

## President 531

### Chapter 531

Summer nodded as she took off her shoes and changed into her nightgown. Maybe it was the fact that

she was pregnant, but she slept curled up in his arms right away.

Once her breathing became steady, Mark opened his eyes and carefully removed his arm that was under her hand before he got out of bed.

He walked to the study and stopped there as he sat himself down on the chair and switched on the laptop. Controlling the cursor with his right hand, Mark opened the search history and reopened the page.

"Can pregnant women donate their bone marrow?"

'So, this was what she was looking at just now. No wonder she switched off the laptop so abruptly when

she saw me.'

Summer wanted to keep the transplant a secret from Mark, but how long was she going to keep it from

him?

Three of them went to the hospital for a checkup right after they had their breakfast.

After some time, the results were out as the doctor came to them with a smile on his face. "You're one

month pregnant. Congratulations on being a mother."

'I'm already one month into my pregnancy.' Summer smiled as she said, "Thank you, Doctor. But the

last time I went for a body checkup, the doctor told me that I had a retroverted uterus, so the

possibilities of me getting pregnant were extremely low."

"It's true that your uterus is tipped to the back more than other women and that the chances of

pregnancy are very low. But when you take note of your positions during intercourse, you can still get

pregnant. Nevertheless, there was only a 20% chance that you'd get pregnant, which is a very small

percentage. So, you're exceptionally lucky, Miss..."

Mark raised his brows as he hugged her shoulders. His face was filled with delight as the doctor

himself had already confirmed the strength of his manhood. 1

Summer could feel his glee next to her as she glared at him. The doctor's words have made her

cheeks flushed.

Suddenly, she was reminded of something as she said to Mark, "Please take Charlotte out for a while, I

have something to ask the doctor."

Mark looked at her without saying anything. He responded with a soft grunt before walking out with

Charlotte.

Summer was still in her chair when she asked the doctor, "By the way, Doctor, can I donate my bone

marrow when I'm in this situation?" "A bone marrow transplant does not remove your

bone. It takes your blood. Usually, a person has to be injected with medication to get the best version of

their blood. This is a really painful process, and people will experience great discomfort. Besides,

you're a pregnant woman. The medication used will definitely have an adverse effect on your baby," the

doctor explained with a smile on his face.

"Okay, I understand now. Thank you, Doctor." She stood up and left.

It was Monday the next day. Charlotte had to go to school, Summer had to go to work, and Mark had to

return to the office. So, they took the afternoon flight back to Santabaca.

They walked around Santabaca for a long time at noon and bought themselves some goods before

they headed to the airport. They wanted to have a good night's sleep, so they could only take the flight

in the afternoon. 1

It was already past nine when they arrived in Santabaca. Summer shivered as soon as she stepped out

of the plane.

The weather was warm as spring in Sanctum Isles, but it was already fall in Santabaca. The night was

chilly, and the wind that brushed against her face was indeed very cold.

They went back to Mark's place instead of their home. Charlotte was a brave girl. She was not afraid of

sleeping alone and it looked like it was just fine for her, which made Summer relieved.

On the other hand, Ronald was antsy like a cat on hot bricks. He had sent people to search for

Summer, but it had been to no avail. 'How peculiar!'

Taking his phone, he tried to call her himself. The call connected after a short while, and his face was

instantly filled with joy.

Summer heard her phone ring as she leaned over and picked up the call.

"Where are you, Summer? Let's meet."

While they were still on the call, Mark walked out of the bathroom with a towel hanging around his

waist. He lifted the covers and sat next to Summer.

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Summer's heart raced as she panicked when Mark was next to her. They were both very close to each

other. She was afraid that he could hear their conversation or hear Ronald's voice.

She leaned away from Mark as she spoke clearly. " Let's meet at the cafe outside of the school tomorrow a 112.00 pm."

She hung up right after she finished speaking, not waiting for Ronald's response.

Mark was drying his hair with his towel while raising his brows and staring at her. "Who was it?"

