately afterwards, those men at the table started to discuss parenting. Summer was genuinely impressed.

They knew not only how to solve crimes but also a thing or two about parenting, and they all talked like

experts.

Charlotte poked out her little pink tongue to lick the strawberry cake in front of her, while her two little

hands were busily unpacking the present box.

There were so many presents, all for Uncle Dean. Well, Uncle Dean said, as long as those presents were his, they were all Charlotte's.

But when Charlotte finished unpacking them, she looked at those leather shoes, ties, belt, and wallet in

disappointment. There was not a single piece of candy.

They ate and chatted for a long time. At the end of the

day, everyone said their goodbye to one another and left.

There were only the three of them in the private box. Men were still men. Except for Charlotte, they

basically did not touch the strawberry cake.

Before Summer got up, Charlotte stood up on the chair, grabbed the strawberry cake and struggled to

hold it with her short arms.

"What are you doing, Charlotte?" Summer asked.

Charlotte did not look up, but licked her cream-stained lips like a cat licking its lips. "Mummy, since

those uncles didn't eat it, I will take it back and eat it myself."

Summer laughed, pinching Charlotte's rounded cheek.

"You may have it all."

Dean could not help but laugh, too. He extended his hand, took the cake, and put it in its box, then

handed it to Charlotte. "Here you go. Hold it."

"Thank you, Uncle Dean." Charlotte's eyes smiled into a pair of crescent moons. They looked curved

and bright.

Summer had also prepared a present for Dean. It was a wallet. She shrugged helplessly. "I know. Too

many wallets now. Nevertheless, happy birthday."

There were at least two other wallets in the pile of presents, and this one was the third one.

Dean smiled and rubbed his hair. "How about giving me another present?" "What present?" she asked.

She would like to know what he wanted so she could know if she could meet his request.

"A home-cooked meal. Just a simple one."

This was not difficult at all. Summer agreed. "You have just had your meal. Are you sure you can still

take more?"

"I had my lunch. There is still dinner."

"Okay. I will cook it at your house. Let's go to the supermarket and buy some ingredients."

They decided so and went to a nearby supermarket together. Dean was pushing the cart while Summer

chose what to buy.

Charlotte was following behind them, feeling bored to death. Her round eyes darted around when she

spotted a kite flying in the sky outside the supermarket. Her eyes lit up instantly, and she ran out at

once.

Summer and Dean had not noticed that Charlotte had left them, and they continued with their

shopping.

When Summer saw Charlotte's favorite yogurt and wanted to ask Charlotte what flavor she preferred,

she found Charlotte was nowhere to be seen.

Summer broke out in a cold sweat, her face turning pale, her hands and feet sweaty. She hurriedly

called out to Charlotte at the supermarket. "Charlotte,

Charlotte..."

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But she did not find Charlotte, nor heard her answering. Dean was calm. He asked around if anybody

had seen a four-year-old in a pettiskirt with a strawberry cake box in her hand.

At last, one person responded. "I saw a little girl you just described. She ran out of the supermarket seconds ago."

Dean chased out at once, while Summer was on his heels.

Men run faster than women. Dean had his heart in his mouth when he found Charlotte standing in the

middle of the road, picking up a kite in the traffic.

He quickened his pace and ran as fast as he could while calling out to Charlotte. "Stand there,

Charlotte! Don't move!"

Charlotte heard Dean's voice and turned around, happily raising the kite in her hand to show Dean.
"A

kite, Uncle Dean!"

Just when Dean was two steps away from Charlotte, a car suddenly came to a couple of meters away

from Charlotte.

The driver of the car did not see this coming and panicked, mistakenly stepping on the gas instead of

the brake pedal.

The car sped up toward Charlotte. Dean gritted his teeth and lunged forward to protect Charlotte in his

arms. The car hit them head on, sending both of them in the air before they crash-landed on the

ground. Blood started to flow.

There was blood on Dean's head and Charlotte's body. They lay on the ground, motionless,

unconscious.

