

President 251

Chapter 251

"Are you sure you want to leave in this manner? Let me remind you, you're only going to make the situation more awkward."

Summer sat there without moving; she had no intention to leave. She continued to speak, "since she's

with you, let me ask you a question!"

She glanced at Raine and asked, "Do I still have a place in your heart, even if it's just a slightest bit!"

Her voice was loud and clear, enough to be heard by everyone in the cafe.

Since young, Mark had always been the center of attention; however, not in a situation like this.

Mark frowned. His expression was already gloomy, and the attention of the crowd made him more irritated.

He disliked this kind of situation the most...

Without speaking, he tugged at her arm, wanting to drag her outside.

But Summer sat firmly, she seemed to be aware of his intentions; furthermore, she added, "Is it so difficult for you to answer such a simple question?"

More and more eyes focused on them. Mark could no

longer contain his anger and exploded, coldly warning her, "Don't you dare mess around with me!"

'Mess around?'

Summer stared at him with her dark expression; she felt a sudden sore in her nose, but she remained silent.

'Did he see her as such a character?'

This time, she was no doubt stubborn, childish, impulsive, and ignorant, but unrelenting!

She wanted to take advantage of the situation by forcing him into a corner, in the presence of Raine and all the customers in the cafe.

If his answer was 'yes', it would naturally break Raine apart.

Instead, he thought of her as purposely making a mess; and it could only mean that she wasn't even a

wee bit precious to him.

She lost faith and gave up on all hopes upon hearing his answer.

She acted childishly and out of her usual behavior was merely because she lacked confidence and

wanted to gather a bit of courage out of him so that she could find a reason to keep going. However, it

seemed that there was no longer any reason to go on...

"Yes, I'm causing trouble and being irrational, and naturally, I would never be her match. But the same

goes for me, I no longer hold you dear in my heart. Besides, I've some other matters to attend to and I

need to leave first, you can leave after me."

Although she had made a mess, she was proud of herself.

So what if he didn't love her, she could completely discard her love for him; besides, what got him was

her feeling of disdain!

She flung off his arm, turned around and left together with Dale. Mark turned dark as if a storm was brewing and stared at her silhouette.

'Was she aware of what she had said?'

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He readied his steps to go after her, but Raine held him back by his arms. She fixed her gaze upon him, determined to not let him go.

Mark frowned and looked at Raine; puzzled by her actions.

"I'm asking you one last time; do you still want me?"

Raine stretched her beautiful collar and stared at him, her slender fingers turned slightly pale due to the

pressure as they dug into his coat.

Mark's lips formed a line and his throat rumbled. When he was about to speak, Raine interrupted.

"Nobody understands me better than you do. Did you know how hard was it for me to say such simple

words? I feel so ashamed, but I am clearly aware that I would certainly regret it my entire life if I had not

said them; and now, I've said it the second time..."

Tears welled up in her eyes like dewdrops accompanied by a little bit of crying, as she let her fingers

slowly cruise downward along her dress.

"I specially wore this long dress today that you gave me three years ago even though I was afraid that

you wouldn't remember it."

Following her gaze, Mark's attention fell onto the long

vintage dress.

He was surprised when he first saw it. But now, he didn't feel anything except that it was just another

long dress.

"I know that many things can change in three years, but I firmly believe that your love for me has never

changed; or had you fallen for Summer during your time with her?"

"In fact, this question had constantly circled around my thoughts when I asked if you had fallen for her.

I had wanted to ask yet I was afraid that I would be tormented by your answer. But now, I will not let

myself be tormented anymore. Although I'm afraid, I still want to hear your answer directly!"

Mark showed no signs of responding but carried an expression like an endless pit that concealed all his

emotions.

Baine's words were rather apprehensive, so she said them softly and gently, light as a drifting feather.

She was indeed worried about the situation. From the several months which they had been together, it

had only added to her worries.

"You once said to me on my birthday that you wanted me to give you a firm answer, and that you would

support me; nevertheless, I have now given you my answer, are you going to reject it?"

Mark furrowed his eyebrows and looked at the time. Finally, he uttered, "Let's talk about this later, I have

some matters to attend-"

His speech was cut short abruptly by Raine. "To go after Summer, right?"

His eyes squinted and throat rumbled. A dash of dim light flashed across Mark's eyes.