"An old teacher. She needed some old documents from me so I asked her to meet me at the cafe tomorrow." Summer put the phone back into her bag and acted normally. "Let's sleep. If I get up late

one more time tomorrow, I won't stay over ever again."

Mark leaned toward her and kissed her soft cherry lips. "Goodnight."

Summer returned his kiss as she smiled faintly." Goodnight."

He could only watch but not taste the snack next to him. 'How cruel is this life.' Mark let out a soft sigh

as he held Summer tightly in his arms and buried his

face in her hair. They then fell into a deep sleep.

The morning after.

Mark was not late. He stared at the clock and woke her up as soon as it struck 7.00 am. Breakfast was

already prepared on the table, including hot milk and orange juice.

After she freshened up, Summer drank some hot milk and ate some boiled eggs as she could not eat food that was too oily.

Mark sent Summer to her school before he dropped Charlotte off.

Summer only had two classes in the morning, so she had a loose schedule. Around 11.00 am, her phone vibrated, and a text tone rang.

She opened the notification and found Ronald's message, stating that he was already in the cafe waiting for her.

Summer did not leave until it was 12.00 pm, which was their lunch hour. She went over to the cafe and

saw Ronald sitting by a window.

Summer went over to him and ordered a glass of warm water instead of coffee as she sat down.

"Where have you been for the past few days? I couldn't reach you at all. By the way, the results are out, and the compatibility is good enough for the transplant. We'll do it tomorrow. What do you say?"

Ronald went straight to the point without even stopping for a

breath.

Summer remained silent as she just sat there and drank her water.

The silence brought Ronald's eyebrows together to a frown. He had a bad feeling about it as he stared

at her and asked, "Why aren't you saying anything?"

"There was an accident. I can't go through with the transplant now." She raised her head and looked at

him.

"You're backing out now? As a teacher, are you going back on your word? You were the one who initially agreed to this."

"That is true. I want to donate my bone marrow too, but an accident happened. I'm now one month pregnant."

Ronald furrowed his brows as he looked at her with doubt before continuing, "What's the connection

between the two?"

"If I want to donate my bone marrow, I need to abort my baby. If not, it will have a negative impact on

the baby."

He took a sip of his coffee. "You're still young. You can get another baby in the future, but she can only

wait for you to save her."

Summer raised her brows as her chest expanded. "The baby is in me and it's a life. Besides, the chances of me getting pregnant in the future are very slim."

As expected, everyone was selfish in this world. In critical situations, we only cared about the things

that were beneficial to us.

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No matter how small a fetus was, it was still a life. It really was not as simple as he said. That was her

son, and she could not just abort him like that!

"Then do you want to just watch your biological mother die before your eyes?" Ronald put down the

mug of coffee and looked at her.

The atmosphere between the two was extremely stuffy and tense, making it hard for people to breathe...

Ronald was just looking at her with his serious and dark expression. There was an indescribable sense

of power and authority from him.



However, Summer's expression was cold as she stared back at him. There was not an ounce of

warmth in her eyes. "That's why I said I can't go through with the transplant now. The baby is mine, and

I can't just take its life away like that!"

Ronald had no thoughts about the one-month-old baby in her belly, let alone some empathy.

He did not understand. How could an unborn baby be more important than a person who had been living for a long time?

The fetus was just a month old. It had not even formed into a baby yet, and it definitely had no knowledge or

feelings about the outside world. Besides, Summer already had a child of her own. It did not matter whether she decided to keep the second child or not.

On the other hand, a person who had been living for a long time would already have developed

feelings, wisdom, love, and thoughts. If people were to compare the two, it was obvious that the living

person was more important.

"She gave you life. If it wasn't for her, you would not even get to see the world. No matter what, you

should be grateful toward her. All she needs now is just a bit of your bone marrow. She isn't asking for

your life..."

Summer knitted her brows tighter together. "It's true that she isn't asking for my life, but she is asking

for my child's life now!"

