

The President's Accidental Wife

Blue Fruity



Chapter 20

“I am still waiting for someone.” While speaking, Summer saw the items on the menu.

Her jaw dropped. The coffees listed on the menu were over a hundred dollars a cup. Some were even as high as a thousand dollars. These were way too luxurious for her.

Mark finally showed up. Summer glanced at her mobile phone. It was 1:59 pm. This man arrived almost on the dot. 1

He sat down opposite her and squinted at her as he leaned back on the sofa leisurely. “There is something that we need to talk about, Miss Hart.”

Her heart raced. She spontaneously straightened her back. “Is it about the report?”

“You took the pill that my man brought in front of me that day. Yet this happens. How are you going to explain this?”

He looked at her with his penetrating eyes, as if he was observing her every tiny movement.

She did not avoid his gaze but looked him back in the

eyes with utmost calmness. 1

“My dad came back from a trip to Mowo and brought back some coffee. He brewed the coffee, and I drank a few cups when I arrived home that day. I had forgotten that coffee and medicine did not mix well. The caffeine must have neutralized the pill. Besides, I really don’t like your attitude, Mr. Valentine.”

She was completely composed, as cool as a cucumber. He could tell from experience if she was telling the truth.

He believed she was telling the truth. But he had an issue with her last sentence.

“What is wrong with my attitude?” He shifted his posture.

“Your questioning attitude.” Summer clenched both her hands together under the table as she continued. “You got drunk and entered the wrong room that night. It was your fault, and I was the victim. What right do you have to question me?”

“Go on.” Mark looked at her as if he was about to see through her. He knocked on the table with his knuckle in a crisp and rhythmic pattern.

The sound raised the tension by a notch. She mustered her courage. “The reason I agreed to meet

you is to tell you what I think: I will keep the baby.”

As if he heard some joke, he chuckled with a smirk. “What right do you have to decide it alone?”

“The baby is in my womb. I have every right to decide whether to keep the baby.”

He crossed his legs and squinted.

“I don’t deny that you are the victim. And of course, I also won’t deny that it was my fault. But without my labor, how could you have the current result? Since I am the one who made the mistake, it is only a matter of course that I should be the one to correct it and compensate you for it. But you must not keep the baby.”

She had expected this. But it still hurt to hear it with her own ears. She straightened her back.

“This is my call, and I will bear the consequences. I don’t need your compensation, and you don’t have to worry that I will use the child to blackmail you in the future. I will not tell the child anything about you. If you don’t trust me, let’s put that in black and white. If I breach the agreement, you may do whatever you want with me.”

There was no expression on his face. He got up and said in a low but clear and unquestionable tone of

voice, "This doesn't change my decision. Tomorrow afternoon, I will take you to the hospital."

"Aren't you curious why I want to keep the baby?"

She became a little anxious when he got up and was about to leave. She sprung to her feet at once and looked at him from behind. "The doctor told me I might not conceive next time."

He stopped in his tracks and spun around. He could see her chest heaving and blue veins bulging on her neck because of the emotional disturbance.

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