

President 101

Chapter 101

Mark pointed with his chin, motioning her to shut up and start eating.

She shrugged and creased her nose before tucking in.

It had been two days since they arrived in Grudin North. They had been surviving on instant ramen and

bread. So oatmeal was a welcome change.

She polished off the oatmeal in no time and grinned at him. "Can I have another bowl, please?"

"Since you have asked, I have no reason to say no."

He got up, took her empty bowl, and disappeared into the kitchen.

No matter when and where, he always looked elegant and tempting.

The night was silent, and she shivered from the cold. But she enjoyed the time they were together.

Perhaps it was the pregnancy, or maybe hunger; she made a pig of herself tonight by finishing two

bowls of oatmeal.

She went to bed and shivered under the blanket.

Mark whisked open the quilt and got in. The bed beside her sank under his weight.

She felt the heat of his body and instinctively got closer to him.

Aware of her action, Mark folded his arms in front of his chest and asked with a listless voice, "You cold?"

She nodded. There was no heating in the room and it did not help that she shivered.

"Call me darling and I will give you warmth," he said in a frivolous tone of voice.

She looked at him snappishly. "You should be embarrassed of yourself for asking for a favor from a patient."

"Why should I?" he said as matter-of-factly. "I expect to get something in return for my effort."

That sounded weird to the ears.

He chuckled, wrapped his hand around her waist, and drew her closer to him so that she snuggled against his chest.

"It is my pleasure, Mrs. Valentine."

He lowered his chin, his hot breath blowing against her earlobes.

His hot breath not just warmed her ear but also made it feel itchy and red.

Her body was warming up, but the posture was not comfortable.

So she put her hands on his chest and pushed herself away from him. Just then, Mark commanded with his deep and hoarse voice. "Lie still."

She instantly blushed and was frozen in place.

Summer felt time passing incredibly slow in her current posture.

After a long while, Mark put his hand on her back and drew her closer to him. She was now lying on his

chest, her head rising and falling as he breathed. "Now close your eyes and sleep," he mumbled.

She did not look up but just rested on his chest, hearing his heart beating.

The heat from his body did a pretty good job of keeping her warm.

She somehow did not feel like sleeping now because her heart was pounding, her face blushing, and she kept swallowing involuntarily.

It took her awhile before she felt sleepy again. Her eyes closed involuntarily and then she gradually fell

asleep.

It was a dreamless night. She woke up at nine the next morning.

Sitting in bed, she stretched and looked out of the window.

The sky that had been staying cloudy for the past few days had cleared up. The sun was showing its face. It was a good day.

She ran a little calculation in her mind: It was

December 20 today-ten more days to go before New

Year's Day. 2

People in Grudin North were having a hard time because of the disaster. Many lost their loved ones, family, and friends.

It was only natural that few people in Grudin North were in the mood for celebration.

She could not help but feel sad and was emotionally disturbed when she thought of the many casualties.

The burns on the back of her feet impaired her movement. She was bedridden, staring at her cell phone, and occasionally reading the newspaper.

She also never felt hungry, as Mark had never failed to bring her food.

When he was busy and could not come back, he would send his assistant Omar, and he would come back early in the evening.

Over time, she got used to this routine. Every time when the door swung open at 7:00 pm, she knew he

was back.

Chapter 102

Sometimes, Mark would leave a few books on the bed, and she would read those books to kill time when she was bored.

Life here was a mundane routine, yet felt special and real.

In the hospital ward.

Before the crack of dawn, Baine had already woken up.

There was a trace of blush on her otherwise pale cheeks. She looked much better than before.

She glanced out of the window, and then turned her eyes to the door, as if she was expecting someone.

Her eyes lit up in expectation when she heard footsteps and the door of the ward was pushed open from the outside.

A nurse walked in and greeted her with a smile. "Good morning, Miss Valentine. You rose so early today."

