

## President 561

### Chapter 561

"Why did Mr. Valentine say that horchata was addictive?" The doctor was puzzled, and he could not agree with Mark's conclusion. Horchata was a healthy food.

"They have been eating horchata for a week, but they are not tired of it." In short, the way the two of them liked horchata that much was beyond reason.

"But it could also be possible that the beverage shop makes superb beverages." The doctor glanced across the room and saw the half bowl of horchata. "Mr.

Valentine, could I take this half bowl of horchata away?"

"Sure."

Charlotte was on IV therapy and asleep now, her little face still pale. But the doctor told him she was

fine.

Charlotte was discharged in the afternoon. Mark instructed his assistant, Harry, to take care of the discharge procedures and prepare to take the mother and daughter back to the apartment.

"Bring her home," Solomon said.

Charlotte was still weak and needed care, and he and Daisy were at home every day; they could take

care of Charlotte.

Besides, the two of them had always been clinging to each other, so it was time to go home. But

Summer was stubborn; she brought Charlotte back to her apartment.

And they also had their own plans. Dean loved Charlotte, and Charlotte also loved Dean, but they were

not related by blood, and he was not Charlotte's biological father.

Spending time together with Dean had also given Charlotte the opportunity to feel the fatherly love that

she lacked during her childhood. Now it was time for Summer to return to reality and move on. 2

Mark narrowed his eyes, his lips moving after he heard what Solomon said. He wanted to say

something, but he did not say it.

Summer and he had been together for so long, but Solomon and Daisy's lukewarm attitude toward him

was clear; they preferred Dean as their son-in-law.

Dean had been proving himself for four years; so they knew better than anyone about Dean's

temperament and character.

They did not expect their children to be millionaires. All they wanted was for their children to live an

honest, secure, and happy life.

Summer said nothing further. She just quietly reached to hold Mark's hand as their eyes met each other.

Mark's lips curled upward in response. He knew what she was trying to tell him, and he clasped her fingers.

After sending the mother and daughter home, Mark drove his black Land Rover back to his apartment,

went upstairs, and opened the door.

Darkness greeted him; there was not the slightest light inside. He felt empty and lonely inside, the light i

n his deep-set eyes worn away.

He took off his trench coat, threw it on the settee, and leaned back.

His eyes were half-closed, and his brows were knitted together slightly.

He walked over, picked up the phone, and answered with a deep and emotionless voice. "What is it?"

"Mr. Valentine, we found a special food additive in the horchata we brought back."

"Explain it clearly." His brows were knitted together even tighter, and his voice deepened even further.

Chapter 562

"Adding this special additive in food will create an effect of dependency, making them want to come

back for more. That is to say, at a certain dose, it could be addictive. Many restaurants add this food additive into their food to keep customers."

Mark squinted his eyes upon hanging up.

The next morning

After freshening up, Mark got downstairs and went to the restaurant where Summer usually bought her

breakfast.

The restaurant was tiny, but it looked neat and filled with patrons in the morning.

Wearing an expensive black suit, Mark looked out of place in this budget restaurant that sold breakfast.

"Horchata, orange juice, and hot chocolate each, takeaway please," he said.

The waitress acknowledged and processed his order." Would you like any croissants or pancakes?"

"No, thanks." Mark took the beverages and left.

"He looks so charming, like a celebrity. But the weird thing is, he just bought beverages and nothing else," the waitress murmured after he left.

Mark did not return to the apartment. He got in the car and went straight to his company, then instructed Harry to send the three beverages to the hospital.

Harry was puzzled by the instruction of the company president. He must be crazy to take the three beverages to the hospital for a lab test.

Mark ignored Harry's expression. Sitting down on the leather chair and loosening the tie around his neck, he opened the file in front of him.

He was clear on the purpose of bringing the three beverages to the hospital for a lab test, which was to

find out how many food additives these beverages contained.

This would also serve as evidence. Mark did not see himself as a benevolent man. He always made sure that those who dared to mess with him will pay the price.

Those who sold breakfast were small businesses, and life was not easy for them. Putting special additives in food was to attract customers, and Mark would typically not give a damn to what they did.

But he would not look the other way after the hospitalization incident.

What they did had now affected him.

In the afternoon, Harry took back the lab test report. There were no special additives found in the hot

chocolate and orange juice except the horchata.

Mark spun the lab test report in his shapely hand, his gaze deepening. Obviously, the result was not what he thought. It actually surprised him.

A light flashed in his eyes when he sensed something was wrong.

The large amount of special additive, which was found in the horchata only, could cause miscarriage.

