

President 281

Chapter 281

Mark's expression was cold. He did not even bother to spare Summer a glance. He ignored her presence.

Her heart tightened sharply. She knew in her heart that he heard every single word she said earlier. Not

one word was missed!

Could he have misunderstood her?

But at that moment, the situation was too dangerous. It was definitely not the best time for her to explain herself. All she could do was to swallow her bitterness and continue watching.

The two men were obviously scared of him, but it was also clear that they had no fear of death. They

were already expecting to die!

Mark was quick with his moves; he was brutal and precise. One kick was all it took for the man who

had Baine in his arms to fall on the floor.

At the same time, he helped Baine up with his big hands. He lowered his body and wrapped her in her

clothes.

Baine never stopped crying. She was still traumatized by what happened. Her whole body was trembling continuously, be it her arms or her legs.

Mark's lips formed a straight line as he held Baine in his arms. Though his tone was still icy cold, it was

still soft when he said, "It's alright now. Don't be afraid H

Standing at one side, Summer watched them quietly. A n indescribable sense of bitterness started to grow in her heart, but she was still very relieved. She was relieved that he came right on time, relieved

that nothing worse happened!

The two men jumped up from the ground. Their heart was clear that there was only one thing that awaited them—doom!

Since they already knew their doomed fate, there was no backing out for them. They were already expecting to die. What more could they be afraid of?

Seeing the two men lunging towards him, Mark quickly shoved Raine aside, ensuring her safety.

The three men were fighting with each other. But the man with the knife had learned kickboxing. All his

attacks were violent; some could even be fatal. He should definitely not be underestimated.

Raine stood at the edge of the cliff, her frail body shaking in the cold wind. Her trembling figure looked

as if the wind could knock her down at any second.

Walking over, Summer removed her coat and put it around Raine's shoulders.

Raine's eyes looked lost until Summer did that.

Suddenly, she pulled herself back from the trance and pushed Summer's coat off her shoulders.

Without hesitation, she threw it on the ground in front of her.

It was clear that Raine's heart was filled with hatred towards her!

The two women stood at the edge of the cliff. Summer watched her actions, not saying anything.

'She just experienced such a traumatic incident. She must be feeling on edge. It couldn't be helped...'

The man with the knife was in a brawl with Mark. While they were struggling, the man's accomplice

backed off abruptly and charged towards Raine and Summer like a madman, yelling as he ran.

No one expected that he would do such a thing. His sudden and powerful push has shoved Raine

backward!

And the only thing behind her was the cliff. With a thrust like that, Raine was stepping backward

continuously. If she continued moving backward, two more steps were all it took for her to fall off the

cliff!

Summer witnessed that scene as her eyes tightened. Just when she was about to warn Raine, her shoulder was met with a strong impact. The pain hit her immediately as her face turned white at the next second.

Subsequently, the man switched to Summer, placing his hands on her shoulder. He exerted a strong force and sent her retreating. Suddenly, there was no land for her to place her foot - she was already at the end of the cliff.

Summer's face was as pale as death, her back covered in a cold sweat, her pores shivering with goosebumps.

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As her body was falling, she acted fast and swiftly grabbed onto a protruding rock on the cliff. At the

moment, even though her body was hanging mid-air, it was at least safe from falling.

She kept her balance and never looked down. Using her instincts, she started finding steps with her feet until she could finally step into a concave spot. She was still gasping for breath, her heart about to

bounce out of her chest.

Summer did not have the courage to look down as she was afraid of heights. This was the furthest her

courage could bring her, as she had already used up all the bravery she had left in her body.

At that moment, a sharp scream echoed. Summer lifted her head and saw Raine falling downwards above her.

Summer gritted her teeth. Out of natural reflexes, she had one arm on the rock and promptly reached

out her other hand to grab Raine's wrist.

Fortunately, Raine's wrist was slim. She could hold it with just one hand, or else...

