

President 571

Chapter 571

How she wished she could kill him and chop him into pieces, but at the same time, she could not help

herself from loving him. Samantha's leukemia had gotten worse. It would do her no good by harassing

Samantha at the hospital. Instead, it would make Ronald feel annoyed with her.

As Samantha's condition was getting worse, Yvette wanted to see how she could still keep the man by

her side.

Sometimes you do not need to get involved personally to have your revenge. Like in this situation,

Yvette just needed to stand on the sidelines and watch them suffer.

Samantha would not be her match, and victory would belong to her, eventually. Leukemia was nasty,

but worked to her advantage in this case.

Raine said nothing as she had little feeling for her biological mother, who existed in name only.

'Mark, hurry up! Hurry up!'

Summer kept calling out in her mind, her back was tightly pressed against the pillar behind her.

"Is the drug ready? Feed her the abortion drug."

Ronald said, his eyes glancing at the doctor.

The longer it took, the more disadvantageous it was to him. If Mark found this place, then everything

would be over.

This was his last chance, which he must not miss again. He had to seize it.

The doctor nodded and came up to Summer, whose hopeful gaze was still on the door of the factory.

She prayed in her mind that Mark would appear like a superhero and save her from the danger she was in in the nick of time.

But this just remained as a fervent hope.

The doctor was holding the drug in one hand and water in the other, walking toward her step by step.

The white coat on the doctor's body represented an angel, but at this moment, he was a demon, a heartless demon.

Summer kept stepping back. Never had she been so desperate before. When the doctor clutched her lower jaw, she became extremely agitated and made a sharp cry. "Let me go! Leave me alone!"

The doctor was a man with a lot of strength. He clamped her jaw so forcefully that she could not move.

"I will let you extract my bone marrow. You don't need to force me to take the abortion pill!" She

mustered her last bit of calm.

She could save her baby as long as she did not take the abortion pill. She could only save herself at

this

moment.

But Ronald was not moved in the slightest. Instead, he nodded his chin, signaling the doctor to

continue.

She was tied up, and her hands could not move even a bit. She clenched her teeth tightly and refused

to swallow it when the doctor shoved the pill into her mouth.

The doctor clamped her jaw with force. She could clearly feel the piercing pain, but she kept on

resisting.

Suddenly, Ronald hit her back hard with his hand.

She loosened up the clench of her teeth from the pain and the pill rolled down her throat.

She retched and vomited, trying to throw up the pill. But it was futile. It did not work.

But Summer felt nothing at this moment. All she had was numbness and despair.

Chapter 572

She was cold, freezing, even her teeth were chattering uncontrollably.

Ronald urged the doctor to extract the bone marrow. This was his only chance, and he did not want to

squander it. The unfeeling machine was there, and the doctor started to make preparations.

Everything was in place after a while. The doctor was about to pierce a sharp needle into her body when the door of the factory was forced open and Mark and Jazz stormed in.

At that moment, Ronald looked frail, as he knew that his last chance was gone.

The blood on Summer's lower body pierced into Mark's eyes like knives.

A murderous look burst out of his grim eyes as Mark lunged at Ronald and punched him non-stop. He

wanted to kill him.

He could not care less who Ronald was. He just wanted to kill him as his inner voice screamed out loud

inside him. A bloodthirsty look flickered in his eyes. 1

Men in suits came to Ronald's rescue, but Mark beat them all down to the ground. Ronald was also beaten

black and blue with his mouth bleeding.

Ronald was not his match at all. Even if there were ten, or even twenty Ronalds, they would not be Mark's match.

"Leave it to me here, Mark. You take a look at Summer." It pained Jazz to see the figure curling up
o n

the floor.

Mark stopped, his eyes reddening as if the blood had dyed them red. They were so red that it was
frightening.

He seemed to have used all his strength to untie the rope and carry Summer up. He felt dizzy and
his

mind seemed to be covered in snow.

He was standing in a dim abandoned factory, but he felt hot. A scorching heat was burning him.
Mark

was sweating all over his body, feeling weak at the knees and unable to make a step.

He felt something was weighing him down, the depressive feeling on his chest unbearable. He did
not

dare to look at her face, which was pale and tearful.

