

President 511

Chapter 511

She never thought that Ronald and Samantha would have such a relationship.

On the surface, Ronald was an upright and serious man. Besides, he was the head of and had done a lot for Grudin North. The media referred to him as the most outstanding governor and people's representative.

But at this moment, he...

Summer could never associate the two together.

She snapped back and quietly picked up the fork, then sat with her back straightened and quietly glanced at Ronald with the corner of her eye.

He was talking to Yvette with a straight face, and then turned around and said something to Samantha

with the same expression. But what happened under the table was really nasty.

Summer could not believe that Ronald was such a person.

She pulled back her eyes away from them. Mark was feeding Charlotte some juice and did not even look at the opposite side, so it was impossible for him, less so for Yvette, to notice the appalling thing

going on under the table.

Summer glanced at Ronald and Samantha, who were sitting directly opposite her and lost her appetite.

Mark had noticed her expression, his lips twitching. His deep voice, loud enough for the two of them to

hear, flowed out of his mouth. "Can't stand it anymore?"

She nodded. Indeed, she could no longer stand it anymore.

Mark excused himself and brought Summer and Charlotte to leave.

Once out of the hotel, Summer breathed in the fresh air and felt much better, both physically and mentally. She was no longer tensed up like a stretched rubber band.

"Does Charlotte start school tomorrow?" Mark asked.

"Yeah, why?"

His long brows were raised as he brought Summer into the massive shopping mall across the street and went straight up the children's floor.

Charlotte was overjoyed, running around in the mall like a wild horse, getting her hands on school bags

in one minute and stationary in another.

Summer followed her, putting back what Charlotte took down from the racks, as if the mother and daughter were in a tug of war.

Mark was wearing a simple black bomber jacket matched with a pair of casual pants, which were simple enough yet attracted a lot of eyes on him, as if he was some kind of exotic animal.

But he shrugged off those stares and leisurely followed behind the mother and daughter, watching one

taking out things while the other scrambled to put them back on the racks.

Summer was teed off. "Stop spoiling her, would you? She has tons of school bags and stationery at home, and they are all brand-new. She can't possibly use them all!"

The corners of Mark's lips jerked up as he drew Summer into his arms and looked her in the eyes with

his deep-set, gentle eyes. "It was you who bought those. Now only I am buying for her this time."

"What is the difference?"

Feeling herself deeply absorbed by his gaze, Summer's heart pounded and her breathing became heavy.

He walked forward with her still in his arms." Summer, I have missed the first four years of her life. Now

I just want to make up for it." His voice was gentle.

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Summer did not say anything more, and she did not object.

He curled his lips into a faint smile, wrapped his arms around her tiny waist, bent over and pecked her

red lips. "Whatever is beautiful, whatever is the best, whatever she likes, I want it in front of her. It

makes me feel happy as a father, and it gives me a sense of accomplishment that I can't describe."

"So if your daughter wants the stars in the sky, can you pull them down for her?"

"Why not?" He touched her fair, smooth cheek and looked at her intently with tenderness. "If you want

it, if I have it, if I can afford it, why not?"

His heart was filled with love with her and their child. As long as they want it, he would go to great

lengths to get it for them.

As long as you want it, as long as I have it, as long as I can afford it, why not?

Summer was deeply moved by such a simple sentence, and her eyes turned a little red. She turned

away shyly and pretended to look at Charlotte.

"But when did you become so cheesy?" She could not help turning back to ask him.

As his Adam's apple rolled up and down, Mark ran his long fingers through her hair and said, "Did you

have to ruin it?"

Summer smiled and stood on tiptoe, kissing his lips as if silently reassuring him.

This gesture was obviously too satisfying for him. His arms closed around her tiny waist and bent over

her, giving her a deep kiss.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had quickly filled her shopping basket with pencils, backpack, play-doh; whatever

she could reach.

At the checkout, she smiled and hugged Mark's thigh, called him daddy and flattered him.

As she expected, Mark swiped his card without blinking. And the little girl kept calling him daddy happily.

When they got back to the apartment, there was a basketball game going on. Mark turned on the TV and went straight to the sports channel to watch the NBA.

Instead of fighting with him over the TV, Charlotte sat on the carpet with a pile of play-doh in front of her

and played merrily.

School will start tomorrow. Summer needed to sort out the records, so she took out Mark's notebook and entered the password.