But, she could barely keep her balance when she had two hands on the rock. With Raine being there,

she could only support herself with one hand. It was even more tiring and difficult for her, but she persisted

with her teeth grinding against each other.

However, when Raine saw Summer, she let out all her hatred and humiliation as she burst, "Let go! I

don't need you to save me!"

Summer couldn't speak as she continued to clench her teeth, causing her lips to bleed. She was doing

everything she could to keep them both alive.

If she spoke, she would relax. And if she relaxed, she wouldn't have the strength to hang on anymore!

"Let me go! I don't want to be saved by you; I don't need you to act like a saint here. You were just wishing so hard back there that I would get rap*d, and now you're all kind and doing this for me,

Summer Hart, are you not disgusted by yourself?"

What she had been through on the cliff was something she, Raine Valentine, would never forget about!

Although her will to survive was strong, she was still a woman after all. Her stamina and strength were

limited. On top of that, she was also five months pregnant!

The knuckles on her hand holding onto the rock had already turned white, mostly purple. She was gradually losing her strength. She could no longer feel her arm, almost like it was dislocated. The hand

holding onto Raine slowly loosened too...

Plus, listening to her words had finally triggered Summer, "You! Just keep your mouth shut for a

second!" 'This time, she finally revealed what she was really thinking.' Raine scoffed as she said, "If you're so good, then let me go now!"

"Do you really think I wouldn't?"

She was just trying to scare her and to make her shut u P!

But, her hand had not much strength left to hold onto Raine. It turned numb, unable to support her weight anymore. She really let go...

Then, all she could hear was a sharp scream ringing in her ears. Raine had already fallen straight down...

Summer would've never thought that things would end like this. She was also a woman herself. She would also feel tired; she could be worn out too.

She did not intend to let go just now, but she really could not bear Raine's weight anymore. Up until now, her arm was still numb. She still couldn't feel a thing, as if it was amputated!

Witnessing Raine falling helplessly, Summer was shocked, disturbed, and struck by an indescribable

sense of guilt. Her head was spinning!

The moment she looked up, her eyes were met with a figure that was walking towards her. Though they were far apart, she could still clearly see the pain in his dark eyes, which were also filled with disappointment, scorn, and deep hatred.

He must've thought that she let her fall on purpose!

But still, it was an undeniable fact that it was her who let go first. Even if she had a million reasons, they

would not erase the fact that she unclasped her hand first!

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He was a few steps away from her, but her left hand, which clung to the edge, was slipping away, and

her legs were trembling and unable to stand on it.

But Mark could not see that. The only thing he could see was Summer's face peeking out of the cliff.

At this point, Summer knew there was no turning back.

She watched her hands slide helplessly off the cliff, and felt her feet slip through the hollow, unable to

reach any further.

Honestly, she was afraid of death, or she would not have clung onto the cliff for so long, but her

strength was at its utmost now, and she could not hold on any longer.

Feeling the fear, Summer closed her eyes, clenched her teeth and trembled, but she never asked him

for help.

The look in his eyes had completely denied her. How could she have the decency to ask him for help?

In his heart, it was she who released Baine's hand and let her fall off the cliff!

How could she ask him for help, telling him that she could not hold onto it any longer, and beg him to

save

her?

But if she asked, would he pull her up?

After all, it was she who had let go of the woman he loved most and let her fall off the cliff.

She was afraid to die, especially with a baby in her belly. If he had just stood in front of her, perhaps she would have asked for help.

But he was several steps away from her. Her strength and support have reached their limits. She could

not wait any longer...

How could Summer not be afraid when the cold wind whistled past her ears?

Gritting her teeth and enduring the feeling of being near death, she secretly said to herself, if... She said if ... If she survived this... The first thing she would do was to divorce him!

Mark was shocked, and an unspeakable sense of pain ran through all his limbs. For a moment, his mind went blank, and the palms of his hands began to sweat.

His heart seemed to be steadily hollowed out bit by bit, leaving him with intense corrosion, empty, and

penetrating pain...