After connecting the dots and finding that his suspicion was reasonable, Mark narrowed his eyes.

He could not think of anyone else except Ronald and Samantha, who would want Summer to miscarry.

Chapter 563

No one, except Ronald and Samantha, had the motive and reason to do so.

His Adam's apple rolled up and down his throat. Mark summoned Harry in and instructed him to follow

Ronald.

He now needed to confirm his suspicion.

After Harry left, Mark leaned back in the leather chair and was deep in thought, his mood somber like a

room that was engulfed in darkness.

Meanwhile, the owner of the restaurant had not yet received the instruction not to add additives to the

food. So additives were still being added in the horchata.

Someone had given the restaurant a generous sum of money, \$800,000, to add a high dose of additives in the horchata.

Was there a problem? \$800,000 for adding some food additives that made people get addicted to the horchata.

It was the man in suit who requested the restaurant to sell horchata, which was not on the menu originally. The restaurant thought why not since it was a nutritious dish and adding a little food additive

would

do no harm.

The restaurant would not mind and care what the motive of the man was. It was easy money, and no one was going to die. So, why not? Money makes the world go round.

Humming a song happily, the owner was cleaning up the restaurant when he heard footsteps. A tall body then cast a shadow over him, but the owner did not bother to look up. "We are closed," he said.

"Really?" Mark looked at him, pulling his lips. "Is there anything you want to say about the horchata?"

Horchata?

The owner did not even seem to be surprised. He now looked up at the man. "Is there any problem with the horchata?"

"I have no patience for people who beat around the bush." His deep voice sounded out a warning.

"I don't know what you are talking about." The restaurant owner shook his head.

"It looks like you will only think when the pain starts." Mark's expression was as cold as ice. "Then let

me remind you: the additive."

The restaurant owner shook his head, refusing to admit that he had added any additives in the horchata.

Mark cut to the chase. With the snap of the fingers, the door of the restaurant was pushed open again

as two police officers walked in and took the restaurant

owner away.

Chapter 564

There were at least seven restaurants that used additives. But why was he the only one being taken to

the police station?

"Stop the crap, would you?" The police officer reprimanded impatiently.



There was no why, except that he had messed with someone he should not have offended, such as the

president of the Valentine Group.

Now, he could only blame himself. He had dug his own grave by pissing off Mark Valentine.

The interrogation ended, and the police officer turned to Mark, looking for his instruction.

"Leave us alone." Mark said.

The two police officers nodded, walked out in tandem, and closed the door behind them. Mark picked

up the coffee and gave it a little swirl without saying a word.

There were only the two of them in the office. No one was talking, and the air in the room was tense.

Such a person was too intimidating. The restaurant owner shifted his posture. "You are abusing your power."

Mark was nonchalant. He nodded to agree with the

restaurant owner. "Who asked you to add additives to the horchata?"

"Myself." The restaurant owner looked up and met his eyes.

Mark rubbed the coffee cup with his fingertips. He was unusually patient this time. "You have one last

chance; who in the hell asked you to add additives to the food?"

The restaurant owner gave the same answer.

Since this was the case, it was pointless to continue talking. Mark brushed down his clothes, got up, and left.

The police officers came in and threw the restaurant owner into jail.

"It was my fault, and I have pleaded guilty. When can I be released?"

"We don't know at the moment."

After the police officers left, the restaurant owner leaned against the cell wall and panted.

That man had nearly scared the hell out of him. But he had managed to keep his composure.

He would not divulge the identity of the person who instructed him to use food additives.

A black gun was pointed at his head as the man threatened to kill his family members if he was to tell

the police.

If he insisted on not divulging any information, he and his family would be safe on top of getting \$

800,000.

But if he was to tell the police, the consequences would be disastrous.

After checking all the spots as shown in the surveillance camera footage, he found nothing unusual.

He was confident of his findings. His gut feeling told him that something was really wrong.

Chapter 565

But he had time, and he would investigate the matter thoroughly. Everything needed evidence.

Afterwards, Mark asked a few men to protect Summer secretly, while looking for suspicious places and

clues that he might have missed.

Ronald was a dab hand at pretending, and he was extremely careful.

He could think of whatever Mark could think of.

So before doing this, he had already considered all possibilities, and made sure that he left no loose ends.

Samantha refused to get treatment now because it caused her more and more pain. Besides, she could not stand to see herself getting uglier.

The doctor was here again, but she refused. She had had enough of chemotherapy.

She stood her ground. The doctor had no choice but to go to Ronald, telling him that the patient's condition would only get worse if she kept on refusing treatment.