Jazz seemed to have also lost his mind as he brutally beat Ronald up. "You are not a human! Not a
human! D o you even have a bit of conscience? It was your grandchild in her womb. How could
you

bring yourself to do this to her? You are worse than an animal!"

He regarded and respected him as a father, but what h e did was worse than animals.

Summer was screaming in pain as she held the phone in one hand and Mark's hand in the other.

Her fingers sank into his skin and flesh. She was crying her heart out with sorrow filling her eyes.
Tears

flowed down her cheeks, into her mouth, down her neck, and also into his heart. He hugged her tightly

and deeply, as if he was going to sink her into his body. But the next second, he loosened his grip as he was afraid of hurting her.

Mark let her head rest on his chest and closed his eyes. His heart felt the same as hers; it hurt too much.

If he could, he wanted to dig out her heart. As long as she did not feel hurt but safe, he would bear all the pain.

"We will have children. We will have children again, as long as you are safe..."

Mark lowered his head, pressed his lips to her ear, and clasped her hand with a suppressed, painful look on his face.

He used these words to comfort her and himself. Yet these words sounded pale at this moment.

There was a gang fight between Mark's and Ronald's men in the abandoned factory.

Chapter 573

As the chaotic gang fight raged on, someone knocked over a barrel of fuel, and his lighter dropped to

the ground and broke apart.

A spark ignited a fire, which quickly developed into a raging flame that engulfed the factory, and choking black smoke filled the air.

"Mark, it is going to blow. Get Summer out of here!" Jazz shouted.

Mark was close to the back door. He carried Summer i n his arms and escaped, while calling the hospital with a phone in his hand.

Jazz spun around and ran out, but fire and thick black smoke were about to block the backdoor escape

route. He suddenly hesitated and then turned back in.

Ronald sat on the ground, his lower body had caught fire. He was wailing in pain but could not move.

Jazz pulled Ronald over and brought him out of the factory. There was a look of hurt and mockery on

his face as Jazz wished he could just leave Ronald to die i n the fire.

They escaped from the burning abandoned factory. Not long after they emerged, they heard an explosion and then a fireball rose into the sky above the factory behind them.

As they got into the car, the driver started the engine and put the pedal to the metal.

The air in the cabin was frighteningly quiet.

There had never been a moment like this. It made Jazz feel depressed, suffocated; as if he was going to die in the car.

Summer's eyes were closed. The blood on her lower body was glaring at Mark and also dyed his clothes red. But he said not a word.

Jazz did not dare to bring Ronald into this car, nor did he intend to take him into the car. Ronald was the one who caused all this.

Ronald had brought not only iniquity upon himself but also calamity to his grandchildren. They say people get wiser with age, but Ronald apparently did not.

The father whom Jazz respected since childhood had done everything that should and should not be done.

"Where is the doctor?" Mark's voice was grave, deep, and shrouded in gloom.

The coldness of his words sent chills down Jazz's spine. Jazz gasped and answered, "Already on the way."

Mark gave a faint acknowledgement as he reached to draw away the hair that dangled over her forehead with his trembling hand.

He knew she was conscious.

It hurt Jazz to see her paleness, silence, and wound, as if thousands of needles pierced into his heart.

Summer used to be so cheery, but now she was so desolate. Jazz could not bear to see her this way.

Mark hugged her carefully, keeping himself in the same posture all the time.

Chapter 574

"It is close to lunch time now yet he hasn't come home. Where did the old man go?" Daisy mumbled to

herself while feeding Charlotte.

"Grandma, why hasn't Grandpa come back yet? He said he would bring me a little cake." Charlotte was

looking around.

Daisy took out her cell phone and was about to call Solomon when her cell phone rang. "Where have

you gone, old man?"

But it was not Solomon, but a female voice that sounded at the other end of the phone. The voice could

not be more familiar, as it belonged to Samantha. "Is this Mrs. Hart?"

"Why is it you who answer? Where is that old man of mine?"

"Are you talking about Mr. Hart? Ronald has abducted Summer and wanted her to get an abortion, and

then donate bone marrow. Now your husband is taking me hostage to demand Ronald to release

Summer. We are on the hospital rooftop..."

Daisy's face turned pale, and she almost fainted upon hearing this, her chest heaving and her hand holding the phone shivered.

