

President 91

Chapter 91

Summer did not reject her request and nodded, "Sure, mom, I'll be there tomorrow."

She was going to idle away her time in the mansion anyway, and since there was an earthquake in

Grudin North, maybe she could lend a hand if she was there.

Just as Yvette said, her stomach had no bump at all. Her pregnancy wouldn't bother her much.

Jazz glanced at her and said, "I'll go with Summer tomorrow."

"Who are you giving trouble to going there?" Yvette glowered at him.

"I am worried about Summer going to Grudin North alone. I can take care of her if I was with her,"
Jazz

said with seriousness written all over his face. Even his cheeky peach blossom eyes were filled with
determination.

Unable to dissuade him, Yvette could only agree, "There is no access for planes yet. The chauffeur
will

bring both of you there tomorrow."

During the night, Summer packed her luggage. She had no idea how long she would be in Grudin

North, so she brought everything she thought was necessary.

The earthquake had just ended over there. They must

be in desperate need of supplies. Since there was a car now, she planned to fill up the trunk with food

and bring it over while they were at it.

She woke up early the next morning. The sun was not even up yet. She had to go back home to deal with the \$70,000. 1

Apparently, Sherman was up earlier than her.

Summer saw her car as soon as she drove into the neighborhood.

Without saying much, Sherman handed her the suitcase filled with money and asked, "Is this enough?"

I can get more from the bank if you need more..."

"It definitely is, Sherman. But I won't be able to pay you back in a short while. It'll take me some time,"

Summer said softly.

"Don't you dare be a stranger with me!" Sherman said snappishly as she tapped on Summer's shoulder," We're friends, Summer. It's the least I can do for you. Besides, I am sure you would have also done the same thing for me, wouldn't you?"

Summer answered without the slightest hesitation, "N o doubt about it!"

"That's all I needed to know, now take the money and go! I've got to pay a visit to Billy's mom with him

when I get back," Sherman said loudly.

Summer poked her arm and said, "Could you act like a lady and show some class?"

"Ever since I've fallen for Billy, I have been chasing after him like a cat chases a mouse. I do not

associate with the term 'classy lady' anymore. I have even forgotten what it was like to be a classy lady

for a long time. Anyway, that's it; I've got to bounce."

Nodding, Summer reminded her, "Drive slowly and be careful."

Sherman waved to her in response, her car keys in hand.

After checking off all the things on her to-do list, Summer and Jazz went on the ride to Grudin North

from Santabaca, a journey that was going to take five hours.

Summer felt fine in the beginning until three hours later when she felt that something was wrong - she

was nauseous.

She had never experienced carsickness; her pregnancy clearly caused it.

Jazz told the chauffeur to roll down the windows to let the cold wind seep through the window.

After what felt like years, Summer's dizziness and nausea were finally gone. Her face had turned pale

as death.

Jazz was both sorry and worried. He had the chauffeur pull over the car for everyone to take a break before continuing their journey.

Summer disagreed strongly as it would already be dark by the time they reached Grudin North if they

maintained their current speed. They could not afford to make a stop.

Eventually, Jazz gave in, and they went on with their journey.

The road was bumpy, and Summer was exhausted after some time. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head against the window and slept.

That was the only time Jazz dared to look at her so recklessly.

She was his sister-in-law in Valentine Mansion, his teacher in school. But only at that very moment, she

was just Summer, and he was just Jazz.

Chapter 92

Summer's cheeks were reddish fair and her skin was delicate-it was almost spotless. Her eyelashes were s o long that they looked like fans.

Jazz took a couple of deep breaths. He could smell an ever so lightly orange fragrance.

She seemed to be sound asleep, yet felt a little uncomfortable. She spontaneously frowned.

He looked at her for a long time. He then carefully put his hand around her to draw her head to him so

that she now rested on his shoulder. He did it so gently and quietly lest she wake up.

She was leaning on him, but he never felt it heavy. All he knew was that his heart was pounding crazily.

How good it would be if this could go on indefinitely. He could have what he had been wanting all this

while.

