

## Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 91

### Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 91—Changes

Yolanda came out of the office, looking solemn.

Jessica snorted. “Every new manager will make a few changes around the office, and you’re the first to be changed. If you want to stay, you can, oh I don’t know, praise me a little. Maybe I’ll plead for your case. Shirley might even let you stay too.”

Yolanda gave her a weird look. “Aren’t you worried at all?”

“Why should I?” Jesssica sneered. “I’m Shirley’s best friend. She listens to whatever I say.”

She had taken part in the sabotage five years ago, so she had dirt on Shirley. Thanks to that, Shirley would never refuse her requests. She looked at Yolanda arrogantly. “You’ve been mean to me when you were the manager. Well, I can let it slide, but you have to say sorry to me. And then I’ll call Shirley right away.”

Yolanda’s face fell. Me, mean to you? You sure it’s not the other way around? She answered darkly, “I don’t need it.” And she went into the file room.

Jessica snorted scornfully. “You’re about to be fired, and yet you act like you own the place. What a joke.” She went back to her own seat and took her nail polish out to doll her nails up. She didn’t seem to take the workplace seriously.

When Yolanda came back out with the file and saw Jessica looking so nonchalant, she was angered again. She was sure that Rachel would fire Jessica the moment she saw her performance sheet. But she’s Shirley’s friend. If Miss Yates were to fire her, it’d cause a lot of problems. The top brass would have some complaints, and she just got here too. It’s not great for her. Yolanda tried to come up with a plan to dissuade Rachel from firing Jessica. She should take it slow.

Rachel came out of her office to get some water, and she saw Jessica polishing her nails without a care in the world. The air reeks of nail polish. She put her mug down coldly and went over to Jessica’s place.

“Jessica. Jessica!” A colleague was trying to tell her that Rachel was coming, but Jessica didn’t hear it. She kept humming and polishing her nails.

“Decent nail polish. Ever consider opening a nail salon?” Rachel asked coldly.

Jessica answered, “Eh, too much work. It’ll tire me—” She stopped halfway through. Something’s wrong. She looked up and came face to face with Rachel, much to her horror. Jessica sat straight up, then she realized she was overreacting. Shirley’s been

keeping her in check for years. She can't do anything to me. She puffed her chest and stared at Rachel.

"Give me the file." Rachel extended her hand to Yolanda.

Yolanda quickly handed her the performance sheet. Rachel flipped through it, and she sneered. The performance sheet was divided into three parts: internal evaluation, department head evaluation, and admin evaluation. Jessica had less than twenty points for the first two segments, but the administrative department gave her a hundred marks every time for the last two years. Wow, the doctoring skills are really bad. Does Shirley think nobody would use this against her? She doesn't even bother coming up with excuses. "According to company rules, any employee who fails their KPI for three consecutive months warrants a termination," Rachel said coldly. "You can collect your last paycheck from the admin now."

Jessica stared at her in shock. "You want to fire me? What makes you think you can do that, Rachel?"

"These performance sheets." Rachel raised her hand and tossed the performance sheets onto the table. "You failed your KPI for twenty consecutive months. Count yourself lucky I'm not asking you to pay for our loss. You have thirty minutes to pack up and leave."

"No!" Jessica roared. "This is power abuse! You're using your power to terminate employees you don't like!"

Rachel laughed. "And why would I do that?"

"Because I'm Shirley's friend, and you want to get rid of anyone that's connected to her." Jessica gnashed her teeth. "Shirley will get you if she finds out about this."

Rachel shrugged. "Tell her then." She went to the pantry to get some water. Jessica wasn't even someone she found worthy of her time.

Jessica gnashed her teeth so hard, she almost broke them.

The other employees were staring at her. Some were looking in glee, some looked like they didn't want to have anything to do with her, while some looked relieved.

"What are you looking at?" Jessica roared. "You'll all be fired too!" She took her phone and stormed off, leaving her other things behind.

Yolanda frowned in worry, and she went into the manager's office. "Miss Yates, firing her just like that is going to cause problems."

Rachel sipped some water. "I'm the manager. Don't I have the power to fire one employee?"

"That's not what I mean." Yolanda whispered, "Miss Shirley is the company's heir, and the chairman thinks highly of her. That's why he let her become the GM. She might not be in the company now, but she has a lot of lackeys in the other departments. If they want to trip us up, it'll make our work at least three times more difficult."

"Hey, you got me. Don't worry about it." Rachel smiled.

Yolanda paused for a moment. Rachel was a few years younger than she was, but Yolanda could see that she was a mature woman. Yolanda was almost thirty, but Rachel's smile managed to calm her down.

She finally believed that some people were born to be a leader, and Rachel was that someone. She might have had some complaints about being demoted before, but all those complaints were gone at that moment. Maybe working for her is a blessing.

At the same time, Jessica called Shirley. "Shirley, your sister is just too much!" She complained, "She humiliated me in front of everyone on her first day at work!"

I know I'm not a great worker, so this termination is expected, but Shirley, I'm your best friend. The whole company knows we're like sisters. Firing me is akin to humiliating you. I don't mind it, but what if your reputation gets tarnished?"

Shirley squinted. "What did you say? Rachel fired you? How dare she?"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 92**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 92– Dmitri's Efforts

Shirley looked ahead darkly and clenched her fists. Not enough that she got me booted out of the board, now she's firing my friend?

"Shirley, the whole company is saying that Rachel's going to have total control from now on. And they say she's a better heir than you are." Jessica gnashed her teeth. "It's a pity I can't stay at the company, or I would have torn those b\*stards apart."

"I won't let this happen. Give me a minute." She hung up, her face filled with fury.

"That b\*tch! That scheming, damned little b\*tch!" Miranda slammed the table after she heard what happened. "We can't just sit around now, Shirley."

Shirley bit her lip. "Mom, I want to get rid of her too, but Dmitri's men are keeping an eye on us. He'll know whatever we try to do. I don't want to ruin my image."

Miranda thought about it pensively. "She doesn't realize that those little b\*stards are still alive even after so long. That means she doesn't know her 'dead' sons are now the Fords' young masters. She shouldn't know about that for the time being, so the main problem is control over the company. If she is allowed to stay as the Key Accounts Manager for any longer, we might lose the position of GM sooner or later."

Shirley nodded. "Dad's on my side, but Rachel's a sly one. She got the BOD on her side without anyone knowing. Dad can't do anything about that."

"See Vivian then." Miranda sneered. "Get her to talk to Rachel. She'll stop that little b\*tch from going too far. We can't let her fire our men."

"Alright then."

Shirley and Miranda went down to Vivian's room.

Vivian's health was already declining, so she spent most of her days in bed. The sun was nice today, so she was basking in the sunlight on the patio.

"Grandma..." Shirley sobbed. When Vivian turned around, Shirley started crying.

"What's wrong, Shirley?" Vivian got up, and her servant came to hold her.