"You are the one who is related to her by blood. If you can sit and watch her die in front of you, what

more can I say? I just didn't expect you to be so untrustworthy as a teacher. On top of that, you're cruel

and have no kindness whatsoever." Ronald squinted as he spoke coldly.

'Cruel?'

Summer wanted to laugh. She let out a sarcastic laugh and said, "If I save her and kill my baby, I am

not cruel. But if I keep my baby and don't save her, then I am brutally unethical. What kind of logic is

that? Both are human lives, so why is there a difference?"

Samantha was a life, and her unborn baby was also a life. Life was not about who was born first. They

were both equally important!

However, there was no point in continuing the argument when the conversation had progressed until

this point. They were both firm on their beliefs. It would be a fruitless conversation if they continued

arguing about the topic.

Summer looked at the time and stood up as she flatly said, "I have some errands to run. I'll see myself

out now."

Ronald did not leave the cafe as he continued to sit there and watch her disappear from his sight. He took another sip of the hot coffee on the table.

After some time, he got up and turned around just to find Mark standing at the entrance of the cafe.

Their distance was not far from each other, neither were they close. The father and son were staring at

each other, but their expressions were not pleasant.

Mark took a step forward and walked toward Ronald, standing in front of him. He was slightly taller than

Ronald, which made him look even more powerful when they stood face to face.

"Why did you look for her?" His voice was deep and cold, not even addressing him as his father.

Ronald glanced over him and answered flatly, "Some small issues."

Mark laughed at his response. "Is it because of the

woman with leukemia?"

It turned out that Mark already knew about it. Hence, Ronald had nothing to hide from him anymore. "

That's between me and her. It's none of your business."

His words angered Mark as he raised his arm and threw a punch at Ronald's face, not holding back his

strength.

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Ronald was caught off guard by his unpredictable attack. A heavy punch landed on him, sent him wobbling backward. He held onto the side of the table to keep himself from falling.

Eyebrows furrowing with anger, he vehemently exclaimed, "This punch, is for my mother and the atrocious deeds you have committed!" His words were as cold as ice.

Following that, he punched Ronald again, saying, " This is from me and Jazz!".

After being struck twice in quick succession, Ronald stumbled against the table. He panted softly, and

his cheeks ached. Yet, he maintained his authoritative figure as a father. "Mark, you're going overboard!".

"Since you have the audacity to do this, you should bear the consequences!" Mark shot Ronald a glare

with an indifferent and distant expression. "I'm warning you, don't you ever approach her again. Or

else, I swear I will do worse than beat you!"

Following that, Mark gave Ronald a cold glance before striding towards the door of the cafe.

A few of the cafe customers were already noticing this scuffle. Ronald's expression turned grim.

Despite his

aging face, his demeanor remained steely.

Just as Mark was about to reach the door of the cafe, he suddenly paused his steps. He then raised

his voice and said, "Nobody can stop you from being with that woman, but you must immediately leave

Santabaca with her and never return. Don't you ever show yourself before our eyes and don't ask for forgiveness. We will also be cutting all ties with you too!"

He got in his car and lighted a cigarette. He took a deep puff and exhaled white smoke rings as he

squinted against the rising smoke of the cigarette. His eyes grew deeper and more serious. The gloom

exuded from him dark as heavy night sky.

Despite punching Ronald twice, he did not feel relieved at all.

He remembered back then, Ronald would hold his hand, hold him, or carry him around on his

shoulders, bringing him along everywhere when he was still a child.

Seeing his father managing the employees made him very proud. Ronald had been a great father, a great hero in his eyes.

At the age of thirteen, Mark went to Athana. He had called back frequently at the beginning. However,

the calls grew lesser as time passed.

Not until Mark had turned 23 did he return to Santabaca. For a decade, Ronald had never flown to Athana to visit him, nor had Mark come back.

Moreover, he was forbidden to leave Athana because his grandpa saw it as a form of training.

As Mark's grandpa Gordon Angelo served in the army, he was a stickler to the rules. At that time, everyone except Mark's grandma feared him, including Mark's mother as well.