The cake that Charlotte was holding had been thrown far away with the cake and the box falling apart.

The white cream was stained with blood. It looked glaringly bright, with red on white. It was not known

whose blood it was-Dean's or Charlotte's.

A crowd had gathered, and people were discussing among themselves. Some were taking out their cell

phones to call for an ambulance.

Summer saw the scene as soon as she rushed out of the supermarket.

The blood was terrifyingly red. She did not know if it was Dean's or Charlotte's blood. She could not tell.

Dean was motionless. Even the hyperactive Charlotte was quietly lying there. Summer's vision started

to turn dark. She went weak at the knees, nearly stumbling to the ground. But she gritted her teeth.

Ignoring her trembling body, she took out her phone and called the emergency service.

It was just a simple act of dialing a number, but she had to use all her strength to do that.

Her hands and legs were shaking. Even the muscles in her cheeks stiffened and quivered. She had never felt so scared before.

But she knew she must not collapse; she absolutely must not collapse, and she could not afford to collapse now.

She had to remain sober and stayed with the two of them. Fortunately, the hospital was close to the scene of the incident. The ambulance arrived in just a short while.

Watching the medics lifted Charlotte and Dean into the ambulance, respectively, she followed closely

behind.

The lights in the emergency room came on.

Summer sat on the bench outside the emergency room, her face pale. She buried her head between her legs, her delicate shoulders shivering uncontrollably.

She would never forget the scene she just saw. She would never forget it.

She was to blame. Had she held Charlotte's hand and not let go; had she warned Charlotte not to run around; had she kept an eye on Charlotte all the time...

This thing would not have happened had she not let down her guard. She was to blame.

She did not dare to think about the consequences.

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In the apartment.

While preparing dinner, Maria could not help sighing when she saw the quiet living room.

When Charlotte and her mom were here, the place was always full of life and laughter and the child's

innocent voice. But now...

She could see that although Charlotte's mom and Mark were constantly giving each other cold shoulder, they had feelings for each other.

Mark was unsmiling and had an intimidating, stony face.

But since Charlotte and Charlotte's mom came along, things had been different. Maria could see a smile always hanging on Mark's lips, his expression never this soft.

They had been getting along like a happy family for the past few days.

But now, alas!

Mark walked in just then, and the first thing he did was ask, "Are they back?"

Maria shook her head. "I called Ms. Hart last night, and she agreed to come. But she hasn't come back

yet."

Mark's brows were raised slightly. He spun his tall body around and walked out of the house. Maria quickly asked, "What about the dinner, Mr. Valentine?"

"Carry on. I am going to get them." Mark was heard saying, but he was already out of Maria's sight.

He drove his black Land Rover and sped toward the hotel.

It took him only 15 minutes for the usual 20-minute journey. He parked up the car right outside the hotel

as he could not find a parking spot.

He came straight into the lobby and walked up to the reception. The two hotel staff members were

talking with each other and did not notice Mark's arrival.

Mark knocked on the counter with his knuckle, making a loud, crisp sound. His raised brows showed he

was impatient. "May I know what is Summer Hart's room number?"

The lady at the reception did not look up. "I am sorry, sir. We can't divulge our guests' details."

"Call your manager." Mark's voice went an octave higher.

At this time, the two ladies at the reception looked up and were stunned. "M-Mr. Valentine!"

His charming face was calm as he repeated himself with a deep voice. "Call your manager." "A moment

please. We will check the check-in information about Summer Hart for you right away." One lady

receptionist checked the guest registry on the computer. "Mr. Valentine, her room number is 1112."

"Thank you," Mark nodded at them before walking toward the elevator.

But one lady said, "Mr. Valentine, Ms. Hart brought a little girl and went out this morning."

Mark stopped in his tracks and took up his cell phone to call Summer.

After a long while, the phone was finally picked up, and the feeble voice of a woman answered,

"Hello?"

Mark could hear something amiss in her voice. He frowned with his lips twitched. "Where are you and

Charlotte?"

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"In the hospital."

Mark's handsome brows were raised again, and his charming face darkened. "What happens?"

