

The President's Accidental Wife

Blue Fruity



Chapter 19

Summer was trying to pull herself together. She nearly jumped out of her skin when her phone rang all of a sudden.

Picking up the phone on the bed, she saw the caller ID. Her heart pounded violently—so much so that she nearly lost grip on her phone.

It was Mark.

He must have found the pregnancy report.

She hung up the phone. Her hand was shuddering. But she told herself to calm down. 1

The phone screen lit up again, and the ringtone reverberated in the silent room.

She let the phone sit in her hand but did not pick up the call. After a long moment, the screen went dark.

She breathed a sigh of relief. She knew she had to make a quick decision whether or not to keep the baby.

The door was ajar. She could clearly hear her mom's cheerful laughter and the tender voice of the child from the TV.



With her hand on her belly, there was a strange feeling rising from within.

It was her baby, and her blood was flowing in her. It was a wonderful feeling.

How could she kill an innocent baby in her womb with her own hands?

The doctor's words came to mind again, reminding her of her retroverted uterus. If she had an abortion, she would never conceive again. 1

She would no longer have the chance of enjoying her children running around her, hugging her by her legs, and begging her for sweets. 1

Was life still be complete for a woman like her if there were no children?

The thought was lingering in her mind. As it became more vivid and more certain as time went by, the confusion from the sense of urgency suddenly disappeared.

'You have a new text message.'

The crisp and sweet female prompt voice sounded. She opened the message: 'Tomorrow 2:00 pm, the café in South Lane.'

The message was short and with just enough information, as if an instruction issued by a superior to a subordinate.

This was typical of that man, who was known for his frivolity, elegance, and not-to-be-questioned attitude.

Summer sneered. She was surprised that she could laugh now. Perhaps she was now at peace with herself after she made her decision.

She tapped on the phone screen with her fingertips and sent out her reply: 'OK.'

She had a clear mind now. She knew that running away from him was not the solution, and it was impossible.

Where could she go when he had so much influence in Santabaca? There was nowhere to hide.

But she would keep the news of her pregnancy from her mom and dad for now until she had sorted out everything. ①

She breathed a sigh of relief. She went into the bathroom, took a shower, and rested.

Whatever happened, she needed a good night's sleep now.

The next morning, she asked the school principal for a day's leave. She glanced at the time—there was still half an hour to go before 2:00 pm.

She waved down a taxi and told the taxi driver the address. The taxi headed straight to South Lane.

South Lane was a well-known street in Santabaca. Cafés selling all kinds of coffee lined the street. These cafes were not only famous but also expensive.

When Summer stepped into the café that they had agreed to meet, Mark had not arrived yet. She was early. She checked the time. It was 1:55 pm.

As soon as she sat down at a table by the window, a sweet-looking waitress greeted her. "Welcome. Here is the menu."

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