"Slow down, Mrs. Yates."

"Grandma, I wasn't going to trouble you with something so trivial, but Rachel has gone too far!" Shirley wiped her tears away and rubbed her eyes so they would look red.

Mrs. Deets looked annoyed. Old Madam Yates is already in bad health, and I've been keeping the BOD's decision a secret from her, but now you're going to spill it all out? Old Madam Yates is already really old.

Won't you feel guilty if she got hospitalized because of you? No wait. You're already pretending to be sad. You won't feel guilty at all. Mrs. Deets said, "Time for your medicine, Old Madam Yates. Why don't you take your meds first?" She'll fall asleep and escape this bullsh\*t.

"I shouldn't disturb you, Grandma. You should rest." Shirley bit her lip. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have done that to her. Rachel wouldn't have done this to me if I hadn't done anything stupid."

The heck? You call this 'not disturbing?' You're forcing Old Madam Yates to take a side.

Vivian knew what she was thinking about, of course. She might be staying home at all times, but she did hear the servants mentioning the company and what was happening.

Her eyes started to shine, and she said, "I've heard about your resignation from the board and the position of GM. That has nothing to do with Rachel."

Shirley shut up. If it weren't for her, nobody would have looked into my embezzlement case. Of course she's related to it. She gritted her teeth and put on a sad face.

"Grandma, I know what I did was wrong, and I have accepted my punishment, but my friend did nothing wrong."

She has been working at the company for two years and helped us gain a lot of new clients. But the moment Rachel took over, she fired my friend. She's obviously being unfair to me."

"I trust that she has her own reasons. She's the Key Accounts Manager now, so she has the power to terminate any employee. We have no right to demand any explanation," Vivian answered coldly.

Shirley almost broke her nails from clenching her fists too hard. She took a deep breath and was about to say something, but Vivian looked at her. "Shirley, Dmitri called me yesterday."

Shirley was shocked. She put everything aside and asked nervously, "Why did he call you?"

"He was concerned about my health, and he said he found a piano teacher for you," Vivian said. "You've dabbled in piano for more than ten years, and the teacher said you're talented. But you stopped training after you became the heir of the company. Time to pick it up again."

Shirley bit her lip quietly. She knew Dmitri wasn't being kind. He might seem like he was concerned about her, but in reality, he was just trying to get her distracted with piano. Indeed, she used to love playing the piano, but after quitting for four years, her basics had literally weakened to the point of no return. Picking it back up is a hassle.

"Shirley, you are the mother of the Fords' boys. They are destined for a great future, and as their mother, you should be elegant, noble, and immaculate. Dmitri found you a teacher so he could introduce you as a great pianist to everyone someday," Vivian said. "Do please understand him."

Shirley's eyes shone. "Is that what he's trying to do, Grandma?"

"Well, I can't imagine why he would hire a famous French pianist for you otherwise," Vivian said. "I heard that your teacher is Miss Alice herself. She's already a top international pianist at thirty-two."

Lots of people want to be trained by her, but they have no such privilege. Now, Dmitri is giving you that privilege. Do not disappoint him."

Shirley was shocked. Miss Alice? The famous genius pianist? She's already famous since a decade ago. Alice rose to fame right when Shirley started playing the piano.

Alice was once her idol, and she couldn't believe Dmitri got Alice to be her piano teacher. Shirley's heart started thumping furiously. If I can become Alice's disciple, I'd enjoy a lot of privilege too.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 93**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 93– Enemies Meet**

There were two things that separated everyone in the upper society and put them in their own caste: power, and money. However, there was one class that power and money could never affect, and that was the circle of arts and culture.

Money and power could never put artists or musicians in any class. If an aristocratic family were to have an artist among their midst, then they would have a higher standing compared to the other families.

Shirley clenched her fists in excitement. Dmitri must have done this so I can marry into the Fords with pride. "Yes, Grandma. I will train well." She then left the room, looking delighted.

Miranda quickly came up to her. "So, what did she say?"

Shirley told her about what Dmitri did, but Miranda frowned. "Sounds weird. Dmitri isn't that kind."

"Mom, I told you Dmitri listens to me. I told him I want to marry his father, and that's why he did this for me." She smiled. "I'll train well under Alice. Once I can hold my own tour, then I shall be worthy enough of Jordan."

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Rachel worked at the company the whole afternoon and went to pick her kids up after work.

"Miss Yates, can you give me a minute?" Emily took her aside and smiled. "We had a piano class today, and Olivia has shown real talent for it. The teacher wants to teach her, and this is her card. You can call her if you think it will be a great learning opportunity for Olivia."

Rachel had received quite a few cards like this, and it was obvious that the teacher was trying to sell her a class, so she didn't think much about it. When they were on the way home, she noticed Olivia knocking the car's window with a lollipop stick, and it felt

rhythmic. Initially, she thought Olivia was just knocking randomly, but when she listened closely, she could hear that Olivia was knocking to the rhythm of Baa Baa Black Sheep.

Surprised, Rachel said, "Casper, how did the piano class go? Did Olivia do well?"

Casper answered, "The teacher said she performed well, and she wants Olivia to be her student."

"How many kids did the teacher take?"

"None. She doesn't teach kids this young. Olivia is an exception." Casper mused.

"Mommy, I think Olivia likes the piano very much."

Rachel was even more shocked. When Emily gave her the card, she thought all parents had it. But only Olivia is acknowledged? So this isn't someone trying to sell her class. A piano teacher actually wants Olivia to be her student as she recognized Olivia's talent.

"Do you want to take piano lessons, Olivia?" Rachel turned around and asked softly.

She gave the girl an encouraging look, but Olivia only stared silently. If she hadn't heard her talk that night, Rachel would have thought Olivia talking was a hallucination.

Olivia resumed her usual behavior after Jordan left. She did ask the psychologist about it the night before, and he said it was an improvement, but it had to be a gradual process. If her talking is related to Jordan, I have no idea how to progress then. If she does have a hobby, maybe I can guide her to talk.

Rachel went in another direction and came to the nearby piano shop. When they entered the shop, she noticed Olivia's eyes lighting up. Good. A step in the right direction.

"Hello, dear customer. Buying a piano for your children? Is it for a boy or a girl?" The sales assistant came to welcome them warmly.

Rachel asked Casper to take Olivia while she went with the sales assistant to take a look at the pianos. The shop was one of the best in the city, and the cheapest piano cost nearly a hundred grand. The more expensive ones would cost a million. Fortunately, Rachel was rich, but even if she wasn't, she would never dash her child's dreams.

She and Shirley started playing the piano when she was five, and they went at it for more than ten years. She had stopped playing in recent years, but her basics were still solid. She played on a few more pianos before finally deciding on one. "This one has a nice timbre, and the vibrato's perfect."

The sales assistant smiled. "You know your stuff. This is our pride and joy."