"Charlotte... Charlotte met with an accident. She is in the emergency room right now."

Mark pursed his lips, his face crashing. A dark and gloomy cloud shrouded his eyes, with cold light flickering inside. His shapely hands clenched the phone in his hand. His usual calmness had left him.

His heart was racing, as if someone was crushing it. " Which hospital?"

"The General Hospital."

Mark ran out of the hotel in a whirlwind as the line went dead.

The ladies at the reception were still in a daze. They had never seen Mark Valentine from such a close

distance, his charm completely bewitching them.

Summer's lips were quivering after she hung up the phone. Mark was Charlotte's biological father, and

he had every right to know what happened.

She just wanted Charlotte to stand in front of her, being naughty.

She could not believe that a moment ago, Charlotte was still standing next to her, pestering her to buy

yogurt, but the next second, she was already lying on the street in a pool of blood.

Charlotte was still so small, only three years old. If she could, she wished she could take Charlotte's place.

It only took a moment before Mark arrived. Right away, he spotted a feeble figure sitting on the bench

outside the emergency room.

Summer heard footsteps and looked up. "Charlotte had a car accident. She is still in the emergency room."

Mark gave a faint response. He made a telephone call with his deep, hoarse voice, calling for the best

doctors in Santabaca to come over right now.

He then walked to the bench, his deepening gaze landing on her.

Summer's face had never been paler, her body shaking. She was in shock, not saying a word or looking up, just remaining in the same posture.

Feeling sorry and sad, Mark squatted down and drew her into his arms, and then a deep voice flew from his throat. "Charlotte will be fine."

The warmth of his touch seemed like a driftwood in the ocean of desperation. She held onto it, gripping

on the lapels in front of his chest with both hands. "But she isn't out yet." "She will be out soon. She is

my daughter; no one dares to touch her nor take her away." His voice was deep, as if it came from his

bones. It was bone-chilling.

"I shouldn't have let go of her hand. I should have kept holding her. I should have always kept an eye

on her. It was my fault. It was my fault..."

She seemed to have found a vent at this moment, her tears that gathered in her eye sockets flowing out at once. She could hold back no more.

She had barely cried more than a dozen times since childhood. But sadness was billowing inside her and drowned her like a storm. She could no longer take it.

"It was not your fault. Charlotte will be fine. Trust me." Mark patted her on the back with his hand to

comfort her while his eyes were fixated on the operating theater doors.

"And Dean, trying to save Charlotte, is in the emergency room, too."

The attending doctors had arrived. Mark had two teams of doctors to save Charlotte and Dean, respectively.

The doors of the operating theater swung open as a nurse came out and told them that the child lost too much blood and urgently needed a blood transfusion. "I am her dad. Take my blood," Mark quickly said.

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The blood type of both of them was type-A. The nurse planned to draw 400ml, but Mark wanted the nurse to draw 1,000ml from him.

The nurse refused, saying that the maximum permissible amount of blood a person could donate was

800 ml.

Mark narrowed his eyes and said sternly, "Don't make me repeat myself. If anything happens to them, I

will hold you responsible."

The nurse trembled and was too afraid to say otherwise. She lowered her head and drew 1,000ml of blood from Mark.

There was little change in Mark's expression. He rolled down the sleeve of his black shirt and looked at

the nurse. "Save Dean. Let me know if you need anything. Inform me if anything happens."

Mark never liked owing someone else's favors.

Especially when it was from Dean, who was injured from saving Charlotte. He would do his best to

save him.

When Mark came out, Summer stood up by using the seat as support. She appeared pale but calm.

"Do they need another blood transfusion? I am type-A blood,
too."

"It is unnecessary for now. We will inform you when there is a need," the doctor said.

The doors of the operating theater were pushed open and teams of doctors and nurses went in with
serious-looking faces.

Silence returned to the corridor outside the operating theater. They could hear each other's
breathing.

Summer slumped back down on the bench, burying her face between her legs again. Her sleek
shoulders trembled involuntarily.

