

## President 591

### Chapter 591

She had not known that love was such a difficult and painful thing. She thought that being in love meant they could be together. However, it wasn't as simple as she had imagined.

Finally, they were separated by a great chasm, where n o one could traverse.

After losing her father, she couldn't afford to lose her mother. She was adopted at a young age, and it

was her mother who raised her through thick and thin.

She was in anguish, but his sorrow was nowhere lighter than hers...

Staring at her again for a long time, Mark turned around and took hold of Yvette's arm. He bowed

politely toward Daisy and apologized, "Aunty, I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble today. I will

come again another day to apologize."

"There is no need. The Valentines shall have nothing t o do to us anymore. You don't need to come. I

won't let you in. Now, leave!" 1

"I'm sorry!" Then, he led Yvette away.

Getting into his black Bentley, Mark did not utter a word. He drove at a very fast speed.

Yvette sat on the other side. She knew she couldn't let her son despise her, so she said, "Mark, mom  
spewed

nonsense because I was blinded by anger. Besides, there's no way I could hold my anger in check  
when such a thing happens to our family!"

Hearing her words, Mark glanced at her abstrusely and gloomily. "There are things... that I don't  
wish to  
see twice," he uttered.

In the end, she was still his mother, the mother who gave birth to him and raised him.

Not long after, Summer, too, was chased out of the house. Daisy still didn't want to see her. She had  
not yet overcome the sorrows. 1

Summer wandered the streets and meandered aimlessly until it was the end of the working hour.  
Then,

she fetched Charlotte from kindergarten.

Charlotte wanted to eat that "old man". It had been a while since she brought her there; so, Summer  
brought her to KFC.

There was a crowd at KFC. After queuing relentlessly, it was finally their turn.

After dinner, Charlotte wanted to go for a boat ride by the lake. Following that, they went to the  
night

market. When they arrived home, it was already 9:00 p m, and the sky had turned dark.

Summer piggybacked Charlotte. The little girl slept soundly as she was clinging to her mother's back.

A familiar black Bentley was parked downstairs. Mark was leaning on the car and smoking a cigarette.

When he saw her, he walked up to her. Suppressing her emotions, she asked indifferently, "What are you doing here?"

Without saying a word, Mark reached out to carry Charlotte off her back and placed her on the car seat.

Then he turned around and returned to her. "Let's talk." 1

"Who told you that I hated you?"

Mark gripped her shoulders tightly with his hands as they exchanged glances.

He paused and looked through her eyes, trying to see into the deepest reaches of her heart and mind."

Because it was you, because of you and our child.

Even if you did not take such action, I would have sent him to prison myself. But I hoped that you would

do it yourself to bring down your adversary. All I wish for you is to be happy, not to suffer. Since when

have I ever hated you?"

Summer trembled in her heart. Her palms grew slightly warm, but she remained silent.

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He spoke, and she listened. Just as he was staring deeply into her eyes, she, too, did likewise.

They were so close and gazed so deeply at each other, yet they were like the two most distant beings

on earth, unable to bridge the gap...

"Actually, nothing between us will change. The oath I swore before my mother cannot be undone. So,

let us end it here."

Mark stared at her furiously. He clutched her arms unwittingly, the veins on his hand bobbing with anger. As he overdid it, she frowned due to the pain. "It hurts..."

Leaning forward, he kissed her right on the lips firmly and passionately.

From between his lips and teeth, he spewed out some words, suppressed in his deep voice, "Let us be

hurt, and to hell, we go together!"

With all her might, Summer shoved him away. She panted heavily, and her chest was pounding.

At that moment, Mark was like a relentless and wretched lunatic. She hurt him. So, he also wanted her

to be hurt. May they both be hurt. Let no one be free of it.

Going to hell together wasn't a bad idea since she

would be by his side. He held her forehead, "Be hurt, let's feel hurt together, and best if we seek death

rather than grieve!"