“Well, just a little bit. Send it to—”

She was about to tell the sales assistant her address, but someone came over, and it was none other than Shirley. “Hold it.” She was as arrogant as usual, and when she looked at Rachel’s fingers, her gaze dripped with venom.

She had learned how to play the piano alongside Rachel, but every time they had a test, Rachel would score at least ten points higher than she did. Beset by envy, she had bribed the teacher, and because of that, she always had higher marks than Rachel, and it lasted for years. Their father said she was a talented pianist, and he had plans to send her overseas to go pro. She knew she only got that far through bribery instead of skills, and after she became the company’s heir, she lost interest in the piano and stopped practising. Seeing Rachel now dragged up her unpleasant memories.

Just when I finally decided to study under Alice, she wants to buy a piano as well? Does she have to do everything I do?

Rachel cocked her eyebrow and sneered. Well, just my luck. I just wanted to buy a piano, yet I managed to run into the one person I don’t want to see the most. She crossed her arms and drawled, “What? Am I in your way or something?”

“I want this piano.” Shirley took her card out. “Card.”

The sales assistant said, “The lady here wanted it first. Why don’t I show you the other pianos?”

“No. I want this one.” Shirley smiled sardonically. “I’ll pay double.”

The sales assistant said, “It’s not about price. There are rules—”

“I’ll pay triple.” Shirley waved her card impatiently.

Rachel smiled. “Fine. You can have it, but you’ll have to pay triple the price. Take her to the counter, lady.”

Since Rachel gave her consent, the sales assistant had nothing to fear. She quickly went to the counter and issued the bill.

Shirley sneered. “Smart choice. Guess you’re not a total idiot.”

Rachel looked around the store. The piano Shirley bought was the best in the shop, but that was it. She had seen better piano, and not even the best the store had to offer could catch her attention.

She only wanted to buy a random one from a nearby shop since Olivia was just starting her journey as a pianist. Yet somehow, someone just had to write her into this scenario



and take the piano away. I wonder who's doing all this. Well, the triple price is still going to annoy her. Rachel looked at Shirley coldly and left.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 94**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 94—You're Talented

Rachel came out of the store, and her kids were waiting outside, hand in hand.

Casper had taken Olivia out of the store the moment he saw Shirley. Olivia had a nightmare after she bumped into Shirley at the kindergarten last time, so he never wanted Olivia to run into Shirley ever again. "Didn't you buy a piano, Mommy?"

Rachel was about to answer, but her phone rang. She looked at who the caller was, and she looked surprised. It had been a year since he last called.

"Mr. Albert. How nice of you to call."

"I came to attend a piano performance in Seaview City, and I thought of you. It's your hometown, right?" He sounded old. "Do you remember what I told you a year ago?"

Rachel paused. "I've lost my passion for piano though."

"You have the talent, so why not use it?" Albert tried to persuade her. "I've only taught one student my whole life, and you're a lot more talented than he is."

Rachel pursed her lips and looked at Olivia. Olivia was staring in the direction of the piano store. Someone was playing the piano in there, and she kept swaying with the melody. When the melody stopped, Olivia seemed crestfallen.

Rachel gripped her phone tightly. "Do you wish to take another student, Mr. Albert."

"Why else would I call you?" Albert thought she was getting interested, so he said, "I'm in Seaview right now and will only leave in two days. Let's meet up if you're free."

"See you tomorrow then." Rachel hung up and squatted down to look Olivia in the eye. "Olivia, tell me, do you really want to play the piano?"

Olivia, who had been ignoring her surroundings so far, stared back into her mother's eyes, and she nodded.

"Very well. I will take you to your teacher tomorrow." Rachel smiled. She only wanted to develop Olivia's interest in piano at first, and she didn't care if the girl would do badly, but now, she noticed the passion for piano flaring in the girl's eyes, and she thought maybe piano could lead Olivia out of her own isolated world.

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Shirley asked the movers to send the piano to Ford Residence. When Dmitri asked her to pick her piano skills back up, she had said she would only do it if she was allowed to practise at Ford Residence. Dmitri had agreed without asking why. He's the only one in the family who would tolerate me.

Jordan was flipping through his files in the living room when he saw Shirley and a few movers coming in. The four movers were taking the heavy piano in, and they were causing a lot of noise. "What are you doing?" Jordan closed his file, and his face fell.

The air around him started to feel suffocating, and the atmosphere tensed up. The movers—who had been huffing and puffing—looked like they could collapse anytime, and Shirley felt nervous for some reason.

She regretted being so explicit last time because it made seeing Jordan awkward now. But she pushed the thought away and smiled gently. "Don't you know, Jordan? Dmitri got me a piano teacher, and I'm having my first class in the afternoon today."

Jordan frowned. "At the residence?" He sounded impatient.

Shirley took a deep breath and tried her best to stay calm. "You know my grandmother's health is declining, and she's bedridden. Taking the classes at home is only going to affect her. Besides, Dmitri hired her for me, and I want him to keep an eye on me as well." She looked at Jordan, hoping he would say something.

Jordan didn't even look at her. He frowned at the piano. He didn't like this arrangement, but he seldom interfered with Dmitri's decision, so he said nothing.

Shirley heaved a sigh of relief. She was afraid he would tell the movers to take the piano back out. That would be embarrassing for her.

Dmitri came down from the second floor and saw the piano in the living room. "What is this, Mother?"

"It's the piano I bought. What do you think?" Shirley looked proud of herself. It was the best piano in the biggest piano store in the city, and she had paid triple the original price for it. It was imported as well.

Dmitri came to the piano and pressed down on the keys. "Not bad." He nodded. It was slightly inferior to the one he picked, but it was enough for the time being. He pressed the keys again, and a little melody played out.

Shirley was surprised. "Dmitri, you play the piano too?"

"No." Dmitri pursed his lips and pulled his hand back. "How much did this cost?" I wanted her to learn, so I can't let her pay for it.

Shirley smiled. "Three million."

Dmitri frowned. "A bit more expensive than I thought." The piano I picked has a better timbre than this one, and it's not even two million.

"Of course. It's the best one in the store, and I paid three times the price for it," she said. "Only this is worthy of Miss Alice's classes."

Huh? Dmitri used to think Shirley was selfish, but now, he also thought she was dumb. She spent three million on a piano that should have cost a third of the price, and she thinks she got a bargain?

Shirley lifted her dress and sat down before the piano. It had been years since she last played, but her basics were still there. Back when she was in college, she became the campus madonna thanks to her piano skills, and all the boys loved her. Hm, I don't think I've ever played in front of Jordan. She started playing confidently, and the tune she chose was 'Für Elise'.

She trained through the night after she knew Dmitri hired Miss Alice to teach her, and she hoped she could get closer to Alice through this song. She played it decently, and she thought Jordan would be impressed once he saw her performance. Maybe he'll start to admire or even fall in love with me.

