

## President 551

### Chapter 551

Charlotte was jumping around after dinner, wanting to watch the television. She could not get her mind

off Barney: New Year Special. But, it was already halfpast nine and she still had school tomorrow, so

Summer insisted on switching off the television.

Charlotte was actually still afraid of Summer. Even though she was reluctant, Charlotte had no choice

but to stumble back into her room after she saw the look on Summer's face.

Summer returned to her own room after she put her to bed. The first thing she saw was the man with

his left hand on his neck, watching her. Placed in front of him was a set of fiery red lingerie. He nodded

smugly as she walked in, and his intentions were more than obvious.

Summer gritted her teeth and grabbed the lingerie from the table before she walked into the changing

room.

Her cheeks turned red when she looked at her reflection in the mirror. She could not help but gulp.'

How could I walk out in this?'

She could not even bring herself to walk out of the door, let alone wear it out just to tease Mark.  
After

all, she was never as shameless as he was!

She was taking a little too long in the changing room

when the man's hurried voice was heard through the door.

Summer took a deep breath and walked out.

All of a sudden, Mark's gaze turned dark and deep.

He felt his blood flowing backward as he pushed Summer aside. He then leaped out of bed and darted

toward the bathroom.

It was already autumn, and the night was freezing. Even so, he did not feel the slightest chill when the

cold water poured on his body. Instead, it remained boiling.

She did not do anything that was excessively seductive, but just her initiating it was enough to make  
him surrender...

As he exhaled, Mark wiped away the water droplets on his face. He supported his body with his  
muscular arms on the wall, letting the cold water run down to his toes. He then cursed under his  
breath

before he finished his shower.

A mischievous grin was still hanging on Summer's lips as she pulled the blanket over her body. She purposely turned to the bathroom and said, "Aren't you done with your shower yet, Mr. Valentine?"

"Will you shut up for me..." The man's tone sounded a little harsh.

"Is this what people mean when they say the evils we bring on ourselves are the hardest to bear?" She

was casually flipping through a magazine.

The situation was indeed relaxed on Summer's side, but things were not the same in the bathroom.

Mark was battling himself between two extreme ends of the freezing cold and burning flames.

Mark told himself that he should avoid doing such things in the future. He had clearly underestimated

his endurance, as well as her allure.

He could not guarantee that his nose would not bleed if he had stayed a little longer back there.

The next morning...

Summer woke up earlier than the other two, so she went down to buy breakfast.

The same figure walked out of the shop after some time, and the owner of the shop sent him off with

smiles all over his face.

Nobody knew what he had said to the owner during his time in the shop...

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"Yes, I've arranged everything." The man nodded.

"That's good..." Ronald stood up with a deep look on his face, and his emotions were unreadable...

Charlotte ate a lot, and she almost finished all the mashed potatoes by herself. Mark also had a few spoonfuls himself as he found it to be quite palatable.

It was never an easy task to satisfy Mr. Valentine. 'It seems like the breakfast shop has really done a good job with their food. It's not far from our place, and the price is reasonable too.' Summer was considering getting their breakfast regularly from that shop.

She went back to the same shop the very next morning as Charlotte was already craving their mashed

potatoes badly.

"Two mashed potatoes, one hot chocolate, and two orange juices. I'll have everything to go." She pulled out her wallet as she ordered.

"We've run out of orange juice. Would you like to try horchata? It's quite nutritious." The waiter suggested as his eyes shone lightly.

Summer had never tried horchata before, so she nodded and took her money out. "I'll take two horchatas then."

Summer's first taste of horchata left a very good impression. The combination of sweet and sour perfectly suited her preference during her pregnancy. Charlotte liked the horchata too.

Ronald had not contacted Summer over the past few days or shown up in front of her. She heard that

he was working with the hospital to find a compatible bone marrow.

That was definitely good news to Summer. If they could really find a matching bone marrow, things would be even better.

At the same time, she clearly realized that Ronald had reached his wits' end when he knelt down in front of her the other day.