"Chemotherapy is required before bone marrow transplantation. You can't recover if you refuse to go

through the process," Ronald said helplessly.

"But the premise is that I need to find a matching bone marrow. I still haven't found one until now, which

means I will die, anyway. So what is the point of undergoing chemotherapy?" Samantha said.

Ronald could not deny that Samantha was right. "But you can't be so negative."

"Just leave me alone. I will not do chemo again. I am going to return to Grudin North. Remember to buy

me a wig when you go back later. I want a curly version."

"I won't let you die like this. I will find a way to save you. I will definitely try my best to save you." But he

was not even sure if he was speaking for Samantha or himself.

"What is the point? I have not even found a matching bone marrow. Forget it."

Ronald did not give up. There was an insidious light flickering in his eyes.

He looked normal again, and he asked, "What color wig do you want?"

"Red. It makes me look fairer. As for the look, you decide for me."

"Sure. Red curly hair. I will buy whatever looks the best."

Samantha nodded. "I am tired and need to take a rest."

She fell asleep again not long after. Ronald could not bear to see her condition anymore. He had to find

a

bone marrow as soon as possible.

Now there was no other way except one. He was forced to do this.

There was a hint of desperate madness on Ronald's wrinkled face.

Chapter 566

He sent her back to the downstairs of her apartment and pulled up the zip of her jacket for her. "Go up

now. It is chilly out here."

She nodded and watched him getting into the car, waving at him. "Be safe."

"Go." He urged her again with a gentle look on his face. But deep inside, he was reluctant to leave.

For the sake of the child, she had no plan to return to school for the time being until she fully recovered.

But there were still some files left in the school, and she needed to take them back. So she waved

down a taxi and headed to the school.

Just after she got into the taxi, a car was following her. Mark had sent someone to protect her secretly.

But there was another car in dark color following her further behind.

It was 8:00 pm when she arrived at the school. There were students attending night classes at this

time, so the entire building was brightly lit.

After getting her leave permission from the principal, she went straight to the teachers' office, where

some teachers were prepping for night classes. She had bought each of them a cup of coffee.

The files were on the table. She suddenly felt she had to answer the call of nature when she picked the files up

The ladies' room was some distance away from the teachers' office. It was remote at the back door of

the school building. She turned around and headed toward the ladies' room.

Since the classes were ongoing, no one would be in the ladies' room. As she came out of the ladies' room, she heard footsteps behind her.

Sensing something amiss, she frowned, stopped in her tracks, and was about to turn around when a shadow suddenly lunged up from behind her. The next second she felt a pain in the back of her neck and her vision went dark, her body collapsing backward.

Meanwhile, Charlotte was tired and now lying in Solomon's arms, staring at the door with her big, round eyes.

Daisy brought out the supper. She had made Charlotte an egg with some added salt, sesame oil, and chopped garlic. It smelled good.

Charlotte was champing at the bit, taking the egg in one hand and holding a spoon in the other. Just

like her father, she was a picky eater, picking out all the garlic in the egg.

Mark disliked garlic, too.

"How could you be so picky, Charlotte? You will grow up like a dwarf next time." Solomon frowned and

pinched her nose.

Hearing that, Charlotte handed a spoonful of chopped garlic to Solomon's mouth. She was behaved, thoughtful, with a bit of cunningness. "You will grow taller after eating this, Grandpa."

Solomon could do nothing about her. "How would you defend yourself from bullies if you grow up like a

dwarf?"

"Grandpa would grow taller and protect me."

Solomon guffawed. She talked a lot just because she did not want to eat that garlic.

Because Daddy and Mommy did not bring her along when they went out to have fun.

"She went out with Mark. He will send her home. Nothing will happen." Solomon comforted Daisy.

Chapter 567

In an abandoned old factory on the outskirts of the city, Summer was still curled up unconscious on the

ground.

A man with short build was just standing beside, keeping an eye on her.

The next morning

Solomon was the first to get up. Upon returning from a morning jog, he walked in when he saw the door

of Summer's room wide open.

The room was neat and clean, and the quilt was neatly folded on the bed. He wondered if she did not

come home last night or that she had gone out again after coming home.

Daisy had made breakfast and brought it to the table." Has Summer not come back yet?"

"I will call Mommy." Charlotte skipped away to get the phone. She held the phone and made the call.

Seconds later, she had a frustrated look on her face, telling them that her mom's phone was turned off.

So she called her dad.

"You are up so early, sweetie?" Mark's gentle voice came through electromagnetic waves.