When Mark finally returned to Santabaca, the past decade of separation had affected their relationships. The father and son were more like strangers that the atmosphere would even turn awkward when they were alone.

"Furthermore, Mark also spent lesser time at the Valentine Mansion, merely a few times in a year.

Both men grew farther apart as time went on. They had nothing to say even when meeting face to face."

"Ronald would give excuses that he was too busy at Grudin North to return, which wasn't too far fetch.

However, looking back now, it seemed purposeful and ridiculous."

Not loving his mother would be fine, on the condition that he should not have kept his mother in the

dark about it. Moreover, no matter who was his lover, Mark would not inquire about that woman, but of

course, he would still hate him. Just not as much as he did now. Unfortunately, he had let his mother

saw him with

another woman.

What Ronald had done was fundamentally different from what Mark had expected him to do. If he had

not violated those terms, Mark could have forgiven him, but now...

To make his father bring that woman out of Santabaca and never appear before him again was the

most he could bear...

After all, Ronald Valentine was his father...

He had once been the hero in his heart that he looked up to and respected deeply. Yet, all these

feelings had shattered.

Letting the nicotine work its magic, Mark managed to suppress his tumultuous feelings. Taking one last

puff, he stabbed out the cigarette, recollected himself, and drove away.

At the hospital.

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Samantha frowned upon looking at Ronald's swollen face. "What happened to your face?" she asked

strangely.

"Nothing. I just walked into something." Ronald brushed off her question.

Even though he was not hurt badly, he still felt anger inside of him. It was just that the anger was already vanishing at this time.

"How are you so clumsy? Don't you use your eyes when you walk?" Samantha asked the nurse to bring some ice and put it on his bruise.

Ronald sat there heavy-heartedly as he felt very upset. Making Summer donate her bone marrow was

only going to get tougher.

Mark was already aware of it, and he certainly would not allow it to happen...

As Mark pushed open the apartment door, the dim yellow lighting in the house melted away his sorrow

a little. The tense lines on his face softened too.



Summer was making dinner in the kitchen while Charlotte was babbling out her ABCs while writing

them down. "ABCEF..."

Even after they had repeatedly told her four to five

times, she still left out the letter "D" and skipped from "C" to "E" every time.

She went running to him after hearing his footsteps, sweetly calling out to her daddy.

Mark bent over and carried her in his arms before he kissed her on her soft cheeks. With Charlotte in

his arms, he sat on the couch when he felt a vibration coming from his phone. It was from Yvette.

He put the little girl on the couch and picked up his phone after he entered his room.

Summer walked out from the kitchen with her apron on but the man was nowhere to be found. She

frowned strangely and looked at Charlotte. "Where's your daddy?"

"He's on a call in the room." Charlotte pointed at the room with her tiny fingers. She turned on the TV

sneakily after she saw her mommy walk toward the room.

Just when she was about to enter the room, she heard him talking about how he saw two people

together in the school's cafe. Summer stopped moving forward and stood outside the door after

hearing what he said. Other than herself and Ronald, she couldn't think of anybody else who was in the

school's cafe together.

'But who is he on the phone with? Yvette?'

Did he see her with Ronald at noon?

"The only reason for Ronald to meet Summer was to get her to donate her bone marrow to that b\*tch,

Samantha!" Yvette cursed while she clenched her teeth. Her emotions were strangely unstable.

Although they were talking on the phone, Mark could still distinctively hear her emotions through the

transmission of radio waves.

She was agitated and having a hard time catching her breath. He could hear her breathing rapidly, and

he knew that she needed someone to console her and calm her down.

"Mom, she won't be donating her bone marrow to Samantha. Have you had your dinner?"

Summer's eye twitched upon hearing his words. She was right, after all. He already knew everything!

Yvette doubted him. "I don't believe you. She will do it for sure. She is already meeting Ronald, so they

must be discussing the transplant!"

"Trust me, she really won't donate her bone marrow to Samantha. I have strong reasons..."