Ronald was still a popular figure in either Santabaca or Grudin North. His ego was definitely hurt from

kneeling down for her. Why would he ever look for her again?

Daisy and Solomon both knew that Summer was pregnant a long time ago. They always asked her to

go back home so that they could take good care of her.

Daisy would make a lot of tasty dishes as of late, and Solomon would pick Summer up whenever she

was done with work.

She would overeat every day and only go back to Mark's apartment after she had her dinner at home.

Although Solomon and Daisy still held grudges against Mark, they did not bring them up since Summer

was very close to him and they shared a baby together.

Mark and Summer's relationship had reached a stage where it would not be easily affected by their words anymore.

Solomon looked at Summer and let out a long sigh. "I was actually on your mother's side back then.

Dean was a really decent man. No one knows if your current decision is right or wrong."

"You're even becoming biased over him now, sigh! By the way, your mom and I went to the hospital to

visit your biological mother."

Solomon and Daisy visited the hospital two more times after that day, and they brought some valuable

gifts along with them.

Samantha had never asked them to return Summer to her, and that alone was enough for them to feel

immensely grateful toward her.

They had raised Summer since she was a baby, so how could they ever let her go?

Summer had been having horchata every morning for a whole week. In fact, she could even gulp down

two horchatas in the morning due to her increased appetite.

Mark would have Harry bring her lunch in the afternoon, and Solomon would fetch her back home with

his motorcycle to eat whatever Daisy had prepared for dinner.

This afternoon was no more different, and Solomon laughed while he said, "I am already your personal

chauffeur now, sending you home every day after work."

"Don't you want to be my chauffeur, Dad?" Summer wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned on

his back as she played daddy's little girl, the same way she had always been doing since she was

young

"You're still acting like a baby even when you're already an adult now." Solomon sighed softly.

"Why

would I not want to be my own daughter's chauffeur?"

They were talking to each other while Solomon was riding his motorcycle, and he did not notice a

pedestrian. He wanted to avoid the pedestrian but he lost control of his motorcycle, and it immediately

fell toward the left side.

Solomon hugged Summer tightly and let himself fall to the ground. He protected her in his arms as he

could not bear to let her be harmed in any way.

Summer got up promptly, and her face was as white as a sheet. Panicking, she helped him while her face was filled with worry and fright. "Are you hurt, Dad?"

Solomon slowly stood up and softly said, "I guess people really do get less capable as they age. But, my bones are still strong enough, so I'm fine."

"We should go to the hospital to get it checked." Summer was worried. She thought it was best for him

to visit the hospital after falling so hard on the ground while holding her in his arms.

"I know better about my own body; I'm not that fragile yet. Don't let your mother know about this when

we get back, or else she will never let me send you back from work anymore. Let's keep this a secret

between us two."

"It's a fact that you fell down. What is there to hide about?"

Solomon was in denial. "I've been riding for so many years. I only fell down because I was distracted

talking to you. It had nothing to do with my riding skills at all!"



Summer shrugged. 'How is he still so stubborn at this age? He really is no different from a child.'

Daisy immediately noticed the dirt on Solomon's back when they got home, and she frowned.  
"Where

did all this dirt come from?"

"I leaned on a dirty wall," Solomon said hastily and furrowed his brows at Summer with a serious look

on his face.

Summer did not bother to expose him and went to the washroom.

Mark came to fetch her back to their apartment around nine o'clock in the evening. Solomon and

Daisy's faces were still as unwelcoming as usual.

Mark did not acknowledge their expressions at all. He left the gifts he had bought on the table and sat

down to wait for her.

It was really not easy for one to behave like him...

Mark came down with Charlotte in his arms when he saw her and said, "What's wrong?"

The pain gradually lessened before it disappeared completely after a while. She straightened up her back and shook her head, but her movement seemed a little weak.

"Let's go to the hospital." Mark put Charlotte down to let her walk on her own before he pulled Summer

closer.