The attending doctor walked out of the emergency room, feeling relieved. "She is out of coma, Mr.

Valentine."

Mark sprung to his feet, but barely kept his eyes open. "How is her condition?"

He had not slept for two days. His voice was hoarse

like a xylophone, yet it was still the acme of sexiness.

"Nothing life-threatening. But since she hurt her leg and head, we must be cautious. The most

important thing is to rest more." 1

"Got it." Mark nodded with his brows knitted together.

The doctor left. Mark pushed open the door and walked into the ward. Baine was awake, but her face

looked pale.

She looked stunned for a second upon seeing Mark.

Mark looked at her with an impassive face.

She felt her lips dry and her mouth bitter as she spoke. "Why are you here?"

"Why can't I be here?" Mark asked back.

"Are you okay? The earthquake is just over here. There may be more aftershocks. It is not safe here."

She coughed softly.

"I didn't know that you knew it was not safe," Mark said sarcastically, his eyes bloodshot.

After a slight pause, he stared at her gravely, suddenly wishing to strangle her. "I am here just to see how tough you are, and whether you have died."

Baine shuddered upon seeing the look in his eyes. It was frightening her.

Her throat was dry. She swallowed, looked up at him, and changed the subject. "I am thirsty."

She did not know what to do. It hurt her to hear him calling her aunt; she wanted him to call her by her

name. But when he did, she was scared-she was afraid that she could not control herself.

Mark gave her a few cold glances before turning around and walked out of the ward.

Baine looked on as he went. "Good to see you the moment I woke up," she suddenly said.

He stopped but did not say anything or look back. After a second or two, he disappeared out of the ward.

A nurse, who was in her twenties and had a sporting and cheerful personality, came to change her dressing. "I am so envious of you, Miss Valentine," the nurse said.

Baine squeezed a smile; the pain was making speaking difficult. "Envious about what? Bedridden like me?"

"Of course not. The man who just went out-he looks like a model."

Chapter 93

Admiration filled both the nurse's words and eyes. "He treats you so well. He had been waiting outside

the second you were brought into the emergency room. He stayed by your side and never slept when

you were in a coma for two days. I wish I could have a boyfriend like him." 1

He was good-looking with a model-like appearance. Most important of all, he treated his girlfriend well.

How could she not be jealous of Raine?

Raine was startled by what the nurse said. Her heart fluttered again, like the sea waves lapping up

against the shore.

She was in a coma for two days, and he stayed by her side the entire time?

She was not sure how he felt toward her when she first came back from Athana. But now, it was certain.

He still loved her. 1

Earlier, right before she passed out, all she thought of was him. She missed him dearly.

After replacing the dropper bottle, the nurse left, leaving Raine alone in the ward. It was so quiet that

she could hear her own breathing.

She was scared, as she seemed to have lost control of

herself.

Just then, she heard footsteps. Mark had brought a cup of water and came back into the ward.

Standing by the bed with an impassive expression, he took a cotton swab, dampened it, and rubbed her lips back and forth.

The doctor said she had just come out of a coma and must not immediately drink water. So he moistened her lips and quenched her thirst this way.

Raine looked at him. "Aren't you tired? Do you want to take a rest?"

He ignored her, as if he did not hear her.

"Are you angry with me? The child was lying in the room crying. I heard it clearly, and I could not bring

myself to leave the child behind."

"Why should I be angry? What you did was none of my business," he said faintly.

"Could you move the tray for me, Mark? My leg hurts." Raine gasped in pain.

"You are feeling pain, eh? I thought you were so heroic that you couldn't even feel anything," he sneered.

She knew he was sarcastic, but she was happy and felt the sweetness of his words.

It was because he cared about her he spoke this way. It was in his character.

"I am a human being. I have feelings and can feel

pain. I will be more careful next time."

He glanced at her, his expression becoming indifference again. "Whatever," he said.

Now, no one said a word. They could almost hear each other's breathing sound. Raine liked this silence. She could not help stealing glances at him.

