

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 16

Summer was taken aback. What did he just say?

“Time and venue?” Mark asked again when he heard no response. His words were concise and straight to the point.

Did that mean he accepted the invitation?

“Oceanside Hotel. 3:00 pm.” Summer snapped back and told him the hotel at which Nancy made a reservation.

You do not bring a VIP to a street stall for lunch. So Nancy had gone to great lengths to find an upscale hotel to set up the date.

The line went dead, with Mark saying nothing else as if he was busy.

Summer frowned. She called Nancy to tell her that the appointment was set and that Nancy could make a reservation now. She then looked at the time—it was only 8:00 am.

A beautiful weekend morning was wasted just like that. Her initial plan was to sleep until she woke up naturally. But now, that plan was ruined.

She drank two glasses of water and then placed the glass on the table. But before the glass left her hand, she felt acutely nauseous.

Covering her mouth, she rushed into the washroom. She puked her guts out.

Still panting, she let the faucet run as she splashed the warm water on her face. She felt much better now. But when she went to the toilet again afterwards, something surprised her. The amount of discharge

from her menstruation was much less than usual, and the color was abnormally light this time.

While she was scratching her head over this, Daisy called out to her. "Come out for breakfast, Summer."

"I am coming."

When she walked out of the washroom, baguette and orange juice were ready on the dining table. She picked up a slice of the baguette and took a bite, and then familiar nausea hit again. She rushed back into the washroom and vomited again.

This time, she came out with a pale face, and Daisy saw it. She was worried. "You look ill, Summer. Go see a doctor."

Summer sunk into the chair and rubbed her upset belly with both hands. "I will go after breakfast."

She felt nauseous at seeing the baguette. So she just drank a glass of orange juice.

It was 10:00 am, and the queue was long when she got to the hospital. She took her number and waited for her turns on a chair.

There were many patients on Sundays. She felt her butt numb after an hour of sitting. She breathed a sigh of relief when it was finally her turn.

The attending doctor was a woman in her forties. When Summer told of her condition, the doctor ordered a urine test.

Her brows furrowed slightly. Why did she need a urine test when she was just having an upset stomach?

As puzzled as she was, she still followed the doctor's instructions and took a urine test, then waited for the result.

She went back into the doctor's office five minutes later. The doctor nodded and motioned for her to sit down. "Congratulations, Miss Hart. You are pregnant."

She froze in place like a sculpture. It was not only after a long while that she forced a smile on her face. "How is it possible? Did you make a mistake?"

How could she be pregnant? That was absolutely impossible.

The doctor pushed the test report in front of her and nudged her glasses up her nose. "There is absolutely no problem, Miss Hart. You have been pregnant for three weeks. It is clear in the test. You may read it carefully and take the test again if you are not convinced."

Her hand shivered as she picked up the test report. She ran her eyes over the report content and shook her head in disbelief. She almost lost it as she told herself that this was not true. "Impossible! Absolutely impossible! I took the after-morning pill that day!"

"When did you take it?"

"Within two hours."

"Did you eat anything special that day?"

Summer's heart skipped a beat as something came to mind. "I drank several cups of black coffee."

"Caffeinated drinks could interfere with absorption and delivery of medicine. Not to mention you drank three cups of it. Judging from this, the pill must have lost its efficacy. You have a retroverted uterus, by the way. So the possibility of getting pregnant is small. Yet here you have it. But if you have a miscarriage or something, you might not get pregnant again, I am afraid."

'I am afraid?'

Walking on the cold, windy street, Summer thought of what the doctor said. She felt dizzy. She had a hard time pulling herself together.

She felt a sharp pain in her calf. Before she knew what happened, she went weak at the knees and fell to the ground.

“Are you blind or something? Couldn’t you see and hear me coming? I can’t believe this!” A young cyclist shot a glare at her, cursing as he climbed back on his bicycle and pedaled off.

When she finally got her thoughts together, she rubbed her painful leg and then stood up. It was lucky that she did not suffer any injury.

Her phone rang just then. She lowered her head to look at the phone screen. It was Nancy. She picked it up and gave a short “Hello.”

“It is almost half-past two now. Where are you now, Summer?” Nancy asked anxiously.

With the mobile phone to her ear in one hand and the pregnancy test report in the other, she exhaled softly. “What if I tell you I can’t go now?”

“Are you kidding me?” Nancy sounded panicky. “Come quickly. I will hang up now.”

Summer did not like to stand someone up. So she obliged and told herself not to worry about the problems until she was back at home.

When she got to Oceanside Hotel, Mark was already there, sipping on the coffee leisurely and elegantly with his legs crossed.

Also sitting there was Nancy, who looked a little nervous.

“3:05.” Mark glanced at his watch with his eyebrows raised. “Is this the sincerity you talked about?”

Summer thought of her pregnancy when she saw Mark. He was the person who caused all this.

It was all his fault. He got drunk and went into the wrong room. It was he who got her into this predicament.

Her mood went from bad to worse. She stared at him and spontaneously started her sarcastic rant. "Since you think I am not sincere, why bother to wait? Shouldn't have you gotten up and left?"

Nancy glanced at Mark warily before quickly winking at Summer as if saying, 'What is wrong with you? Do you know what you are doing?'

But Summer turned a blind eye to her.

Instead of getting annoyed, Mark was curious. He gazed at Summer for a while. "You are in a grim mood?"

"Yes!" She straightened her back and gave him a provocative look.

"What is it about, then?" He shifted his body so that he was looking straight at her.

"It is personal. I am in no obligation to tell you."

Mark narrowed his eyes, his brows furrowing. "Is it the time of the month?"

She squeezed her fingers but said nothing. How she wished it were. But that was impossible.

Nancy blushed at hearing their conversation.