Baine was disappointed, her expression a little stiff. But it was just for a few seconds before she let out

a faint smile, as usual. "I woke up naturally because I couldn't sleep any longer. How is the weather today?" "It is still too early to tell. If the weather forecast is

anything to go by, it should be sunny today. You may get out of bed and go for a walk outside when the

sun comes out. It is always good to move around occasionally."

"All right," she said absent-mindedly.

No one knew what she was thinking.

The nurse replaced the dropper bottle and adjusted the speed. "You only need one bottle today. So it will all be over soon."

"Thank you." Raine pulled back her drifting gaze and nodded at the nurse.

She glanced at the dropper bottle once; the drops dripped slowly. She felt drowsy, but still tossed and

turned the entire time.

So, she thought she might as well get up. Propping herself up and leaning against the headboard, she

gazed out of the window.

It was nine in the morning when Jazz came. He brought a bowl of oatmeal that he bought from the hospital cafeteria.

She finished the oatmeal, and then looked at Jazz, who was slouching in the chair and swiping his finger on the phone. "How is Summer now?"

Jazz was still playing with his phone. "She needs time to recover. She still can't walk." "Then how is she getting her meals?"

"Mark is taking care of her. Also, there is Omar." "So what is Mark doing these few days?" She tried to

sound him out.

"As you know, Valentine Group has donated a great deal of emergency supplies. Mark is overseeing the operation."

"Is he busy every day? Since you have time, help your brother. I am recovering fast and can take care

of myself." Raine smiled.

Jazz shrugged absent-mindedly. "He is not so busy, actually. Every time before I got back, Mark would

be back in the room. He can handle everything by himself. I don't want to help and end up throwing a

monkey wrench into the job."

"When do you usually go back?" Raine furrowed her brows. "Are you still playing around?"

"Come on, Aunt! I am twenty this year. I am a man. Don't use the 'play around' words on me."

"Tell me you didn't. I don't have to remind you, do I?"

"I hope you can treat me as an adult from now on. I am no longer the same Jazz you knew."

He sounded serious, as if he meant business. To be fair to him, he no longer had that childlike look on

his face.

"What is wrong with you recently? I have got a feeling that there is something wrong with you. You have a girl you like?" Raine laughed.

She had hit him in the soft spot. He evaded her eyes and buried his face in the screen of his phone.

"You overthink," he replied.

"Really? Are you really sure that I overthink, not that you evade my question?"

Raine watched Jazz growing up and knew him like the back of her hand. No way Jazz could lie to her.

Jazz glanced at the dropper bottle and then steered the conversation away. "The dropper bottle is empty. Let me push you out to get some fresh air. The weather is wonderful today."

He was still evasive by changing the topic. But Raine did not give up. "What does the girl look like?

Have I met her before? When will you introduce her to me? You know I have a keen eye, don't you?"

"Oh, come one. It is none of your business. I will take care of it myself. Your job is to recover as soon

as possible."

Jazz now pushed back her question, less evasive. The more Jazz evaded Raine's questions, the more curious she became.

He bent over and carried Raine up in his arm, then placed her in the wheelchair and pushed her out of

the ward.

The hospital suffered minor damage despite the earthquake. There was an artificial lake, surrounded by

grassy landscape and trees in the middle of the hospital.

She had stayed indoors for several days. It was refreshing, and all boredom vanished the moment she

got out in the open.

As they went round the artificial lake, Jazz saw the back of someone he knew up ahead. He looked carefully and made out who the person was. It was Mark's assistant. "Omar?" Jazz called out.

Omar stopped and came up to them. "Hi, Jazz."

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Jazz glanced at the documents in Omar's hands.

Chapter 103

"A batch of medical supplies have just arrived. I am checking it before it goes into storage." Sweat was

trickling down Omar's forehead.

"Since you are here, who will deliver lunch to Summer?"

Omar took a breath. "I have been busy running around these few days. So I am not returning to the

place. Mr. Valentine is taking care of her."

"Cool. I will leave you to it." Jazz waved him away. At first, he thought of delivering lunch to Summer.

Now it seemed that would not be necessary, as Mark was taking care of it.

There was a subtle change of expression on Raine's face.