Time seemed to travel back to three years ago, during which they had a similar experience together.

The silence did not last too long, as Jazz and Summer suddenly pushed open the door and came in.

Mark looked surprised. "What are you two doing here?"

"Mom asked me and Summer to take care of you two," Jazz said. He glanced at Mark's hand.

Raine hemmed and looked at Summer with a smile. "Hi, Summer, good to see you. Can I ask you for a

favor? I need someone to help moisten my mouth with a cotton swab? Mark is too clumsy for the job."

The happiness she had experienced just now felt like something stolen from Summer. She felt guilty when she saw Summer.

"Sure." Summer readily obliged with a smile. She walked over and took the water cup and cotton swab

from Mark's hands. She did not look at him at all.

"How is your injury?" She struck up a conversation with Raine.

Chapter 94

"Except for my legs, which still hurt a bit, everything else is fine," Raine said.

"When Jazz and I arrived, we heard that the child, whom you saved earlier, was all right. She is now sound asleep."

"Good to know." Raine breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Mark looked at Summer with his eye narrowed.

"There are quite a lot of empty rooms over there. You all can stay for the night. Just watch out for aftershocks." Raine looked at them with concern. She had been in a coma for so long and did not know

many aftershocks there had been.

No one should underestimate the danger of aftershocks, especially when it occurs at night, during which most people are asleep.

"Don't worry about us, Aunt. We all are aware of the danger," Jazz said.

"All right. You all just have to be careful." Raine coughed. She was still frail.

It was during this time that Ronald and his secretary arrived.

While Mark gave Ronald a nod of acknowledgement, Jazz walked over and put his hand on Ronald's

shoulder. "Hey, Dad, you are still so good-looking after so long."

"You are still honey-tongued after so long. Look how settled and steady Mark is."

"One staid guy is just nice; two make a boring pair." Jazz shook his head dismissively.

Letting out an I-can't-even smile, Ronald looked at Summer and started sizing her up. "This is..."

Summer bit her lips, not sure how to respond.

She just could not call him Dad and tell him she was his daughter-in-law straight away, could she?

While she was hesitating, Mark came to her rescue. " She is Summer Hart, my wife, your daughter-in-

law."

Ronald chortled. "I have asked a stupid question."

Summer could sense Ronald's indifference toward her. She did not know what to say, and might as well

not say anything. So she just smiled politely.

"How is the situation now, Ronald? Are the emergency supplies and rescue team in place?" Raine asked.

Ronald's expression became serious. "The supplies have arrived, but they are barely enough. The rescue team is on its way. You haven't recovered yet, so don't think too much. People have started to get a good handle on the situation."

He paused before he continued. "There are some empty rooms. Omar will take you all there. I just dropped by to check you out. I have to leave now."

So Mark and Jazz saw him out, and the rest of them remained in the ward. Summer gave Raine some

mushroom soup and helped clean her face.

It was not until Raine fell asleep the three of them left with Omar Ellis, Ronald's assistant.

It was a ten-minute walk from the hospital. The rooms were basic but clean, equipped with a kitchen, a

bathroom, and all the essential.

But because of the earthquake, there was no heating i n the room. So it was cold.

Summer poured herself a glass of hot water and held i t in her hand to keep warm.

Meanwhile, Mark put aside his coat, sat on the edge of the bed, and gently kneaded his forehead with

his hand.

He had not slept for two days, his head feeling heavy.

His bloodshot eyes and tired face told Summer that Mark needed a sleep. "Sleep if you are tired. I am

going out for a while."

Chapter 95

"Where are you going?" He asked, looking at her with his brows slightly furrowed.

"Go to Jazz's room. The suitcase is still with him. You sleep first. I will be back in a while."

As soon as her voice trailed off and before Mark could say anything, she walked out of the room with

the glass in her hand.

He looked on as she went, his eyes narrowing.

Jazz was leaning against the headboard. He was not sleepy. Her faint scent of orange still lingered in

his nostrils. It smelled fresh and so good.

