

President 581

Chapter 581

"Never mind. Don't say anything. Come back to my apartment." Grace held Charlotte with one hand and then took over the suitcase with the other.

Summer followed her from behind. There were streetlights on both sides of the dark street, but none of their lights could shine into her heart.

Suddenly thinking of something, she grabbed Grace: "Your apartment? I am not going." She thought of something and stopped Grace.

"Where are you going if not my apartment?"

"There are many hotels." She could go to any of them and settle Charlotte and herself.

"My apartment is vacant. Don't feel that you will disturb Charlie and me. If you still insist on going to a hotel, we will no longer be friends."

Since Grace said her presence would not disturb her and Charlie, she gave in. She said nothing much, and was basically silent along the way.

The environment of the apartment was very good. The only downside was that it was dirty inside.

It was extremely dirty.

The dust on the settee covers were almost unsightly.

Grace gave a little cough, leaning against the settee in her long dress. There was no embarrassment

on her gorgeous face. "I look gorgeous on the outside but messy on the inside. Could you two please

clean up the place, if you don't mind?" she sounded like it was a matter of course.

Charlotte turned around and scanned the apartment several times. "Do you live in a sty, Aunt Grace?"

Grace had no words for what she heard, and she pinched Charlotte's face. "Do you know what a sty is?

My apartment is much cleaner than those of others. This is art."

Summer needed to keep herself busy to divert her attention from the mental pain. Without a word, she

went to get a bucket of water and started tidying things up.

"Give your mommy a hand." She patted Charlotte on the hip.

Charlotte did what was told. Grace watched on and felt sorry for the mother and daughter.

Her phone rang at this moment. Grace looked down at the caller ID and walked to the balcony to answer it.

"Have you taken them there?" The voice was deep and familiar; it was Mark's voice.

"They are here. But then again, why didn't you ask someone to clean up the place since you spent so much to buy such an up-scale apartment? Do you know what Charlotte said? She said I was living in a sty."

The breathing sound at the other end sounded shallow, and Mark said after a pause, "It is better to keep her busy to divert her attention."

He deliberately found a dirty apartment. Sometimes labor was a form of venting and a means of diverting attention. At least, she would not think too much.

"Uh-huh." As long as it was about Summer, he was willing to do anything for her.

"She is also my friend. I can't take advantage of her. I will hang up now."

"I am worried about her. Stay with her tonight. Thank you," Mark quickly said.

Grace had never known Mark to be so polite. So she agreed at once. Besides, she was also worried about Summer.

Mark hung up after thanking Grace.

Chapter 582

She did not make a sound or said anything. There was just the sound of her breathing. At last, Summer

collapsed on the floor from exhaustion.

It took her a great deal of strength to get Summer onto the bed. It was not until she pulled the quilt over

Summer's body that she heaved a sigh of relief. At least Summer had fallen asleep.

Grace was worried about Summer and did not want to leave her alone. So she called Charlie, telling him she would stay with Summer for a few days.

Watching Summer abusing herself like a madwoman, Grace could no longer bear to see anymore. She

stepped on Summer's rag and blurted, "That's enough."

Summer said nothing and continued to wash the sheets. Grace took a glass of water and splashed it on Summer's face.

"Wake up. It is okay to grieve and feel sad, but you should know when to stop. Don't give up on yourself, as you still have reasons to live. Grieving too much and for too long would be a pretence."

Trickles of water flowed down her face, and she grabbed her clothes in front of her chest. "But I am the

culprit, I am the culprit who caused his death!" her

voice was hoarse.

"No one wants to harm their families, especially a father. But there are some things in the world that are

unavoidable. Are you sure you want to continue like this forever? What about Charlotte-are you going

to leave her alone? What if it affects her mentally?" Grace hit the nail on the head. "So just let it go, as

life still has to go on. Just for the sake of Charlotte, you can't go on like this."

"Grace, my dad and my child are dead..." she cried, heartbroken, grief-stricken, sad, and helpless.

"I know, I know all of it." Grace hugged her, patting her on the back. "But you still have Charlotte and

your mom. You have got to live for them."

She cried for a long time until her tears were about to dry up.

If she could, she was willing to die for her father. As long as he could live, she was willing to do

anything. After venting for a few days and crying her heart out, she felt much better and had calmed

down. As Grace said, she could not go on like this forever, and she still has to go on living.