The sun might have come out, but the weather improved little. The wind was still blowing, and it was

chilly.

Just half an hour outside, Raine complained of the cold. She wanted to cut short of the walk, as she felt

tired.

After Jazz pushed her back to the room, he received a call and left in a hurry.

Raine was left alone, staring blankly with her brows

furrowed. She put her hand to her chest, feeling a pang of heartache.

Ever since Summer injured her foot, Mark had not visited her in the hospital.

At first, she was okay with it. But her confidence was shaken in the past few days. She was wrestling

with her thoughts, hesitant, and at a loss.

She thought if Mark did not come, she could slowly forget all the touching moments between them, as if

nothing had ever happened.

But when he stopped coming, exactly like what she had thought, she was depressed, lonely, and wished h e could come again.

These contradictory and complicated emotions upset and even agonized her.

So when Jazz came to visit today, she tried to get to know Mark's whereabouts form him.

When she heard Mark was busy, she thought that must be the reason he did not come. So she was cool with that.

But after bumping into Omar and hearing what he said, she found herself so stupid.

He did not have time to visit her, but he had time to return to the company branch every afternoon.

The difference between what she thought and what really happened pained her. Did Mark fall in love

with Summer, or simply take care of her?

She could not shake the thoughts from her head. They continued to ravage her mentally.

She thought of what Ronald said: 'make the same mistake over and over again until one reaches the point of no return.'

She would only push Mark farther and farther away from her.

But what could she do?

The thoughts were driving her crazy. Her head felt heavy and dizzy.

She put the back of her hand to her forehead. It was burning hot. She had a fever.

It must be because of the chilly wind. And she had a blocked nose.

She felt a fire burning inside her and her strength leaving her. She pursed her lips; it was dry-same as

her throat. She spontaneously picked up her cell phone and made a call.

"I feel terrible.... Really terrible..." she muttered into the phone.

She then hung up and put the phone aside, then lay there without alerting the nurses.

A while later, Mark rushed into the ward and looked at her with a grave expression on his handsome face.

Chapter 104

Her cheeks were flushed, lips dry. She looked sick and was wriggling in bed.

He frowned as he put the back of his hand on her forehead. His eyes narrowed when he felt her burning forehead.

A nurse hurried in and took temperature and examined Raine. The nurse kept her head low the entire

time, as she did not dare to look at his expression.

"Why does her body temperature shoot up all of a sudden?" Mark looked at the nurse. "Is this how you

look after the patient?"

The rising pitch of his voice made the nurse tremble. She quickly explained, "Your younger brother came to the hospital today, and brought Miss Valentine outside to get some fresh air. She must have caught a cold at that time. Judging by the seriousness of her condition, someone had better stay by her

side at night. It could develop into pneumonia." 1

Mark said nothing again. He stood aside and leaned against a chair with his lips pursed as he watched

the nurse administering medication.

The nurse left in a whirlwind after finishing her job.

He came to the bedside and sat down on the edge of the bed. Beads of sweat were popping up on Baine's forehead while she gripped his hand tightly and refused to let go.

He tried to move, but she gripped him harder. She was whispering something in her mouth, but he could not make out what she was saying.

He gently wiped the sweat off her forehead. He then looked at the time; it was 7:30 pm.

He thought of the bedridden woman back in the room. So he took out his phone, but it ran out of battery and had switched off.

Kneading his brow, he put his phone back into his coat pocket and glanced down at Baine and sat motionless for a long time. Her condition did not seem to improve.

In the room.

It was 8:00 pm, but Mark had not returned. Summer became worried, wondering if something happened to him.

Mark had never failed to come back every afternoon and at 7:00 pm every day for the past few days.

But today, that record had been broken. Not only did Mark not come back at noon, but he had also not

returned even though half an hour had passed.

Anxiously, she dialed his number. A sweet female voice answered, telling her, 'Sorry, the number you

have dialed is not reachable.'

'Mark has switched off the phone? Has something really happened to him?'

She sat on the bed and started to imagine things. She could not stop her negative thinking.