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"I'm really okay. It only hurt for a while. I think I just ate something wrong, so it's all good now."  
She

continued, "Let's go back to the apartment."

Mark arched his brows as he was still a little worried." Are you sure?"

"Of course. Do you want me to jump around and prove i t to you?" She blinked and said cheekily.

"Save it. Just let me know if you're feeling unwell, okay?" She was pregnant. Was she trying to scare

him by jumping around?

Summer nodded and grabbed Charlotte's hand before she continued her way down the stairs. The pain

had only lasted for a few seconds before it vanished, so she was not too bothered by it.

She had the same stinging sensation when she woke u p in the morning. But it also went away after a

short while, so she was still not concerned about it.

Charlotte had also woken up, and she wanted to eat mashed potatoes as well as horchata. Plus, she

had scattered her toys all over the floor.

She did not brush her teeth or wash her face after she woke up in the morning. The first thing she did

was run to the living room, put all her new toys on the

floor, and build herself a fortress. Summer did not know what to do with her; she felt resigned and got

ready to go grab breakfast. Charlotte insisted on tagging along, so the two of them went to the shop together.

Charlotte carried their breakfast in her hands while she waited for Summer to pay. She even rushed her." Hurry up, Mommy. I'm going to be late."

Mark's brows could not help but twitch when he looked at the horchata in front of the mother and daughter. They looked very much identical to each other.

The two of them had been having horchata continuously since last Monday, but they were still not sick

of it. 1

She went to work later on. Summer was in charge of the first and second periods in the morning. After

the first class was over, she went back to her office for a cup of water. When she was heading back to

class, however, she felt a pang of the same stinging pain from last night again.

She squatted down on the floor and bit her lip until they turned purple. She knew that there was no way

for her to teach in this condition, so she asked the teacher sitting opposite her to substitute her for the

class.

The teacher turned out to be very easygoing. She took Summer's textbooks with her and went to her class after she helped Summer back to her seat.

The pain did not last for too long, only about two to three minutes. But her forehead was already covered in a thin layer of sweat within that short period of time.

She drank another cup of water as she took a rest in her chair. Fortunately, that uncomfortable feeling

did not return.

It was already afternoon when she finished her first class. The teacher who took over her class told her

to grab some medicine after seeing her pale face.

Overexerting herself was not going to make anything better.

Summer shook her head. "I don't want to simply take medication while I'm still pregnant. I'll go for a

checkup in the hospital in the next two days when I am free. Maybe I ate something wrong..."

It was important to only take prescribed medication during pregnancy to avoid causing any harm to the

baby. There were a lot of medicines that pregnant women should not take.

"Sure," Summer gladly agreed. She thought treating her to a meal was the right thing to do after her help.

Summer was worried that her stomach would start hurting again, so she did not eat any solid food.

Although she ordered the garlic bread and mushroom soup set, she barely touched the bread and only

ate the soup.

She did not have any class in the evening, and her stomach did not act up either, so she felt really relieved.

"Dad, did you go to the hospital?" She sat in the backseat and asked worriedly.

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Solomon was still as stubborn as an ox, behaving like a child. "What for? My body is still strong. I can

live for another forty years at least, so I don't need a check-up!"

Summer was at her wit's end with him, but she had already planned something in her mind. She was going to drag Solomon with her the next time she visited the hospital.

Summer did not spend much time at home. She packed up the roasted vegetables that Daisy had prepared before she left with Charlotte.

Mark had an important meeting to attend that night, so he could not make it back to send them to his

apartment. That was why they took a cab back instead.

After Summer put Charlotte to bed, she sat on the couch in the living room and waited for Mark. But, a

burst of sleepiness hit her as she slowly fell asleep on the couch.

The quartz clock that hung in the middle of the living room pointed at one. The apartment door made a

creaking sound, and Mark's tall and burly silhouette appeared before the door.