She still remembered the scene four years ago, when he gave her the bank card, and the pin number was

Raine's date of birth. What about this time?

As she gently breathed out, her fingers fell on the keyboard, slowly typing Raine's date of birth, and she

could even clearly feel the slight quiver between her fingers that she could not control.

However, at the moment when the screen unlocked, she obviously felt her heart ache as if it was slashed by something.

"Pah!" She closed his notebook, walked back to the sofa, picked up Charlotte directly and walked toward the door.

Mark saw the anger on her face and wondered what was going on. Why did she get so angry all of a sudden?

"Summer!" His long legs strode forward, his big hand gripping her wrist. "What happened?"

She gave him a glance and then continued to walk forward without saying a word.

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Mark bent slightly and picked Summer up in his arms, and then carried her on his shoulders.

"Mark, let go of me! You need to put me down. Now! You bastard!" She kicked him with her legs and

her stomach hurt from the tight grip.

After tricking Charlotte out, Mark closed the door. Pah! His big hands were already on her hips. "How am

I a bastard, huh?"

"I shouldn't believe your words! You'll give me everything I want? It's all lies!"

Four years ago, the password of the bank card was Raine's birthday, and four years later, the password

of the laptop was still Raine's birthday!

He stooped to put her on the bed, and then he bent over her, and their bodies were close together.
"Tell

me what happened..."

Her chest was heaving, she was panting, and her eyes were burning with anger. She did not answer his question.

"Even if I'm sentenced, you'll have to let me know what I did wrong, don't you?"

"The password!" She glared at him and squeezed two words out of her mouth.

The password...

He looked at her, obviously afraid of her misunderstanding again, and hurriedly explained, "The password on the laptop was set up four years ago, and I haven't used the laptop for four years.

Basically it has become an abandoned product, so I don't bother to change the password." He explained in a magnetic hoarse voice.

Summer turned her head away from him, not listening to him and struggled to free herself from his grip.

Mark raised his handsome brows. He put his big arm around her from behind in an imperiously tight

grip with the tip of his nose gently touching her neck, breathing out hot breaths at her. "Believe me,

what I'm telling you is the truth. Since you can unlock the password of my laptop, you can unlock the

password of my mobile phone, too, yea?"

He turned to sit up, his arms hooking her to sit on his sturdy lap, with her body leaning against his

warm chest, and handed her the phone. "Come one, try unlocking it..."

"Ho." Summer just threw the phone away.

Mark rolled his long sleeves up to his elbows, exposing his thick wrists. His short hair was messy, his

beautiful face was charming, and he gazed at her with unfathomable eyes. "Come on, unlock it. There's

a prize for unlocking it."

The phone was forcefully pushed back to her hand. Summer typed Raine's birthday without even

thinking about it, and got the password wrong.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow, and he disdainfully moved his lower jaw up and down,

signaling her to continue.

Then she typed in Charlotte's date of birth. Again, the password was wrong.

Her patience was wearing thin. When she was about to throw the phone away again, Mark grabbed her hand and looked sideways. "Tsk tsk, how impatient..."

The big, warm hand took her hand, led her, and typed the password on the screen.

She pressed her lips softly and said nothing.

Mark stared deeply into her quiet little face, his big arm wrapped around her tiny waist, forcing her to

look up, their foreheads touching, the tips of their noses touching. "Anything you want to say, eh?"

Summer gritted her teeth a little as she looked at his slightly complacent, mildly nonchalant look. "You

put 1314 in front of Charlotte's date of birth and my name.

I was half right."

"You're so stubborn." His voice was deep and slow and somewhat resigned.

Summer's cheeks burned a little at the thought of her impulse, and she reached out and pushed him in

the chest. "I should go now."

She did not know why she was acting so impulsive.

Are all women in love so unreasonable?

"Okay." He always went along with her.

Charlotte was lying on the couch with a sad look on her face. When they came out, she puckered her

lips, looking pitiful and said, "Daddy, Mommy, I almost fell asleep!"

Mark held the little girl in his arm and wrapped his other arm around Summer's waist to get into the car,

and drove them home.

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As Summer got out of the car, she remembered what she had seen at the restaurant. She looked at

Mark, the corners of her mouth moving slightly but she held back. 1

She wanted to say something, but she did not know how to say it, and the words were stuck in her

throat, making her feel uncomfortable.

After all, this was not an ordinary thing, the other party was his father. How could she say it properly?