"You're crazy!" Summer looked and shouted at him furiously, "There are too many things that separate

us, so many more than just two lives, don't you know it? I will never cut ties with my mother just

because of you. You understand?"

Mark reached out his hand to wipe off the bloodstain on his lips, "Do you love her more than me?"

"Yes!" she answered downrightly.

Mark lit a cigarette in front of her. It was as though an unknown entity was tormenting him, his heart

was kneaded repeatedly.

"So, don't look for me. It's impossible to undo this mess. You need to understand that I will never give

her up for your sake!"

When she finished speaking, she opened the car door and picked Charlotte up. Without looking back,

she got into her car.

The moment she turned around, vapor shrouded her eyes; then, tears streaked from them.

In his car, Mark slammed his fists on the steering wheel so hard that it shook. His joints turned pale white, and his veins were bobbing in anger even more visibly.

In her bedroom, Summer did not sleep. She was leaning against the door. Mom had raised her. How could she take it for granted!"

She had caused mom to lose dad. How could she let mom lose her too?

Thus, they were not destined to be together. Despite all the struggles, it was still impossible!

At the pub.

Mark shoved the beer away, "Not in the mood. Not interested as well."

Immediately, he got up. Without any gesture, he drove off and headed to Summer's residence.

The next morning, when Daisy opened the door, there he was, with bloodshot eyes, looking fatigued.

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"Stop wasting your time. I will never allow Summer to be together with you, not even over my dead body. Back then, I would have been moved by your persistence.

"But not anymore. Summer's father's portrait hangs in the living hall. Every time I see it, I am reminded

of his death. Did you think that you standing here for many days could ease my immense resentment?

Never!

"If you do not wish to see my relationship with Summer become stale, then get away from my sight,

and stay away from her. I have never been this heart-hardened before. Even though it is the first time, I

will remain resolute!" 1

She had lost him forever in just one night. How could she withstand such misfortune?

He was her soulmate, her firmament. Without him, her world was in shambles, and everything before

her was pitch black darkness!

Just then, a call came from the office as though an emergency had occurred. Mark gestured politely and left.

However, Daisy wasn't moved a single bit. She remained headstrong.

Summer went to school. Her face was sore, her eyes

swollen. They were slightly reddish too.

During lunch, the teacher opposite her had brought her share of lunch. She wanted to use the washroom, so she got up and left.

Through the door, she could hear gossip coming from outside the washroom.

"Ms. Hart had such a wonderful life before this. Mr. Valentine would deliver nutritious lunch to her every

afternoon. He was so caring."

"Indeed, Mr. Valentine is a remarkable man. But now, the situation isn't easy on anyone. They are separated by the death of their unborn child and her father. How can they be together?"

"I agree. His father caused the death of her father. Being together would only be more tormenting!"

"Actually, Mr. Valentine had been very magnanimous toward Ms. Hart. The video of his father uploaded

to the internet stirred up a hullabaloo; everyone knew about it. His father was even imprisoned. Yet, he

remained whitewashed."

"His father deserved it! it was his own intolerable deed. Otherwise, what else could Ms. Hart do to him?"

"No matter what, the feud between them is deep. It's too deep."

"I think, if I were in her shoes and got back together with Mr. Valentine, my mother would have clobbered me to death. Her husband had died, you know!"

"You used to fret about not having a chance with Mr. Valentine. What about now?"

Summer had recollected her composure before she exited the washroom. She appeared calm and indifferent.



When she returned to the office, news about the visit of two prominent personalities was circulating

among the teachers.

Her phone rang in the afternoon; it was a call from an unknown number.

Summer answered the call. She didn't expect that the caller was Raine.

"I don't need to know this." Summer also responded indifferently.

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"That has nothing to do with me. I'm just here to inform you. It's up to you whether you want to listen."

It was a brief conversation. Immediately after, Raine hung up. She found out that Samantha had no relatives in Grudin North.