"Daddy, you didn't take me along when you took Mommy out to have fun yesterday. Where have you

and Mommy been last night? Mommy didn't come home all night," Charlotte said.

"She didn't go home all night?" Mark frowned.

"Yeah, Daddy. Did you go to the playground or the park with Mommy? I want to go, too."



"Hey, sweetie, you know what? I will call you later." He hung up and made another call in a deep voice."

Where are you all now?"

Half an hour later, a black Land Rover pulled up outside the school. Parked up on the side of the road

was another black car. The car door swung open and a man in a suit got out and walked over.

"Miss Hart came to the school last night after you left. We followed her and stayed here until now, but

we didn't see her coming out. She has probably stayed over in the school dormitory."

Mark said nothing. He opened the car door and strode straight into the school. The school principal quickly ran out to greet him and took him to the school dormitory.

But there was no one in the dormitory, and the teachers in the same office told him that Summer had come last night for the files but left after that.

Had she left the school, she would have gone home.

But she did not go home last night. Charlotte would not have said that if she had.

Immediately, Mark asked the principal to retrieve the surveillance footage and found her in front of the

ladies' room.

"Is there any surveillance blind spot in the school?" Mark flicked the ash off the cigarette with his finger.

"The back door is one blind spot. Except for the most important passages, there are a lot of blind spots

in other places."

Mark got to his feet. As he returned to his apartment, he saw Jazz watching TV on the settee.

"When did you come back?" Mark asked.

"Just a while ago. I brought you this from France.

Mark glanced at him with a grave face. "Put the things down first. She is missing."

Jazz bounced up from the settee. "She is missing?

Why is she missing? I will send someone to find her. Have you called the police, Mark?"

"We can't call the police." Mark said faintly with an indistinguishable emotion in his eyes.

"Why can't we call the police?" Jazz was puzzled.

Chapter 568

Jazz did not know what had happened during this period. He fell into silence after hearing what Mark

said.

He could not understand why the father he always respected had become like this.

But at the same time, he felt sorry for Summer, who had gone through many trials four years ago and

was now having a new life.

Now he finally understood why Mark was against calling the police, as their father was most likely the

person who abducted Summer.

Mark had quietly sent out his men to find Summer. So, too, did Jazz.

Mark did not expect that Ronald would go to such extremes and do such a crazy thing.

His face was sullen. He did not return to the office as he was looking for Summer and Ronald. He did

not tell Solomon and Daisy about Summer's abduction because he did not want them to be worried.

He had got to act fast. All he could do was to act fast.

Ronald's purpose was obvious, which was to make her miscarry, and then to extract the bone marrow.

There was no time to waste; Mark had to find her as quickly as

he could.

He was racing against time, and every second counted.

In the abandoned factory

Summer finally regained her consciousness. She felt stuporous, top-heavy, and extremely

uncomfortable.

Her eyes moved gently, and after a long while, the stupor and dizziness dissipated. She looked around

and saw everything was worn-out. It was a factory with broken glass and a few oil cans.

But why was she here?

The man in the suit was eating nearby. She glanced around and saw her handbag was lying within grab.

Just lying on the ground quietly, motionless, she held her breath and stretched out her hand to grab the

handbag and brought it back beside her.

As soon as she fished out the cell phone from the handbag, she heard a sound and quickly hid the phone under her body and closed her eyes.

The man did not come over to her, but went to get the mineral water. When she heard footsteps moving

away from her, she calmed down.

She had offended no one. So who brought her here and what was the purpose?

Footsteps came again, and she heard an all familiar voice. "How is she?" "Still unconscious." The man

obviously did not know that Summer was awake.

Summer was shocked, her eyes wide open in disbelief, and her body stiffened like a boulder when she

heard the voice, which belonged to Ronald.

Apparently, it was Ronald who abducted her.

Since it was Ronald, she knew exactly what he was up to.

She could not believe and imagine that Ronald could do such a thing for the sake of Samantha.

"Where is the doctor?" Ronald asked again.

"Already on the way here."

"Tell her not to come and someone will send the thing to the hospital in a while." Ronald said with his

eyes moving.

"What about her? Do we need to wake her up?"

Chapter 569

She gritted her teeth, and placed the phone beneath her just like that. With her back facing the two of

them, she turned it on. The phone had been in silent mode all the time. She scrambled to open the

message box.

The last text message was sent to her by Mark, and the next one was from Solomon. So the two

messages were next to each other.

The voice of conversation and footsteps were approaching behind her. She glanced at the phone with

the corner of her eyes as she opened a message box to type a message.