But just when she was starting to play, someone came in. When she turned around, she saw a woman in a red dress walking toward them elegantly.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 95**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 95—5 Melody of the Night 5

Alice was thirty-two years old and right in the prime of womanhood. She had blonde, curly hair that tumbled down her shoulders, and her eyes were emerald green. Her nose was perfectly sculpted, and she radiated elegance.

Jordan was holding a contract and was about to go out. He wasn't interested in anything related to Shirley, so if she wanted to practise during the day, he'd stay out of the house. When he was about to leave, he saw Alice, and he arched his eyebrow in surprise.

Dmitri found the genius pianist to be Shirley's teacher? He had seen Alice's performance, and it was stunning. He stayed back and extended a hand to her. "Hello, Miss Alice."

Alice smiled elegantly. "Your reputation precedes you, Mr. Ford. A pleasure to meet you."

Shirley was surprised to see that. She had been with Jordan for four years, and she had seen him meet his clients, but no matter how powerful they were, Jordan always seemed calm. It was the first time she saw him initiating a handshake with someone. Does that mean he respects her? If I can become her student, will he think better of me?

Shirley went over. "Miss Alice, I'm Shirley. I'm going to be your student."

Alice turned around and looked at Shirley's fingers, then she turned her gaze to the piano in the living room. "Play a song. I want to gauge your skills."

Shirley nodded. She sat before the piano and played 'Für Elise'.

Alice stood beside her, watching as Shirley played, listening to every note. Once the performance was done, she nodded. "Mr. Dmitri has told me that you have a ninth-grade diploma. Not bad. Quite an adept pianist, but..."

Shirley felt happy when Alice started praising her, but when it came to the second part, her heart sank. She knew what Alice would say before she even said it. She was reminded of the time she and Rachel had their piano classes. Every time she performed, their teacher would say that Shirley was a decent pianist, but her subsequent comments would always invalidate all of Shirley's previous effort. Even now, she could still remember what her teacher told her.

"You understand piano well, and you can perform any song perfectly, but you lack the emotion. It's a fickle and complex thing. You can see how your sister performs. Her performance has something you lack. You can try to ask her for tips."

The comment from more than ten years ago had stayed with her, and she buried her nails into her palms. She slowly said, "Please finish the comment, Miss Alice."

Alice said calmly, "'Für Elise' has a base that sounds pure and close to heart. Beethoven composed it for a young lady. It is a joyous tune, and a gentle one as well. You performed the melody fluidly, and it sounds joyous enough, but I didn't feel any emotions in the second part of the performance. All I hear is a cold, almost emotionless tune."

Alice's voice overlapped with the one in Shirley's mind, and the comments were almost the same. That almost made her black out. She showed no improvement over the last ten years no matter how much she tried, so she didn't think taking Alice's classes could help.

Suddenly, she wanted to give up, but then she looked at Jordan, who was back on the couch. He was looking at his file at first, but now he was listening to Alice. It was enough to tell Shirley that he was interested in piano. She closed her eyes and opened them slowly. "May I have another attempt, Miss Alice?"

"Of course." Alice smiled. "First, you must relax. Ease up, relax, and put yourself into the scenery the melody has created. Once you've managed to tap into the emotions of the tune, let it flow out of your fingertips like water and pour them all onto the keys."

Shirley nodded and sat before the piano again. Her relationship with Rachel wasn't strained yet back when they were taking their piano lessons, and Rachel used to teach her patiently. However, she despised Rachel, so she would never listen to Rachel's tips, nor would she utilize them. Yet, she realized now that Rachel's tips were almost the same as Alice's.

She closed her eyes and recalled how Rachel would play the piano. She didn't know how to pour her emotions into the melody, but she could copy Rachel's style. They used to be best friends before they were eighteen, and she heard Rachel perform every day. Some songs were deeply entrenched in her mind, and she could even copy Rachel's posture.

This time, Shirley didn't play 'Für Elise'. Instead, she opted for the beginner song Rachel used to practise a lot. It was named Melody of the Night 5.

When she played the first note, it shocked Jordan, for he had heard the song before. When he went back to his alma mater to deliver a speech at eighteen, he walked past the piano room and heard the exact same song. It was a common tune, and there were a lot of ways to play it, but it was the first time he heard someone who could merge sorrow and bliss together so perfectly. All he could see was a beautiful silhouette, and when he tried to find her after his speech, the young lady was already gone. He spent many nights after that hearing the same tune playing in his mind, and he never thought he could hear it again after eight years. He looked at Shirley, and he started having mixed feelings about it.

When the song was done, Alice applauded her. "You are talented, Miss Yates. All I did was give you a tip, and you understood it immediately."

Shirley heaved a sigh of relief. "I was just playing the song like I envisioned it. I hope you don't think I've insulted it, Miss Alice."

"I have listened to the same composition a thousand times, but this is the first time I've seen it played this way." Alice's eyes shone with approval. "You have potential. Learn from me, and you'll make a name for yourself in the world of piano."

Shirley looked at Jordan, and their eyes met. Her heart started to race, for it was the first time he was looking at her. Dmitri is trying to raise my standing. I will not let you down, son.

Alice left after two hours of teaching, and Jordan stayed around the whole time. After she was gone, he looked at Shirley and asked, "Did you study at Seaview First High?"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 96**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 96—The Most Evil Woman

Shirley was ecstatic. She had known him for more than four years, and it was the first time he wanted to know more about her. Does this mean he's getting interested in me? She took a deep breath and smiled. "Yes. I was number one in my town too." Me and Rachel both.

Jordan nodded. "And you have learned how to play piano before?"

"My kindergarten teacher realized that I have talent, so my parents sent me to get trained. But I've been busy since I got into college, so it's been years since I last played," she said nonchalantly, but it was obvious that she was delighted. "I never expected Miss Alice to praise me even though I have not practised for four years."

Jordan pressed his fingers together. "Have you played the piano in your high school before?"

Shirley didn't know why he was asking that, but she told him the truth. "Sometimes, I'd practise in the piano room if I can't make it to the center in time, but just a few times."

Jordan pursed his lips. No wonder I never heard that song again when I visited the school after that. It had been eight years, and he thought he had forgotten all about it, but when Shirley played the song today, he realized that the song was already embedded in his mind, becoming an unforgettable memory. He looked at her. "Can you play the same song again?"

"Of course!" Shirley looked excited. I knew it. I was right! He does like piano! If I had known this, I would not have wasted four years. I'm lucky I have Dmitri on my side.

She sat down before the piano, and since she was too excited, her mind started getting distracted. The performance she put on was different from the first one. It was not the same song Jordan had heard, and he frowned.

It was then someone upstairs pulled his door open. Damian came out, leaned over the guardrail, and roared, "Will you shut it? I can't even hear myself think!"

The melody stopped.

Jordan cocked his eyebrow. "And why are you complaining?"