She had given birth to her. Therefore, burying her was simply an obligation.

As for what Summer wanted to do or had in mind, that was her own matter. It was none of her concern.

Not willing to trouble Grace anymore, she went to the real estate agency. There she found a house for

rent. It wasn't very luxurious, but it was accommodable.

Knowing that Daisy still wasn't ready to meet her, Summer did not perturb her. She bought some health

products and handed them to Forrest so that he could care for her.

The new house did not have very pleasant amenities. The windows were small, and there was no parking garage. She had planned to buy a car, that was what she thought.

The transportation and navigation weren't very convenient. Thus, there was no need for an expensive

car. All she needed was one that could get her around.

She went to the car dealership. After comparing a few

prices and models, she found the Volkswagen Golf best suited her taste.

She was a swift decision-maker. Once she had decided, she would not have second thoughts. She swiped her credit card and bought the car.

Charlotte was most thrilled. She skipped and scampered, not getting enough of it.

A few years ago, when she was in college, Solomon had insisted that she get a driving license. She refused, so he scolded her, 'you're hopeless if you can't even drive.'

It was the summer holiday when she enrolled in the driving academy. The sun during that time was scorching, and she spent those days under the sun. After she received her driving license two months

later, she was as tanned as charcoal.

Daisy nagged at Solomon. Was it necessary for a girl to drive? She was fair-skinned during the

holiday, but she looked like a charcoal bun just before the new semester.

Solomon was displeased. So what if Summer was tanned? Was she going to be a sissy with her fairness?

At that time, she had laughed irresistibly. Sissy referred to only boys, while girls with fair skin were referred to as Snow White!

Subconsciously, as her thoughts drifted away, her nose twitched, her eyes teary. Whenever she was reminded of Solomon, she felt like crying.

She wiped off her tears with her hand. Moving her legs, she walked forward. Although there was no garage, the landlord had allowed her to park in the yard. As time passed, life returned to normal.

However, the normalcy was like dead water; there were neither ripples nor signs of undulation.

After sending Charlotte to school, Summer hurriedly started the engine and drove to school.

Mr. Cooper was the Math teacher in her class. He smiled when he saw her driving into school, "Not

bad. You still made it to work after sending your daughter to school. It would really be inconvenient

without a"

car.

"Let's hurry. Because the VIPs are arriving soon, the principal has already gathered all the teachers."

Nobody knew who the VIPs were. After waiting for more than half an hour, two black low-key but luxurious cars entered the compound.

As the car doors opened, the principal hurried over. A long leg stuck out, and shortly after, a man emerged from the car.

At that instant, Summer was petrified and rooted to her spot. Never had she imagined that the person

would be Mark.

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He wore a formal black outfit. Not a crease could be found. Only a few days had passed, yet he appeared skinnier. However, his chiseled face was even more defined and stunning.

People like him were born to look good in formal outfits. He had that perfect physique-broad shoulders,

narrow hips-that could rock every inch of the outfit, attracting attention.

The car behind stopped as well, and the mayor of Santabaca emerged from it.

Recomposing herself, she avoided eye contact and lowered her head, hiding herself among the crowd.

As though there was something, Mark glanced across the crowd, and his sight landed on a certain spot; after gazing at it for some time, he averted.

The three men walked side by side with each other while the rest marched behind. It was a splendid procession.

The lady teacher beside her sneered, "Look at the principal and Mr. Valentine. They are both in formal

outfits, but the contrast is just like heaven and hell!"

All the lady teachers' attention gathered upon him, gawking. Summer kept quiet and marched along.

He came because of work. The school needed a new

building, and they had handed the project to Valentine Group as the private contractor.

Along the way, it was all work-related chatter. Mark spoke very little. Most of the time, it was the principal and the person-in-charge who spoke.

But every time he spoke, the lady teachers behind him would be mesmerized. It was uncertain whether

it was his cold or a problem with his vocals that his voice was deep, coarse, ardent, and charming.