"Go up now, Charlotte can't keep her eyes open. I'll take her to kindergarten tomorrow." He put his

trench coat on Charlotte as he spoke.

Summer nodded, swallowing the words back. She needed time to think things out before she told him.

In the hospital

Ronald asked his assistant to get the report, and the results showed that Summer was indeed adopted.

If so, then Summer was already 80 percent Samantha's daughter, but one final step was needed.

Samantha leaned back in bed, thinking of Summer and chuckling. She did not look like her at all.

"You'll have to let her know eventually. Rather than hesitate, it's better to tell her directly."

"It's up to you. I trust you, and I know I can count on you." She was content. With him around, why should she worry?

Ronald nodded, dialed the number and waited for her to answer the phone.

Summer was putting Charlotte to bed when her cell phone rang. The caller ID showed an unknown number. After hesitating for a moment, she picked it up-

"Summer, it's me."

After a few seconds of hesitation and wonder, in real discomfort, she answered unnaturally, "Uncle."

"Well, do you have time tomorrow? There's something I'd like to talk to you about."

Talk to her? Summer was even more surprised. What could he and she talk about?

"Tomorrow is the first day of school. I'm afraid I don't have the time," she replied. But to be honest, the

first day of school was always busy.

"There must be time for lunch. I'll be at your school at noon, and we'll meet during your lunch hour."

Ronald had already said so, and Summer could not reject him again, so she said, "Okay."

But she was confused about Ronald's intention and what he wanted to talk to her about. There was no

relation between her and him, was there?

Did he know what she had seen under the table? Was that why he wanted to meet with her?

She went to sleep, wondering and confused. The next morning, after breakfast, she took Charlotte downstairs.

Time was tight. Summer had to go to school, so she did not have time to send Charlotte to kindergarten. She took a bus to school first, and Mark took Charlotte to the kindergarten.

She had spent the morning familiarizing herself with the environment and checking on the class, and

had forgotten her lunch date with Ronald.

At noon, when the number called again, she remembered what happened last night. Ronald said he was at the school's main entrance.

When she got to the school gate, she saw Ronald at a glance. She approached him and said, "Uncle."

"You haven't had your lunch yet? I haven't either. Let's have lunch together." Ronald smiled and headed for the restaurant.

Chapter 515

Looking at his back, Summer could not help but think of the scene under the table, and suddenly she

felt uncomfortable from head to toe.

They sat down and ordered a few dishes, and Summer came right to the point and asked, "Uncle, why

do you want to see me?"

"This, I think I should give you." A brown envelope. Ronald handed it to her and took a sip of water.

"Take a look."

Summer frowned, took the brown envelope, opened it, pulled out what seemed to be a report, held it in

front of her, and looked down, reading it line by line...

The further she read, the higher her eyebrows raised, the tighter her brow furrowed, the faster she breathed, and her chest started heaving.

Summer closed her eyes, took a deep breath, pushed the paper away, turned and smiled at the waitress. "Is the food ready yet?"

Ronald was surprised by her response. "You don't believe this report?"

"I don't know why you want me to see something like this. I'm curious about it." She took a sip of tea.

"In fact, it was by coincidence. She has leukemia and

needs a bone marrow transplant. Bone marrow matches are highest among family members. She had

a baby when she was young, but for some reason she abandoned it, but she left a diamond ring with

the baby. I took Charlotte to the hospital yesterday and I came across a diamond ring around her neck,

so I had my assistant look it up. You need not doubt the veracity of this report."

Diamond ring...

Summer's eyes moved slightly. She did remember the diamond ring she had seen around Charlotte's

neck the night before, when she was dressing her for bed. At the time she did not pay attention to the

ring, for she did not expect that...

Her body could not help trembling slightly; even the hand holding the glass trembled along. She

squeezed it tightly and said nothing.

She could not only listen to his side of the story. She had to go home and ask her parents for

confirmation, even though the test report was in front of her.

"You and her bone marrow are so compatible, the chances of you saving her life are very high.
You're a

teacher, you must be a kind lady, if it's a stranger asking for your help, you will be willing to help,
not to

mention if she is your own mother, right? I suppose there must have been some unspeakable reason

for her abandoning you. After all, there's no mother who doesn't love her children, otherwise she
would

not have left you the diamond ring, right?"