The rooms' soundproofing was well done. Even if Shirley was playing the piano, Damian shouldn't have been able to hear it.

Damian pursed his lips. "It's noisy, alright? I don't want this witch to play the piano in my house!" Flames of fury flickered in his eyes, threatening to burn Shirley up.

Shirley's fingers trembled. She couldn't understand why Damian hated her so much. Just when she finally found a way into Jordan's heart, he came to ruin her plans. She stood up and sobbed. "Damian, I wanted to practise here just so I can be with you and Dmitri. Why are you calling me a witch? Why do you want me to leave?"

"You are a witch. The biggest, baddest witch in the world!" Damian put his hands on his hips and glared at her. He wasn't the most avid learner, so he had heard all the ruckus coming from downstairs a long while ago.

He could take it at first, but he couldn't believe it when she managed to catch Jordan's attention. And Daddy actually looked at her like he's in love. If he likes her, he's going to marry this witch. And then I'll have to call her Mommy! I don't want to! I only want Miss Rachel to be my Mommy!

Damian got even angrier, and he shouted, "Don't try to seduce my daddy by playing the piano! I hate you!"

Jordan's face fell. He thought it was inappropriate for a kid that young to even say a word like 'seduce', so he got up and looked at the boy coldly. "Come down and apologize to your mother."

"It's fine, Jordan. He's only four. He knows nothing. He's just spoiled." Shirley sobbed and came to his 'defense'. "If he hates me so much, that must mean I'm doing something wrong."

Dmitri rubbed his fingers. It looks like she's helping Damian, but in reality, she's adding fire to the fuel. But Damian is at fault too. 'Seduce'? Where did he learn that from? And he called Mother a seductress? No wonder Father is so angry.

Dmitri was silent for a while, then he said, "It's my fault. Mother, your practice does affect Damian. Why don't you take it to the courtyard?"

Shirley panicked. It would be hard for her to see Jordan if she moved the piano to the courtyard. She wanted to show off more, so she didn't want to leave.

She was about to say something, but Damian shouted, "You're a lousy pianist, but you just won't stop playing. I feel embarrassed for you." He then went into his room and slammed his door shut.



Jordan pinched the area between his brows. "Joe, he's grounded for three days. He's not allowed to be out of his bedroom," he said coldly.

Joe nodded quietly. Not like Master Damian can be kept locked in. He's smart. He always manages to sneak out every time I take a nap, but this time, I'll keep a close eye on him.

"You can keep practising here," Jordan said. "Two hours every day." He picked his suitcase up and left the manor.

A while later, his car's engine roared, and he left.

Shirley finally calmed down, and she looked at Dmitri, who was in the living room. "Thank you for asking Miss Alice to be my teacher, Dmitri. It's good to have you with me, or I wouldn't know what to do."

Dmitri pursed his lips. He felt surprised that Jordan asked Shirley to play the same song. He knew Jordan liked piano performances, but he never thought Jordan would be interested in Shirley's performance. I wonder if this is a good thing or a bad thing. He looked at Damian's room, which was firmly locked, and he went to knock on the door. "Damian, it's me. Open up."

"No! You've gone too far, Dmitri! How could you help her? She's seducing Daddy! Daddy only belongs to Miss Rachel! I hate you guys!"

When he realized why Damian was so angry, Dmitri pursed his lips even more tightly. Rachel again? Ever since Damian knew her, it's like she's the only one he cares about. It's one thing to dislike his own mother, but now he's even attached to Mother's enemy?

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 97**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 97– Don't Run**

It was a typical autumn day in Golden Sun Kindergarten. The sun was shining warmly, and the kids were running around the field. Casper and Olivia, however, were surrounded by a group of kids.

"Can I hold her hand, Casper? I want to be her friend."

"Oh, I like what she did with her hair. I love her. Can we play with her, Casper?"

"Oh, just share with us. We love Olivia. We won't hurt her."

The kids were attracted by Olivia's adorable looks, and they didn't want to leave her.

Casper was happy that his sister was so well-liked. He looked at her. "Olivia, do you want to play with them?"

Olivia blinked innocently and looked at the kids' faces. A child's smile was the most innocent thing in the world. They would put their hearts on their sleeves and show all their emotions. A few minutes later, Olivia finally nodded.

Casper let her hand go and took a step back. He stood outside the circle, keeping an eye on his sister.

Olivia couldn't speak, but her eyes were regaining focus. When the kids were talking to her, she would look at them too.

Emily felt happy as well. Olivia had only been attending school for two weeks, but she had been making significant improvements. At this rate, she will be healed in no time.

"Can you keep an eye on Olivia, Miss Morris? I need to use the restroom." Casper came over and looked up at Emily.

Emily patted his head and smiled. "Go. I'll keep a close eye on her." If I can't do that, I'd better quit my job.

Casper went to the restroom, but when he turned the corner, he went to the fence and stared at the boy who was hiding in the bush. "I saw you from a mile away. Come out," he said coldly.

The child in the bush froze up, and he came out reluctantly. His expensive clothes were a mess, and his hair was filled with grass. He snorted. "I was just passing by."

Casper sneered. "Leave before the teacher sees you."

Damian swung his fists fiercely. He just snuck out from the residence, so he would not leave so quickly. He came to the kindergarten just to see Olivia, but she was surrounded, and he could not get a good look. "Hey, someone's pinching her cheeks. Aren't you gonna do something?" Damian said angrily.

Casper turned around and saw a boy pinching Olivia's face, but Emily stopped him and took him to the side for some 'education'.

Casper looked away. "You snuck out again, didn't you? Your father probably doesn't know. If I call him..."

"No!" Damian panicked. "Don't call my daddy!"

Casper turned his smartwatch on.

"Fine, I'll leave." Damian dusted himself off and retreated. "I'm not going to argue with you today. I'm going home." He ran away, looking like there was a pack of wolves chasing him.

Casper watched him flee, and he smiled, but the moment he did, he forced himself to stop smiling. He keeps trying to get close to Mommy and Olivia. I'm not going to smile.

Damian reached the streets, and then he saw a familiar car before him.

"Master Damian, please stop running." Joe came out of the car, his wrinkles shivering. He has to go on a jailbreak every single week. I can't take it anymore. Once the master comes back in the evening, I'm asking him to hire a few more bodyguards.

"Master Damian, stop! A car!" Joe watched helplessly as a car ran straight toward Damian, and his heart almost stopped.

Fortunately, it stopped before Damian and didn't crash into him. Damian opened the car door and got in, then the car drove away.

"Hey, wait! Don't run!" Joe was huffing and puffing, but he quickly went back into his car. "Quick! Follow that car. Do not let Master Damian escape."

Damian looked into the rear-view mirror and saw Joe's car hot on his tail. "Faster, driver. Get that car behind you off your tail."

The driver held the steering wheel, and he looked a little bit frustrated. "Do you have money, boy?" I don't want to work for free.