"I am okay now. Go now. After spending a few days with me, Charlie should have an opinion about you." Summer rubbed her red and swollen eyes.

Grace patted her back again and nodded. She saw a black Bentley parked up downstairs for the past two days. She thought it should be Mark.

She had noticed that the car would stay there overnight and leave at dawn every day.

Charlotte had gone to school, and Grace had left.

Summer went to the bathroom to wash her face, take a shower, and brush her teeth, freshening up herself from the inside out.

She then took Solomon's photo in her hand, tears falling on the photo frame, sliding off, and spreading.

She went to the police station, filed a report against Ronald, and a statement was taken from her.

But the police told her they needed to collect evidence, verify the evidence, and only then would she be

informed of the investigation result.

Collecting evidence and verifying it? She was both a witness and a victim. Were they serious about the

case or just brushing her off?

After all, with the power and influence of the Valentine family, Summer did not trust the police. She must get the answer and know the result as soon as possible.

She could not let her father and child die in vain; someone must pay for it.

Chapter 583

Ronald's incident had become a talking point for folks in Santabaca.

Because of the public pressure and demand, the higher -ups had to send people from the prosecutor's

office and police department to the hospital. Ronald had just undergone a surgery. He was now sitting

in a wheelchair while Yvette was feeding him.

Yvette's willow brows were knitted together when she saw a group of men come in. The police took

Ronald away without giving her the chance to say anything.

Ronald said not a word. It was Yvette who yelled in dissatisfaction, pulling at the police officer's uniform

with a stern face. "Do you know who he is?"

"Someone filed a report against him for being involved in a suspected abduction case. We are just

doing our job. Besides, we have got an arrest warrant. If you have anything to say, please tell that to

the higher-ups." The police then took Ronald away.

Suspected of abduction? Who else was there except Summer? 1

Yvette gritted her teeth and called Gordon. Maybe he could get Ronald out of this.

Gordon reprimanded her. The matter had already

gone viral online, and the higher-ups were treating this matter seriously now. How could he get Ronald

out now?

It was ridiculous. He could not believe that Ronald, as a governor, could do such a heinous thing. Not

only that, he was trying to kill his own grandchild for the sake of a woman. Gordon felt humiliated.

Back at home, Yvette went to see Mark. "Your dad can no longer walk, and he has paid a price for it.

Would you please find a way to get him out of jail?"

Samantha was dead, and Ronald was paralyzed from the waist down and could only stay by her side.

Where else could he go?

There were bottles in front of Mark. He had drunk God-knows-how-much wine and felt his head spinning with a headache.

He was dreary, depressed, and distressed these few days. Half of the wine bottles inside the wine cabinet were gone, and he felt like all that came out of his chest was pain.

Jazz pulled Yvette out of Mark's room. "Mom, it is Mark's child who has died, and he is sad enough.

Could you please not add salt to his injury?"

"Jazz, it is your dad who has been arrested. How could you say something like this?"

"What's wrong with what I said? Wasn't what Dad did wrong? His chickens have come home to roost.

He has himself to blame."

Yvette nearly blew a fuse when she heard that. "How could you say something like that, you rascal?
He

is your dad, no matter what." i

"I know he is my dad, and I would like to respect him. But what he has done doesn't deserve my
respect. And don't bother Mark again." 1

He was caught between the woman he loved and her child and his father. He was also going through
a

rough patch.

The court was about to start its hearing of the case. Her father, Gordon, would not help, and she
could

not count on Mark and Jazz, either. So Yvette could not hate Summer more at this moment.

It broke Jazz's heart to see his elder brother depressed. The right and wrong of this matter had been
laid bare, and no one had wanted this thing to happen.

God saves those who save themselves. Who could save him when it was he who dug his own
grave?

She knew very well that her dad was a kind person.

Even though he was taking Samantha hostage, he

would not push her off the building.

Even if he pushed Samantha off the building, he did not have to jump, did he?

Chapter 584

She could see clearly that it was Yvette who pushed Samantha, and then Samantha fell to the floor, but

she slipped when she stood up. Just as Samantha was about to fall off the building, her father caught her in the nick of time, but he, too, tripped on the steel pipe under his feet, and they both fell off the building. 1

When Summer saw her dad's body go over the edge of the building, she had her heart in her mouth and felt as if someone was strangling her.

If it were not for Yvette's deliberate action of pushing Samantha, Samantha would not have fallen, and

her dad would not have tried to save her, and he would not have died.