There had never been a moment where she felt so scared like now. This indescribable fear came
from

her bones.

She could not imagine what her life would be like without Charlotte.

Mark sat down on the bench, eyes on her. Her reflections were in his eyes. He felt sorry for her,
wanting to comfort her.

So he reached out his arm, lifting her, who was curled up in a ball, on his strong, muscular lap.
"Don't

worry, Charlotte will be okay."

Summer tried to get away from his embrace. But when raised her hands, she found herself so
helpless

and frail, as if strength had left her body.

"Put me down. I am fine." She spoke slowly, her voice weak.

"Just stay this way." Mark glanced down at her, his voice extremely deep and cold, with an
unquestionable tone, but there was still some gentleness in it.

She stopped arguing with him but just quietly waited in her current posture, occasionally glancing
over

at the doors of the operating theater.

Two hours had passed since then, and the doors of the operating theater had not opened yet.

She tightened the clench of her hands on her sides, sinking her fingernails into the tender skin of her
palms. But she did not feel the slightest pain.

As time went by, Mark's body stiffened like a stone. He could never ease up for a moment. Anxiety
and

gloom, and more worries, shrouded his brows.

He reached to undo a few buttons on his shirt. Otherwise, he could suffocate himself.

Time was passing quietly, and every minute was a torment, the worst kind of mental torture.

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A long time had passed before the doors of the operating theater finally swung open. Summer jumped

out of Mark's arms at once, ran up there and grabbed the doctor's arm. Anxiety and fear filled her.

She was afraid to hear the outcome she dreaded to hear. She was scared to hear the worst news.

Mark watched and took her fears and hesitations all in. He stood up, strode forward, and put his arm

around her and drew her into his embrace. Just when he was about to speak, Summer spoke with a

somewhat trembling voice. "How is my daughter, doctor?"

She looked calm on the outside, but the tremble coming from her body gave her emotion away. So he

held her tightly and supported her silently.

The warmth of his embrace calmed her. She was less anxious. At least her legs had stopped shaking.

The doctor then looked at the man beside Summer. "Mr. Valentine-

"Just tell me." Mark interrupted the doctor, his voice low and cold. His shapely hand involuntarily

tightened the grip on Summer's shoulder. The blue veins on the back of his hand revealed his truest

emotions.

"The surgery was successful. The child is out of danger and will be transferred to the general ward.

Don't worry, Mr. Valentine."

Summer felt like she was pulled back from hell and came back to life, warmth returning to her hands

and feet upon hearing the doctor's words.

The stiff muscles on Mark's face and body eased up. He held out a hand. "Thank you, doctor."

"Don't mention it. It is my job." The doctor also held out a hand to shake Mark's hand.

In the ward.

Charlotte had not regained her consciousness. Her face lacked the rosy complexion but pale,

completely devoid of the usual vitality. Her head was bandaged with a thick layer of white gauze. It was

a distressed sight to look at.

Summer had a lump in her throat and her eyes welled up as she gingerly ran her hand over Charlotte's

face.

But she did not cry. After staring at Charlotte quietly for a moment, she got up and walked out.

"Where are you going?" Mark asked, standing at the bedside and looking at her from behind.

"I am going to see Dean." She went away without looking back, leaving behind Mark and Charlotte,

who was still in a coma, in the ward.

Dean had not come out of the operating theater. But Summer had learned to be calm. She clenched her hands and waited outside the operating theater.

She believed that all would be well and Dean would pull through.

Dean was an upright and kind man. God would be blind if he could not make it through.

Dean would definitely make it, no matter what. This was her wish and the strongest hope right now.

An hour later, the doors of the operating theater were pushed open, and the surgeon took off the mask

and said to her, "The surgery went well. We will place the patient under observation once he regains his consciousness."

"Thank you! Thank you very much!" Summer was excited and grateful.

Just like Charlotte, Dean was admitted into a VIP ward, and Mark had arranged for nurses to take care

o f him.

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Summer sat quietly at the bedside, waiting for Dean to come out of his coma.