Ronald was tactful. He spoke well of Samantha and praised Summer at the same time. He was
indeed

diplomatic!

"I'm hungry, uncle. May I eat?" Summer obviously did not want to talk about it, so she just ignored
it

and changed the topic.

Ronald understood the situation and did not press her further. He smiled and said, "I only remember
to

get down to business and forget to eat. Let's dig in!"

He had just told her the truth about her biological mother but at the same time, he was eager for her
to

donate bone marrow. She needed a little time to react and adjust. He could not push her too hard.

Summer was absent-minded all afternoon.

Fortunately, she did not have classes on the first day of school.

Patrick was teaching the same class with her, but she taught language and he taught French. They shared the same office and could not avoid seeing each other.

School finished early in the afternoon. She went straight to the kindergarten to pick up Charlotte, and

then she went home. Daisy was home, Solomon was not.

There were freshly cut watermelons on the table.

Daisy hugged Charlotte and grabbed the largest piece for her. "The weather is getting colder and colder. I'm afraid it's the last watermelon for this summer."

Chapter 516

"Grandma, you eat the biggest piece. I'm the youngest. I'll eat the smaller piece." Charlotte handed Daisy the largest piece of watermelon back while nibbling the one in her hand.

"Oh, my granddaughter is so kind. Tell me, what did you learn at school today?"

"Respect our elders." She thought carefully and said in a soft, tender voice.

Hearing this, Daisy could not help laughing. "Respect our elders, honey, not elders."

"Err, right, elders." Charlotte rubbed her face awkwardly.

Summer kept wanting to talk about the issue but held back, and eventually, she did not ask the

question. After lulling Charlotte to sleep, she went to the living room for a glass of water and found

Daisy still sitting on the sofa, sorting out Charlotte's childhood photos.

In front of her lay three or four photo albums. Sitting down on the sofa, she picked up a photo album

and flipped through it at random. She found that those were her photos, taken when she was very

young. The whole album was all pictures of her when she was still a child, but there were no pictures of

her when

she was born.

Her heart trembled more than ever, and at last she asked, "Mom, am I adopted?"

Daisy paused, her face stiffened, then she looked up at her quietly. "What's wrong?"

"Am I adopted?" She repeated, the voice inside her screaming NO, there must be some mistake! How

she wished she would say no!

"Did you hear anything from someone?" Daisy asked. Summer could not have asked her that for no

reason. Someone had said something behind her back.

"Mom, I want to know. I want the most honest answer. Don't lie to me." Summer didn't answer her

question.

Daisy closed the photo album in front of her with a long sigh and nodded. "Yes. I found you, right in

front of the house."

She would not tell lies. It had been buried in her heart for a long time. Summer suddenly asked today,

which meant she already knew something.

Summer felt something collapse inside her. She then added, her voice trembling slightly, "What about

Charlotte's diamond ring?"

"It came with you."

As if all her strength was drained from her, she sat limp on the sofa, silent.

She said NO ten thousand times in her mind. How strongly she hoped it was a joke, but the reality was

cruel!

Samantha, the woman, turned out to be her biological mother! Indeed, she could not accept it, and did

not want to accept it!

"But remember, Summer, you will always be my dearest daughter. Blood is just a symbol. I'll always

love you and Charlotte. Do you remember who I took sides with in your fight with your brother? I raised

you, and no one can take you away. You are always my sweet little girl."

She then hugged Summer, patting her on the back as she had done when she was a child.

Summer's breath was steady, and her violently beating heart was slowly returning to normal. She

reached out and hugged her mom, and buried her face in her arms.

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"I've raised you since you were a baby, now you've grown up to be so beautiful, nobody can take you

away from me. Now tell me, what did you hear from someone else?"

Summer shook her head and said casually, "No, I just heard some gossip, so I tried to get some

reaction from you, but I didn't expect you to confess so easily."

"You silly girl! I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to have any bad feelings. I raised you since you

were just a baby; you are my own daughter, and if anyone says anything else, just ignore it."

They sat on the sofa and talked for a long time before saying good night to each other and going to bed.

Summer was lying in bed. Her mind was in such a whirl that it could no longer function properly. It was

only one day, but she felt her life had turned 180 degrees.

Samantha was her biological mother, yet she was sleeping with Ronald!

But Summer did not even want to acknowledge Samantha as her biological mother. Her life was good

and peaceful now. She did not want her quiet life to be disturbed again.