It looked like he had just returned from entertaining

his clients, as there was a faint smell of alcohol on him. His coat was hanging on his arm, and his collar

was unfolded with a loosened tie around it.

His gaze fell on a body that was curled up like a caterpillar on the sofa after he walked into the living

room. The expression and lines on his face turned soft as if a warm light had shone into his heart. He

quietly walked toward her and bent down to carry her in his arms, bridal style.

The tiniest slit of her half-awake eyes opened, and the look on her face instantly turned bright and joyful after she saw his face. Yet, she still could not stop yawning. "You're back. Dinner is in the

kitchen.”

"Okay, I know. You can sleep now..." His eyes and voice turned gentle, like a ripple that was slowly dispersing over the water.

The light that she kept on for him, and the effort she made to wait for him had given him a sense of indescribable belonging; he felt right at home. His fatigue and drowsiness from the dinner party earlier

went away almost instantly.

"I'll reheat the dinner for you before I go back to sleep ..." She squirmed around in his arms while she

spoke because she wanted to break free from him.

However, Mark did not keep his arms away from her as he continued to wrap her in a tight embrace.

He cupped her lower jaw with his left hand and pressed her face against his chest. "Just go to sleep now. I'll reheat it myself. Just sleep..."

Perhaps, she was really drained, but she did not put up a fight anymore. She just went on to find the most comfortable spot in his arms, closed her eyes, and started to fall asleep.

Just as she was about to fall asleep completely, the man's deep but wispy voice rang in her ears faintly. "From today onward, I won't come home this late anymore..."

There would definitely be dinners that he needed to attend, but he would still try to reach home as early

as possible because he did not want her to wait...

Over in a hotel...

It was nighttime, and Ronald stood before a window, while a man in a suit stood behind him.

"Have you heard anything?" Ronald asked.

"What about the medicine? Are they still using it?"

"They have been using it for a week now, without stopping."

"What's the dosage like?"

Summer woke up early this morning. It was only six o'clock when she arose.

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Mark was still sound asleep as he held her tightly in his arms. His left hand had been recklessly placed

on her chest, cupping the "softness" in his hand.

She had just discovered this sleeping habit of his recently. His lower jaw was even nested in her soft hair.

Unable to move, she reached out and pushed him so that he would let go. But unexpectedly, he held her even tighter than before.



Summer was left with no choice but to speak gently." I'll go and wash my face. You can sleep a little while more. I'll wake you up once breakfast is ready."

He responded softly from his throat as he let her go. She then went to the washroom to freshen up before she went to make breakfast.

She had woken up late during the past few days, which left her no time to prepare breakfast. Since she

had gotten up early today, she did not have to go down to buy them breakfast, and she planned to make it on her own. 1

She made Charlotte an omelet and continued to make some pumpkin soup. She also took out Daisy's

roasted vegetables that she had brought home and served them on a plate.

A wide smile grew on her face when she was done with everything, She then went to the bedroom to

wake Charlotte up. Since Mark slept late last night, she figured that he should get as much sleep as he could.

Charlotte was always glued to the bed in the morning. She groaned under her breath reluctantly as she

squinted and hugged her own stomach with her small hands, throwing a tantrum. "Mommy, my stomach aches." 1

"Are you really feeling uncomfortable or do you just want to skip school on purpose?" Summer pinched her cheeks.

"It's real." Charlotte's voice was so soft that she sounded like a mosquito whining. She buried her face

in her blanket and would not lift it up.

"It's only been a few days since you went to school, and you are already whining about your stomach

and refusing to go to school. That's okay, I'll just give your teacher a call now."

Summer pretended to take out her phone. Charlotte immediately crawled out of bed with a pitiful look

on her face after she heard what Summer had just said.

Children were more afraid of their teachers than their parents when they were young. It was like a curse.

"Go get dressed and eat your breakfast after you're done. Your new shoes are under the bed."

Charlotte was obviously still half-asleep as she sat there reeling left and right. Meanwhile, her eyes

could not stop themselves from shutting.