After their discussion, the principal rubbed his hands and suggested they had lunch as he had already

made the preparations.

Mark agreed. The principal was excited; it almost drove him nuts. The rest nodded in unison. Thus, the

teachers also tagged along.

Summer chose a seat beside the window, farthest from where he sat. She restrained herself from looking toward him.

Looking at a particular spot, Mark lifted his head and bottomed up his glass of wine. He drank plentiful, one glass after another.

When it was time to leave, he was wasted. His toned figure reclined in his seat, and his hands caressed his eyebrows.

The parade of people had dispersed. Even Mark's driver and the secretary had left. Mark was utterly drunk. The principal was anxious but had no solution at all.

However, when he noticed Summer walking past him, he said, "Ms. Hart."

She halted her footsteps. Turning around, she said calmly, "Mr. Principal."

"Ms. Hart knows the address of Mr. Valentine. Please do me a favor. Please send him home."

Summer gave him a stare, "Mr. Principal, Mr.

Valentine has his assistant and secretary. I still have classes that I need to attend."

"The assistant and secretary have left. Even his phone is dead. Please send him back to his apartment."

"Mr. Valentine is already in such a drunken stage.

How can he still work? Don't you have any empathy, M s. Hart? Make this your assignment!"

Exasperated, Summer gritted her teeth. With the help o f two men teachers, they carried Mark into her

car.

He was extremely intoxicated and reeked with alcohol from head to toe. After fastening his seatbelt, she started the engine.

In the meantime, his closed eyes rumbled. Slightly opening them, he said in a half-drunken manner,"

When did you buy this car?"

Hearing his question, Summer replied bluntly, "If you're not drunk, you may get off."

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Her gaze was fixated on the road ahead as she focused on driving without uttering a word. She was careful as she was still not used to driving.

He watched her as he leaned on the side of the window with his chin in his hand. He couldn't explain it

clearly in words, but he thought she looked attractive when she was focused. He asked, "Why did you

decide to get a car?"

He shifted in his seat when he asked. The car felt slightly cramped for him, and he felt somewhat

aggrieved.

"I've decided to start afresh. Anyways, don't talk to me when I'm driving."

He ignored what she said and asked, "Start afresh?"

"Yes. I'm starting a new life which does not have you i n it," she replied as she thought, 'I can only be

cruel to myself if I'm able to be cruel to you.'

His eyes darkened in a flash, and a cold, gloomy air radiated off him. He smirked and spoke up after a

while, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.."

Summer didn't spare him a glance. She always had total focus on the road while driving.

They arrived at the apartment in a moment, and she

carefully held onto him as they got down. He pursed his lips into a thin line and leaned onto her, putting

all his weight on her.

He was really heavy for her to support, and she felt strained with his weight. Her shoulders started to

ache, and she almost felt out of breath.

"Am I heavy?" he asked suddenly, with his breath reeking of alcohol.



She gritted her teeth as she pulled and shifted his body which was almost sliding off to support him better, and she asked, "What do you think?"

Mark nuzzled his face into her neck. His chest heaved under his white shirt, and his breath felt hot as

his voice sounded light when he said, "This is what my heart is feeling right now. This is what you made

you made me feel, and I want you to feel it too."

‘These unbearable pressure and pain are what I gave him..’

When she heard his words, her fingers trembled, and she felt her heart waver as it pounded.

She restrained herself. She did not meet his eyes nor answer him. She had only held onto him while walking towards his apartment.

His throat felt tensed, and his lips chapped. Feeling irritated, Mark tugged off his necktie as he stared at

her with his dark eyes. He scorned, "Didn't others say that women would be the ones who cry and

make a fuss of things as if the world had ended? Why or how are you still living so calmly? Myself, on

the other hand, is a mess."

He hadn't expected himself to be such a mess. To end up feeling and acting the way he is now for a woman.

This time, her body shivered and trembled as she had an urge to break down and cry from his words.