Her face appeared in his mind. The warm breath coming out through her red lips blew onto his neck and gave him an itchy feeling.

Jazz was twenty and sexually mature.

He knocked himself in the head with his hand when he suddenly became self-aware-he should not have fantasized about his brother's wife.

Just as he felt upset of himself, the door swung open and Summer came in.

Jazz looked back in shock and nearly fell out of bed. He was too afraid to look her in the eyes.

"Haven't you slept yet, Jazz?" She did not notice his strange reaction. "I saw the door was open and so

I just walked in. Am I disturbing you?"

"N-n-no, not at all." Jazz stammered. Summer might not have seen what he did, he thought to himself.

"I am here to get the suitcase." She pointed at the suitcase in the corner. "By the way, do you know how old Baine is?"

She had been curious about this for a long time.

"Thirty-one; one year older than Mark. Ant was adopted."

Summer's heart skipped a beat with her brows knitted together. She did not know that before this.

"Baine was adopted?"

"Yeah." Jazz did not want to hide that from Summer. It was better to let her know about the truth.

Summer nodded and asked no further. "It is getting late. Have a good night."

He looked on as she went. He then suddenly asked reached the doorway. "Are you in love with him?"

Summer stopped in her tracks.

"At the beginning, you married Mark because of you were pregnant. But what about now?"

She turned around with a smile and then said snappishly, "Don't be a busybody. Go to sleep. Good night."

She left and closed the door behind her.

When she returned to the room, Mark had not slept yet. He was leaning against the headboard with the

quilt covering his lower body.

"Is Jazz asleep?" Mark asked.

"Not yet, I will unpack the things first."

She squatted on the floor and opened the suitcase. There were few things inside; just some winter clothes.

Mark looked at her; her back was facing him. He was alert the entire time when she was away. He listened to the rustling sound with his eyes half-closed as he took some shut-eye.

After finishing unpacking, Summer turned around and was surprised to find that he had fallen asleep.

Seeing his clothes on the edge of the bed, she walked over with light steps and took the clothes into the bathroom while keeping the noise to the minimum.

Chapter 96

There was no hot water supply in this place.

She turned on the faucet and filled the tub, then put his coat, shirt, and pants in, sprinkle with washing

powder, and rubbed them with her hands.

The water was biting cold. She could barely keep her hands from freezing. But she adapted to it after a

while.

A washing machine was on the side. She could use it to spin the clothes dry. Otherwise, the clothes would still be wet by tomorrow morning.

After cleaning things up, she could finally go to bed.

The cold was a concern because there was no heating in the room. But her worries turned out to be unnecessary-Mark's body heat warmed the bed like a fireplace.

After a day on the road, Summer was getting motion sickness. So she crashed out as soon as she lay on the bed.

At night, the room was so quiet that only the faint sound of their breathing was in the air.

Early the next morning, when Mark woke up, Summer was still snuggling in his arms.

Cold made her body curling up into a ball and instinctively snuggling up against him. Her hands wrapped around him, and her cheeks red. The corner of her mouth turned up so slightly, as if she was

smiling.

Mark raised an eyebrow, with the corner of his mouth curling up. He carefully took her hands off him

before he got out of bed.

He cast his eyes out on the balcony and saw his clothes fluttering in the chilly wind.

He walked out and took them in his hand. They were all dry, fresh and clean, with a faint smell of fragrance. So he took them back in.

His face broke out in a gentle smile. 1

Without Mark as a human fireplace, the cold woke Summer up. When she opened her eyes, she found

Mark was not beside her.

She sat up on the bed and put on her clothes, then went to wash her face and brushed her teeth. The

icy water completely woke her up now.

When she re-emerged from the bathroom, Mark was sitting at the table. Two buckets of instant ramen

were in front of him. He tapped on the table with his fingers. "Let's get some breakfast."

She nodded and sat down at the table, then looked at him. He was eating like a gentleman.

She shrugged and felt a little surprised, as she never knew Mark would eat instant ramen.