She knew her dad was a good-hearted person. Even though he took Samantha hostage, he would not watch her die in front of her and do nothing.

Yvette might not be the direct culprit in this incident, but she indirectly caused their death; she was a

murderer. Without Yvette, none of this would have happened. She wanted to sue Yvette, and so she went to a lawyer.

"Are you really wanting to cut off your relationship with Mark?" Grace looked at Summer. 1

Summer paused for a second and closed her eyes. When she opened her eyes again, she said in a nonchalant voice, "After his father and mother killed my child and dad, we can no longer be together." 1

Why does love always hurt? Who knew what this breakoff was really about?

Grace did not speak anymore, and she did not know what else to say.

Sherman arrived late, bringing a lot of supplements for Summer. "Life must go on, no matter what."

Life must go on, and reality is cruel. The earth would still spin even though she had lost her dad.

Summer nodded. She knew that her best friends were worried and cared about her. She could feel all

that with her heart.

After the two spent a moment in the house, Grace then sent Sherman home before she went home.

Summer went to pick up Charlotte at school. After living like a zombie for so many days, she even felt

lightheaded when she walked.

She could keep herself busy during the day to forget about all the unhappiness temporarily. But things

crept back at night, causing her to toss and turn all night. She suffered from insomnia.

Solomon was the sky in her heart. When the sky crumbled down, her world plunged into darkness.

She was never a devious person, but this time it was Ronald who forced her hand.

The blood of her child and her dad was on Ronald's hands. He had to pay for what he did.

Chapter 585

The next morning

Summer woke up very early and sent Charlotte to school, then hurried over to the court. She and her lawyer had agreed to meet at the court entrance at 7:30 am.

They still had time before the trial began. So she first had breakfast with her lawyer.

When she arrived at the court building entrance, she met Yvette, and of course, Mark, behind Yvette.

This was the first time they met since five or six days ago. But she did not expect that it would be in such a circumstance.

Summer glanced at them with no emotion in her eyes, as if they were strangers to her.

She did not say hello or anything, just walked past the two of them with her head held high. But no one

noticed her fingernails had sunk into the tender flesh of her palms.

Deep and dark eyes were following her. Mark quietly sighed, his chest heaving as he looked at her callous indifference from behind.

"What have I done in my previous life that a vicious woman like her comes to haunt me in this life?"

Yvette cursed in dissatisfaction.

Jazz looked away as he could not stand that his mom always blamed someone else but herself. 1

The trial started with Summer and Mark, each sitting on the opposite bench. There was an added silence between them at this moment.

Mark was staring at Summer the whole time. She had lost weight again since he last saw her a few days ago. Even her chin was showing now.

But Summer did not look at him. Instead, she was talking with her lawyer with her head lowered.

Lawyers from both sides expounded their stances and explained the reasons, and even refuted the other side's claims.

The hearing lasted for two hours, and finally the court handed down its verdict to sentence Ronald to

ten years and above in prison and deprived him of political rights for life.

Ten years and above? Was it 15, 20, or 30 years?

Summer sat there motionless after hearing the verdict. Her face was grave, but no one knew what was

on her mind.

"I have tried my best. I told you when we were on the way here that it was difficult to press for a life

sentence. But then, the accused is nearly sixty years old; ten years and life imprisonment makes no difference for him," her lawyer said.

The corner of Summer's mouth twitched with a halfsmile on her face. She understood this point.

"Let's get out of here." Summer rose to her feet.

This case was headline material in Santabaca, explosive enough to send earthquakes throughout Santabaca.

Yvette simply could not accept the verdict. She felt weak, and the noisy crowd had exacerbated her headache.

"Take Mom away," Mark said to Jazz.

Jazz looked at the group of vicious reporters and frowned. "What about you?"

Chapter 586

"Let me handle it here..."

"I'll stay here with you. Let me get Harry to bring mom

However, before he could finish his sentence, Mark responded in a deep voice, "Go, I can handle this

matter alone!"

In the event of total disaster, the fewer people involved the better, so it was best to keep Jazz out of this

mess.

Gritting his teeth, Jazz carried Yvette and dashed through the crowd; they left once they got into the car.

Standing at a distance, Summer looked around. The moment her eyes incidentally met with Mark's, she trembled slightly; however, he fixed his gaze on her adamantly.

It was as though there had been no one there but the two of them, separated by distance, and his gaze

devoured her.