Seeing him silent, she sneered bitterly, "Summer had only brought disaster and tragedy to your marriage, and she even wanted to end it, it's obvious that she has no feelings toward you..."

Raine said it purposely to arouse his anger toward Summer.

Mark's expression changed like a storm whipping up. The words she spoke to that man a while ago surfaced in his thoughts.

His anger spread like wildfire, causing his body to stiffen, and he felt frustrated, depressed, pressured,

and angry.

He brought his hands toward his collar and loosened his necktie to find relief; however, he still found it

very tight.

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"She had made herself clear, yet you still want to go after her. Even though you didn't answer my

question, your silence has made it clear. I've come to understand that you no longer want me. Go after

her and forget what I have just said..."

Raine released her grip on his coat and retreated a few steps and looked at her from a distance.

Her tears finally came flowing down, across her smooth cheeks, off her jaw, and disappearing into the

ground.

Her crying painted a beautiful scene, weak and pitiful, like a girl coming out from a downpour and crying, soaking her eyelashes, and looking more and more pitiful, i

At that moment, Mark's pupils were dark as ink; black, deep but intense, calm but demented.

At the same time, Summer's parting words repeatedly surfaced in his thoughts. He was raging as if he

breathed fire through his nostrils. He couldn't wait to strangle her to death!

Not far away was Raine who was still in tears. His anger made his mood extremely awful.

He looked up at her tears, and he felt a surprisingly

dead calmness like a pond without ripples come over him, but they were just intertwined feelings of irritation and frustration.

Yet, rashly, out of frustration and without a clear mind, Mark uttered, "Who said I no longer want you?"

1

Raine was left stunned and rooted to the ground. Her tears stopped dripping and she cheered up with a

smile. Her speech was still stifled, "I knew you wouldn't give up on me, you would never..."

His gaze froze when he heard his own words.

Yet, in contrary to relief and pleasure, there was unspeakable tension and heaviness, as if he had disappointed Mrs. Valentine!

As he recalled her earlier words, his eyes squinted, and scorned at his own thoughts!

He had loved Raine. His marriage to her was solely a trade and had made clear the terms and conditions.

Yet, she had shamelessly uttered such words to another man; why should he feel that he had did something that disappointed her? 1

Seeing her in an awful mood, Dale offered to bring Summer to Cartel lakeside to enjoy the scenery but

was outrightly rejected.

Thus, without delay, Dale drove her back to the lobby of her apartment. Tired, Summer wished him goodnight and entered the elevator.

Dale drove away after she disappeared from his sight.

Summer unlocked the door and found that the lights in the living room were on. As she raised her head, she saw him seated on the sofa.

He turned around as if he heard footsteps. He had a cigarette between his lips as he observed her closely with his darkened expression.

She frowned and was slightly surprised.

After she had left, there was no one to disturb them. They had all the time to enjoy their date and shop

to their hearts' content. But unexpectedly, he had returned home earlier.

However, regardless of whether he returned early or late, it was no longer her concern.

Tired, Summer placed her bag on the sofa and went into the room. She opened the bed drawer and took out the credit card that was lying there.

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Never in her life would she use this card. Whether it was then or now, all she could do was to surrender

to fate.

Holding it in her hands, she got up and went to the door. Mark had also walked over. But before they

could react, they had bumped into each other.

Summer felt her forehead hurt slightly, but it wasn't anywhere as painful compared to what her heart

felt. She lowered her head, held out the card, and handed it to him.

Mark snuffed out the cigarette with his fingers and stared at her with his deep black pupils as if he was

going to eat her alive. But he didn't reach out to receive it.

"You don't want it? I will never use this credit card because it only makes me feel disgusted; and if you

don't want it, I'll toss it into the rubbish bin."

"Disgusted?" Mark uttered in a very deep tone. He stretched out his hand and squeezed her shoulders

with his tight grip.

No one had ever angered him to this extent, not even Baine!

She was the only one who could provoke him, and

successfully arouse his anger to boiling point!

Never had he felt so angry in his life where if not released, it would only drive him crazy!

Summer furrowed her brows at the pain she felt on her shoulders. But she smiled calmly and

answered,

"Let's take this example, you are fully aware that I have the credit card of the man I love and set its

password as his birthday; and I give it to you and let you use it as you wish, would you not feel

disgusted?"

Just by the thought of it, she felt it was absurd and ironic!