Summer pinched Charlotte's nose and went to the washroom. She noticed that her underwear was stained with a bit of blood, and she frowned strangely.

There was no way for her to menstruate while she was pregnant. So, where did the blood come from?

However, there was not much stain. It was just as big as a thumb, but it was striking red.

She put on her pants and decided to visit the hospital. However, the stinging pain from that day came

back right after she took a few steps forward.

It was more severe than the last two times. She had her hand on the toilet as she squatted down on the

floor and hugged her stomach. She was hoping that it would go away like it did the previous times.

Charlotte ran into the washroom and saw her squatting on the floor as she fluttered her dark eyes."

"Mommy, what's happening to you?"

Summer furrowed her brows and took a deep breath, holding everything together. "Go get your daddy

and tell him my stomach is hurting..."

Mark's eyes opened instantly. He threw back the covers and leaped out of bed. He rushed into the washroom and immediately carried her in his arms before he rushed to the hospital frantically.

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It was around seven in the morning, which was during rush hour, and the road was extremely busy.

Mark's face looked as if it was frozen in a layer of snow when he stepped on the pedal, and his sporty

SUV started to weave in between the cars.

Summer told him to slow down as her face was drenched in cold sweat.

However, it was impossible for Mark to slow down. He even wished he could grow a pair of wings and

fly right to the hospital.

He then remembered that Charlotte was left alone in the apartment. He put on his earpiece and gave

Solomon a call so that he could take care of Charlotte at the apartment.

He sped the whole way and continuously ran red lights, which was why they made it to the hospital in a

short time. They went to a private hospital nearby, so the environment was decent, and it was mostly

visited by the rich.

They rushed right into the doctor's office as he was already expecting them. He pressed his hand against Summer's stomach, and the pain made her draw a cold breath.

"It's not gastroenteritis or intestinal fever. It has something to do with her uterus. Please give us a

moment, Mr. Valentine. We need to give the patient a detailed examination.

Mark's eyes fell on her expressions. He squinted as if he was going to say something harsh. However,

he did not speak in the end and walked out of the doctor's office with his thin lips tightened into a straight line.

He sat on the bench outside the office and furrowed his brows, creating a few fine lines between them.

Everyone who walked past him would stare and glue their eyes on him, whether it be the patients, doctors, or the patients' families.

He had left so urgently that he did not even have the time to change his clothes or think about any other things. So, he was still in his bathrobe and slippers.

The head of the hospital heard about his arrival and rushed to the hospital. When he laid eyes on Mark,

he was stunned as he had never seen President

Valentine...in this condition...

The President Valentine he used to see was always so high-spirited and vigorous. He had an indescribable elegance, grace, and class that emanated from all over his body.

Now, however, he was only wearing his slippers and bathrobe. His chest was exposed and moving up

and down, as he was breathing rapidly.

Yet, none of this made him look any less attractive since a bunch of young ladies and nurses would intentionally walk by him and turn back to look at him.

The head of the hospital walked up to him and respectfully said, "Mr. Valentine, the office is just right in

front, let's go over there."

"It's okay," he uttered those two words coldly. His voice was filled with a glacial chill, like winter weather

that froze water into ice.

She was still in the Emergency Room, and there was no way that he would go to the office without knowing about her condition first. At that moment, he could not even make himself sit still.

'It must be somebody who is very special to him for him to react this way.' The head of the hospital coughed lightly. "Do you want to get changed, President Valentine?"

Nevertheless, he still did not leave. It would not be too late for him to change after he found out what

was happening to her.

Whether it was his image or pride, all of those were worthless in comparison to her.

After a long time, the Emergency Room doors finally opened. The doctor walked out while he removed

his mask.

"How is she?" Mark cut to the chase and asked.

"Fortunately, you found out and came in time, or else she would have had a miscarriage."

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The furrowed brows on Mark's face finally loosened along with his tensed body as he felt relieved at

last." How's her condition now?"