Then suddenly, he hated her. It was a strange kind of hatred, but he was not sure whether the root cause of that hatred was Baine's fall or something else...

The feeling was so intense that at that moment, without a moment's hesitation, his tall and muscular body sprang forward and plunged into the cliff.

At that moment, his mind was blank, and the only thought was to hate her!

The mountain was not very high. If you fall down, you may still survive!

But the strange thing was that, from the moment he jumped off the cliff, he did not think of living. He

only thought of capturing her, torturing her, and strangling her alive!

He allowed himself to fall faster than she did, and men, being heavier than women, did fall faster.

And, apparently, with good luck, they fell and landed in the water.

He rolled over, took her in his arms, held her tight, and then threw his back against the water, letting all

the huge waves of the water splash against his back to shield her from the shock. The force of the impact brought him severe pain.

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Even so, she drank a lot of water and passed out.

Mark brought her to the surface, placed her on the ground, and started performing chest compressions

with his big hands to release the water trapped inside. He then leaned over, his long tongue poking through her clenched teeth, giving her rescue breaths.

Then her breathing quickened slightly and she seemed about to wake up. Mark gritted his teeth, grimaced and pulled her away from him to sleep on the rock.

Out of the corner of his eye, through the clear water, he could see that his hair was wet and his clothes

were also completely drenched and slightly torn. He looked terrible.

What was he thinking just now? He even tried to save her!

He desperately tried to save her even after she let Raine fall off a cliff. Well, he was crazy. He was. But

the emptiness in his heart was gone.

He did not pause for a moment as his eyes swept over her in a grim and gloomy way. Then he got up

and began to search around, and found Raine in a pile of fallen leaves.

She was not as lucky as the other two, but she was lucky enough to not to fall straight into the rocks and die. The leaves underneath her were thick enough to cushion her fall.

But her cheeks were slashed by branches growing from the cliff. The left side of her face was fine, but

the right side of her face was scratched so badly that i t was almost unrecognizable, and there was blood on i t.

Mark stared at Baine, his heart aching like the crisscross of wounds across her cheek.

He picked Baine up, lovingly and carefully, and he noticed that there was a cave beside him. He made

a fire and put Baine there.

It was raining so hard that they could not walk. The road from here to the exit has not been fixed yet, so

it was impossible to walk that path. Moreover, Baine was not in a good position to move around.

When Summer woke up, she found herself in a cave, with a fire burning and jumping in front of her.

She was still alive!

She slowly sat up on the floor, propped herself up on her hands in pain, and with one glance, she saw

them. Mark sat there and Baine lay in his arms, their bodies close together.

Baine's clothes were torn to pieces when she fell. And now, her clothes seemed to have been ripped off by Mark.

He was topless. Raine, on the other hand, was naked, wearing nothing but underwear and a bra. Her face was pale and the right side of her face was badly scratched.

Mark carefully cradled her in his arms and pressed her body against his. His big hand gently brushed

away the loose strands of hair on both sides of her cheek.

Mark heard the noise, but he did not even look over at Summer, as if she did not exist.

She had decided to give him up when she was at the top of the hill, and now this scene added to her despair.

It was raining heavily in the mountains, and it was cold inside the cave. Summer was cold, too, especially with her wet clothes clinging to her body. She was shivering and her teeth were chattering.

The fire was right in front of her, so close to her, but it seemed so far away. She propped herself up and

sat far away in the corner. No matter how cold she was, it could not compare with the icy coldness that

chilled her to the bone.

From the beginning to the end, he did not look at her, let alone ask her to warm herself by the fire. He

was just carefully taking care of Raine in his arms as if that was his treasure.

There were three of them sitting inside the cave, but it was so quiet that she felt suffocated and could

hardly

breathe.

After a long time, Raine coughed softly and opened her eyes slowly and weakly. She looked at Mark

and tears ran down her right cheek. She felt the pain.

"Raine, don't worry, I'm here..." His deep voice was soft, and his big hands gently wiped away her

tears, preventing them from crossing those wounds.