She could not sleep. She sat up, staring at the door, and waited.

Two hours had passed, and it was 10:00 pm. Mark was still nowhere to be seen.

She went from worrying to panicking.

'Is he still at work, or has something bad happened? Did a house suddenly collapse during the search

and rescue operation, or did his car get into an accident?'

She did not want to think that way, but she could not control herself. It was getting late and she could

not contact him. How could she not be worried?

So she got out of bed slowly, put on a slipper on one foot, and hopped out of the room.

Her foot hurt, but it was still bearable.

Jazz's room was at the other end of the building. So she could make it there in no time.

She knocked on the door five or six times, only then she got a response. Jazz answered the door with

a pair of drowsy eyes.

Chapter 105

Jazz was completely awake upon seeing Summer. He quickly brushed down his wrinkled clothes.

But when he knew it, looked down at her feet.

Summer was holding the doorjamb with both hands and standing on one foot with the injured one

resting on the uninjured one to hold herself steady.

His expression changed, and he quickly carried her up in his arms. "What are you doing here with your

injured foot?"

"Jazz, your brother has not returned until now. I couldn't get through his phone. Do you know what happened to him?" She sounded worried.

Jazz was startled for a second, and then said with a playful smile. "You are overthinking. Mark will be

fine."

"But this place is no Santabaca. The earthquake has just been over, and chaos is still everywhere. The

most important thing is I can't get through his phone."

"Maybe we should wait and see first."

Jazz carried her back to her room. She sat on the bed while Jazz on the edge of the bed. They waited.

Another two hours had passed. Summer had lost her

patience. She was anxious and worried. Her eyes kept darting between her phone and the door.

Her emotions were written all over her face. Jazz saw that. He sighed and got to his feet. "Don't go anywhere, but wait here. I will go find Mark and call you when I have found him."

"Be careful." She nodded vigorously.

Jazz mimed an 'OK' with his hand and left.

The air temperature in the morning of December plummeted to minus 44-to 46-degree Fahrenheit.

There was no one on the streets at this freezing temperature.

The icy wind hit Jazz's face and numbed his skin. He struggled to move his facial muscles as if they had all been frozen.

He first went to the place where the relief supplies distribution center of Valentine Group was. The light

was still on. Two people on duty were dozing off when he walked in.

"Where is Mark?" He struggled to open his mouth and was tongue-tied.

"He already left at noon."

"Noon?" Jazz raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, he left right after receiving a call."

"Do you know who called him?" "We don't know." No way they would dare to pry into their company

president's privacy.

Right now, Jazz could only think of one place: the hospital.

Walking in the freezing cold again, he pulled his jacket tighter to his body and quickened his pace.

The moment he arrived at the hospital and opened the ward door, what he saw made his hackles rise.

Raine was lying on the hospital bed, and Mark was leaning against the headboard beside her, hand in

hand.

Jazz strode over to Mark, his chest heaving with fury.

Mark sensed a shadow falling over him and looked up. "Did you bring her outside today?" Mark asked.

"Yeah, why?" Jazz was fit to be tied, his voice showing that. While Summer was worried about Mark,

Mark was here with Raine. Not only that, he did not even bother to make a phone call.

This was the first time Jazz was disrespectful to his elder brother.

"Looks like you have a strong opinion with me." Mark frowned. He paused for a second before he continued. "She has caught a cold and fever of nearly one hundred and four degrees."

Jazz glanced at Raine and only then he noticed her abnormally flushed cheeks.

Chapter 106

Jazz toned his anger down and felt a sense of guilt. Had he not brought Raine outside today, she would

not have caught a cold.

"Since you are here, please call Summer and tell her I won't go back tonight. No need to call me

because my phone's battery is dead.”

He kneaded his brow with his left hand and shifted to a more comfortable sitting posture as he spoke to

Jazz.

Jazz's expression was stiff. He hemmed. "Your phone's battery is dead?"

"Oh-huh? Is there a problem?"

Shaking his head, Jazz took out his phone and made the call. The call was picked up in just a while.