"She's currently getting a drip and is being transferred to a normal ward. She's asleep now, so just

make sure she gets a lot of rest after she wakes up. Then she should be fine and dandy..."

"What could have caused the miscarriage?"

"Food poisoning. I already asked Ms. Hart earlier, and she said that she's been having a lot of

horchatas lately. Even though it's just horchata, it contains a high level of sesame seeds and cinnamon,

which is why it tastes so unique. However, they are both found to threaten miscarriages, especially

sesame seeds. Since Ms. Hart has been consuming them for such a long period of time, it's normal for

this to happen. That's why pregnant women should really watch their food intake tightly and not just eat

anything."

If they had it for one more meal or found out about it a little later, Summer would have already experienced a miscarriage.

Sesame seeds were on the top of the list when it came to food that pregnant women should avoid.

Together with cinnamon, they would have a stronger adverse

effect on pregnancy. Plus, Summer had been eating a large amount of them, so she would naturally face such consequences.

Mark nodded and went into the ward to check on Summer before he went to the hospital head's office

to change his clothes.

Summer woke up and instinctively placed her hand on her abdomen. Before she blacked out, she could hear the doctor mentioning a miscarriage.

Mark held her hand in his because he knew what she was thinking about. "Don't worry, the baby is still

here. We arrived just in time."

"It's all my fault..." Summer coughed weakly, and her heart was filled with guilt. "This only happened

because of my gluttony."



The doctor said that sesame seeds were the ultimate enemy of pregnant women. But Summer had eaten a lot of it because of her greed, risking the life of her baby.

"It's not your fault, so don't put all the blame on yourself. This was just an accident. None of us knew

about the effects of the sesame seeds and cinnamon. Don't think too much about it and get some

sleep..." His voice was as gentle as the breeze. "The most important thing is that the baby's still here,

right?"

Summer nodded lightly, and her expressions were intense. 'As long as the baby's still here...'

Her body was still weak, so she fell asleep after a short while of talking.

Ronald and Daisy had also rushed to the hospital with Charlotte. They were both relieved after listening

to what the doctor said. 1

They were almost scared to death when they heard about the news. 'Fortunately, she is okay and unharmed. The baby is safe too.'

Needless to say, the news reached Ronald. He was having his tea when he asked, "What about the baby?"

The sole reason behind everything he did was the baby. Nothing else mattered to him.

"Still alive," said the man in the suit.

His words made Ronald throw his cup of tea to the side. "What have you even been doing?"

"Frankly, the dosage was quite high. But they found out just in time, so there wasn't a full effect."

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Ronald also had the shop owner put an additive into the horchata to make people addicted to the food.

It was merely a special ingredient.

Besides, the addiction one got would not be as serious as drug addiction. The customers would just constantly be reminded of the horchata's taste and crave for it.

As long as Summer continuously consumed the horchata, Ronald could guarantee that she would have

a miscarriage. Furthermore, when the investigations start, Ronald would never be the one to blame.

Putting additives into the food was something that many restaurants did, especially hotpot restaurants

where they had these special spices.

The failure of this plan had completely overthrown his effort. Since such a good plan had been ruined in

the suited man's hands, it made Ronald furious, and he desperately wanted to throw him out of the room.

It was apparent that there was no possibility of reusing the same method after its failure. Ronald's face

remained gloomy as he sat there.

All this while, Samantha's condition had only worsened. If she did not receive a bone marrow transplant soon, the consequences would only be frightening.

Leukemia was not like any other illness. There was no time for her to relax. Samantha had already started her chemotherapy, and her hair had been falling every single day.

Though Samantha did not say anything about it, Ronald could see that she found it unbearable. He took a glance at the time and headed to the hospital.

As expected, Samantha was experiencing a lot of hair loss. The hair she had now was only half of what

she had last time. But there was no doubt that her eternal beauty remained...

Samantha looked at her reflection in the mirror as she laughed faintly. "How ugly!"