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Instinctively, Raine's body moved a little closer to the source of warmth. She was weak and hurt like a

broken doll.

The chill that hit Summer grew colder and colder, from the wet clothes to the deepest part of her body.

She cowered there, shivering while looking coldly at the intimacy between them.

She was cold, but there was no one to hold her. She was afraid, and there was no one to pat her and

say to her, "Don't be afraid, I'm here." She was in pain, but there was no one to soothe her...

Because her husband was so affectionate with another woman that he had no time for her. He might

see her as an executioner in his heart, the executioner who had hurt the woman he loved to such an

extent!

She curled into a ball and kept shivering, burying her head between her knees.

Even though she did not like Baine, she was happier than anyone to see her alive.

Because if anything had happened to Baine, everyone would think that Raine died at her hands, and

Raine would still be alive if she had not let go.

At least she's not dead now. The strong sense of

condemnation and guilt in her heart dissipated as well

Suddenly, a sharp pain came from her stomach.

Summer clenched her teeth, turned her back to them, and her hand fell on her belly...

However, no one would ever notice her shivering in the corner, never...

The cave was quiet most of the time, with Raine and Mark talking occasionally.

Summer, however, remained silent, moving her hand gently over her belly, telling herself over and over

that the baby would be fine...

She had been holding on for so long for the baby inside the belly. How could the baby leave her now?

Although she could feel the pain occasionally coming from her stomach, she gritted her teeth against

the pain and endured it!

Raine clearly had no idea what was happening to her face. She was in pain and curled up in his arms,

trying to stay conscious.

It was early spring, but it was still very cold, and it was even colder in the mountains.

Raine was already in bad shape, and it would have been even worse if she had passed out.

So Mark kept talking to her and getting her to respond, trying to keep her awake...

Summer bit her lip, allowing the bitterness in her heart creep over her, and then she looked up at him.

There was one thing she needed to say, she thought, and to defend herself, even if she was going to face divorce when she got back.

For the last time, she had to defend herself...

He was talking to Raine the whole time, not even looking at her once.

Raine was in such bad shape, indeed, that it was an inopportune moment to mention anything else.

But, perhaps, this was her last chance to explain herself to him...

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The fists hanging on both sides of her body slowly tightened; struggling, hesitating, and finally, slowly,

she said, "I..."

But before she could finish her words, Baine had a bout of dry heaving, holding her cheeks in her hands and crying out in pain and suffering.

She was not undiscerning. She knew that it was not appropriate to speak further in such a situation.

His eyes swept over her coldly. When he heard the soft cough, his handsome face turned grim and cold at once, but softened again as he gazed at Baine.

Swallowing back the words, Summer raised her head and looked silently out of the cave.

It was clearly still raining outside. She could hear the rain even as she sat in the cave.

Who knew how much time had passed. It was after two hours, perhaps three hours, when they finally

heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

Mark furrowed his handsome brow, his tall body stood up, holding Baine, who was unconscious in his

arms, and he walked out of the cave.

It must be the rescuers. Summer propped herself up, slowly stood up from the ground, and also moved

forward step by step.

Mark slightly paused his steps, turning his head slightly to listen, and then went on when he heard the

footsteps behind him.

Summer was walking slowly because of her physical discomfort, and soon there was a long distance

between them.

There were already a lot of people waiting outside the cave. As soon as they saw them coming out, they immediately went up to meet them with blankets.

It was not until Summer got into the car that the biting cold dissipated and she could feel her hands and

feet again.

The ambulance was standing by. Raine was loaded straight into the ambulance, and Mark followed, his

eyes glancing over Summer as he left.

He saw that her walk was steady, and her face showed no other discomfort than a certain pallor.

Something in his heart was somehow relieved, and then he turned his head away.

Summer sat in the black car, watching the ambulance getting farther and farther away through the window.

Then the car was on its way to the mansion. On the way, the pain hit her again. She folded her arms around her stomach and curled herself into a ball.