'Does he hate me because I'm the reason his father ends up in prison?'

'Well, he can hate me as much as he wants. After all, things between us will never be the same; we will

have nothing to do with each other in the future. Thus,

he can do whatever he likes.'

His hatred hurt her a little; yet, she felt no regret, not even the slightest bit...

She descended the steps after turning around and walked forward; then, she heard his deep and

apprehensive voice. "I will accept only one interview and only answer once. We will not challenge but

will comply with the court's verdict, and neither will we appeal.

"Therefore, from this henceforth, I do not wish any reporters to show up at Valentine Mansion nor Valentine Group. Otherwise, there will be consequences!" he uttered.

Her footsteps halted, and her body stiffened. Never had she imagined that he would make such a statement. 1

At Valentine Mansion

Mark lit a cigarette. The smoke spiraled upward. Jazz, who was beside him, turned his face away.

In the next moment, Yvette came rushing in like a madwoman and upended the tea set on the table.

Plunging in headlong, she exclaimed, "Why won't you challenge, why won't you appeal instead of complying? He is your father, how could you let him be imprisoned?"

Remaining silent, Mark bent his tall figure slightly forward and snuffed out his cigarette.

"I have given a phone call to your grandfather. He will hurry back to Santabaca tomorrow. Why can't

you wait for another day before making the announcement to the reporters. Are you so eager to drive

him into a dead end?" Yvette screeched in a high-pitched voice. She was almost driven crazy by anger.

Raine stayed beside Yvett, supporting her. Jazz finally opened his mouth and said, "Father has only

himself to blame. He should have understood the consequences of his actions before committing them. He is almost sixty, not an immature six-year-old. Besides, it caused a ruckus in Santabaca, and

the verdict is by the court. What does it have to do with my brother? All you care about is father, have

you not empathized with Mark. His child is dead, do you have any sympathy at all?"

For an argument to arrive at this extent, there was nothing else to be uttered. Jazz snickered and left the study.

He could still hear her screeching voice, but Mark remained silent until the end, without saying a word.

Mark stood up as his voice trailed off. Ignoring Yvette and gritting his teeth, he strode out of the study.

"You have been blinded by that woman that you could utter such disgraceful words. He is your father,

your only father!"

Yvette was still throwing things and screaming while Raine tried to calm her emotions.

Chapter 587

Charlotte wanted to watch cartoons, yet she could not find any after searching the channels using the

remote control. Suddenly, her eyes brightened." Mommy, it's daddy. Daddy is on TV!" she called out.

Summer was preparing her medicine. She was down with a mild cold due to the recently chilling

weather.

"Mommy, look quickly, daddy is a hero, daddy is on T V!" She hopped around excitedly.

Summer took a glance. It was the scene outside the courthouse crowded by reporters. Mark stood in the middle, looking distinguished and full of swagger.

"Come, take your medicine. Then, off you go to bed." She sat on the sofa and looked away.

Charlotte was flapping her little hands excitedly. "I must tell all my friends at kindergarten tomorrow!"

'She's still a child. She won't understand even if I try to explain so why bother.'

Summer had suffered insomnia since her father's death. She was afraid of falling asleep. Whenever she closed her eyes, she would see her father and his horrendous death, as if she was under a curse to keep on reliving the nightmare. She couldn't forget it! Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original time seemed as though it was possessed, and she was afraid of falling asleep

The raw says 'It was as if Summer was possessed during these days', not the 'time was possessed'.

Comment by Qin Le: got it.

He had fallen to his death, lying face down, drenched in blood. His face was barely recognizable...

It was another sleepless night. Summer walked to the window and opened it, wanting the cold breeze

to clear up her head.

Incidentally, she saw Mark's black Bentley downstairs. In the distance, she could see him smoking. She

was afraid that he might notice her, so she quickly hid behind the window.

He smoked cigarettes one after another without pause as if he could only find relief by inhaling nicotine

into his lungs.

Summer was puzzled about how he managed to find this place. 'Maybe Grace had told him. Could it be

Sherman, Charlie, or Billy?'

Nothing could be changed as the things between them had reached a point of no return.

He stood smoking by his car while she stood behind the window. They were neither near nor far away

from each other.

Mark reached into the pocket of his trousers to search for more cigarettes, but there was none left.

Then only did he realize that he had finished all his cigarettes.