Her head was kept low when she walked him to the couch and got him a glass of water. Unknowingly,

her voice had also gotten hoarse when she said, "I'm leaving now."

He placed the glass down on the table, and in a swift movement, Mark got up and held onto her shoulders as he asked, "Can't we go back to the past?"

"We can," she continued, "if you could revive my dad." 1

He suddenly lost his temper, and he bent down to fiercely press his lips onto hers deeply.

He kissed and bit her as though he was a beast gone out of control who had wanted to bite her to death.

She panted as she pushed his hand that held onto her wrist off and left his apartment without turning

her head back.

down.

She was worried about not being able to hold back from hugging, kissing, and comforting him if she

hadn't decided to leave.

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He remained on the couch after she left. Then, he got u p and took out a bottle of brandy. He could see

her leave further and further away until she disappeared into the void as he stood by the window.

'What a cruel woman,<sup>1</sup> he thought.

Brandy is highly concentrated, but he finished the whole bottle. He hadn't had a good night's sleep ever

since she left, so he thought resorting to drowning in alcohol and numb his senses would be a great decision.

Having finished the bottle, he laid on the couch, and the doorbell rang. He missed it as he was fast asleep.

The person at the door opened the door herself after not getting any response, and she who stepped in

was Baine. 1

She wore a long blue coat that reached her ankles with a belt fastened on her waist and a pair of heels

o n her feet. She entered the room and found him sleeping on the couch.

The apartment smelt of alcohol, and she furrowed her brows at how pungent it was as she wondered how much he drank.

Baine headed to the kitchen and cooked some soup

for his hangover. After placing the bowl of soup on a table, she tried to wake him but to no avail. She

sighed and sat him up. "Don't drink so much," said Raine.

He didn't drink the soup nor did he open his eyes; instead, he reached out and hugged her waist. His chin was on her shoulder as he said, "Stay with me, don't leave."

Her heart softened, and she replied while patting his back, "I'm not leaving."

"Okay," his body visibly relaxed when he heard her reply. He then mumbled a name, "Summer..."

Instantaneously, she felt as if she was shocked by lightning. His mumble of Summer's name was as though a sharp knife pierced and pained her heart.

She remained still as she froze. After a while, her lips curled into a bitter smile.

"I know you're hurting. I am too. We can share the pair together. That child is yours, but he was also mine. Let's do this together.."

His deep voice was heard when he mumbled again as he slept. He wasn't in a sound slumber as his brows were knitted tightly.

Raine's heart ached with every word she heard as she thought, 'everything he's saying now, all these feelings, are not for me.' 1

He hadn't shifted his position, nor did she as she just sat there. The room was quiet, and it had a pin drop silence.

Neither of the both kept track, but in an hour or two, he slowly cracked his eyes open when he awoke.

Her smooth fair neck was the first thing he saw, but when he realized the scent that wafted to his nose

was not Summer's, he narrowed his eyes and pushed her off him.

Unexpected of his actions, she fell off and landed on the floor.

He furrowed his brows and asked, "Why are you here?"

He shook his head as he still felt dizzy from the alcohol. His defined fingers pinched his forehead and

massaged it lightly.

"Oh," his lips twitched as he said, "Are you leaving? I have to get going."

"I'll come with you!" she exclaimed.

Without hesitation, he turned her down and directly replied, "I can go alone. You should return to the

mansion."

Mark had wanted to relax and get drowned in alcohol.' And after that, I'll just go on with my life like how

I should,' he thought.

"No, I'm not. I just have something to deal with, and it's not proper for you to come along with me to

that place."

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His eyes darkened after he heard her words. They were as dark as coal. "Do you really want to come?"

he asked.

"Yes," she answered without hesitation. She was determined to go; she wanted to know which place exactly did he think was not proper for her to follow along.

However, she hadn't expected him to bring her to the place they had come to...

He had brought her to Summer's house, and he was on his knees, begging for Daisy's forgiveness while she stood aside.