Before she knew this, Samantha was nothing more than a stranger to her. After she knew this,

Samantha was a stranger with a blood relationship. No matter what, she was still just a stranger.

The night grew darker and darker, and her troubled thoughts were slowly calming down...

Mark was on a business trip to Athana these two days, and he had told Summer in advance. He called

Summer as soon as she got up in the morning, at about six o'clock. She said a few words, and then

handed the phone to Charlotte. They talked for half an hour. She wondered what the father and

daughter were talking about.

Summer took Charlotte to kindergarten, and then she went to work. When it was lunch time, Ronald

was waiting for her in the principal's office, and without thinking, she knew why he was there.

At the coffee shop across the street, Ronald said earnestly, "Summer, I know I shouldn't rush you, but

for a patient, the sooner the transplant, the better chances of survival. She is your mother after all, and

she gave you life. It's not too much to take some marrow from you, right?"

"Who else knows about this?" Summer asked, ignoring his words.

"Me, you, and her. Just the three of us."

"TH think about it. I'll let you know when I have the answer. I have class later, so I'll leave first."
She got

up without drinking the coffee.

Ronald tried to touch her conscience with mother's love, but it did not have much effect on her.

Samantha did give birth to her, but it was Daisy who raised her.

And, if she was right, Samantha had no feelings for her. Otherwise, it would be Samantha, not Ronald,

who came to talk to her, wouldn't it?

Summer was clearing her desk after her afternoon class when her phone rang. It was Mark. "What are

you doing now?"

"I'm clearing the desk and the papers, and then going t o pick up your daughter. What about you?"

"I just came back to the villa from the head office. If there's anything you and your daughter want, I'll get

it for you."

"No. Remember to eat on time and drink less coffee. You know your daughter doesn't like you to smoke."

"I remember all that. Tell her I love her, and tell my daughter's mommy I love her, too."

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With a burst of laughter, Summer felt a lot of relief from the annoyance she had been feeling today. The

annoyance had dissipated a great deal from her mind.

The call was not short, all the way from the office to the school gate. After getting into the taxi, Summer

hung up the phone.

Charlotte had been picked up by Daisy. Summer went straight back to her house, locked herself in her

room, and began sorting out her confused thoughts and deciding what was the right thing to do.

After thinking about it for a while, she got an idea in her mind and made a decision. She called Ronald

and made an appointment to meet him later.

The meeting place was not far from home. When Summer arrived, she saw Ronald and Samantha

sitting side by side. She sat opposite them.

"Summer, you asked us out at this hour. Have you made up your mind?" Ronald asked.

Summer nodded her head faintly, her eyes brushing across Samantha. She looked calm, not excited or

delighted.

"If you want me to donate bone marrow, all right, but on one condition, which you must agree to."

Ronald's face lit up and he said, "Tell me."

"After I donate my bone marrow, I'll have nothing to do with her. The relationship between her and me

should not be mentioned to anyone else. Like you said, she gave me a life, and I now return her bone

marrow. How about it?"

Summer did not even look at Samantha throughout the conversation because there was no need to.

The reason she agreed to Ronald's request was not because she was kind and benevolent. It was

because Samantha had given birth to her and had suffered the pain of childbirth, and she was willing to

donate bone marrow to her because she wanted to sever the only bond that existed between them.

Samantha gave her a life, and now she returned her bone marrow, and from that point on, they had

nothing to do with each other.

Ronald looked at Samantha with a faint smile on his lips. Samantha's expression was calm and

unemotional. "Okay," she said.

"Good. Don't call me again unless you have to. I don't want to hear from you guys. Thanks."

They reached an agreement and there was no need to stay. Summer got up and left without even

looking at them.

Samantha smiled. She was as cold and hard as her biological father.

Summer did not discuss with Daisy and Solomon about the bone marrow transplantation because she

did not feel the need to. She could make her own decision.

They would still be strangers after the bone marrow transplantation, so why should she let her parents

worry?

As for Mark, she did not know how to tell him. It was hard for her to hold her tongue. Samantha's relationship with Ronald was difficult for her to discuss with him.

When she had decided what to say, she would tell him.

After all, Ronald was his father, not someone else...

Summer felt sick at the thought of them sitting next to each other, it was kind of disgusting. How would

Mark react if he knew about this?

Yvette found that Ronald did not spend much time at home these days. He went out every day.