She sat there for over five hours, but Dean was still sleeping. There was no telling when he would wake

u P-

It was at this moment that the attending doctor was doing his ward round. Summer asked with concern. " Doctor, why hasn't the patient woken up yet?"

"The cerebral hemorrhage has not pressed against the nerves of the brain. So don't worry, the patient

will probably wake up in a day or two." The attending doctor said to Summer and asked the nurse behind him to take notes while observing the patient's condition.

She felt a great sense of relief upon hearing what the doctor said.

Her cell phone vibrated. She went out of the ward before picking it up. "Hello?"

"Has he regained consciousness?" Mark's deep voice came through the phone.

"Not yet."

"Then come back first. Charlotte is awake," he said in a gentle voice.

Summer briefly talked to the two nurses who took care of Dean in the room before she left.

As soon as she stepped back into the ward, she heard Charlotte say, "Mark, is Mommy back yet?"

She walked to the bedside, looked at Charlotte, and asked softly, "Where does it hurt?"

Charlotte's face still looked pale, and she shook her head. "It doesn't hurt anymore, Mommy."

"Are you sure it doesn't hurt?"

"Head... Headache... Mommy..." Charlotte pointed at her head. She felt her head sluggish, painful, and

uncomfortable.

How Summer wished she could transfer all the pain that Charlotte suffered to herself, and let her bear

the pain.

Summer's eyes welled up. She quickly raised her hand and hurriedly wiped away the tears that were about to flow out of her eyes.

Charlotte had noticed that. She reached out her tender hand to touch Summer's face, as if she was wiping her tears. "Mommy, I lied to you. It just hurt a little, as tiny as a melon seed."

After taking a deep breath, Summer's disturbed emotions gradually calmed down. She put Charlotte's

hands under the quilt. "Go to sleep. You won't have any headaches when you get up tomorrow morning."

Charlotte obediently nodded, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

"I will stay here tonight. You may go back to the apartment. There is no need for both of us here."

Summer turned around. She had calmed down.

Mark pulled back his eyes from her as she turned around. He glanced at her once more before his

body sank into the couch. He had no intention of leaving.

"I will stay," he said in a deep voice after a while.

Summer said nothing, but just quietly sat at the bedside. Whether he left or stayed, she had no right to

dictate his actions.

Silence fell in the ward. Even the darkness outside the window seemed to have turned darker.

A long time had passed before Summer finally fell asleep at the bedside.

Mark put down the file in his hand and came to the bedside. Summer was holding Charlotte's hand in

hers.

He squinted as something struck his heartstrings. His expression was extremely gentle as he stared at

them in silence.

It was not after a few moments later that Mark bent down to carry Summer with both hands, his action

so gentle as he was afraid of waking her up.

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Mark turned around, walked back to the couch, and put her down, then took out a quilt and put it on

her.

Never had once Summer been awakened. She seemed to be really sleepy. Mark ran his shapely hand

over her tear-stained face, his thin lips twitching. "This is really ugly."

As far as he could recall, he had never seen Summer cry. This was the only and first time she did.

Charlotte was also sound asleep on the hospital bed. Just that the white gauze on his little head was hard to ignore. Mark, again, stroked her little face with his finger as he sat down at the bedside.

The next morning.

Summer opened her eyes and found herself on the couch. Her mind was drifting for a while before she

snapped back.

She then got up and saw two nurses in the ward, busying back and forth, but they made little noises.

Whisking away the quilt, Summer walked to the bedside. "Is there anything wrong?"

"No, Charlotte recovered fast. She didn't hurt any important part of her body, so she will be discharged

soon."

"Then what are you all doing here?" Summer looked at their actions in confusion.

"Mr. Valentine requested a change of ward before he left."

"Why change the ward? Is this ward not good enough?"

"We are not sure why. Just that it was Mr. Valentine's request, and he had completed the procedures.

Just so you know; the medical expenses that you have paid have been refunded to your credit card account."

Summer frowned. He paid back all the medical expenses she paid?