The pain was much more intense than the previous ones. Summer's face turned pale in an instant, and

even beads of sweat broke out on her forehead.

Her fingers sank into the back of the chair, panting, and she said to the driver, "Go to... the hospital..."

Without hesitation, the driver drove quickly to the nearest hospital. Opening the door, Summer shambled forward with small steps.

She could even feel a warm stream flowing from her body. A shudder ran through her, and a silent terror filled her heart.

She was afraid something would happen to the baby i n her belly...

"Ah! She's bleeding!" Someone shouted.

The people around turned to look at her. A good Samaritan stepped forward, took her in his arms, and

rushed to the hospital.

Immediately, the doctor and nurses wheeled her toward the operating room.

On the way, Summer grabbed the doctor's hand, with n o color left on her cheeks. She pleaded earnestly, helplessly, and flustered, "Doctor, please save my baby ... I want my baby..."

At this point, she had no one else to turn to but the doctor...

She had no one to lean on. She could only rely on herself, on her own perseverance and

determination!

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She could not be frightened in such a situation, instead, she had to keep calm. If she was scared, what

about her baby?

She was the only person her baby had, and she could only rely on her baby. She felt the pain as she thought of that man, her hands clutching the blanket on her tightly, and a tear ran down the corner of

her eye...

"We will do our best!" The doctor comforted her and began to prepare.

She fell into a coma shortly after the anesthetic was administered. The doctor started the emergency operation and the red light in the operating room went on.

On the other side

The red light of the operating room was still on.

Mark's masculine body sat on the bench, his eyes darting toward the emergency room from time to time. The staff came up to him with a brand-new suit. "Mr. Valentine."

He responded lightly, quickly changed into his new clothes and came out, when the thin figure of that

woman suddenly appeared in front of his eyes.

His thin lips moved slightly, wanting to ask

something, but in the end he did not do so. He waved the staff away, and his lips curved into a cold, ironic arc.

As he left, he clearly saw that she could walk steadily. Besides, why should he bother with a woman like

that?

A nurse who passed him gasped and pointed to his back. "Sir, your back is bleeding and your shirt is

all red."

Only then did he feel the pain in his back.

The doctor asked him to take off his shirt and saw that the wounds on his back looked as though it was

slashed by sharp rocks. Several wounds were crisscrossed on his back.

As he fell off the cliff, in order to protect her, he hugged her and turned around, and his back was slashed by sharp rocks at that time.

It was a long operation, eight hours from start to finish.

When Summer opened her eyes again, her mind was blank to the dazzling white light above her.

For a moment she did not know why she was lying there!

A moment later, the memory slowly came back to Summer. She closed her eyes again, clenched her

teeth, and gave herself courage again and again. She raised her hand and laid it slowly on her belly.

When her hand touched the bump, she paused for a second and then burst into tears of joy. She had never cried before.

No one could understand her fear. It felt like she was going to lose everything!

But when she touched the bump, she was so content and happy. Fear and worry had all gone away.

Then the doctor came out and examined her from head to toe. With a smile on his face, he said to her,"

You're lucky. The baby is strong. You didn't lose the baby."

"Thank you." She smiled and cried, and then smiled again, her eyes red like a rabbit.

"You're welcome. You and your baby have strong willpower. When we saw the blood, we really thought

we could not keep the baby, but the baby's heartbeat was strong and steady." The doctor took notes as

he explained. "You look like you've been hit, don't you?"

"I fell off the cliff and into the water." Her hand was still gently touching her belly, feeling warm and soft.

The doctor's brow furrowed in disbelief. The impact of falling from such a high place and then falling

into the water was too great for most people, let alone a pregnant woman?

Did someone protect her as she fell off the cliff?

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But, in any case, it was a miracle, an unbelievable miracle!

After a round of examinations and prescribing the medicine, the doctor suggested that she needed IV

fluids. She wanted to take it back to the mansion, and the doctor agreed.