She wondered why he was so busy in Santabaca. Even if he was busy, having to deal with important people in Santabaca, he did not need to deal with them every day, did he?

Spending time alone at Valentine Mansion was really boring, and she had no idea where to go.

Somehow, she thought of the woman in the hospital, Samantha.

Yvette kind of liked the way Samantha spoke. It gratified her vanity to hear compliments from a beautiful woman.

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She called Ronald and asked him where he was.

Ronald said he was meeting with someone important in Santabaca. They exchanged a few words, then hung up.

She showered, put on her makeup, changed her clothes, and carried her bags. Yvette dressed up, paying attention to the details from head to toe and did not leave Valentine mansion until she was satisfied with herself.

In the hospital

Ronald hung up and peeled the apple. Samantha was lying in the hospital bed and looking at him, smiling." Your wife?"

"Yup." Ronald cut the apple into small pieces and fed it directly into her mouth. "Why did you abandon

your child?"

"Of course there are reasons for doing that." Samantha clearly did not like the topic. She looked languidly out the window. "Autumn is coming."

Looking out of the window, she could see that the leaves on the trees on both sides of the hospital had gradually turned yellow, and were falling gently with the autumn wind.

Ronald poured another cup of warm water and went to offer it to Samantha. But then he slipped and fell on the bed, and the cup of warm water poured over Samantha.

Fortunately, the water was not hot. Ronald was relieved. He went to get new clothes and began to help

Samantha change.

Samantha did not want to move. "My bra is wet," she said lazily. "Please change my bra, too. I like the black one.

The wet clothes were removed and the bra was exposed before him.

Samantha took care of her looks. She managed both her skin and body thoroughly. Her years of practising yoga have made her body slim and supple and sexy at the same time.

Ronald's breathing became unsteady and out of control.

The atmosphere in the room was so hot and passionate that no one noticed the intruder.

Staring at the familiar figure, Yvette felt her whole world turn upside down. She felt overwhelmed and

dizzy, and she fell to the ground unsteadily. She picked up the glass of water on the table, threw it at them and screamed out, "Ahhhhh!"

Yvette could not believe it. She felt anger; burning rage, she was losing her mind. Her head was spinning.

She picked up the glass and threw it at them again...

Yvette's eyes were red with anger and her whole body was shaking. She looked at Ronald with hatred

in her eyes.

She raised her hand. PA! A slap had landed on Ronald's face, and a reddish palm print immediately appeared.

"Shameless bitch!" Swearing furiously, Yvette approached the bed and raised her hand again towards

Samantha.

Just as her hand was about to swing down, Ronald lunged forward and grabbed her hand. "Enough!"

"Let go! Enough? What do you mean?" Yvette turned to face Ronald, struggling violently and frantically.

"Does it hurt you that I hit her?"

"We'll talk at home." Ronald grabbed her by the wrist and took her out of the room.

Yvette dragged herself back, holding onto the bed with her left hand. She refused to leave, screaming,

"N o! Why should I go back? Today I'm going to show her what happens when you steal someone's husband!"

She had lost her mind. She did not mind being ugly, shouting and cursing at the top of her voice.

Samantha did not say a word. She just lay there, staring nonchalantly at Yvette as if she were crazy.

When a woman is mad, her strength is truly frightening. Just like Yvette.

Chapter 520

Yvette's hair was now a mess from the struggle. Her simple and elegant hairdo had become

disheveled. She kicked and scratched Ronald, and then she lowered her head to bite his wrist.

The bite took all her strength. Yvette did not let go of the bite until the faint taste of blood spread

between her lips and teeth.

Ronald took a gasp of pain and forcefully pushed Yvette away. Next, she picked up a glass and threw it

at Samantha.

Samantha jumped out of bed, but the glass smashed into the wall behind the bed, sending shards of

glass flying in every direction. Some of the pieces cut her face, some cut her arms, and trickles of blood

started oozing out.

Ronald called the doctor in and, without saying a word, yanked the frantic Yvette out of the room.

Back at the Valentine mansion, they inevitably had a violent quarrel. Valentine mansion became a mess in a moment, and everything that could be thrown was smashed. Ronald's abdomen was hit by something thrown his way, and he was sitting on the sofa in pain. The bite mark on the wrist was also

quite frightening.

Yvette was no different than a crazy person, yelling and smashing things in the living room. The servants were too afraid to come forward.