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"What reasons?" Of course, Yvette did not want anybody to donate their bone marrow to Samantha.

She even wished that she could just die.

Mark did not hide anything from her, and he did not think there was a reason to do so anyway. He cut

to the chase and said, "She's pregnant..."

For a moment, Yvette went completely silent on the other end of the phone. Only the sound of her breathing was flowing in the air.

Summer being pregnant again was totally out of her expectations. However, she was the only person

with a compatible bone marrow, so there could not be a better time for her to be pregnant.

Even though the baby inside of her belonged to Mark, she could not be bothered about it at that moment. To her, Ronald and that cunning woman were the main problems.

"Okay, I understand now. I won't let both of them have an easy time!" Yvette was still angry, and her

stomach was still filled with burning flames.

Mark's eyes looked deep after he hung up the phone. He believed that he needed to go back to the

Valentine mansion and have a serious talk with her once he had

time in the next few days.

He moved his brows slightly as if he noticed something. He moved his body sideways and turned around. As expected, he saw Summer who was standing at the door.

She stared at him with a cold face as she clenched her fists slightly. He knew about the truth all this while, yet he purposely hid it from her for such a long time!

Worse still, the certainty in his tone when he talked to Yvette made her even angrier.

"What makes you so sure that I won't be donating my bone marrow?" She looked at him.

Mark walked closer to her and held her hands that hung down beside her body. "You heard everything.

I just know you won't..."

'Was that his best response? Just a "you heard everything" and nothing else?'

"You wouldn't know. Maybe I'll really do it." She shook his hands away, throwing a fit.

"Come on, quit joking..." He comforted her.

The fire inside of her burned even more vigorously now. Her chest was thumping. He was the one hiding and lying to her, yet he was asking her to quit joking! i

Her emotions became intense as she pulled her hands away from his grip and pushed him. "Who is joking with you? I am serious about everything I've said!"

He frowned and looked at her before saying in a deep voice, "You have the guts?"

"Why wouldn't I have the guts?" She raised her head and straightened her back as she looked him in his eyes.

With their baby, he managed to appease Yvette. But when he told Yvette about it with such certainty, did he bring it up and discuss it with her beforehand?

He lied to her, neglected her, and did not care about her. All he cared about was just the baby inside of

her!

"Summer Hart!" Mark called her by her full name as his voice turned completely deep, not understanding what was going on with her.

"So you are getting mad at me now?" Summer was finally triggered. There were flames dancing around

in her eyes when she pushed him out of the apartment forcefully. "Get out! Get Out! Get out of here

now! I don't want to see you!"

The floor was made of smooth and polished marble. Since she was in her slippers, she almost lost her

balance and fell from using too much strength.

Mark was starting to feel worried and scared. Summer was pregnant at the moment. What would

happen if she fell down?

He did not dare to agitate her anymore, so he just obeyed and followed her will. He helped her find her

balance and said, "Okay, I'll get out. I'll get out now." However, since Summer was still drowning in

anger, his words just sounded petty. Did he really want to get out?

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She got even angrier and irritated when she shoved Mark out of the apartment with just one push.

"Okay, if you're so capable, leave now and never step back in. You're a b\*tch if you ever step inside

again!"

Summer slammed the door shut right after she was done talking, causing a loud bang. Mark lost his

balance when the door came toward him almost hit him on the nose.

Mark did not try to go inside anymore as he was worried that he might make her even angrier. When h

e got into his car, Charlie gave him a call. He muttered curses under his breath and suppressed his

exasperation before he started the car.

Charlie howled at top of his lungs in the pub. Mark could not put up with him anymore as he threw a

cigarette at him. "Shut your d\*mn mouth."

Mark started drinking as he sat on the couch. His mood was not any better.

"Had a fight? She is a pregnant woman now so it's natural for her to have unstable emotions. Haven't

you heard that pregnant women can cry now and laugh at the next second? And that they will have the

worst temper for no particular reason?

That was Mark's first time hearing that as he raised his brows curiously. "Is that true?"