Ronald abducted Summer and wanted to end her pregnancy, while Solomon took Samantha hostage.

Daisy felt the blood from all over her body rushing up to her head, her vision turning dark and nearly

passing out.

When she dialed Solomon's number again, a female voice told her that the number was unreachable.

Worried and frightened, Daisy's blood pressure spiked. She dialed Summer's number with her trembling hands and the call was connected.

Hearing Summer's voice, Daisy breathed a sigh of relief, her blood pressure dropping slightly. "Are you

abducted by Ronald, Summer? Tell me the truth."

"Yeah, but I have been rescued now. Don't worry, Mom." Summer's voice was weak.

"But your dad, after knowing that you were abducted, went to the hospital. He is taking Samantha

hostage now. He still doesn't know that you have been rescued. Okay, I know, I will go to the hospital

now."

Daisy was too anxious. When she turned around, she did not notice the wall behind her and hit her head on it. She saw stars and fell sitting on the floor, and could not get up for a while.

In the car

Summer opened her eyes and urged the driver to drive faster.

She did not expect her dad be so stupid to do such a thing; he was holding Samantha hostage because of her.

On the hospital rooftop

Solomon and Samantha stood opposite each other on the very edge of the rooftop.

Solomon might take Samantha hostage, threatening her verbally, but other than that, he did nothing else to hurt her, not even tying up her.

So he had no choice but to take Samantha hostage, force Samantha to call Ronald, and demand Ronald to let Summer go.

Samantha could see that Solomon would not carry out the threat; his purpose was just to get Ronald to

release Summer.

A person who could sacrifice so much for an adopted child showed that Solomon was a kind man.

Chapter 575

On the other hand, Ronald was doing what he did because of the same reason as well; he valued her.

She had wanted to call Ronald, too, to tell him to set Summer free. But she could not get through his

phone.

Ronald treated her with love, and she could not bring herself to do anything to hurt him. If news of the

abduction went out, it was going to ruin Ronald's life for good.

Ronald was the only man in the world who treated her this way. She could not be heartless to him,

even if she was uncaring and unfeeling.

Just then, a sound was heard as Yvette suddenly came to the rooftop and locked the rooftop door

behind her.

"Here is a pretty pleasant spot to talk, eh?" Yvette walked toward the two of them, her voice bitter.

"It

has just been a few days and your beauty has deteriorated so much. Look at that wig of yours; it looks

so fake."

Samantha ignored Yvette and reached to touch the top of her head.

"Look at that face, the purple eye circles, and the skin;

they are so awful."

Yvette gloated over Samantha's appearance, which had deteriorated so much in just a few days.

Samantha had seen her look in the mirror before, and she knew what Yvette described was pretty

close to the truth. She indeed looked much older now compared to a few days ago.

The corners of Yvette's mouth curled in a smirk." Don't you like to seduce men? I wonder how you can

do that now."

"Have you had enough?" Samantha did not want to stoop to this woman's level.

Yvette was the most shallow woman she had ever met. She could keep Ronald by her side because of

her ability alone.

"I have not finished with you yet. Don't tell me you are ashamed here. Look at how ugly you are now.

People might think they are seeing a monster if you go out on the street right now."

"What is wrong with my appearance? Ronald is still willing to abduct Summer for my sake and force

her to donate bone marrow. You might look prettier than me now, but even with my current look, Ronald

is still willing to sacrifice so much for me. What has Ronald done for you so far?"

Yvette was exasperated and yelled frantically; Ronald abducted Summer because of this woman?

"I hate how people tell me I am ugly. Even if I am, it is not up to you to point your finger at me. No

matter how gorgeous you dress, and how much makeup you put on your face, Ronald has never

spared a glance at you. On the contrary, I have done nothing, yet he gives everything to me. So what is

the point of being pretty?" Samantha's words were full of disdain.

Yvette was so furious that she became out of breath.

Ronald was her sore spot, and Samantha was attacking her with this. Fit to be tied, she lunged forward

to push Samantha.

Samantha was too weak to withstand Yvette's push. She fell to the ground.

Samantha was right on the very edge of the rooftop when Yvette went mad and walked toward her again.