Her own husband gave her a credit card he signed up for Baine and told her that the password was the

birthday of the woman he loved but let her spend it as she wished.

He might not think it was funny, but she was disgusted by it, and her disgust came from deep within her.

"Although you may not be disgusted by it, but I am, to the point where I lose my appetite. Do you understand now, Mr. Valentine?"

Afterward, she flung the card at him...

'Which lady could bear the burden of entering her rival's birthday every time she swiped the card?'

Maybe, there were some who were able. But she wasn't that kind of woman, it was impossible for her.

Mark froze for a moment, then he slowly released his grip on her shoulders. It was only then did he realize that this credit card's password was Raine's birthday.

Summer slightly moved her shoulders that were inflicted with pain. She appeared cold and indifferent.

"I can't raise the issue of divorce; it has to come from you. Therefore, I won't dawdle anymore on this

nonsense. Besides, I'm tired and need to rest.

Furthermore, I don't think we should be sharing a bed in a situation like this; and I believe that you are

a gentleman and won't let a pregnant lady to sleep on the sofa."

She was only concerned about what she had to say; without waiting for his response, she shut the door

in his face, and locked it from the inside.

She quietened herself and laid on the large bed with luxurious Norwegian design big enough to fit three

persons.

As she laid in alone, it seemed very vast and lonely...

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'In the afternoon, he kissed her passionately in front of the school; but at night, he and Raine visited the jewelry store.

His schedule was indeed occupied!

He busied himself at work and spent his time between two women. Wouldn't he become insane?'

In the end, regardless of what a man felt or thought, she couldn't understand anything.

As the cold of Spring seeped in, the trees outside the window began to sprout new leaves and the greenery was pleasant to one's sight.

However, it wasn't visible at night. Nevertheless, although it was early Spring, she still felt the weather

was very cold.

Summer tossed and turned in bed, not able to fall asleep. She only wrapped herself within her blanket

and stared blankly through the window into the dark.

In the living room.

Smoke filled the air, Mark had not stopped smoking and the stench was very irritating.

For some reason, he became more frustrated!

He had reduced his smoking frequency to only once a

day, but the cigarette box was almost empty.

And the credit card laid on the floor in front of the room as no one picked it up.

At this moment, Mark's phone rang. He looked at the screen. It was a call from Raine.

Unnerved, he whipped up his phone and without hesitating, he swiped to hang up the call with his fingers.

There was a short moment of silence before the phone rang again; it was still Raine.

His stared at the screen and paused for about four to five seconds before he answered the call.

Bringing the phone close to his ears, he answered calmly, "Hello..."

"Have you arrived home?" Raine's voice sounded graceful as usual, mixed with a bit of gentleness.

"Yes..." he answered indifferently.

"It's nothing. Just wanted to know if you arrived home safely. Alright, goodnight."

Raine could sense that he was feeling down, so she didn't say much, only those few words and then she hung up.

Most of the time, a woman needs to know when to stop to avoid a man from becoming annoyed. It would be a bad omen if he became annoyed.

Yvette sat across the sofa opposite to Raine. She looked at her twice. "Mark returned to the apartment?"

Sipping her coffee, Raine replied, "Yes." "Right, where is that thing I gave you today?" Yvette asked.

Upon hearing, Raine handed her a portable recorder.

After receiving it, Yvette looked at Raine. "Are you disgusted by my actions?"

"Nope." Raine continued sipping her coffee, "you must be thinking too much."

"Good, you don't need to feel disgusted. I'm not interested to keep doing this, I only wanted you to

record your conversation with Mark, it's merely to make her give up, afterward, I will not be involved in

your affairs anymore. Oh ya, give her a call tomorrow and have her come to Valentine mansion."

Hearing that, Raine frowned and declined. "She will not pick up my call, it's better if you do it."

"Hmph, that lady sure is stubborn, she might not even pick up my call. It's alright, I'll do it." She got angry whenever Summer's name was mentioned.

On the other side.

Chapter 256

In the living room, Mark stared at the room door from time to time; he couldn't fall asleep.

But the door never once opened and remained tightly shut.

She was in the room while he stayed outside; they both couldn't sleep, and the quiet atmosphere emitted a feeling of loneliness.

The next morning.

Summer had not slept the entire night and she didn't know why; she only felt like she had just closed

her eyes for a moment, but when she opened them, the sky was already bright.