He briefly told Summer about the situation here and asked her not to worry and told her to get rest.

Jazz was embarrassed of himself after knowing the truth. But at least he did not follow his impulse to

whack Mark. Otherwise, he would get himself into even more embarrassment.

"Go back and get a rest," Mark said to Jazz faintly. " You may come tomorrow morning." "I will take your

place tomorrow early morning." Jazz

nodded. He could see the tiredness on Mark's face.

He was leaving when he stopped in his tracks and turned around in the doorway.

"Give Summer a call tomorrow morning. She has been worried about you the entire day, thinking that

you might have gotten into an accident. That's why I am here."

Mark nodded. There was a hint of gentleness on his face. Just that he was not aware of it.

After hanging up, Summer felt relieved.

She looked at the time and could not believe that it was 1.00 am now.

After hours of worrying about Mark, she only started to feel sleepy now.

She lay on the bed but could not fall asleep. She felt as if something was missing. She could not get used to this feeling.

Shaking the thought from her head, she flipped her body around to sleep on her other side. Habit was a

terrible thing, she thought.

The next morning.

It was the crack of dawn when Summer woke up. Her sleep was shallow last night. She was jolted out

of her sleep at the slightest sound.

When she opened her eyes, the sky outside was still

dark.

She let out a sigh. She sat up and got dressed, then got out of bed and tried to put her feet on the floor.

She was recovering. The pain had lessened significantly.

Since she could not fall back into sleep, she thought she might as well move her body and visit Raine

in the hospital.

She grabbed her scarf and gloves and then walked out of the room slowly.

Meanwhile, Raine let out a couple of coughs. She opened her eyes and saw Mark leaning on the edge

of the bed.

He had fallen asleep and looked tired.

As she looked at him, her mind traveled back to three years ago.

This scene reminded her of three years ago.

Chapter 107

Raine bit her lips and closed her eyes when she recalled the phone call she made yesterday afternoon.

Why did she not control herself at that time?

She should not have made that phone call. At that time, she was out of control and just following her

instinct.

Whenever she was in danger, the first person she thought of was him, and she wanted him to be by her

side forever.

She felt relaxed, contented, at ease, and without the slightest sense of emptiness the moment she opened her eyes and saw him.

She was happy.

She had not had this feeling for a long time.

She gazed at him, looking at his handsome face, carefully ingrainning his face in her mind for a thousand times.

It had been three years since she last looked at him at such a close distance. He was now steadier and

more mature compared to three years ago. Like red wine that had gone through the process of fermentation, he was mellow and attractive.

Raine shifted her body to get closer to him. Her heart thumping violently as she did that, as if she was a

thief.

Leaning down gently, she planted her red lips on his forehead. The kiss was as light as feathers. She was afraid of disturbing him, or worse, waking him up.

But all this was witnessed by Summer, who happened to push open the door and come in at that

moment. Summer froze on the spot upon seeing what she saw.

Raine was also stunned. The air seemed to freeze, as silent as death.

The two of them looked at each other from a distance.

Summer was staring at Raine just as Raine was staring at Summer. The distance was just about right for Summer to see everything clearly.

No one knew what to say. Even if they spoke, they did not know where to begin.

They remained in their posture and looked at each other in silence for a long while.

At this time, Jazz suddenly arrived and broke the silence. He reprimanded Summer. "Didn't I tell you

not to move around? Don't you care about your feet?"

Summer snapped back but did not hear what Jazz said. "What did you just say?"

Jazz gave her an I-can't-even look and then repeated himself. "Does your foot still hurt?"

"Not at all. Better now. Otherwise, I would not have walked all the way from my room." She put up a

smile.

Jazz was relieved. "Why are you standing here and not going in?"

While speaking, he walked past her and saw Baine and Mark. Baine was awake, and Mark was just

about to open his eyes.

"I have just arrived." Summer said, not answering Jazz's question directly. Whatever she saw, she first

kept it to herself.

Mark sat up, his eyes still slightly bloodshot, and tiredness remained on his face.

