

THE PRESIDENT'S ACCIDENTAL WIFE

Chapter 24

"Come on, he is waiting in the coffee shop opposite our school right now. Just meet him for a while

before you go."

Cerys pushed and brought her out of the school.

Summer, who was being dragged along, was trying to find an excuse. "I haven't even washed my face

yet, Cerys. Look at my messy hair! I don't want to frighten him!" i

"It is fine. No one is going to know that if you don't tell.

Let's go."

Cerys was a little chubby, almost twice the size of Summer. It looked as if she was taking a kid with her.

Summer reluctantly followed her. "I will only show my face, and then I will have to leave, or I will miss

the train."

"Deal."

So Cerys brought her into a coffee shop opposite the school.

A guy, about twenty-eight, medium-built, an ordinary-looking man, was sitting at the table by the

window.

As they walked over, and Cerys introduced them to each other. The guy politely held out his hand.

"Nice t

o meet you."

Just as she was about to hold out hers, she saw in her peripheral vision a familiar-looking black Land

Rover pulling up outside the school across the street. She froze, her face turning pale in an instant. Her

breathing became heavy. She thought of hiding, but h e had spotted her. They had eye to eye. It was too late t o hide.

Immediately afterward, he narrowed his eyes and walked towards the coffee shop.

Summer's chest heaved violently, her hands on her side clenched into fists.

"Why don't you sit down, Summer?" Cerys looked at her in puzzlement when she saw Summer still standing there.

There was no response from Summer. She seemed to have not heard Cerys.

"Summer?" Befuddled, Cerys shook Summer's arm.

When Summer came out of her daze, Mark had come i n front of her. "Follow me."

Dressed in a suit, Mark had that dignity and elegance from the inside out, which seemed odd with this

budget coffee house.

Summer trembled slightly, her nails digging into the tender skin of her palms, trying to keep her face

calm. "I have something on now."

She wanted to buy herself time. She would run when there was an opportunity.

Cerys looked at the man standing in front of her, and i t triggered her intuition as a matchmaker again.

This guy was top-notch in terms of body build and appearance. He was the kind of high-quality man

that she had never seen before in her life.

"Summer, this is-" There was a light in Cerys's eyes.

"He is the guardian of my student," Summer said evasively.

Mark's brows were knitted together. He had become impatient. But he still waited.

"I am sorry, sir. Summer is seeing this nice man now. You may talk to her after this." Cerys said

cautiously, trying her best not to offend him, knowing that he was not some ordinary guy.

Mark frowned. He now noticed the man sitting across the table.

The young man stood up, looking a little nervous because of Mark's intimidating gaze. "Hello."

Mark nodded in acknowledgment, with no expression on his face. He then looked at Summer again.

"Don't you want to go?"

The young man felt he had been snubbed. He looked at Cerys. "Since Miss Hart is busy, we will meet

another day. Do you mind giving me her number?"

Summer told the man her phone number, and the man saved it in his phone, then politely excused

himself and left.