

THE PRESIDENT'S ACCIDENTAL WIFE

Chapter 23

"She said she would be back with her fiance in two days," Yvette said.

Mark clenched the file in his hand and walked forward, his expression becoming normal again.

"Where are you going, Mark?" Yvette looked at him from behind, wondering if he could still not forget

Raine Valentine.

He paused and turned around with his eyebrows raised. "The washroom."

"Your aunt has something to say to you: it is time to settle down; you are not young anymore," Yvette

said after eyeing him.

Mark looked calm, not revealing his emotions. "Let me go to the washroom first, Mom."

As soon as he was inside the washroom, he forced his fist on the marble basin countertop, his eyes

piercingly bitter. He sneered.

'Damn you, Raine!'

He took out his phone with his bruised hand. With that bitter smile on his face, he dialed the number

that he had ingrained in his mind.

'The call you have dialed is busy. Please try again later.'

The line was busy?

He narrowed his eyes and threw his mobile phone on the basin countertop, then leaned against the

wall, lit a cigarette, and took a few drags.

The nicotine rushed down his throat and then spread into his lungs.

He was not stupid, of course. He knew she hung up on him on purpose, not that she was really on the

line.

He fished out an exquisite diamond ring from his pants pocket. He glanced at it and then tossed it into

the trash can.

The diamond ring made no sound when it went into the trash can, just like his unruffled facial

expression.

'Since you have done this, you had better not appear in front of me again. Otherwise, I will definitely

kill you. I

He walked out of the washroom as if nothing had happened before.

"The mayor's daughter has already returned from abroad. I have seen her several times. She is

beautiful and well-educated. Make yourself available to meet her tomorrow and make the marriage

happen this time," Yvette said.

Mark was flipping through the documents without looking up. "I have an important meeting tomorrow. I

have no time for this."

"Your grandpa and grandma have also met the mayor's daughter before. They are very satisfied. Just

make time for it and then get engaged." Yvette insisted.

"Besides, your grandpa has said that if you refuse, he will have to use force. This marriage has been

decided. He will come in two days to make sure the marriage goes on as planned. Your grandpa

always means what he says-you know that. So get ready yourself. We will soon have the double

celebration of your engagement and your aunt's soon-to-be wedding."

Something billowed in his eyes. His knuckles that turned white gave away his emotions.

After talking to the principal, Summer could finally breathe a sigh of relief. At first, she was worried that

he would disagree. But things had gone smoothly.

The snobbish school principal was pretty easy to reason with, after all.

Again, she hauled her suitcase along as she hurried out of the school. After just making two paces, her

colleague, Cerys Davidson, stopped her.

"Where are you going, Summer?"

"I am going back to my hometown." Summer made up an excuse and went ahead. But this time, Cerys

grabbed her arm. "I am introducing you to a guy. You

have got to follow me to meet up with him now."

"I have bought my train ticket. Time is wasting. Talk later when I come back."

She rejected and

anxiously wanted to leave.