"Of course." Damian took out a few hundred from his pocket. His first sneakout was a hard one because he had no money. After that, he would always keep a few hundred on him every time.

The driver was motivated and floored the accelerator, speeding past a lot of cars before him.

Joe felt like crying. He used to run on his own two feet, but now, he's using cars? There are cars everywhere on the road, which is dangerous. If something were to happen to him, the master would kill me. Joe slowed down and asked the bodyguards to tail the car Damian was in at a further distance.

"Where do you want to go, boy?" The driver drove around the main road, then he realized they had no destination.

Damian rubbed his chin and frowned. "I don't know what that place is..." It's not a weekend, so she should be working at her company, but I don't remember the name.

Hm, but I think Dmitri said she's on the BOD of Yates Corporation. He pursed his lips. "To Yates Building."

The driver drove to Yates Building.

It was located in the city center, and traffic was congested even though it wasn't peak hour. Before they even came to the building, Damian opened the door and leaped out of the car.

The driver was shocked. "We're on the highway, boy! You can't go out! It's too dangerous! Get back in the car!"

Damian sped up instead. There was only about a hundred yards to the building, but Damian saw Rachel coming out of the building, and she was about to get in her car. She'll leave if I don't make it in time! I have to make it before she leaves!

But then, an ear-piercing horn and the sound of a car skidding to a stop rang in the air.

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 98**

### **Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 98—Damian's Accident**

Rachel visited Yates Corporation to have a meeting about the project with Omni Group. Once all the details were discussed, she headed to her car with plans to leave the company.

However, the screeching sound of car brakes came from beside her, and she immediately turned to look at the main road. A silver sports car was driving on the road, and a four-year-old boy was tottering on the road some distance in front of the car.

When the boy heard the sound of car horns, he halted his footsteps. However, the driver of the silver car couldn't slam on the brakes in time, so the car knocked into the boy.

"Damie!" Rachel felt like her heart was about to leap out of her throat as she kicked her car door open. Before she knew what she was doing, she was already on the main road. There were too many cars on the road—by the time she ran over to Damian, he had already been hit. His little body flew backward before he fell heavily against the tar road.

All the honking around Rachel sounded like a faraway background noise right then. She felt like she was stepping on clouds as she staggered over to kneel in front of Damian. "Are you okay, Damian? Does it hurt?"

Then, she saw a large pool of blood spreading out from the back of Damian's head. The blood was like a thick layer of mist that blinded Rachel's vision for a moment, and she

was brought back to the scene she witnessed in the Yates' storehouse four years ago. That night, she had given birth to four children, and a huge pool of blood had covered the ground...

She felt as if someone had shot a bullet through her heart and she was falling apart. "I'm h-here to s-see you, Miss Rachel... I missed you..." Damian pouted from where he lay on the ground, struggling to complete a full sentence.

Tears began to trickle down Rachel's cheeks without any warning. At this moment, the silver car behind her started its engine. Before anyone could react to the situation, the vehicle disappeared along the highway. The driver was clearly escaping—the car bumped into two other cars while it fled the accident site and caused a huge ruckus on the road in its wake.

"Young Master Damian! What happened?!" Joe arrived a while later. When he saw Damian lying in a pool of his own blood, the old man clutched his chest as his eyes rolled backward, then collapsed onto the ground. Once Rachel saw this, she hastily brushed her tears off before turning to one of the Fords' bodyguards who had come with Joe. "You take care of Joe, and I'll bring Damian to the hospital," she ordered in a cold tone. After that, she bent down and mustered all her strength to pick the small boy up.

Damian had fainted at this point, and his face was as pale as white paper. Rachel was afraid to touch or move him, yet she had no choice but to do so. When she saw her fingers stained with blood, she felt the same dizzy feeling once more. She took a deep breath before she lowered Damian into the backseat of her car. Then, she pressed her foot on the gas and sped off to the hospital.

As the car sped on the highway, Joe's eyes shot open abruptly. His tired eyes widened to glare at the bodyguard who was driving. "D-Did I just have a nightmare? I dreamt that something bad happened to Young Master Damian..."

"It wasn't a nightmare, Joe. Young Master Damian did get into a car accident," the bodyguard uttered calmly. When he saw Joe's eyes rolling backward again, the bodyguard hastily continued, "Young Master Damian lost a lot of blood, so he's going to need more of it. You should contact the hospital to tell them about it, Joe."

Joe pressed his hand against his chest once more. "Y-You must be lying to me..." he uttered weakly. All of a sudden, the bodyguard slammed on the brakes as the car came to a halt in front of a hospital. "Miss Rachel sent Young Master Damian to this hospital."

Joe looked up to see a tiny hospital that he had never heard of in his whole life. However, it was the nearest hospital to the accident site, and Damian needed immediate help, so they had no choice but to receive treatment there first. Joe opened the car door with trembling hands before he walked over to the entrance. However, he was afraid to go in—just the sight of Damian drenched in blood made his legs turn into jelly. He couldn't walk at all...

He pulled his phone out from where he stood outside the hospital. "I'll contact the blood bank. You should go make payment for the hospital fees."

The bodyguard knew that Joe couldn't handle intense situations at his old age, so the bodyguard nodded and walked into the hospital. Meanwhile, Joe gave Paramount Hospital a call. Damian had an Rh-negative blood type, so it was impossible for small hospitals to store blood bags for his blood type. Joe had to order others to send the blood over.

"There was an Rh-negative pregnant lady who came last night, and she used up all 2 liters in our storage. We're getting more blood sent to us today, but..." Joe felt his vision turning black again when he heard what the person from Seaview City's blood bank told him. He thought he was going to faint again.

"When will you guys get Rh-negative blood?" he asked after taking a deep breath.

"We'll have it by 8.00AM tomorrow," the person replied. Joe closed his eyes in disappointment. Young Master Damian can't possibly wait until 8:00AM tomorrow! Joe ended the call before dialing Jordan's phone number with his trembling fingers.

Meanwhile, Jordan was in Ford Inc. for a meeting when his phone began to vibrate. He gazed at it to see that it was a call from Joe. Joe had been working with the family for more than forty years, yet the old man rarely ever called Jordan during the daytime. However, Joe had been calling him a few more times recently since Damian had a habit of sneaking out. It looks like Damian is being naughty again.

Jordan held his finger to his lips, and the whole meeting room turned silent. "What is it?" he asked calmly after picking up the call.

"Sir, it's all because I didn't take good care of Young Master Damian! He ran out, and something bad happened!" Joe began to sob the moment he started speaking. "Young Master Damian got into an accident, and there was a lot of blood. We need blood immediately... It's just the Seaview City's blood bank is out of Rh-negative blood, and we'll have to wait until 8.00AM tomorrow for more. You need to think of something, Sir!" Joe cried.