"Your foot is okay now?" He squinted his eyes and looked at Summer and then down at her foot.

"Almost. It was no longer painful when I walked here from the room." Summer nodded.

"Let the doctor check again. It is about time to change the dressing. It is not up to you to decide if you

can walk yet."

His voice is deep, with a huskiness that was unique to a person just waking up. It was sultry yet

demanding submission.

A doctor and a nurse walked in afterward. The doctor examined Baine while the nurse checked

Summer's wound.

Both Baine and Summer were fine, nothing major.

Chapter 108

Mark had to return to the accommodation area to work on some documents, and Jazz followed him.

That left Summer and Raine in the room.

Summer was sitting by the window and sipping water from a glass, a storm raging in her mind.

She saw it; there was something between Raine and Mark, and Raine apparently admired and like him.

Raine glanced at Summer occasionally, her lips moving but saying nothing. Not that she did not want t

o say it. It was just that she did not know where to begin.

At last, Raine spoke after a long while. "Let's talk, Summer."

Summer nodded with a calm expression and put the glass aside. "Okay, let's talk."

Raine clenched the quilt with her hands. She looked gracious and tactful. "I suppose you have seen it."

"I saw everything. I think you owe me an explanation," Summer said, looking at Raine with a hint of

bitterness in her eyes.

"There are some things that you need to know, Summer. Long story short, Mark and I used to be couples three years ago. As you might have already known; Mark and I have no blood relation."

There was no point to hide it from Summer since she had seen it. It was time resolve the things.

It was impossible for Summer not to feel shocked. She knew that Raine and Mark were not biological

aunt and nephew, but she did not know that they had dated three years ago.

"But that is history. We are now just an aunt and a nephew, nothing else. What is past is past." Raine spoke slowly and softly.

"Also, what you saw just now was just a farewell gesture. Three years ago, I said goodbye to our relationship, a complete cut off between us. I now have a fiancé. I love him and he loves me. We are happy. I apologize for my reckless behavior just now."

Was it a farewell, a clean break, or an involuntary action? No one knew the truth except herself.

"Since you have said so, I have nothing to say. I believe you." Summer gave a clear reply.

"I trust you will not do the same thing again. No matter what relationship you and Mark had three years

ago. Like you said-it is history. Now, I am his wife and you have a fiancé. So you don't need me to tell

you what to do. You always are the most intelligent woman in my eyes, and I choose to believe that for

two reasons: we both are women, and you are our aunt."

"Absolutely," Raine said, the hand on her side slowly tightened the grip on the quilt.

From Summer's standpoint, what she said was reasonable and completely proper.

But it sounded different to Raine's ears-it was intimidation and sarcasm.

"I will pretend that nothing has ever happened, or have I seen anything today," Summer said, looking at

Raine.

"Me, too." Raine nodded.

Whatever they said, an insurmountable crack had already appeared between them.

"Let the matter rest here. I will never mention it again."

Chapter 109

There was silence again. Summer figured that the atmosphere would be even more awkward if she stayed a second longer.

So she found an excuse and left.

Once out of the ward, she took two deep breaths. She could not believe that Mark and Raine had dated

three years ago.

She could not stop her curiosity; was Mark the one making the first move, or was it Raine, three years

ago?

What were his feelings toward Raine when he dated her? And what about now? Did he still have

feelings for Raine?

The thoughts were killing her. She gave herself a knock on the head and tried to shake them from her

head. She felt she was going crazy.

But then, who had never had a relationship when one was young? It could be puppy love, or simply a crush.

Even during her college years, she had a crush on a senior. She was crazy about him at the time that her mind was filled with him, and she would miss him dearly when she did not see him for just a moment.

But now, she had forgotten all that. She could not even remember what that senior looked like.

Feelings fade with time, and everyone has a past.

When Summer was back in her room, Mark was working at the desk.

He glanced up at her when he heard her footsteps. He then continued his work.

Summer poured him a glass of water and placed it beside him, then stared at him.

He noticed her stare and narrowed his eyes. "Why are you looking at me, Mrs. Valentine?"