Accompanied by the doctor and nurse, she returned to her mansion in a wheelchair. After the IV solution was hooked at the stand, the doctor left, leaving only the nurse.

She was the only person in such a big mansion, and her husband was in the hospital with his lover...

Did she hate him?

At this moment, she no longer hated him. He should be accompanying the woman he loved, and she

was just a stranger.

Their marriage was just a deal from the start. She did not abide by the terms of the deal and sank deeper and deeper into the whirlpool of love.

He did not love her. He had a woman he truly loved...

So, let it be over. Either way, it was over.

She sat there writing, and then paused for a moment,

and then continued writing. It was a process of pain, numbness, and sadness. It took her some time, and with some struggle, to write out the divorce papers...

The entire house was very quiet. Only her breath echoed softly and faintly in the room.

Her eyes swept over the five words. For an instant she felt as if her body had been pricked with needles. It hurt.

In fact, such searing pain was not a bad thing. As long as it hurt, and she could feel the pain, then, the

wound would eventually heal someday.

But if they did not divorce and kept going like this, it would be like a fish bone stuck in the throat. One

that you could not swallow, yet could not spit out either, suffering forever without an end to it.

It was a pain she did not want to experience anymore.

Alone in this luxurious mansion, she kept wondering what her husband and his lover were doing...

She made up her mind, but she could not sleep.

He did not return during the few days when she stayed at the mansion. Not even once.

Gradually, Summer was able to get out of bed and walk around the mansion, but her steps were very,

very slow.

She could still vividly recall the panic and fear when she experienced the bleeding in her lower body,

and even now she could still feel the shock in her heart.

It was a scary and frightening moment she never wanted to experience in her life again.

The divorce papers lay there, typed and signed by her.

Now all that was left was his signature.

Since he would not return to the mansion, she went to the hospital...

At the hospital, in the ward

Raine was out of danger, but for the scars on her face and on her body, there was no way to remove them.

This morning, Raine looked in the mirror and saw the right side of her face covered in bruises and wounds, which did not look anything like her old self.

After coming out from the toilet, she sat quietly on the bed without saying a word, unusually silent.

The voices of some nurses talking drifted into her ears. "Look how beautiful the left side of her face is.

How did the right side get ruined like that?"

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"I heard that she fell off the cliff and was cut by branches and stones, leaving her with wounds like

that."

"Anyway, it's really too bad. Such a beautiful face was wounded so severely!"

When she heard it, she could not help but touch the right side of her face. The skin, once fair and smooth, was now left with crisscrossing wounds.

The door opened and Mark walked in. The doctor had just treated the wound on his back. His face turned grim as he saw what Raine was doing.

Hearing footsteps, Raine looked up and saw him coming. Her lips tried to force out a smile. "You're back n

It was just that, the smile was actually not very pleasant. She was trying too hard to fake it.

"Yes..." With a soft reply from his thin lips, Mark sat down opposite her, his big hand brushing back the

hair that fell scattered on her cheek, and he said in a deep voice, "Stop smiling..."

With a slight shock, Raine stopped smiling and said, "Mark, do I look terrible right now?" "No, you are

as beautiful as ever..." His voice was soft a

s the breeze.

"You are not at all good at deceiving people, or should I say, you never lie." Raine, still touching the

wounds on her face, laughed at herself, "Look at my face now. How could I be beautiful?"

Mark's thin lips pressed tightly into a straight line and said nothing. His eyes stared at her deeply, promising her, "They will pay the price!"

Raine nodded softly. Although there was pain in her heart, she did not show it on her face. Instead, she

gritted her teeth and bit her lip fiercely, leaving a deep mark on her lip. Her once beautiful face remained only on the left side of her face.

Things had come to this. Even if they pay the price they deserve, so what?

Would it all come back to what it used to be?

Could her face and body ever return to what it used to be?

No, it would not! It was too late, all too late!

Although she wanted to calm down, she could not help feeling overwhelmed. She could not bear the pain!

Raine stood up, walked up to Mark, and wrapped her arms around Mark's strong waist.