Jordan shot up to his feet, knocking his chair over in the process. He pulled the meeting room doors open before rushing out in a clumsy manner.

"What's going on?" The people in the meeting were shocked.

Zachary managed to hear parts of the phone conversation, so he knew that something had happened to Damian. "That'll be all for today. Meeting's over." Zachary brought the documents out to find Jordan pressing his fingers against his temples. The man looked like he was going to faint.

Although Zachary hurried over to Jordan, Jordan had already walked into the elevator. Once the dizzy spell was gone, Jordan spoke to Zachary in a quiet voice, "I want you to keep a lookout at the hospital. I'll deal with getting the blood supply."

After that, Jordan took quick steps across the parking lot to enter his car before making a phone call. "Do you have more Rh-negative blood?" he asked.

"There was a pregnant lady who lost a lot of blood last night. She used up most of the Rh-negative blood in Seaview City. Why do you need it?" the man replied.

"My son's in an accident... He needs blood..." Jordan muttered.

"Something happened to Damian, huh? Right! I recall that he has Rh-negative blood. I tested his blood when he was born, and most of his blood should be inherited from his mother's genes. I think you need to find Damian's mom, Mr. Ford!"

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 99**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 99— I Don't Have Rh-Negative Blood

Shirley was lying on the couch and snacking on grapes in the Yates Residence, while Miranda was peeling the skin off Shirley's grapes. "Did Jordan really ask you to play it a second time? It seems like he really enjoys the piano. You should improve your skills by learning from the master, Alice, now that you know Jordan's preferences. Perhaps he might fall for you someday..."

Shirley curled her lips into a smile. "I think so too. Damian's the one who's annoying—he doesn't allow me to play in Ford Residence."

"Why does that brat always mess around with you?" Miranda hissed coldly. "We shouldn't have sent him over to enjoy his life with the Fords."

"There's no point talking about this now," Shirley uttered as her expression darkened. "Once I get married to Jordan, I'll deal with the brat." As Shirley and Miranda chit-chatted with each other, one of the maids hurried into the room. "Mr. Ford is here—" Before the maid finished her sentence, Jordan stormed in.

Shirley quickly leaped off the couch before fixing her hair and running over excitedly. "What are you doing here, Jordan? Why didn't you tell me you were coming? I wasn't prepared..."

He grabbed her hand before leading her out of the room. "What are you doing, Jordan? Where are you taking me to? I'm in the wrong shoes..." Although Shirley's wrist was hurting from Jordan's tight grip, she was secretly excited.



Jordan was a cold, distant man who had never initiated contact with her in the past. He had never touched her, either. However, he allowed her to play the piano earlier, and he came over to her house in search of her just two hours after that. On top of everything, he even dragged her into the car without telling her anything. She loved how domineering and aggressive he was. She secretly wanted him to be harsher and demanding, and she was even imagining him pushing her into the backseat of the car before tearing her clothes apart...

Her imagination got a little out of control, and the car had left the Yates' housing area by the time she returned to reality. She gazed at Jordan's side profile lovingly, only to see a sharp, cold look in his eyes that reminded her of a cloudy day. It felt like he was about to burst into a full-blown storm. She felt an uneasy feeling in her chest all of a sudden. "What happened, Jordan?"

He clutched the steering while speaking in a flat tone. "Damian got into an accident."

Shirley widened her eyes in surprise. I was just contemplating how I would quietly deal with the young brat after I get married to Jordan. But now, I'm hearing that the brat got into an accident. For some reason, I feel rather pleased...

However, she soon realized that she was supposed to be Damian's 'birth mother', and a layer of fog covered her eyes. "You're kidding, right, Jordan? Didn't you ground Damian? How could there be an accident..."

"He sneaked out and got hit by a sports car. He lost a lot of blood." Jordan's voice was deep and slow. "All of the hospitals in Seaview City have used up their Rh-negative blood, so I had no choice but to look for you."

Shirley clenched her fists. "W-Why are you looking for me?"

"The doctor said that most of the Rh-negative blood is inherited from one's mother. I want you to get the doctors to test if you and Damian have the same blood type." Jordan spun the steering wheel, and the car made a quick turn before speeding past three other cars. They stopped in front of a small hospital just five minutes later.

Shirley widened her eyes in shock. Does he want to take my blood? Wouldn't that reveal the truth—that my DNA isn't a match with Damian's? If Jordan finds out about that, my chance to achieve my dream life will be gone. "I don't have Rh-negative blood, Jordan!" Shirley spoke in a firm tone. "You shouldn't waste time here with me; you should contact the other Rh-negative people in Seaview City..."

"How would we know you're not a match if you don't do the test?" Jordan parked the car before dragging her into the hospital. Shirley's gaze was filled with pure terror at that point. I can't allow him to take my blood! No way! I stole Rachel's hair from the Yates' Residence back then, and I used that to do my DNA test! Now, if Jordan tests my blood, all my plans will be ruined.

“Let go of me! Let go, Jordan!” Shirley cried like a madwoman. He turned around to give her a cold glare. “Why are you so resistant?” His gaze was so icy, and he seemed to see through her. Shirley shuddered at that thought.

“I really don’t have Rh-negative blood, Jordan. Stop wasting your time on me. I’ll call my friends to ask who has the blood type we need...” she uttered in a shaky voice.

“I’ve already told others to do that. I want you to take your blood sample with me now,” he said slowly.

“NO!” She started to scream before stumbling backward and farther away, making sure she was out of Jordan’s reach. She panted as she spoke. “Damian is my son, and I’m the most worried about him since I’m his mother.

I already said that I don’t have Rh-negative blood, so why are you so insistent on taking my blood? Damian’s accident has got nothing to do with me. You shouldn’t release your anger on me!” she cried with all her might.

However, she regretted her actions immediately after that. Jordan was stunned for a moment. She knew that she was going to have to pay for shouting at him.

...

Joe stood a distance away from the corridor that led to the operation theater. He was too afraid to go any closer. His heart was pounding uncontrollably as he thought about what was going on in the operation theater. He pressed a palm against his chest before he held onto the wall and lowered himself onto the ground. Then, he stuffed his head in between his knees before he began to cry. If I had fulfilled my duties, Young Master Damian wouldn’t have run out... If I had been more strict, Young Master Damian might not have hopped out of the car... It’s all my fault that he got into an accident! If Young Master Damian doesn’t survive this, then... I’ll have to die with him!

Rachel sat outside the operation theater after she was done handling other matters, but when she looked around, she found Joe sitting on the ground.

She had been to Ford Residence, so she knew who Joe was. But why is he on the ground? Rachel walked over puzzledly. She had been about to talk when Joe raised his head to show his wrinkly skin and teary eyes.

“Why are you crying, Joe?” Rachel was shocked.