"Enough!" Solomon snapped upon seeing all this.

building.

They fell from the height of a six-story building.

Chapter 576

Summer saw the most shocking scene in her life when she got out of the car. Blood was all over Samantha's and Solomon's bodies.

Yvette was frightened that she literally froze in place on the rooftop. She did not expect that the two of

them would fall off the building.

The two were rushed into the emergency room.

Samantha was too weak and died on the spot while Solomon died an hour later from severe loss of blood.

Summer was sitting on the bench outside the emergency room, her pants still soaked in her own blood,

when she heard the news.

The doctor walked out and took off the mask, sighing and shaking his head. "The fall caused severe injuries to the important organs, and loss of blood. We tried to save him but he still succumbed to his injury."

Mark hugged Summer in his arms. Her body stiffened like a boulder, and she said nothing. The knuckles of her hands that clasped her knees had turned white. Even the color of her fingernails had changed.

She broke free of Mark's embrace all of a sudden, grabbing the white robe of the doctors with both hands and shook him in hysteria. "Liar! You big liar!

How could he die? How could he die?"

The doctor felt dizzy from the violent shaking. Mark came up and drew Summer back into his arms, letting her cheek rest on his chest. He swallowed hard and blue veins popped up on the back of his hands. He was sad and hurt as much as she was. The pain he had was no less severe than what she experienced.

Summer was weak, her vision turning dark as her strength left her body.

Not long after, Daisy, accompanied by her neighbors, arrived. Her hair was messy and her face was pale.

The doors of the emergency room swung open as nurses pushed Solomon out. He lay on the bed and

looked calm, but his breath had left him. He just looked as if he was asleep.

Daisy saw that and fainted on the spot. It was too much for her to bear at her age.

"Mom! Mom! Mom! Are you alright?" Summer pushed Mark away and stumbled over.

Mark lunged up and caught the unconscious Daisy in the nick of time. "Doctor!" he called out in a

hoarse voice.

Daisy was taken into a ward, and the doctor did a thorough examination of her. She had just fainted and would be fine.

Summer then went to see Solomon. Mark followed her. "I will go in alone," she said to Mark when they

came in front of the door.

He knew better than anyone else how she felt right now. So he did not insist on following her, but let

her enter alone.

Everywhere she looked, there were white walls and sheets; the place was glaringly white.

Summer stood there, looking at Solomon lying on the hospital bed. She opened her mouth several times, but could not utter a sound.

Up to now, until this moment, at this time, she still could not accept that her father had left her, and that

he would no longer come back.

But now, he could no longer come back; he could no longer come home; he would no longer return home again.

She had never thought that it would be so cold in November, and that the cold would be so unbearable.

"Dad, wake up! Wake up, please!" She kneeled on the floor with tears streaming down her face.

She had just had a miscarriage, and the pain was still slowly ripping her inside. But this was nothing compared to the emotional pain she was suffering.

Chapter 577

How could she forget? Every day when she got off work, her dad would ride his electric bike to fetch

her home, rain or shine. He had never failed. Even if he was soaked to the skin, he would make sure she stayed dry until she reached home.

How could she forget? After her divorce, it was her dad who unconditionally vowed to support her.

Although she was adopted, he gave everything he had to her. He shielded her from hunger, cold, and

any wrongdoings. All he thought of was this daughter of his.

The memories were still so vivid, but what was lost was lost forever. He would no longer come back.

"Dad, I miss you. I really miss you. Wake up and look at me. Just look at me once!"

Her voice had turned hoarse and dry, so much so that it saddened anyone who heard it. But Solomon

would never hear it.

He would never hear his favorite girl calling him dad anymore. He would never hear again.

Summer kneeled there for a long time. She did not know how long it had been, as she just wanted to kneel there forever.

Her knees felt numb and had lost all sensation. The only thing she knew was that it was stiff and numb.

She stayed in the ward and refused to leave. Mark was standing outside the door, worried that sorrow

would overwhelm her and she would break down, and that something worse might happen to her.

"Where is Summer, Mark?" Jazz came over.

Mark looked and pointed his chin at the ward door.

"She just had a miscarriage and her body is too weak. Maybe you should bring her back first, Mark.

Otherwise, she could break down both physically and mentally."