As if Mark had sensed her stare, he looked up from his ramen. "Aren't you eating? There is nothing

else to eat here. We will have to make do with this."

Compromise had never been in Mark's dictionary. Summer was pleasantly surprised.

She sat with her back straight, shaking her head, and chuckled. "I thought instant ramen was not your

cup o f tea?"

"Not that bad after all." He had finished the ramen and the soup, looking up at her. He looked

unspeakably sexy with a tiny stain left on his lip.

After the so-called breakfast, the two headed straight to the hospital. Jazz was already in the ward, cracking jokes, while Raine laughed in amusement.

"I will be fine. Summer is here. You two should go," Raine said gently to Mark and Jazz. "They need

help outside. Staying here is not going to help anything. Just go."

Mark nodded and looked at Summer. "Call me if anything."

"Okay." Summer nodded.

After the two left, silence fell. Things became a little awkward in the room.

Summer and Raine had only met a few times and never talked to each other before this. So the awkward atmosphere was expected.

Chapter 97

Besides, Summer was not so much of an extrovert. She would only feel comfortable and could talk freely in front of people she was familiar with.

"How was your sleep last night?" Baine broke the silence.

Summer nodded as she handed a cup of water to Baine. "It was all right."

"This place is not as happening as Santabaca, but the scenery is beautiful. The accommodation here is

basic, though. I was worried that you guys couldn't get used to it."

"It is all right. Pretty good. Hey, would you like some mushroom soup?" Summer asked.

"I will make it myself. I can move around freely despite the pain in my legs." Baine smiled. "I can take

care of myself."

Summer gave a smile, and they struck up a conversation. "What major did you study at university?"

Summer asked.

"I studied law and wanted to become a lawyer. But now I am working as the assistant secretary to the

governor. Sometimes, in life, you don't get what you wish for."

Something resonated with her, and she continued." Can you help take the phone out of my purse? It

has been three days since the earthquake. He must have seen the news. I almost forgot to call him to

let him know I am safe."

"Are you talking about your fiance? May I ask what is he doing for a living?" Summer was curious.

"He is a university professor."

"Wow, a professor! He must be the one making the first move, I guess."

Raine let out an acquiescing smile. "You can say that."

As Summer opened Raine's purse to rummage for Raine's cell phone, a photo in the purse suddenly caught her attention.

It was the photo of Raine and Mark embracing each other intimately.

In the photo, the smile on Raine's face was clean and graceful, like a flower that bloomed in the spring.

In contrast, Mark looked impassive with only his lips turning up in a subtly smile.

When Raine saw Summer frozen on the spot and staring at something, she immediately thought of the

photo in the purse.

How could she forget such an important thing?

"Have you found the phone, Summer?" Raine asked quickly.

Summer pulled her mind back and took out the cell phone with a smile. "I found it."

Was it not normal for an aunt and her nephew to have photos together?

It was true that Raine was young and beautiful and not biological-related to Mark, that did not change

the fact that she was Mark's aunt. Besides, she was already engaged. So Summer thought her worries

might be unfounded.

Making a foregone conclusion that they were in an abnormal relationship based on just an intimate

photo, that Raine was adopted, and their way of interaction was absurd, she thought.

"Thank you." Raine took the phone from her and made a call to her fiancé. She briefly told him she was

okay and asked him not to worry.

She hung up and put the phone away after just talking for a few minutes. She then looked at Summer

and continued the chat. "I heard from Yvette that you and Mark went to Norwood for honeymoon."

"Yeah, we visited his grandma while honeymooning there. But we didn't stay long."

"Where did they all go in Norwood?" Raine asked curiously.

"dust Harwood Citadel and Chatforte Tops."

Chapter 98

"I have been to these two places, too. Those sceneries are beautiful. Did you take any photos?"

Summer fiddled with the glass in her hand and shook her head. "No."

Raine let out a gentle smile. "Was it because of Mark? He was camera-shy since he was a child and

avoided it like a plague. You wouldn't believe how long it took me to persuade him to take a photo with

me. I might be his aunt, but he just wouldn't care."