'What is going on?' she thought.

'He drunk so much just now and hasn't even sobered u p, nor can he even open his eyes fully, yet the first place he thought of going is her house? Am I not hurt enough?'

Her heart had ached and bled so painfully at that moment, and never had she felt this way before.

The door remained shut after Daisy opened the door and shut it hard in their faces.

Mark's expression did not waver, nor did it darken. Dressed in his suit, he stood there.

Raine had never seen him like that. He was always with poise, graceful, and had a noble air around him.

She felt something snap within her, and she placed her hand on his wrist and forcefully pulled him as

she yelled, "That's enough!"

"I'll be here for quite a while. You should head back first," he pushed her hand off him and said with his

voice sounding flat.

"Quite a while? How long would that be?" she asked with rage burning in her. The fire in her raged as

though it would burn away her sanity when she said, "Why are you doing this? There is no need for you

to do this. You're not the one who killed her father!"

She couldn't stand how he looked at that moment. She knew he was never one who would put his pride away.

"But, Ronald Valentine, he..." he said.

"Yes, it was Ronald who killed him! Not you! You are innocent. You don't have to be here putting all

your pride away to beg for forgiveness!"

Mark gave her a few glances and replied flatly, "I love her, and never did I thought that I was putting my

pride away. There is no pride or ego in the face of love.

Raine was laughing bitterly to herself. The pain in her had grown and double-folded as she thought,

'What does he mean by that? Is he saying that for Summer Hart, he can let go of everything he has?'

She was frustrated, utterly frustrated.

"Mummy, I want to eat that old man!" Charlotte exclaimed while running out of her room. Summer was

doing the laundry in the backyard.

"Didn't you just have KFC two days ago?" she asked while turning on the tap without lifting her head.

The laundry basket was mostly filled with Charlotte's laundry.

Summer ignored her and continued washing the clothes in the bucket, rubbing the collars of a shirt.

Right at that moment, a deep voice sounded, "Charlotte."

She turned around and jumped down from the steps.



She smiled and ran towards him with her braids swaying behind her. "Daddy!"

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Mark extended his arms and carried Charlotte, who was running towards him. He raised the family bucket with his right hand and asked, "Do you want some?"

Charlotte's eyes sparkled, and she raised her fair hands high as she exclaimed with her cute voice,"

Yes! Yes! Yes!"

He carried Charlotte in his arms and stepped towards Summer. He stood behind her and asked with his

shaped brows raised, "Will you have some with Charlotte?"

"No need, I'm not hungry. I still have some laundry to do," she said without turning back as she kept

her gaze low.

He bobbed his throat and shifted his gaze away from her. He then carried Charlotte and stepped into her room. The room wasn't huge, but it felt cozy, and there was a stalk of a flower in a vase on the table.

Charlotte sat there with both her hands full as she enjoyed her fried chicken. She ate till her tummy was

round, and she could not eat anymore.

He smiled as he pulled Charlotte into his embrace. His large hand landed on her tummy, and he patted

lightly on it.

After having her tummy filled, Charlotte soon fell

asleep not long after. Not being able to sleep soundly for the past few days, Mark too dozed off while

hugging Charlotte.

And that was what Summer had witnessed when she stepped into the room after finishing doing the laundry.

He laid on the couch while their daughter laid on his chest. Both were fast asleep as they breathed out

soft snores.

She stepped quietly, careful not to wake them. She took a blanket and covered them up. Then, she headed to the kitchen and decided to make some noodles as she missed lunch at noon.

After having her meal, she prepared materials for class and had some papers to mark and correct.

They had a long rest and had only awakened when the night came, and the street lights shone.

Summer had already prepared dinner. There was mushroom soup and a few dishes. It had looked appetizing, and she was setting up the table.

Charlotte obediently went and washed her hands before taking a seat on the dining table. She sat and

watched as her mother filled up her bowl. She thought, 'The pink bowl is mine, and the blue one is mummy's, but what about dad?'

