

Chapter 39 Keep Her Chaste Until Our Wedding Night

In the gynecology department of the private hospital.

Samira paced back and forth in the office, casting anxious glances at the curtain every so often.

Ten minutes had passed. Why was it taking so long?

Suddenly, the doctor appeared, removing her disposable gloves and disposing of them in the medical waste bin, before sitting down at her desk.

"Doctor, how is my daughter?" Samira approached quickly, her voice filled with worry. "Has she been sexually active recently?"

Immediately after pushing Valerie into the room, Samira felt a twinge of regret. She was conscious of the delicate dynamics between Valerie and Declan.


Furthermore, the luxury apartment in the city center where Valerie resided was a present from Declan, and they were frequently seen together.

She had looked into it and discovered that Declan rarely stayed at Lakeview Haven Villas, visiting only a few times each year. He usually lived in Valerie's apartment.

Given their living situation, intimacy was assumed to be inevitable.

"Sexually active?" The doctor looked up, clearly taken aback by the question from the well-dressed woman before her. "You're mistaken. Miss Walsh is still a virgin. She's in perfect health, no concerns at all."

"What?" Samira was stunned, her face showing disbelief. She grabbed the doctor's sleeve. "Doctor, you must have made a mistake, right? How could she possibly..."

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How could Valerie still be a virgin? Was she wrong? Was Valerie and Declan's relationship really pure?

"Mom!"

Samira stopped abruptly, turning to see Valerie standing awkwardly not far away.

"Mom, please stop. We need to check on Declan. Shouldn't we go now?"

Valerie managed a weak smile and reached out to link arms with Samira as she usually did.

The female doctor couldn't help but notice something unusual about the mother and daughter. She adjusted her glasses and said in a serious tone, "Mrs. Walsh, you can trust me. I am a professional, and I wouldn't make such a basic mistake."

Hearing this, Samira snapped back to reality, managed a forced smile, and said, "Thank you, doctor."

A bit dazed, she followed Valerie from the doctor's office, taking the elevator to the second floor in an uncomfortable silence.

Upon reaching the surgery room, a nurse quickly approached to inform them that Declan had been transferred to a VIP room and led them there before leaving.

Samira had completely regained her composure as she stood outside the room, casting a deep look at Valerie. Valerie was still wearing Lenard's suit jacket, with very little else underneath.

Fortunately, men's suits were usually quite large, and at Valerie's height of 1.6 meters, the suit covered her thighs. However, her chest was fairly exposed, attracting curious glances from those passing by.

"You don't need to go in. Head home and get some rest. Declan might be uncomfortable seeing you in such attire."


Valerie's face lost color immediately. The disgust in her mother's eyes was clear. She nodded and left quietly.

Once she was gone, Samira entered the room. Lenard had left, and only

22.1%



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Declan lay on the bed, his gaze fixed on the ceiling.

Hearing her approach, Declan looked up, his voice raspy. "Mom, you're back."

He attempted to sit up, prompting Samira to quickly adjust a pillow behind him for support.

"How are you feeling?"

"Where's Valerie?"

They spoke at the same time, pausing in surprise at the coincidence.

"Don't worry, I'm okay, just recovering from a fever."

Declan's face was pale and haggard as he weakly leaned against the headboard. He had suffered at the hands of Chris, and even though it was summer, the heavy rain today brought an unexpected chill. He had been in the cold seawater for more than ten minutes and then hung in his soaked clothes by the lighthouse for about half an hour, shivering in the cold wind.

Samira's face was stern, her emotions a mix of sorrow and anger as she stared at Declan. "I just took Valerie to the gynecology department for a thorough examination. The doctor said... she's still a virgin?"

Declan looked slightly shocked, pressing his lips tightly together, his expression turning serious. "What are you trying to say?"

"Aren't you two living together? Why haven't you been intimate with her?" Samira's voice rose with emotion as she grasped Declan's cold hand, her eyes filled with concern, her voice shaking. "Declan, don't tell me you have... issues, do you?" Noticing his expression darken, she quickly said, "Declan, if there's any health issue, let's address it. Don't feel embarrassed to discuss it with me."

"Mom!" Declan's expression darkened further, and he pulled his hand away angrily. "What are you thinking? How could I have health issues?"

"Then why aren't you intimate with Kimberly or Valerie? You're young and healthy. Why not?" Samira asked, on the verge of breaking down. She knew Declan didn't care for Kimberly, but she was shocked that after a

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year with Valerie, their relationship remained pure. "Don't you find Valerie attractive?"

Overwhelmed by his mother's questioning, Declan felt trapped. He massaged his forehead, and explained, "I do like Valerie. I haven't been intimate with her because... I respect her. I want to keep her chaste until our wedding night."

Upon hearing this, Valerie, who was secretly recording a video at the door, was taken aback. She couldn't help but feel moved.

The mention of a wedding night...

So Declan truly did love and respect her!

Yet she had doubted his intentions.

Feeling guilty, Valerie quietly put away her phone, left the hospital, and edited the video before sending it to Kimberly.

Meanwhile, back on the luxury cruise ship, Kimberly's clothes had been completely soaked, so she and Chris went back to their rooms to change. By coincidence, their rooms were next to each other, with Chris's room right next door.

The bathroom door swung open, and Kimberly stepped out covered in a white bathrobe, towel in hand as she dried her wet hair.

The room was neither too large nor too small, measuring around a hundred square meters. It was the best on the cruise and fully furnished. Hanging from the doorknob was an elegant luxury shopping bag filled with brand-new clothes.

Just as Kimberly reached for the clothes, a knock startled her.

"Who is it?"

78.3%



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15:00