After she looked at the time, she went into the bathroom to wash up. When she came out, she saw him

coming out of the closet.

She glanced at him quickly and said nothing; but picked up her bag and exited the room.

She was feeling awful; besides, she wasn't hungry, so she didn't prepare breakfast but thought of buying some snacks along the way to school.

Mark stared at her slender figure and couldn't refrain himself from feeling more downcast.

The moment Summer opened the main door, Raine stood in front of her. She seemed to have just arrived as she was preparing to ring the doorbell with her hand.

But as the door opened, Raine withdrew her arm.

She wasn't at all pleased with Raine, and this was undeniably true; thus, there was no need to be hospitable.

Their eyes met; Summer stared at her indifferently but said nothing.

Mark, who was behind her, saw her standing still at the door; he frowned and looked at her as if to break the awkwardness, and asked gently, "Who's there?"

She stepped aside without saying a word to grant him a view of the visitor; afterward, she walked off

without turning back into the elevator, and hit the close button.

From the gap of the elevator door, she could see the two of them standing facing each other, and Raine

was smiling.

She shut her eyes and dug her fingernails into her palms, causing it to hurt.

'What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve,' she said to herself in her heart.

Raine's impatience by showing up early in the morning painted such a lovely scene; however, it only

made her upset.

She turned slightly pale and gritted her teeth to refrain herself. Then, she slapped her face gently to regain her composure.

"You haven't had breakfast, right? How about we have breakfast together before you head off to work?"

Raine's unadorned face carried a faint smile.

After watching her disappear from his sight, only did Mark retract his sight, and answered, "I still have a

few contracts to sign this morning."

"No matter how busy you are, you shouldn't stress your body; let's have pumpkin soup together, it won't be long, just ten minutes, then you can be on your way to work."

Raine looked pleasant; she had woken up early and hurried over. "Or, would you like to have coffee instead?"

His sight fell onto his watch. "I don't have much time."

"You should have five minutes to spare, don't you? I hurried over this early just to have breakfast with

you. No matter what, you would surely have five minutes, n o?"

Mark became silent as if he acknowledged it. 1

Raine chuckled; she tailed him and entered the elevator together.

In the afternoon, Summer received a call from Maria; Yvette had asked her to drop by Valentine mansion.

Immediately, she rejected it and gave the excuse that she was busy in the afternoon, that she had no time to drop by.

Maria was caught in the fray; Yvette had instructed her repeatedly that she showed up at Valentine mansion. She was merely a messenger, and the situation was too tough for her to handle.

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Pausing for a moment, Maria quickly added that it was an order from Yvette; that if she didn't show up,

she would personally pick her up from school.

At this point, it was no longer reasonable to cause further trouble for Maria.

No matter how crafty Yvette was, she was still human and not a tigress. What harm could she possibly

do to her?

Moreover, she wasn't afraid of Yvette. Since she had already fallen out of her favor, there was nothing

else to be ashamed of!

In the afternoon, Summer drove her car directly to Valentine mansion; according to the maid, Yvette

was in the room upstairs, i

She went upstairs and took a corner; there she saw Yvette and Paine approaching her and Yvette

looked full of pride.

However, Summer was unaffected by her prideful display. Yvette was that kind of woman, the prouder

she was, the more loathsome she was.

"What do you have with me here?" she went ahead and asked directly, without the slightest doubt.

There are some who are truly respectable; yet also

some who would trample on and despise you the more respect you show her.

"There is something I would like you to listen..." Yvette produced a black portable recorder.

"Can't you just tell me directly? I still have afternoon lessons and it's a long journey here. Please get

straight to the point."

Yvette looked at her with increasing disgust. "What's the hurry? This is the main theme; you'll understand once you listen to it..."

Paine shifted her attention from Yvette to Summer, and then onto the recorder. Her thoughts were well

hidden with her expression.

Yvette gently pressed the play button on the recorder, and the voices recorded were clearly heard.

Yvette became more excited. Summer had no place in Mark's heart, and she could remove her from Valentine mansion very soon!

Yvette turned the volume to the maximum as if afraid that Summer couldn't hear it clearly.

Summer listened quietly but remained emotionless and was unnaturally calm like still water.

Even though what she heard were the exchange of romantic words between her husband and Paine, she remained indifferent.