Mark pursed his lips in a straight line. Not that he did not want to take her away. The question was how

he could.

Jazz said nothing further. His mouth moved again after a long while, wanting to say something, but the

words were stuck in his throat.

Mark might not want to hear about their dad at this moment, Jazz thought.

Ronald suffered severe burns on his lower body. The doctor said he would have to use crutches to

walk for the rest of his life, and he could not walk far or fast.

Neither of them left, and they kept guarding Summer outside the ward. Summer had never come out of

the ward, and she had no intention of leaving at all.

The night was chilly. Mark glanced at the time, and it was 2:00 am.

He reached to carry her up carefully. But as soon as he moved her, she opened her eyes.

"You are tired. Let me take you to sleep next door," he said in a soft voice. "I will take you to sleep next

door."

Without saying a word, she broke free from his arms and climbed onto Solomon's bed and lay beside

him.

She looked lifeless and so quiet that it felt frightening.

Chapter 578

No matter where it was, as long as she could sleep, or get some shut-eye, it would be fine.

The night was so black, so dark, so heavy, and so quiet. As moonlight shone in through the windows, it

coated the walls and bed sheets in the ward in a dazzling white.

Lying beside Summer was Solomon's cold body.

She was not afraid, not at all. It was her dad. Why would she be afraid?

Mark did not sleep at all. He had gone to Daisy's ward once, but she had not woken up, still unconscious.

The next morning, Daisy woke up and went to see Solomon. She was heartbroken and could not stop crying.

Solomon had been her husband for decades. They had gone through many trials together. Now that he was gone, how could she not be distraught?

Summer had a haggard face, sunken eyes, and chapped lips. She reached out to hold Daisy, but Daisy pushed her away. There was a sense of resentment in Daisy's eyes.

Her lips were quivering, and her body trembling. She could see the resentment in her mom clearly and

so

she did not dare to approach her, not even making a step closer.

Solomon's death had hit Daisy hard. She was so sad that her body could not cope and she fell ill.

Imagine how anyone could cope without eating and drinking, and was crying the entire day.

While Daisy had fallen ill, Summer was still holding on, barely mustering her last bit of strength to stay

awake as she had to handle Solomon's funeral and watch his cremation.

Mark was staying by her side. She had said not a word for four days, just doing what she had to do.

She was emotionally numb, with no feeling, as she went through the motions to do all this.

On the day of Solomon's interment, Summer held the urn all the way and never let go. Relatives had come to the funeral.

She walked slowly. As if she was walking on the sharp edge of a knife, every step she took was agony.

The father, who was so tall and big, who had once sheltered her from wind and rain, was now reduced

to only a small amount of ashes in the urn.

Even though the urn was so small, she could not hold enough of it; she could not bring herself to see it

go, as she knew that this would be the last time she walked with her dad.

After the urn was interred, everything would be broken, and nothing would be left.

Summer still refused to let go, as if she had gone crazy. Daisy raised her hand and slapped her hard across the face.

Mark was at his wits' end at how he could lessen her sorrow. If there was a way, he would do anything

for her.

Daisy was carried away, and relatives and friends had also left, leaving Summer slumping down to the

ground in front of the tombstone.

Summer was soaked to the skin, looking like a mess. But she ignored all this and opened her bag to take out the contents inside.

Chapter 579

Summer placed a bouquet in front of the tombstone. She thought her tears had dried up, but at this moment, her eyes welled up and tears flowed again.

She wept hysterically, pounding her hands on the ground, and cried out loud. Pain was ripping through

and almost paralyzed her.

"Mark, you can't let her continue on like this anymore." It pained Jazz to see her, his eyes reddening.

Mark was also standing in the rain, quietly looking at her. He shook his head to stop Jazz. Crying her

eyes out was also a way of releasing her emotions.

'Damn it!' Jazz turned around as he could not stand it anymore. It seemed that God was not too kind to

good people.

After crying and yelling, Summer calmed down at last. She stood up, her body still trembling as she dragged herself away in the rain.

Mark took off his trench coat and put it on her.

She pulled off the trench coat and spat out her words with a blank expression. "Go now. Our relationship ends here. There will be nothing between us from now

on.