Mark naturally understood. She had never meant for him to stay for dinner.

While he understood her intention, his actions were matters of their own.

Ignoring her intentions, he walked to the kitchen.

When he returned to the dining table, he held his own set of cutlery, a bowl, and a plate. Then, he sat

down and filled his plates and bowls with dishes. His movements were swift and fast.

She eyed him but remained silent. She knocked on Charlotte's bowl, motioning her to eat.

Mark's eyes softened, and they looked gentle as he watched and took in her actions.

She had some noodles in the afternoon and just had some buns. Her brows furrowed slightly as she stared at the soup before her.

He lifted his lean arm and lifted the bowl placed in front of her. He took a few sips and said, "It's delicious."

Summer's heart pounded erratically, but soon after, she was reminded of her feelings of pain and agony.

"It's getting late. We need to get some rest. You should leave." She ushered.

## Chapter 600

His long figure sank into the couch as he sat still and stared at her. He pinched and massaged his

temples and said, "I'm feeling somewhat tired. Can I stay for the

night?"

Without any hesitation, she bluntly rejected, "No, you cant!"

"I won't take up much place. I can just sleep on the couch, and I won't do anything to you. Don't worry.

Plus, I can see what you've spelled out on your face, I don't have any relation to you'. I'm just tired, and

I don't want to move."

"No, you can't stay. You should leave," she insisted. She knew her defense would collapse if she let

him carry on.

However, she would never forget about her dad. She would never forget how he died nor her mother's

resolve. He's so close yet so far for her, and she knew she isn't allowed to reach out to him.

After a moment, Mark got up from the couch. He let out a soft 'hmp' and said defeatedly, "Good night."

They were so close to one another, and she could feel his hot breath on her face when he spoke up.

His breath felt unusually hot, and she thought it was strange. She wondered if he had a fever.

When she was deep in her thoughts, he had opened the door and stepped out, leaving her eyes with his tall and lean silhouette.

She tidied up the room after keeping her thoughts away.

Mark was indeed having a fever. His forehead was blazing hot. He had always been healthy, and the times in which he had fallen ill could be counted with his fingers.

His body felt as though on fire, burning himself like a barbeque. His defined brows furrowed, and he

pursed his lips into a line as he got in his car. He started the car and left.

His fever was high, and he felt hot driving. His left hand held onto the steering wheel while his right tugged his necktie off.

All of a sudden, a blinding light shone over from the opposite direction. His left hand slipped, and the

car skidded right and slammed onto the guardrail.

Summer was fast asleep when she answered Harry's call. After picking up the call, she immediately got

out of bed, carried Charlotte into the car, and started the engines.

The car accelerated, and her face had become pale while she felt anxious. She gritted her teeth as she

tried to calm herself down.

Harry told her that he had met with a car accident, and she couldn't help but feel panicked.

When she arrived at the scene, the police had set up and preserved the scene. The alarms were still blaring from the police cars, and her heart pounded erratically.

She pushed against the crowd and squeezed in. She grabbed a policeman's shirt, and her voice trembled when she asked, "Where's the driver?"

She was afraid and had regretted not let him stay when he asked the moments earlier. 'Why did I chase him away just now?' she asked.

Turning towards the direction the police pointed, she scurried over to him. When she saw his familiar

figure, she ran to him and asked, "Where are you injured? Is it severe?"

Mark's left arm was wounded badly. The doctor was patching it up for him and bandaging it when he

heard her voice. His gaze fell upon her as he asked, 'Why are you here?'

He patted her back to ease her breathing. His face darkened when he thought about how Harry had become taken more things upon himself without consulting him.

"Doctor, is he okay?" Summer asked, looking at the doctor.

"The wound on Mr. Valentine's left arm is quite severe. He shouldn't move about too much these few days. Plus, he is having a fever as well, and it's quite bad."