She did not realize that she had not opened Mark's message but Solomon's. While paying attention to

the sound behind her, she quickly tapped on the screen with her fingers, cautiously, not making the slightest sound.

'Mark, Ronald abducted me. He wants to take away my baby in the womb and then extract my bone marrow. The doctor is on the way. I am in a-'

Before she could finish composing the message, she heard footsteps behind her. A shadow shrouded her. Obviously, Ronald was already standing behind her.

Her body and fingers were trembling. She did not dare to continue typing the message lest Ronald found out. She instead pretended to wake up, moving her body while secretly pressing the Send button.

She struggled to wake up, and then yawned, wriggling her body as she shoved the phone down to her

hips before she sat up.

Looking at her surroundings and then at Ronald in surprise, she asked, "Why am I here? What are you

doing here, Mr. Valentine?"

Ronald looked at her faintly, without responding. He motioned with his eyes and the man beside him

immediately tied her to the pillar behind her.

"What are you doing?" She writhed and struggled laboriously.

His cell phone rang at this moment. Ronald glanced at the caller ID, waved at the man to tell him he could continue to have his meal, and he went away to answer the phone.

While no one was looking, Summer lifted her butt with all her strength so that now the phone was behind her. Her hands were tied up with a rope, so she could not really move her hands, let alone type

on the phone. Left with no choice, she aimed at the Record button, then pulled her clothes to cover the

phone.

Ronald returned after answering the phone. "You had your chance, but you squandered it away. Now I

have to use force."

"You want me to miscarry and then save Samantha. Do you know what you are doing? This is an abduction."

"I will give you one last chance. As long as you promise to abort your pregnancy and let me extract your bone marrow, I will let you go."

Summer quietly glanced back at the phone behind her while maintaining a calm expression. "My child

is a human life. I can't do the abortion."

"Then there is no need for us to continue talking. You can only do what I say." Ronald looked grave.

"I will not agree! I will definitely not agree! It is no different from killing life. The child deserves to live!"

Summer hissed and looked away. She refused. Without a word, Ronald grabbed her hand and forced her thumb down.

"Are we taking her to the hospital now?" The man in a suit asked.

Perhaps Mark had already suspected that he had taken Summer, and was probably following his trail in

Santabaca.

The smell of fuel in the air disgusted Summer. But she was tied to a pillar and could not move a bit.

Ronald was waiting for the doctor and Summer did not say a word. There was a suffocating silence in

the abandoned factory.

Chapter 570

Solomon was drinking tea when he received a text message. When he opened the message and read



it, he nearly dropped the teacup to the floor.

Daisy rarely saw this reaction of his, and she asked in surprise, "What is wrong?"

"Nothing, you take Charlotte. I will go out for a while." Solomon did not tell Daisy the truth because he

did not want to frighten her.

"What are you going out for?"

"Buy chess."

Solomon was already out of her sight as soon as his voice trailed off. Daisy frowned snappishly and

mumbled to herself, "Goddamnit old man."

Solomon called Mark, but could not get through. He hurried over to his apartment, and then his office,

but Mark was not there.

He was like a car on hot bricks, but he did not dare to call Summer.

If Summer could use her phone, she would call Mark and not send text messages. He was afraid that

Ronald would harm Summer if he called her.

Turning around, he got into a taxi. He clenched his

fists as the taxi headed in a direction.

Ronald kept checking his watch as he felt time passing too slowly. His patience waned when the doctor

had not arrived.

Another hour had passed before the doctor finally arrived, carrying a suitcase in his hand. The doctor

had everything he needed-the abortion drug and the machine for bone marrow extraction.

Summer saw the machine and felt a chill running up her spine. She could nearly feel the machine piercing into her bone just by looking at it.

She clasped her hands tightly together, shivering involuntarily.

She was terrified at this moment. A sense of helplessness spread inside her, like a drowning woman who was also being strangled to her death. She felt like she could not breathe.

Now, as soon as Ronald gave his instruction, that abortion drug and the bone marrow extraction machine would be used on her, and everything would be over in a short while.

She felt cold all over her body, as if she had plunged into an icy cellar. It was so unbearably cold.

Yvette had gotten changed. A bright smile spread across her face as she put on her makeup.

Raine was coming downstairs and was puzzled when she saw Yvette's expression.

It looked like the sun was rising from the west.

"Where are you going, Yvette?" Raine asked.

"The hospital. I will visit Samantha to take a look at her." Yvette chuckled with her beautiful willow brows knitted together.

She was married to Ronald for decades. They had been happy together for many years. So even when

this thing happened, she still loved him.