"Why would I lie to you? Of course it's true. When their emotions start to fluctuate, it will even go out of

their control sometimes."

"You don't look like you know this much."

"Of course. There is nothing that I don't know about on this earth," he boasted shamelessly.

Mark snorted in disdain. "You've started feeling yourself just because I gave you face."

The pair popped a few bottles open. Mark drank a lot but not until he was drunk. On the other hand,

Charlie has already passed out.

He tipped the footman and had him send Charlie back home. He then got up the car and asked his driver to send him back to his apartment.

It was already eleven o'clock when he reached. He walked quietly into his apartment where the lights in

the living room were switched off. He raised his brows and walked toward the bedroom.

His left leg was already in the room when something popped into his mind. He stopped moving and coughed softly, mimicking a deep barking sound.

A real man knew when to yield and when not. So, what if he barked like a dog?

"What are you doing here?" Summer heard the noise he made and sat up. She was not asleep.

Mark curled his lips into a grin and walked inside, sounding cheeky. "Didn't you say whoever comes in

again would be a b\*tch? I am already barking, so I can come back in."

"Shameless!" Summer could not hold in her laughter. He saw the opportunity and wrapped her in his

arms." Are you done being mad? Everything's over now, hm?"

She shook her head while she rested in his arms. She had no idea why her emotions went out of control all of a sudden. She was baffled after he left.

Yet, at that moment, her senses had been uncontrollable. She did not know what she wanted to say or

why she was angry. She just got annoyed out of nowhere and wanted to vent it all out. 'Is it because of



my pregnancy?'

However, the fact that he lied to her was still undeniable!

"Why did you hide from me when you already knew about the truth?"

"I was not hiding anything from you. I was waiting, waiting for you to tell me the truth. Anyway, why did

you hide it from me too, hm?"

Summer knew what he meant by "it." He was obviously referring to her being Samantha's biological

daughter.

She spoke after being silent for a while. "I wasn't keeping it a secret on purpose. I just couldn't figure

out the best way to tell you, and I did not know where to start. But I was going to tell you after I

planned everything out."

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"When you're with me, you don't have to worry. You don't have to think too much or pick your words

when you talk to me, okay? We are the closest to each other. You don't have to be rational and calm in

front of me. Just like what happened earlier, you can throw a fit and make a mess out of yourself. I love

every side of you, do you understand?"

She nodded in response. The fact that he knew about the truth did make her feel relieved. "But no matter what happens in the future, you can't hide anything from me anymore!"

Mark obviously did not want to give in to her. His deep eyes narrowed as he started negotiating with

her. "A deal is made by mutual agreement. It can never be one-sided..."

"Okay, and I'm sorry. I didn't mean what I said just now, so please don't take it seriously. I had no idea

why those words just came out of my mouth like that

He did not wait for her to finish speaking as he leaned toward her and bit her rosy lips. He kissed her,

swallowing her breaths and words altogether.

Charlie was right about pregnant women. Their emotions were really hard to predict at times.

By the looks of it, Mark should really get some pregnancy books to read.

Meanwhile, Ronald went back to the Valentine Mansion. Yvette was not home, so the maids were the

only ones there.

He had called Maria beforehand, and he only came back after she told him that Yvette was not there. It

was best for them to not meet during this time.

Besides, there was no reason for them to meet. He only came back to collect his belongings.

He immediately went to the study instead of the bedroom. The stuff he had in the study were the most

precious to him.

From documents to pens, he did not leave out anything that belonged to him. He then took out a key

and unlocked the lowest drawer.

He kept all his late mother's belongings in the lowest drawer and they were all organized in that drawer.

Come to think of it, the last time it was opened was more than ten years ago.

Ronald took everything out and put each and every one of them into his bag, her watch, hair tie, and bangles.

He wanted to close the drawer afterward. But for whatever reason, he couldn't do it as there was something jamming it.

Ronald frowned and reached his arm into the drawer where he could feel something being stuck at the

end of the drawer. It was round and had a smooth surface.