She had been beautiful her whole life, and she had been maintaining that beauty. Who would have known that she would end up in such a situation when she got older...?

The thing that was the most intolerable for her was becoming ugly!

"You're not ugly, you're still as beautiful as before." Ronald's words were comforting, and his tone was

ever so gentle. He did not want her to think too much about her current situation, or be too self-conscious about her appearance.

"You don't have to comfort me. How can I still be called beautiful in this state? It would already be an overstatement if I'm not described as frightening."

Judging from her reflection in the mirror, Samantha could tell that she had lost weight from her face.

Everything that was not on her face before was now surfacing on her skin-her wrinkles and dark under

eyes. They were all the things that she hated the most!

"It's just how you think, Samantha. You're still the same in my eyes, just like how I first met you."

From that day onward, he had been casually taking notes on Samantha's updates, and it was all out of

his control.

Actually, the time they had spent being together was merely a little more than half a year. It was not a

long period of time at all.

However, everything about her was beautiful and wonderful to him. No one else was able to make him

feel that way.

He loved her, and he wanted her. So, he would definitely put in his utmost effort and do his best to make her recover.

"I have actually never asked you this question before. Why do you treat me so well?" Samantha could

not figure it out.

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"You don't need a reason to love somebody..." That was all Ronald had to say.

Samantha stopped asking. She never gave him any extra attention before she was diagnosed with leukemia. She had thought that he was just like any other man, who was only after her looks and just

wanted to sleep with her.

However, she completely changed her impression of him after this incident. He was actually the best

one she had ever met among all the men!

Elsewhere, in the hospital...

Summer was still recuperating. She intentionally asked Solomon to buy her a few pregnancy books.

She only understood the importance and circumstances of her diet after this incident. She knew that she had to study thoroughly and understand everything about pregnancy.

Her preferences did not change a lot when she was pregnant with Charlotte, which explained why she

did not crave any particular food. Her diet at that time remained the same as her usual diet.

She did not have to do much while she was pregnant with Charlotte. Not only did her tastes not change, but

she did not even experience any morning sickness. Her life was basically the same as an average joe,

which was why she was so careless this time.

Mark also got Harry to buy him some pregnancy books, and the books were all very thick. He pushed

his work documents aside and flipped the pages with his slender fingers.

He took another glance at the time before he headed to the hospital. Solomon had already sent Charlotte to the hospital.

She started to complain about her stomach aching while she was playing with her building blocks. Mark

held her tiny body in his arms before he placed her on his lap. "Tell Daddy what you want to eat..."

Charlotte tilted her head and immediately spoke without thinking. "Horchata."

Mark pushed her baby hair away from her forehead with his brows knitted tightly. "Why are you so obsessed with that?"

Charlotte pouted her little mouth and smacked her lips with her tiny pink tongue. "I don't know, Daddy. I

just want to have it, and I miss the taste."

It was just horchata, but Charlotte could still consume it without getting tired of it after more than a week. Mark raised his knitted brows and told Harry to get the horchata from the breakfast shop that was located under his apartment.

Summer could not consume horchata because she was pregnant, but Charlotte was still young.

Besides, she had no other side effects after eating the horchata for an extended amount of time.

It did not take long for Harry to bring the horchata back to them. Charlotte did not need to be fed. She

just took a spoon and gulped down the horchata.

The horchata was in a big portion, and Charlotte had already finished half of it. But suddenly, something seemed off.

Mark had also noticed her odd behavior at the same time. He kept his patience as he gently patted

Charlotte's back. "Tell Daddy, what's wrong?"

Charlotte looked like she was having a hard time speaking. She only managed to mutter a few words

after a long period of time. "Daddy, I want to vomit."

Mark felt worried and sad for Charlotte when he heard her vomit. He asked Harry to send a doctor to

him, and they started their examination right away.

Mark listened with narrowed eyes. He took some time to think deeply before he asked, "Do people get

addicted to horchatas?"