"What are you talking about?" Mark's voice was so sullen, just like the cloudy sky. He clasped at her

waist and was not willing to let go.

Her body was still trembling when Summer repeated herself. "I said, go. Our relationship ends here, and there will be nothing between us from now on." 1

She was callous and determined. Rain poured down, soaking her from head to toe.

He did not shut his eyes for as long as she did not sleep, and as much pain as she felt, he also felt the

same. His eyes looked scarlet, and his voice so hoarse that it grated on the ears. "Retract what you said."

"No." She reached to wipe the rainwater off her face." What is said is said. There is no way to take it

back."

Mark's lips were trembling, and he gritted his teeth." Summer, you are not fair to me."

"Then who is fair to me?" Summer laughed, her laughter mixed with sadness, and her voice was sharp.

"If it weren't for your father, my child and my dad would not have died. There are two lives between us.

How could we be together again?"

Without Ronald, her baby and dad would not have died, and they would have still been a happy family.

Ronald was the culprit of all this, and Ronald was Mark's father. 1

She could not help thinking for the past few days that had she been married to Dean back then, and

had she not been with Mark again, everything would have been different.

Had she agreed to donate bone marrow, would she still be able to save her father's life even if she lost

the child?

He and she were also accomplices. She was the one who caused her father's death; she was

responsible.

His lips were trembling, just like hers. But the kisses did not taste sweet but bitter, helpless, and grievous.

Summer pushed Mark away with all her strength and then stepped back slowly. "Let's not meet again."

Jazz stepped past Mark and clasped her arm. "Get in the car." 1

Chapter 580

"No, I can go by myself." She gently but determinedly pushed Jazz's hand away.

"Now you don't even want to associate with your student, do you? This is a remote place; you can't get

a taxi here. Are you going to walk in the rain all night back into the city? What about Charlotte-who will

take care of her?"

Her heart skipped a beat when she heard him mention Charlotte. She remained silent but let Jazz lead

her into the car.

Mark was standing still, watching the two slowly disappear from his sight.

His hair was all wet, and the rainwater trickled down his face, along the bridge of his tall nose, and then

onto his lips.

He walked back to the tombstone and slumped down on the ground, closing his eyes as he let the rain

beat down on him.

Back at home, water dripping from Summer's body wet the floor. Charlotte had cried for a few days,

wanting to see her grandpa.

Daisy grabbed something from her side and hurled it over to Summer when she saw Summer was back. "

Get out of here! Get out of here! Leave!"

"Mom," she cried out to her softly.

"Leave now! Do you want to see me die in front of you, too? You will only be happy if I die in front of

you, right? It was you who stubbornly wanted to be with him even though we were against it!"

Daisy could not accept the fact that Solomon had passed away. She was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Summer did not dodge, but let the object hit her. Charlotte came out and cried when she saw

Summer's forehead bleeding.

What used to be a happy, harmonious family had now broken apart.

She bit her lower lip, her mouth filled with blood, and her heart of bitterness and pain.

Although she was an adopted child, Solomon's love for her was overwhelming and unconditional. But

what he got in return was to die a horrible death. She did not blame her mom but only herself.

Not wanting to agitate Daisy further, she took Charlotte, spun around, and left. She knew that her elder

brother would take care of her mom. But she had nowhere to go.

She would not let her dad die in vain.

Just then, her phone rang. She picked it up, and it was Grace. "Where are you? I will come to pick you

up."

Since she had nowhere to go, she checked her surroundings, and told Grace her location, then stood on

the dimly lit street with Charlotte in her arms.

Charlotte had lost a lot of weight because no one had really taken good care of her for the past few

days. Even the shape of her chin became sharper than before. She pulled at the corner of Summer's

clothes and asked, "Mummy, did you just quarrel with grandma? Why did grandma hit you?"

"Mommy has done something wrong. Mommy deserved it."

She brought along her dad's most favorite cup with her when she left home.

Half an hour later, Grace arrived to pick them up. She let out a long sigh when she saw Summer.

"Your weight loss program is pretty successful, eh? But the appearance of beauty comes from the soul.

You don't need to go to the extremes, do you?" Grace was never good at comforting others.

She wished she could comfort Summer to lessen her grief, but she just did not know how.