Charlotte was transferred from the ward on the third floor to the one on the fifth floor, where it was more

luxurious, with TVs, couches, carpets, everything else, and one extra bed.

Charlotte was still asleep, and there were two nurses taking care of her. So Summer was relieved. She

went to Dean's ward.

She only learned that Dean had been awake last night when she entered the door.

Both he and Charlotte hurt their heads. Both their heads were also wrapped in white gauze. "Where is

Charlotte? How is she?" Dean asked when he saw Summer coming in.

"She is fine. How about you? How do you feel?"

Dean was relieved. He let out a sincere smile, but his

eyes were evasive. "I am fine. I am doing good."

There were some things that he did not want to tell her.

Summer looked at him with concern. "I will call the attending doctor to have a look at you again."

"Summer, that won't be necessary. The doctor has just left."

"Then would you like to eat something? I will get it for you."

After thinking for a moment, Dean said, "Maybe some tuna sandwiches. After this, you should go back

to take care of Charlotte. She is too young and someone has got to be by her side."

"I will. Give me a moment and I will be right back."

After Summer walked out of the ward, Dean tried to move his legs, but he could not feel them. All he

got was a headache and soreness in his arms. There was not the slightest sensation coming from his legs, as if they were no longer his.

His mates from the police department came to visit. They all cracked jokes. Some said the captain was

a hero, risking his own life to save the little princess.

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Dean was not cheerless. He listened to the jokes and laughed, though not as much as his mates. After

all, he had just come out of a coma and his body was still weak.

Just when everyone was about to leave, Dean said to Brandon Tyson, his second officer, "Can I have a

moment with you, Brandon?"

Brandon nodded and sat down on the edge of the bed." What is it, Captain?"

"I have a backlog of several cases to follow. Go back and tell the chief to assign the cases to someone

else."

Brandon furrowed his brows, looking not too happy." Why assign them away now? You have spent a

great deal of time and effort on those cases. I am not going to do it."

"Don't be emotional. How can I work on those cases with my current condition?"

"You are only hospitalized temporarily. After you recover, you can continue to work on them."

"Brandon! Don't you dare to say something like this to me again. Those are murder cases. How can you take them lightly?" Dean became dead serious.

Brandon did not dare to say a word again. So he

reluctantly obliged. "Yes, Captain."

At this moment, the attending doctor walked in. He looked at Dean. "The accident did not hurt you

anywhere else. Judging from your X-ray images, you are only injured in the legs. What you are

experiencing now is a manifestation of paralysis caused by dislocation and compression of the spinal

cord, and requires timely surgical treatment."

Dean nodded, then looked at Brandon, who stood there looking startled. "You may leave now."

"But Captain, your legs-"

Before he could finish, Dean interrupted him. "Stop talking already. Just get back to work!"

Brandon got out of the ward, his steps floaty, and he felt extremely bad.

His colleague, Ollie Barker, was still leaning against the wall in the hallway, waiting for him. The two of

them had a field mission this afternoon.

Ollie looked at Brandon and was surprised to see him grit his teeth with reddened eyes. "What is

wrong, mate? Did Captain Singleton scold you? Look at you."

"The captain didn't scold me. I just feel sorry for him. I feel bad."

"He might have met with an accident, but he is perfectly intact. Everything is fine. I know how close you

and Captain are, but you don't have to be so emotional, do you?"

Brandon gave Ollie a glare. "You don't know. The doctor said the captain might be paralyzed from the

waist down."

"What?" Ollie froze in place.

Summer, who passed by the two of them, heard every single word that Brandon said.

When Dean celebrated his birthday last time, Brandon was there and had a few words with Summer.

So he recognized Summer.

But at this moment, Brandon was obviously not too happy with Summer. He did not say hello, let alone

Speak with her. He just glanced at her and left.

Brandon was still young. His thinking was that his captain would not have met this accident if not for

Summer.

After the two left, Summer stood there with the young police officer's words echoing in her mind. 'Dean

might be paralyzed from the waist down? What exactly is going on?'