'What could it be?'

With curiosity, he squatted down on the floor. It took him quite some time and a whole lot of effort to

finally get the tiny thing out.

He opened his fist and a green jade ring came into his sight. Ronald's eyes popped out in shock, he

froze in place... i

It was the exact same ring he saw Charlotte wearing on her neck back in the hospital...

He sat in the chair and started to recall his memories as he held on to the jade ring.

Back then, he had not gotten married or built the Valentine Mansion yet. He had found Raine in front of

his room. 1

It was during the dead of winter, it was snowing heavily. He opened the door and heard a baby crying.

He then tilted his head down and saw the baby.

She was tiny and wrapped in a swaddle. It looked like she was just born not long ago. Her cheeks had

turned red from the cold, and she could not stop crying.

There was nobody around her, plus she would definitely get sick if he left the baby out in the snow like

that.

So, he took the baby back into his house. He removed the swaddle and saw the green jade ring that

was

placed inside with her.

He did not think much of it and placed it together with his late mother's belongings. He had never opened the drawer after all these years and had forgotten about the ring completely.

He would not have thought about this jade ring at all if he did not return and take his stuff back. The main reason was that it had been too long, so he had forgotten about it a long time ago.

'Is this considered an unexpected reward?'

A happy look grew on his face as he left the Valentine Mansion, keeping the jade ring with him carefully.

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He dialed Raine's number when he got into his car. After some time, the other end answered the call.

"Where are you now, Raine?" Ronald put his luggage in the backseat and had the driver drive him back

to the hospital.

"Athana." It sounded like chaos at Raine's end. There were people talking and it was loud, until the point that he could not hear her clearly.

Ronald furrowed his brows. "When did you go to Athana? I thought you decided to stay in Santabaca."

"Of course I am staying in Santabaca, but I still have to hand over my work here. It has already been

quite some time since I've been here."

"When are you coming back?"

"I'll be back in Santabaca tonight if everything goes according to plan."

"Give me a call when you're at the airport and I'll go pick you up. There is something that I need to talk

to you about."

Summer responded, "Okay..." 4

Valentine Mansion

When Yvette returned to Valentine Mansion, the

servants told her that Ronald came back just now.

Yvette was somewhat delighted after she heard what they said. 'Did he figure things out? Has he started to regret it?'

However, the next thing the servant said made her fall from heaven to hell, crushing her bones into pieces. "M r. Ronald came back to collect his stuff. He took everything in the study with him..."

She felt like there were needles poking her all over her body, causing a wave of pain and shivers as

she winced. At the very next moment, she rushed into the study room as if she had gone mad. Just as

expected, he took everything that could be possibly taken away and left nothing behind.

Judging by the looks of it, not only did he have no thoughts of returning to her, but he was also determined to part ways with her.

"GAHHH!!!" Yvette pushed the table lamp, documents, and everything else that was on the table to the

floor while she screeched. She then started to stomp on them hard.

Despite that, she knew she could not let them go so easily. She made a phone call and asked her people to tail Ronald, just as she had planned earlier.

Raine's flight reached night-time. Ronald was already waiting outside the airport for quite some time as

he consistently checked the time.

The weight on Ronald's shoulder was only lifted when he could see her silhouette. Ronald walked toward her and helped carry her luggage. "Why did you board such a late flight?"

"The earlier flights were fully booked. I didn't have anything urgent to attend to anyway, so I just booked

this flight."

Ronald brought her to a French restaurant for dinner after they got up the car. Raine did not have

anything on the plane, which was why she ate quite an amount of food and had a few glasses of wine.

"Are you done? There's someone I need you to meet when you're done."

"Who? Why are you being so secretive?"

Ronald brushed her off without saying much. "I'll let you know once we're there."

Their car headed straight to the hospital. Raine was confused and puzzled, but she did not ask

anything. She would know what she had to know after she reached the hospital.

When Raine saw Samantha, her confusion became even deeper. She had no clue what Ronald was trying to do.