However, no one noticed her arms tightened, slowly b y gradually.

This was because they were hidden within the pockets of her coat; thus, they didn't notice it. All they

saw was her indifferent expression.

Yvette appeared dissatisfied at her unexpected reaction and stared coldly at Summer.

As the recording came to an end, Summer calmly asked, "So, may I leave now?"

'If Yvette knew that her 'main theme' was no longer news to her since a month ago, would she be angered t o death?'

She secretly guessed that Yvette would surely be very angry; because how could Yvette be satisfied unless she had successfully provoked her?

Although Yvette failed to provoke her, but the recording had hurt her very much, so much that she shuddered.

She somewhat realized the feelings he had for Raine. However, hearing it herself meant otherwise.

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It felt like a sharp blade slashing across her heart; it was an excruciating pain and nevertheless indescribable.

Her reaction aroused Yvette's anger further. She snorted, "What a heartless woman, you must be after

the riches of the Valentine family!"

Her indifference towards her husband's affectionate relationship with another woman could only mean

that she didn't love her husband but was only after his wealth.

She didn't refute Yvette's words for it wasn't worth the effort. She would only retaliate and made things

worse.

Therefore, whatever she had in mind; it was best to let her be.

Not paying Yvette further attention, Summer turned around and headed toward the stairs.

But Yvette wasn't ready to let her leave; she strode across Summer and blocked her path. Then she

scorned, "There is a saying, just as the face is essential to man as bark is to trees, I've never seen

such a brazen woman. Even though she knows that her husband loves another woman, she doesn't

know

when to give up."

Hearing her words, Summer couldn't help but laughed. It turned out that this was the way a culprit used

to put the blame on others.

"Alright, I'll divorce him, how about that?" she uttered.

Unexpected her straightforward response, Yvette was startled. She thought for a little while and

answered," You're quite crafty, you're expecting to receive a portion of the Valentine family's wealth

from the divorce, aren't you?"

In the end, regardless of what it was, Yvette had the final say.

Summer could only laud her meticulous intent.

"I don't need any share of the property from this divorce; I only want the child, and this, I can guarantee

with a letter bearing my signature..."

In fact, it was for the sake of the child did she agree to marry him; it wasn't a single penny of his wealth

that she was aiming for. All she wanted was to keep the child.

"So, you want the child and use it to threaten the Valentine family? Truly I tell you, never!" Yvette objected harshly.

"Tell me, what is it that you want? To divorce or not to?" Summer looked at the time, she was getting

impatient and lost interest in arguing with her.

Giving it some thought, Yvette answered, "Divorce;

and if you want to keep the child, it will be raised by the Valentine family; you may only visit the child;

and if you don't agree, then you shall get rid of the child!"

If she wasn't an elder, Summer would have given her two tight slaps.

She was truly disgusted by Yvette's attitude.

"Do you think it's possible?" she questioned.

"Oh, so you have other intentions, I haven't made a mistake!"

Summer sneered; there wasn't any need to struggle with her any further. "Whether or not you made a

mistake, it has nothing to do with me."

She said no further; all she wanted was to leave this place, immediately.

Just as she began to walk, again Yvette stood before her, refusing to let her pass. "Give me your answer now from the choices I gave you."

Summer stood still and stared at her. She answered clearly,

"I will choose neither of the two choices. Besides, let me remind you, do not speak to me anymore about this, you may speak to your son, and let him tell me the conclusion..."

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Yvette stomped; her anger rocketed sky high. "Do you know who you are speaking to?"

"Yes of course, I am clearly aware. I always show the same respect to those who respect me and vice

versa." Summer wasn't overbearing, but her words were full of ridicule.

It was only natural to make up with Yvette to safeguard her position in the Valentine family.

However, she had none of those intentions; thus, not only didn't she make up, but she also wanted to rip it further apart.

Since young, Yvette had been very pampered. She could not be scolded nor ridiculed; in Norwood, there was no one that wouldn't want to curry her favor.

Ever since she moved to Santabaca because of her marriage, she still commanded the influence of Norwood. Furthermore, with Valentine Group holding majority stakes in Santabaca, no one dared to disrespect her.

Who would dare to make her angry?

Summer was the only one who had angered her repeatedly; furthermore, spoke such ugly words about

her and disgraced her.

Standing and watching their argument, Raine frowned and interrupted, "Calm down, both of you."