“I’m sorry, Young Master Damian.” Joe started wailing as he couldn’t hold it in anymore. “It’s all my fault, sir. I ruined Damian’s life, so my death is the only way for me to atone to my sins! Please let me see you one last time, Damian. I want to protect you and make sure that you never get into trouble again...”

Rachel was silent for a while as she thought of something while watching Joe cry. I was crying on the highway earlier, but I sure hope I didn't cry this hard. Did I? She let out a sigh before she spoke. "Don't cry, Joe. Damian is fine..."

## **Read Novel Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 100**

Separated Fate, Reunited By Love Chapter 100– Who Donated Blood to Damian?

Joe was bawling his eyes out like a baby as he grabbed Rachel's wrist and began to sob more. "I watched Young Master Damian grow up. I was the one who carried him and fed him milk when he was just a tiny thing... How could he leave just like that... It's all my fault. None of this would have happened if it weren't for me..."

"Joe! I said Damian's fine. Stop cursing him," Rachel uttered.

"What do you mean when you say that? He lost so much blood, and he was barely breathing... There's no Rh-negative blood, so Damian's not going to live!" Joe was crying so hard that he could barely breathe. "How am I going to tell Mr. Ford about this? I don't want to live..."

Rachel didn't know what else to do. Her head was spinning, and her legs felt weak after standing for a while. Right then, the bodyguard walked over and handed some papers to Joe. "Look, a total of 800 milliliters of blood has been sent into the room. The doctors said that Damian's fine. He will recover after the surgery."

Joe's eyes lit up when he saw the words on the paper. However, he then looked around in disbelief. "It's really true! Young Master Damian is fine! How did you guys get the 800 milliliters?"

The bodyguard flashed Rachel a thankful gaze. "Miss Rachel was the one who donated it." Joe slowly turned his focus to look at Rachel. "Do you have Rh-negative blood, Miss Rachel?" Rachel nodded. She had donated 800 milliliters of blood at once, so her head was spinning like mad. She held onto the walls before lowering herself onto a chair. She had never gotten involved in any accidents, so she didn't know her blood type until that fateful day.

Four years ago, Olivia had a lung infection when she was only three months old. She lost a lot of blood, and Rachel only found out that Olivia had inherited her Rh-negative blood type after that incident. Rachel saved Olivia, and now, she saved Damian. She was glad for her blood type as it allowed her to save her loved ones.

"That's great. Young Master Damian is safe..." Joe was so happy that he started crying again. All of a sudden, he realized that Rachel was Shirley's elder sister. In other words, Rachel would be Damian's aunt. I guess it makes sense for aunt and nephew to share

the same blood type. I should have called Shirley before crying so much... Joe finally realized how embarrassing he had acted. "I'll let Mr. Ford know so that he can stop worrying..." he uttered after letting out an awkward cough.

Right then, Shirley was at the entrance of the hospital, her heart racing in fear. She glared at Jordan's ice-cold expression and felt her limbs losing their strength. Did he realize something? Is that why he's using Damian's car accident to get me to test my blood? If he forces me into the hospital, what do I do...?

"I'm worried about Damian, Jordan. I was scared—that's why I shouted at you. I'm sorry..." Shirley was good at playing the weaker role, and she fixed her watery eyes on him as she continued talking. "Why don't we go take a look at Damian..." She held Jordan's hand, but he flung her hand away.

Jordan thought of something at that moment, but the memory simply wouldn't come to him no matter how hard he tried to recall it... What mattered the most was Damian, so Jordan didn't want to think about anything else then. He pressed his lips together and was about to speak when his phone vibrated. It was from Joe.

When Jordan saw Joe's name, Jordan felt a sharp pain spreading across his chest. Whenever Joe called him, it meant that he had something important to say. Damian's having his operation now, yet Joe is calling me. Could it be that... Jordan had always been a calm man, but his hands were trembling as he pressed the button to answer the call.

"Young Master Damian is fine, Mr. Ford!" Joe was crying tears of joy. "The surgery is about to end, and the doctor said that Young Master Damian should be able to wake up by tonight!"

Jordan felt alive again. He hurried into the hospital as he continued talking to Joe. "How did they get the Rh-negative blood?" Jordan had contacted his people, but they couldn't have gotten it settled so quickly.

"You don't know what happened, do you, Mr. Ford? Miss Rachel... She's Young Master Damian's mother's sister, and she has an Rh-negative blood type!" Joe's words were all over the place. "When Young Master Damian got into an accident, Miss Rachel was there, and she was the one who brought Young Master Damian to the hospital. She also donated her blood to Young Master Damian..."

Jordan's movements came to a halt. "Did you say that Rachel was the one who donated the blood?"

"Yes. Miss Rachel was the one who donated 800 milliliters of blood. It was just enough to save Young Master Damian's life..."

Jordan pressed his lips together. "Is she still at the hospital?"

"Yes, yes. She's at the entrance of the operation theater... Young Master Damian just got out of surgery, so I'll go take care of him now..." Joe ended the call after that. Jordan hastened his footsteps while Shirley stood in her spot, as if she had just been struck by thunder.

By the time she came to her senses, Jordan had already entered the hospital. Shirley hurried over with her face pale and sunken. "Who was the one who donated blood to Damian, Jordan?"

"Rachel," Jordan replied as he gazed at Shirley. "She has Rh-negative blood, so why don't you share the same blood?" Shirley's ears were ringing as she felt Jordan's gaze turning sharper. It felt almost like he was using his gaze to peel her skin off of her, so that he could look into the deepest parts that she was trying to hide.

She took a deep breath before explaining herself. "My grandmother... has an Rh-negative blood type, I think. So, Damian must have gotten my grandmother's genes. Hmm... Why do you sound like you're blaming me, Jordan? I'm Damian's mother, and I want to save him too, but it's true that I don't have an Rh-negative blood type. What can I do..." Tears trickled down her eyes as she spoke.

Jordan tore his icy gaze away from her. "Everything's fine now, so we don't have to talk about this anymore. Damian just got out of surgery, so we should go visit him now."

Shirley wiped her tears off before heading into the hospital.

They hurried over to the entrance of the operation theater just in time to see Rachel and Joe following an unconscious Damian into his ward. Shirley felt her heart stopping for a moment. Rachel has always been a smart girl! If Rachel finds out that I'm Jordan's 'mom', she'll definitely suspect something...

"Jordan, I might have gotten too worried earlier, so my tummy really hurts now that I'm feeling more relaxed. I need to use the toilet for a while..." Shirley pressed her hand against her stomach. However, Jordan didn't bother to even look at her and simply walked toward the ward.

"Mr. Ford," Rachel said as she looked up. Jordan took one look at her pale face before speaking. "Your body can't handle donating 800 milliliters of blood all at once. You should stop walking around and rest for a while."

Rachel shook her head. "It's fine. I'll stay with Damian for a while."

She walked into the ward and sat down beside the bed before holding Damian's hand. There was a tired look in her eyes as she gazed at the young boy.