

The President's Accidental Wife

Blue Fruity



Chapter 18 1

Summer's face flushed, her skin feeling hot. She cursed with resentment as she walked into the living room.

Nancy was hounding Summer with questions about the words she said when she left.

Summer's ears were red. She had no choice but to answer. Earlier, she took off her broken bra in the hospital ladies' room. She did not expect the accident in the restaurant to happen. 1

Daisy was watching TV on the sofa. She turned her head around and beckoned to Summer when she heard footsteps. "Come over here. Let's watch this together."

Probably because of her age, Daisy seldom watched TV. But this time, he was enjoying it with great gusto.

Summer was curious and walked over. It was a reality show about a child and a father.

Most teachers in her school watched this show. She was not a big fan of it. But after watching it for a few minutes, she found it pretty interesting.

The child was standing in front of the kitchen basin and washed a basket of broccoli. Because of her height, she was kind of struggling to reach into the basin. 1

After it was done, she carried the basket out of the kitchen basin. When she turned around, the basket accidentally flipped over, and the washed broccoli was scattered all over the floor. Her big round eyes looked nervous, and she called out to her dad.

“This child is a younger version of you. When you were small, you always offered to help wash the dishes and clothes, and always got yourself wet in the end.” Daisy smiled as she recollected.

Summer smiled back. But she could not remember all that. Yet her mom remembered every single detail of it.

Looking at the adorable child on the screen, Summer suddenly thought of the baby in her womb.

Her mind was in such a whirl.

She was no longer in the mood to watch the TV show. She turned around and walked into her room, all the while in a daze.

‘What am I going to do?’



Her thoughts were in a complete muddle. There was no simple answer to this question.

Her head hurt as if a thousand needles jabbed into her skull whenever she tried to think.

She knew she needed a rest—both mentally and physically.

The year-end exam was in three days. The school had issued the exam timetable and a memo about the preparations to make for the exam venue. She had to study them.

She habitually reached her hand for her handbag, but it was not there. She was startled, then realized that she did not take her handbag with her when she came home.

So where could she have left her handbag?

Oceanside Hotel, or in Mark's car?

She hoped she had left it in the hotel rather than in Marks' car.

Her face changed drastically, her heart pounding as if it was going to burst out of her chest. She picked up her mobile phone and called the hotel reception at once.

After that, her phone slowly slid from her weak hand and landed beside her while she flopped down on the edge of the bed, panting anxiously.

The pregnancy test report was in Mark's car.

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Mark steered the car into the garage.

When he looked in the rearview mirror, he saw a handbag and a document on the back seat. His brows furrowed. He reached his hand over to the back seat to grab the handbag and also the document. 1

He saw Summer's name on the document. So he became curious and read on.

When he finished reading the report, his expression changed.

He remembered Summer took the after-morning pill that his man had brought on that day. 2

There was no reason for her pregnancy. But the hospital report in his hand would not lie.

Could it be that she forged this report?

His brows were knitted together. He clenched the pregnancy report in his hand and squinted, then took out his mobile phone and made a call. 1