"I am curious as to how many women have ever fallen for a good-looking man like you, and how many of them you have dated," she said snappishly.

Summer had been letting loose her hair at home for the past few days. She now tied it into a ponytail.

But a few strands still escaped and dangled on the sides of her face, fluttering and looking sultry whenever she moved about.

Mark raised his hand and drew the dangling hair behind her ears, then clasped the back of her head and kissed her on the lips.

He let go of her when she started to lose her breath. He swallowed involuntarily. "You are seducing me

by saying that, do you know?" he said with a hoarse voice.

She gasped for air and frowned, then shrugged in disapproval. "Did I? Don't you think you have a cognitive problem?"

What had she said that made him think she was seducing him?

She was taunting him, insinuating that he was a womanizer, and pointing out his subtle hatred for her.

Yet he thought she was seducing him.

He leered at her with a lewd smile, then deliberately ran his tongue over her lips.

She felt a warmth on her lips, followed by an itchy sensation. By the time she knew what happened, he

had pulled away and was looking down at his damn files again. "Go pack your luggage," he said.

"What for?" She was puzzled.

"We are going back to Santabaca. Do you plan to live here forever?" He did not look at her.

"No. I just feel that this is too sudden." She licked her lips and then tried to sound him out. "Will Jazz

leave with us?"

"For sure." His eyes were still on the files.

"What about Uncle... I mean your dad?" she awkwardly corrected herself.

Chapter 110

"He oversees the operation in Grudin North. He can't leave since such a tragic disaster has happened here."

Summer continued to ask, "What about Aunt?"

The pen nib in his hand paused. "It is up to her. No one can force it on her."

It was as good as saying nothing. Summer turned around and went about packing her luggage.

They had been staying in Grudin North for over a week now. But it felt like they had just arrived yesterday.

Perhaps time flew when she was happy.

Had she not seen what happened this morning, she could have been even happier, she thought.

There were few things to pack, and almost all the luggage was hers. So she thought she might as well

shove everything into the suitcase.

After that, she went to bed. Mark was still working. She glanced at him a few times before slipping under the cold quilt.

The backlog of work over the past few days piled up like a small mountain.

Now and then, he would change into a different sitting

posture, wrinkling his brow slightly with his lips pursed, and occasionally tapping his fingers on the table, making a series of crisp sounds.

Something came to mind. He stopped the tapping and glanced over at Summer, who seemed to have fallen asleep.

As the lullaby-like tapping sound stopped, Summer came out of her trance.

She looked over at him with her half-closed eyes. He stopped what he was doing and glanced at her, as if he was afraid of waking her up.

The corners of her mouth turned up in a smile. She closed her eyes and slowly fell asleep.

In the hospital ward.

The hour hand was pointing at ten. Raine let out a sigh. After thinking about everything and nothing,

she was ready to sleep.

It was at this time that she heard footsteps. Ronald pushed open the door and came in. "Not asleep yet?"

"About to. I am thirsty, Ronald. Could you please pour me a glass of water?"

She had not drunk much water during the day. Only when she was about to sleep did she feel thirsty.

Ronald poured her a glass of water, came to the bedside, and handed it to her.

As Raine took the glass with her right hand, a whiff of perfume fragrance drifted into her nostrils. It smelled of a fruity aroma, very light, but enchanting.

If she was not mistaken, this fragrance came from Ronald.

She grabbed Ronald by his suit and pulled him closer, then sniffed him up and down. She then spotted

something on his white collar-a rose red lipstick mark.

"What are you doing? Why are you sniffing at me like a puppy?" Ronald had that I-can't-even look on

his face.

Raine's expression changed. She had a serious look on her face. "Tell me, are you having another woman outside?"

There was a subtle change on Ronald's face. He denied and said that it was nonsense.

"Don't bluff, Ronald. Do you think you can hide the women's perfume fragrance on your body and the

lipstick marks on the collar of your shirt? You can't bluff a woman's instincts."

She pointed at his white collar, where the rock-solid, undeniable evidence was.