

The President's Accidental Wife

Blue Fruity



Chapter 21

“As much as I am sorry to hear your condition, it has nothing to do with me.” His deep voice was indifferent.

“It is exactly the fact that the baby has nothing to do with you that makes me willing to meet. I want nothing from you. Don’t worry. The only thing I want is this baby.” Her chest heaved, her hands clasping the edge of the table to support her body.

Sunlight shone through the floor-to-ceiling windows behind her. It looked as if she was coated with a soft yellow halo. Her hair that cascaded down on both sides of her cheeks gave a touch of beauty to her.

The sight tugged at Mark’s heartstring. There was a slight emotional disturbance in his eyes. When he spoke, his icy voice softened a bit this time. “What if the child belongs to another man?”

“I will still keep the baby. I’d prefer the baby to belong to another man rather than you.”

Her reply startled him slightly. He narrowed his eyes and swallowed. This time, his voice became bitter again. “Why is that?”

“It will be far easier to agree with any other man, even if he just pays some money. In comparison, you are insensitive.” She spelled out the sentence.

“You may give birth to the baby of a man you don’t love, but I will not tolerate a woman who I don’t love giving birth to my child. Do you understand?”

He stared at her for a long while. And when he finally spoke, his tone of voice was frosty.

His expression was as unfathomable as a bottomless abyss. No one knew what was on his mind.

What he said had stunned Summer.

He stepped away and left, his tall and straight figure slowly vanishing from her sight.

The only thing that still lingered around was that voice in her ears: ‘Tomorrow I will take you to the hospital. My advice to you: do not try my patience...’ 1

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Summer was still a little absentminded back at school. She knew this would happen.

How could a man like him possibly let a woman, with whom he had only a one-night stand, give birth to his child?



What should she do now?

‘Tomorrow, I will take you to the hospital. My advice to you: do not try my patience...’

His words came to mind again. This was not advice but a warning—telling her not to defy him as he had got his eye on her.

Her head hurt. She gently massaged her temples with both hands. Confusion struck her again.

She could not sleep the entire night as her mind could not rest, things bothering her.

She still could not think of a way to get around this problem.

Since Mark had stated his stance, that meant his decision was final.

She had a headache, feeling as if her head was going to explode.



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