This time Raine did not cry. She just clasped his waist in her hands, her cheek buried in his warm chest.

Mark's tall and strong body stiffened, and Raine's dull and anguished voice came through. "Let me hug

you for a while..."

Mark did not say anything and did not push her away. His big hand landed on her back and gently patted it.

That was what Summer saw as she stepped in. "Sorry to interrupt." She was so numb to it that she could say it calmly.

Hearing the voice, Mark looked over and saw her.

Raine loosened her grip on Mark, turned around, looked at Summer, and yelled, "Get out!"

She would never forget what had happened on that cliff!

Summer just stood there and did not move, ignoring Raine. Neither of them was in good condition and

there was no need to fight.

"I repeat, get out!" Raine's emotion was becoming increasingly agitated.

"I'm here for him, not for you. You don't have to get involved."

Raine became more and more agitated and furious. Her body had just improved a little for the last two

days, and now she was breathing furiously, felt dizzy, and her feet wobbled with hatred. "But I don't

want to see the woman who threw me off the cliff! Get out!

Now!"

Summer was still standing there, refusing to leave." Let me say what I have to say, and then I'll leave."

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Mark raised his deep eyes, moving from Raine, who was a little unsteady and very agitated, to

Summer, who was stubborn. He frowned; moving his thin lips, and said, "You, go back first..."

Summer had no intention of leaving. She looked him straight in the eye and continued, "My words will

be brief. I can finish them in two sentences."

Raine, however, apparently did not want to hear a single word from Summer at this point, and her chest

heaved violently as she coughed achingly under pressure.

Mark was still frowning. "You go back first. We'll talk about it later..." There was a hint of impatience in

his tone.

Summer, of course, recognized the impatience in his tone. With a sarcastic curve of her lip, she took

the divorce agreement out of her bag and handed it to Mark, saying, "Not later. Just sign here and I'll

leave immediately."

Mark's long fingers gripped the document in his big palm. When he saw the few words, his big hand clenched the document and his eyes stared at her grimly.

"We had said before that we would get divorced, but only after a year. Now, I just moved it up earlier."

No words. Mark just clenched the document, his face seeming as though it was covered with dark clouds.

She released Raine and let her fall off the cliff!

And he saved her at that critical moment, despite what she had done. Yet she had not spoken a word to him since she awoke, except to hand him a letter of divorce papers.

Who did she think she was? She had him, Mark, in the palm of her hand!

"You can't take back what you've said, Mr. Valentine. You won't sign the papers because you have feelings for me? But I'm sorry, I don't have any feelings for Mr. Valentine..."

Summer knew exactly what would push his buttons, what would make him angry.

"Who gave you the right to be so self-righteous? A vicious woman who could push a person off a cliff.

Who do you think has feelings for you?

I married you to use you as a pawn. I started this deal, and I will finish it. A pawn has no right to speak.

Summer, from now on, stay the hell away from me!"

Mark's cold eyes were like a piece of ice enveloping her. He pinched her chin and stabbed her word by

word.

"A woman like you is a real turn-off. Take what you want and go! Now!"

Holding a pen in his big hand, he signed his name with anger, and perhaps he signed it so hard that the

pen even cut through the paper.

"Okay..." She responded softly without even trying to explain or refute what had happened on the cliff.

She took the divorce papers and left the suffocating ward without looking back.

Once out of the ward, Summer gasped a little and stared at the signature. Her eyes were a little

lifeless. She wandered for a while and suddenly froze in her steps, not knowing where to go.

She got what she always wanted, but her heart was increasingly empty and uncomfortable. He said

that she was just a pawn, something you could throw away once you were done with it. That was the

role she had played in his life...

The marriage began with a deal and ended with a rupture...

She walked aimlessly in the street. It was still raining but she did not bring an umbrella. A car drove

past her, splashing water all over her.

As if she was not down and out enough, that had made it even worse.

Dragging her wet pants, her broken heart, and her exhausted body, she walked down the street in the rain...