Raine said this for a purpose.

She knew Summer had seen the photo. She did not want Summer to overthink. So she brought up the

photo topic and explained it in a subtle way.

"Why is he camera-shy?" Summer looked over with curiosity.

"I have got no clue. He just doesn't like it. It started since he was small. Except for family photos, he

would not budge a bit. He is still the same today."

There was an I-can't-even look on Raine's face.

"I guess something must be wrong with him." Summer shrugged and said jokingly.

"Yeah, a camera-shy company president will make a

funny news headline." Raine played along with a thoughtful look.

They exchanged a glance and burst into laughter.

Just then, a nurse came into the ward with flasks in her hands.

"Miss Valentine, you look much better now. You might get out of bed in a few days," the nurse said.

"Yeah, I have been lying in bed for many days. If this goes on like this, I might forget how to walk soon,"

Raine joked.

As the nurse was carrying two flasks, Summer reached out a hand to offer her help.

But before Summer had gotten hold of the flask, the nurse let go, thinking that she did.

The next moment Summer knew it, there was a loud clunk, and the flask tipped over. Boiling water splashed onto one of her feet.

An excruciating pain ripped through her. She gasped i n pain, her face pale. Her foot hurt so much that

she had to hop away.

The nurse was frozen on the spot in fright. Raine called out to the nurse anxiously, "Emily! Emily!

Quick!

Take a look at the burns on her foot!"

The nurse named Emily Davis came to her senses. She quickly helped Summer sit down, then took off

her shoe and sock.

The boiling water had gotten to the skin of her instep. I t was red and swollen. Summer felt a burning

sensation.

Emily wasted no time in cleaning her wound, applying ointment, and put on a dressing. She did that all

in one fell swoop.

Summer's face was still pale, her body shivering from the pain.

The ointment was aggravating the pain. She felt as if a knife cut into her skin.

Raine looked worried. She asked the nurse. "Is her condition serious?"

"She might need to be confined to bed for a few days and wait for the wound to heal. It was my fault.

Had I not let go the flask so quickly, the flask would not have fallen and shattered, and boiling water

would not have splashed onto her foot." The young nurse was blaming herself. She felt so guilty that

her eyes welled up.

Summer felt sorry for the nurse, too. She tried to comfort the nurse. "It is okay. It doesn't hurt that much

anymore. It will heal in a few days. I am partially at fault, too."

The young nurse felt even more guilty. She stayed beside Summer the entire afternoon to take care of

her.

Raine called Mark on the phone and briefly told him what had happened so that he would come to pick

up Summer.

Half an hour later, Mark arrived. He looked at Summer's bandaged foot and narrowed his eyes. "How

did you hurt yourself?"

Chapter 99

The young nurse shivered and did not dare to look up. So Summer patted her on the shoulder and played the things down. "It is no big deal. Just a little splash from the flask."

"Is it serious?" Jazz looked concerned.

"Emily treated it and put on a dressing. Nothing serious. It was just a spatter."

Mark raised his eyebrows and looked at her suspiciously. "Since there is nothing serious, why don't you

walk a few steps?"

If she was to get down and walk now, this foot of hers would go kaput for sure.

He hissed and strode over, then bent to carry Summer in his arms.

Summer instinctively put her arms around his neck. She gritted her teeth in pain when her foot hurt from the slightest movement.

"Why are you grimacing? Did you not say it was just a minor splatter of boiling water?" Mark looked at

her.

She glared at him snappishly because he was digging at her despite knowing that the burns were serious.

He could read her mind. "You seem to have a strong

opinion about me, eh?"

"I didn't." She forced her words through her teeth, but kept a benign face. "Can we go now, Mr.

Valentine? My foot hurt even more this way."

Mark stared at her. "This will serve as a good reminder."

He then turned to Jazz. "You stay here. I will send Summer back."

"Got it." Jazz took his eyes off Summer. There was a hint of sadness on his face, but his voice remained steady.