After half an hour, Yvette finally ran out of energy and fell to the floor, exhausted.

"Now that things have come to this, there is no need to hide any longer. After a while, we will divorce,"

Ronald said.

Ronald understood that he did owe Yvette a lot, and it would be very unfair to continue deceiving her.

"Divorce? You want to divorce me for that bitch?" Yvette threw back her head and laughed. Her

delicate, clean makeup was now a mess, her teeth gnashing. " Ronald, don't even think about it, I will

never give you what you want, never in my life!"

He wanted her to agree to a divorce so he could officially be with that bitch? She would not sign it even

if she were dead. No way!

"There is no love between us. Tying each other up like this doesn't do anyone any good, so it's best for

the both of us to get divorced as soon as possible."

Ronald put his hand on his stomach and stood up." Think about it carefully. Give me a call when you've

decided. I'll stay in the hotel for the next two days."

"Get out! Get out of here! Get as far away as you can!" Panting heavily, Yvette picked up the vase and

threw it at him. At that moment, she really wanted to kill him!

Valentine mansion finally fell silent. She sat down alone, crying and laughing, not knowing whether she

wanted to cry or laugh.

After a long time, Yvette got up and made a call. "Find out everything you can about Ronald and

Samantha. I want it all!"

She was suffering, and she was definitely going to make them suffer, too!

As long as she got Ronald's secret, she was going to make their lives a living hell!

Ronald called Summer and told her to go to the hospital today to have her bone marrow tested, and then she could have the surgery when the results came back.

Ronald had his own plan in mind for this matter. Now that he has made a decision, he should implement it as soon as possible to avoid any sudden changes.

Summer agreed. She reiterated that the only bond between her and Samantha was her bone marrow, and after the transplant, they would never see each other again.

That afternoon, she went to the hospital and saw Ronald and Samantha. She saw cuts on their faces and hands but she did not know what had happened to them.

She just gave them a passing glance, showing no emotion. After completing the procedure, she left without saying a word.

Yvette's hair was now a mess from the struggle. Her simple and elegant hairdo had become disheveled. She kicked and scratched Ronald, and then she lowered her head to bite his wrist.

The bite took all her strength. Yvette did not let go of the bite until the faint taste of blood spread between her lips and teeth.

Ronald took a gasp of pain and forcefully pushed Yvette away. Next, she picked up a glass and threw it

at Samantha.

Samantha jumped out of bed, but the glass smashed into the wall behind the bed, sending shards of

glass flying in every direction. Some of the pieces cut her face, some cut her arms, and trickles of blood

started oozing out.

Ronald called the doctor in and, without saying a word, yanked the frantic Yvette out of the room.

Back at the Valentine mansion, they inevitably had a violent quarrel. Valentine mansion became a

mess in a moment, and everything that could be thrown was smashed. Ronald's abdomen was hit by

something thrown his way, and he was sitting on the sofa in pain. The bite mark on the wrist was also

quite frightening.

Yvette was no different than a crazy person, yelling and smashing things in the living room. The

servants were too afraid to come forward.

After half an hour, Yvette finally ran out of energy and fell to the floor, exhausted.

"Now that things have come to this, there is no need to hide any longer. After a while, we will divorce,"

Ronald said.

Ronald understood that he did owe Yvette a lot, and it would be very unfair to continue deceiving her.

"Divorce? You want to divorce me for that bitch?" Yvette threw back her head and laughed. Her

delicate, clean makeup was now a mess, her teeth gnashing." Ronald, don't even think about it, I will

never give you what you want, never in my life!"

He wanted her to agree to a divorce so he could officially be with that bitch? She would not sign it even

if she were dead. No way!

"There is no love between us. Tying each other up like this doesn't do anyone any good, so it's best for

the both of us to get divorced as soon as possible."

Ronald put his hand on his stomach and stood up." Think about it carefully. Give me a call when you've

decided. I'll stay in the hotel for the next two days."

"Get out! Get out of here! Get as far away as you can!" Panting heavily, Yvette picked up the vase and

threw it at him. At that moment, she really wanted to kill him!

Valentine mansion finally fell silent. She sat down alone, crying and laughing, not knowing whether she

wanted to cry or laugh.

After a long time, Yvette got up and made a call. "Find out everything you can about Ronald and Samantha. I want it all!"

She was suffering, and she was definitely going to make them suffer, too!

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