"Raine, do not interrupt, let her speak. I want to see what else is left in her obnoxious speech!" Yvette

said as she pointed at Summer.

Summer ignored them and strode past Yvette and headed downstairs.

Yvette wasn't going to let herself be ignored in this manner, she reached out her arms and grabbed Summer by her shirt.

As she was going down the stairs, she had never expected her to react this way. Summer felt a harsh

pull; she slipped, and fell backward, sharply landing on the stairway.

She sat there and felt pain in her stomach due to the impact, and she furrowed her eyebrows.

Yvette held onto her shirt, not willing to let go. Summer gritted her teeth and stood up aggressively." Let

go of me!"

"You thought I would just let you go?" Yvette laughed indifferently.

"I will say it once more, let me go!" she gradually lost her patience.

"So what if you said it twice?"

Finally, Summer's anger burned; she reached out toward her back and gave it a push.

Although it wasn't a strong push, Yvette was standing tip-toed, and she tilted forward and fell directly

toward the stairway.

It would have been an unsightly outcome should she had fallen down the stairs.

Raine, who stood behind them, quickly reacted; moving forward, she caught hold of Yvette and pushed

her toward the railing.

Shocked, Yvette grabbed on to the railing, her face turned pale. She steadied herself but was sweating

in fear.

Unfortunately for Raine, she rolled down the stairs like a ball, from the top, until she reached the bottom

of the stairs.

Nothing was needed to be said about the pain; her face was pale, and her body shriveled; it looked very painful.

Summer was stunned. She stood rooted to the ground and stared at her hands.

Yvette, who had recovered from her shock, hurried downstairs and helped Raine up, calling upon the

maids to call the ambulance.

Chapter 260

The living room was in a mess. Mark witnessed the scene as he entered the living room. He squinted

his eyes and first looked at Summer, then at Raine who was lying on the floor.

Mark was at a loss about what had happened; She stood still like a rock and stared at her hands in disbelief, whereas Raine was rolling on the floor.

Without wasting a moment, he strode forward and quickly carried Raine. He asked calmly, "What happened?"

Yvette was still panting due to her shock. At his question, she pointed at Summer. "She pushed her on

purpose."

Mark's expression darkened; his pupils turned black as ink as his sight fell coldly upon Summer.

She only wanted to release herself from Yvette's grip. She didn't even use any force. As to why it resulted this way, she herself was confused.

But, hearing Yvette's accusation, she felt like laughing.

Yet, his icy cold look tore her painful wound even more. It was an excruciating pain

At times, there was no need for words; an expression alone was sufficient to hurt a person dreadfully,

to a

breaking point.

Swiftly, Mark carried Raine and walked out of the living room. He brought his head close to her ears

from time to time, as if he was comforting her...

But she stood there like a culprit that nobody cared about...

Yvette stared at Summer coldly, gritted her teeth and said, "How dare you treat your mother-in-law like

this, may karma befall you!"

Upon hearing that, Summer recovered from her numbness and shock. She looked at Yvette and

nodded. "Okay, I'll wait and see."

"You—" Yvette couldn't utter a word without feeling out of breath. She huffed and followed them out of

Valentine mansion.

When she had left, Summer sat down on the stairs and buried her face between her knees; and looked

at her hands in a daze.

She only wanted Yvette to let her go. She didn't expect Yvette to lose a foothold, neither did she expect

Raine to fall down the stairs.

It was all an accident.

Yet of course, no one believed it was an accident.

Besides the maids, only Summer remained seated on the stairs at Valentine mansion.

Was it a minute, or five, or how long had she been sitting on the stairs? Nevertheless, she got up and went to the hospital too.

Although it was an accident, she was the cause of it. Therefore, she couldn't turn a blind eye toward Raine's injury.

As she arrived at the corner of the hospital, she saw from afar Mark and Yvette standing outside the

emergency unit.

Mark's handsome face looked dark, his eyes were deep, and his emotions were concealed.

Yvette sat beside him with full of anxiety; and would look toward the emergency unit from time to time.

She went no closer but stood by the corner and lean against the wall so that they wouldn't see her.

A few hours later, the emergency unit door opened. The doctor pushed Raine out and a few people followed toward the wards.

Summer reacted quickly and dodged. When they had disappeared from sight, she stopped a nurse and

asked, "Was the injury of that patient serious?"