As Mark went, Jazz again gazed at Summer, while Raine looked at Mark from her bed.

They each had something on their minds.

Raine pulled back her eyes and kept her head low when Mark was out of her sight.

Jazz sunk back into the settee and cast a look at Raine. "Do you still love Mark?"

"Jazz-"

"You don't have to tell me. I was just asking." Jazz suddenly interrupted.

He laughed. He did not really want to know the answer. It was between Mark and Raine, and had

nothing to do with him. It would do him no good by knowing. He did not want to be that busybody.

But Raine was hesitating. "What will you do if the girl you love doesn't belong to you?" "Simple. If she

loves me, I will want to be with her, no matter what. But if she doesn't love me, I will wait."

Just like what happened now. The only thing he could do was wait.

He had no clue when Mark would let go of Summer. Neither did he know if the two would divorce.

But he knew that when the opportunity arose, he would seize it at once and never let go.

"Wait? Until when?" Baine asked.

"As long as I can, I will do everything I can, until I can't wait any longer."

Baine looked at him. "Will you regret it if she marries someone else?"

Jazz did not answer her question directly. He let out a faint smile, and then his face turned serious.

"How many people do you think we can love in our lifetime? If you don't do your best, I am sure all you

get is regret, pain, and memories in the end."

Begret, pain, and memories—three words that were the best portrayal of her state of mind right now.

The feelings were obvious, profound, and vivid.

Chapter 100

Raine could not describe her feelings when Mark left with Summer. It weighed on her heart so much

that she felt suffocating, but more of sadness.

Since she decided to let go of Mark completely and during her three years in Athana, she had been on

the recollection stage and reminiscing about the time they had been together.

Things had been out of sight and out of mind for quite a while. But now, things were happening in front

of her. She did not know how she could stay aloof anymore.

She was confused and emotionally disarrayed-so much so that she did not know what to do.

He was now giving another woman the love and affection that he used to shower on her.

She used to plan where they would go on their honeymoon, and imagine what life would be like after

marriage.

But things fell apart. It was not her who became his wife; it was not her who went on the honeymoon;

and it was not she who lived with him after marriage.

Her hands on her sides squeezed the quilt, her mind a muddle.

The words of Ronald and Jazz kept ringing in her mind.

Lying quietly in bed, she let her mind drift and was drowned in her thoughts.

Likewise, Jazz sank back on the settee, not saying a word. He was worried about Summer's injury.

Summer gasped and grimaced in pain in Mark's arm.

He glanced at her and freed up a hand to open the door. "Have you had dinner?"

"Not yet." She shook her head.

After he placed her on the bed, he went into the kitchen. Summer then heard a series of ding-clangs coming from the kitchen.

'What is he doing?' Summer was puzzled and curious.

Feeling bored, she picked up the newspaper on her side to kill time. Mark had been in the kitchen for a

quite a while.

The paper was talking about the economic development in Grudin North. There was another one talking about an interview with Ronald.

Ronald talked about his giving up of government jobs in Norwood and Santabaca, and his decision on

staying in Grudin North to help its developments.

She was not interested in economic things. So put the paper away and turned on her cell phone.

She saw four unread messages, which were all from Jazz.

'How is the wound? Is it serious?'

'Have you treated the wound?'

'Have you had your dinner?'

'Are you asleep?'

Her phone was in silent mode, so she did not know there were incoming messages without looking at

her phone. The last message was dated ten minutes ago.

She replied to Jazz's messages, asking him to rest early and not to worry about her.

As soon as she put away her phone, Mark emerged from the kitchen with a bowl in his hands.

He first put the bowl on the table, and then came to carry her to the dining table.

She looked at the bowl of oatmeal and then up at him in surprise.

Mark furrowed his brows. He squinted and gently knocked on the table. "Are you going to eat the oatmeal or me?"

Summer snapped back. She lowered her head and took a spoonful-it tasted light and pretty good. "I didn't know you could cook. What other skills you have? I am really curious to know."