He got up, went to the convenience store opposite him, and bought a new packet of cigarettes. Slightly

squinting his left eye, he pinched a cigarette between his fingers and started to smoke again.

This lasted for a long while. Not until three hours had passed did he get into the car, start the engine, and leave.

Summer forced herself to sleep. 'Things cannot go on like this. I cannot afford to lose any more sleep.'

The next day.

Gordon arrived in Santabaca at noon. Yvette pestered him, wanting him to find a way to get Ronald out.

It had been a while since they last met. Gordon had recovered very much. However, when he lost his

temper, his eyes were glaring, his expression fierce.

"Besides, this is what the court has received this morning. Read it carefully!"

A document landed on the table as he spoke, and Yvette picked it up. It was about Summer pressing charges against her.

Chapter 588

The court upheld its decision to hear the case despite efforts from the Valentine's lawyers to annul the

charges. Undeniably, it was not Yvette who pushed the deceased. However, if it were not for her actions, this tragedy would not have happened...

Gordon apologized immediately and paid the fine. She was then detained for five days.

Yvette was disgruntled and wanted to object. Firstly, she had not killed anyone; secondly, she committed no crime. On what basis was she being detained?

Gordon stared at her and had the cops lead her away immediately. She was somewhat responsible for the incident regardless.

It was true that she did not do it. However, should the video be uploaded to the internet, that tiny bit of relevance would be sufficient to disgrace her. By the time this happened, how could she maintain her foothold in Santabaca?

Thus, before the video was uploaded, Gordon felt that Yvette should pay the fine and accept detention as a manner of apology.

Therefore, even if the video were disclosed, nobody would criticize her. Instead, they would sympathize with her.

When Summer's lawyer returned with the news, she smirked as she cleaned up the room. Puzzled, the lawyer asked, "You don't seem disappointed this time."

"No, it's what I expected. Yvette had pushed Samantha, but dad was too kind. All he wanted to do was

to grab hold of Samantha who was wobbly.

Unfortunately, he lost his footing and fell. If only he had not acted, he would not have fallen."

"Indeed. Logically speaking, the court could have dismissed our accusation. Instead, it handed her that

kind of punishment. The outcome is indeed comforting yet at the same time incomprehensible."

Summer gave no further thought but instead gathered up her emotions. She still had school to attend and coursework to prepare.

Initially, she had taken leave because of her unborn child. With the child gone now, she should get back

to work; the busier, the better. As long as she kept herself busy, she would not be bothered by those matters.

Mark never appeared before Summer again. Instead, he watched her and Charlotte without them knowing, until they were out of his sight.

Seeing Summer recover her composure, he was afraid that his presence at this moment would trigger

a relapse of her emotional turmoil.

She was heartbroken, but neither did he recover from his heartache...

His chest heaved before he started the car engine and drove toward his company.

For five days, Yvette was in prison. She felt as if she had gone mad. There was nothing in the tiny metal cell, so there was nothing she could do but wait.

After five days, she was released, and the first thing she did was visit Ronald in prison.

The condition of Ronald's legs remained the same. In just a few days, he had grown frail and haggard

at a surprising pace.

Yvette was somewhat heartbroken. Her hatred toward Summer welled up uncontrollably. 'It was all her

fault. If it wasn't for her, this wouldn't have happened to the Valentine family.'

Yvette felt extremely uneasy. As she listened to the gossip, her anger reached its peak instantly.

Harboring her blazing anger, she had the chauffeur start the engine and head directly to Summer's

house. It was Daisy who greeted her at the door.

Just like a fish that begins to stink at the head; I don't know whose character had she inherited!"

'Like a fish that begins to stink at the head' is normally used for an organization, instead of saying something hereditary.

Daisy answered, "If you are innocent, why are you so fearful of being judged by others?" Her tone was

cold.

Yvette became more irritated. "You better keep an eye on your daughter. Don't let that vicious vixen seduce my son ever again!"

Chapter 589

"You watch your son too. Don't you let him appear before my daughter. Not only is the expectation your

family set is too high, it is too filthy. We don't want to get ourselves dirty!" Comment by Chein Ling Foo:

Original

The doorstep of your house is too high and filthy; ascending it will only taint us!

I'llfi is a metaphorical expression here. Don't translate it literally.

They burned with unquenchable anger, and their argument was ferocious. Afterward, Daisy called Summer, telling her to come over.