Ronald asked Raine to sit down and said slowly, "There are certain things that you already know, like

the fact that you were found by me."

"Ronald just cut to the chase, I can feel that something is troubling you." The serious look he kept on

his face gave everything out.

"She is actually your biological mother..." Ronald looked at Samantha and told Raine. He then took the

jade ring out. "This is what I found in your swaddle. She left it with you."

Chapter 540



His words were like a grenade thrown right into her brain. The explosion disrupted her hearing as loud

bangs were the only thing that rang in her ears." That's not funny at all, Ronald."

"I'm not joking, Raine. You know that I have always been a serious person. You can go and take a DNA

test if you still don't believe me."

Raine could not listen to anything more from him and continued to ask, "Then who is she to you?"

He knew he could not hide their relationship forever. It would only be a matter of time before his family

found out about them, and so will Raine. So, there wasn't any reason for keeping Samantha in the

dark." Do you remember when you asked me who I loved? It's her."

The world is not a big place, nor was it small. But what even are the odds of this? Raine thought it was

absurd and ridiculous.

"There is actually another more important thing that I need you to know. She is suffering from leukemia

and she needs someone with compatible bone marrow for her treatment. You are the only one who can

save her now, Raine!"

Her gaze fell on Samantha's face. She really was a gorgeous woman, and every part of her body

exuded a n attractive aura. Yet, to Raine, that face of hers was very unfamiliar.

Ronald spoke again after seeing her speechless." Raine, I've raised you since you were a baby. Could

you please donate your bone marrow to her just for the sake of that?"

Raine stopped looking at them and carried her bag. " Ronald, I have not gotten any rest since I came

back from Athana. This grenade you threw at me is really too much for me to take in. Let's take a DNA

test first. As for everything else, we can talk about it after the results are out. I am exhausted now, so I'll

be going back to the Valentine Mansion. Do you want to come with me?"

'Come to think of it, it's really brave of Ronald to bring his lover to Santabaca, right before Yvette's eyes.'

"I have already moved out from Valentine Mansion, and Yvette already knows about this. You can go

back now. Remember to drop by for the DNA test tomorrow,"

Raine frowned and nodded before walking out of the ward.

Samantha lifted the glass of water from the table and took a few sips. Although they were both her daughters, the two of them shared no similarity at all.

Their nose would be the only thing that looked similar to each other if she really wanted to stretch it.

But it's true that they were only half-sisters. They each got their looks from their respective father, so

how could they look alike? 1

Raine had a lot going on in her mind when she was on her way back to Valentine Mansion. Seated on

the sofa, Yvette noticed her right away. "You're back?"

"Yes, Yvette." She recollected herself and responded.

"You went to the hospital?"

Raine felt surprised but understood what was going on almost instantly. Yvette must have had someone to track Ronald's whereabouts. She then nodded as a response to Yvette.

"What did you talk about in the hospital? It took you quite some time in there."

"Ronald asked me to take a DNA test with her and asked me to donate my bone marrow to her if I am

compatible."

Raine thought that Yvette already knew everything, including her relationship with Samantha. However,

Raine did not know that though Yvette knew about a lot of things, she was still clueless about it.

Yvette looked at her firmly as her pupils widened.

Ronald would not ask Raine to take a DNA test for no reason, he must have confirmed something before doing that. If that was the case, then Raine must also be that b\*tch Samantha's daughter...

No words were exchanged at that moment. Yvette stared so hard that Raine was getting creeped out as goosebumps erupted all over her body.

Indeed, Yvette's expression and gaze were very intimidating. The look on her face really brought cold

sweat to people.

Raine moved her lips and wanted to speak when Yvette suddenly raised her head toward the huge and

sumptuous chandelier that hung on the ceiling. She started laughing hysterically with her eyes bulging

out. "Hahahaha..."

She looked as if she was suffering from an emotional shock and had even gone mad. Her maniacal laughter filled the living room and started to echo within the walls.

Raine was really frightened by her as she called out to her softly, "Yvette, Yvette..."