Yvette saw what she did and followed suit, giving Mark a call...

Then, they continued their bloodthirsty argument.

Yvette's way of speech had never been pleasant. It was abusive, especially at this moment. Every word

she uttered was cruel in nature.

Forrest had enough of her atrocity. He held on to Daisy and said to Yvette, "Carry your impudence

somewhere else. Our house is not a premise for your savage behavior!"

"What did you say, I dare you to say it again!" Yvette turned blue with anger, and her chest heaved as

she breathed heavily.

"Are you a baroness? I don't see you like one. Instead, you look like a shrew. You can't even keep your

husband in check, yet you raise a ruckus at someone else's residence. You're unbelievable!" Forrest

retorted impudently. Comment by Chein Ling Foo: Original

You can't even control your husband

MSSMLKR-FL

Literal translation

Summer was about to head up the stairs when she heard the clamorous tongue-lashing. She could tell

who it was.

'Why does Yvette keep haunting us?'

She had only ascended a few steps before she heard footsteps approaching. Someone then grabbed

her arm from behind. She turned around. It was Mark.

She was a head taller than him as she stood on high ground while he stood on lower ground. Their

eyes met, but nobody said a word.

After a while, she opened her mouth and said, "Let me"

go.

Mark did not speak but locked his deep and dark gaze upon her. His throat rumbled. Only heaven would know how much he had wanted to embrace her.

While they were still in a stalemate, the sounds of argument grew louder and more violent, and there

were also crashing sounds.

Frowning, Summer used all her arm strength to push him away. She hurried upstairs, and Mark followed closely behind.

"So what if I can't keep my husband in check, at least h e is still alive. He will return to my side one day.

Unlike you, your husband is dead, and you're now... a widow!"

No doubt, Daisy was gravely pierced by her words. Already distressed, that malevolent statement made her body feeble, and she collapsed backward.

"Mom!" Summer stared in horror. Panickily, she rushed over and caught hold of her.

Who didn't know how to speak obnoxiously?

Mark defending them and questioning her made her angrier; it burned fiercely, like a prancing inferno,

each flame rising higher after another.

Chapter 590

"So what if he is in prison. The fact that he is alive, is evident that he is blessed with longevity. Only the

dumb and miserable deserves to fall to his death!"

Slap

Just as she finished speaking, Yvette's face was struck by a vigorous slap. A bright red palm mark was

left on her cheek.

Summer had slapped her. She had done it with all her might, that even her hands became numb.

She could withstand her humiliation, but for her to insult her father was unforgivable!

"How dare you hit me! Mark, didn't you see it, this pestilent and despicable woman hit your mother. Did

you see it?"

Yvette was baffled after the slap. After regaining her senses, she pointed at her face, parading the

fresh evidence in front of her son.

"If you had enough, stop it now. Return to Valentine Mansion!" Mark raised his elegant brows high. He

was slowly losing his patience with Yvette.

That slap, he would neither abhor nor loathe her. It was his mother's own words that had provoked her

and crossed the line...

Daisy steadied herself. She was still trembling due to her anger. She faced Summer and said, "You

heard her insult your father. She said your father deserved it, that he fell and died because he was

miserable. Do you understand now?"

"Mom!" She reached out to support her.

However, Daisy appeared stern and shook off her grip, "Answer me, do you or do you not understand?"

She insisted on getting an answer. Summer nodded, " Understood."

"Good. Now take an oath before your father's portrait, that you will never have any relations with the

Valentines ever again, nor be involved in any of their affairs!"

Summer shuddered; her fine lashes quivered, her arms shivered, and her legs trembled.

"Are my words falling on deaf ears? I'm telling you to swear before your father's portrait. I won't insist if

you refuse, but you shall leave immediately, sever our ties as mother and daughter, and you shall

never appear before me!"

Her words were unequivocal but resolute. Daisy gritted her teeth, not missing a word.

Summer turned very pale. Although there were two choices, there wasn't any apparent choice, was there?

She walked feebly toward the living room before the hanging portrait of Solomon when he was alive.

He wore a faint smile; he looked very amiable and loving.

Before she could say 'die', Mark had threaded forward and grabbed her hand, his gaze fixed on her deeply.

Her every word was like a deadly weapon fitted with the sharpest blade that slashed through his heart,

splitting its flesh to bring forth a bloodied river.

As soon as she shook off his hands, their arms separated, and they no longer felt each other's warmth.