

# THE PRESIDENT'S ACCIDENTAL WIFE

## Chapter 25

It was only right for Cerys to leave now. But before that, she did not forget to encourage Summer and

the young man to contact each other by phone to get to know each other better.

So now Mark and Summer were the only people here. As always, Mark still had no expression on his

face. "So this is what a blind date looks like, eh?"

Summer said nothing, just biting her lip, waiting for her opportunity.

"Did you leave your phone number to every man you met on a blind date?" Mark frowned and felt

curious.

She took a deep breath, as she could no longer stand this anymore. "I am going to the ladies' room."

But Mark extended his hand to stop her and then glanced down at the luggage with his piercing eyes.

"Why do you need to bring the luggage to the toilet?"

She froze and did not want to pretend anymore. "I will not agree to an abortion. Absolutely no!"

"Do you think you can defy me?" He threatened her.

He hit the nail on the head. She lowered her eyes and gritted her teeth. "You are a bully!" "Well, I am."

Mark did not think it was a problem. He

looked at her angry face. "You may bully me, though."

"Are you making fun of me?" Summer glared at him. She knew that not everyone could bully him-only

those who were at his level.

A wave of fury crashed through her, her face flushing as red as an apple.

But Mark just looked at her. He then fished out a cigarette from the pack and lit it up. It shimmered

brightly. "You really want the baby?"

His question startled her. She had no clue why he suddenly asked this. She did not answer, just

clasping her belly as she took a few steps back cautiously.

Her action had apparently answered his question.

Mark crushed the rest of the cigarette. There was a scary look in his eyes.

"If you really want to keep this baby, marry me."

This turn of the event came as a bolt from the blue. It knocked her down with a feather. She thought

she had hallucinations.

"Wh-Wh-What did you say?"

Mark's left eyes squinted because of the smoke in the air. He then repeated himself. "If you really want

to keep this baby, marry me."

She felt a clear sense of pain as she sank her nails into the tender skin of her palm. "Are you kidding

me?" "I have a meeting at one o'clock, a business gathering at two, and a contract signing ceremony

with an Athana multinational company at three. Do you think I have time to stand here to make this

joke?"

He frowned, his lips twitching as he stared at her.

Indeed, he was a busy man. He would not have time to make such a joke with her.

She took a deep breath. "Mr. Valentine, are you sure you are mentally sound?"

"What do you think?" he asked back, wondering what made her think he was mad.

He had the same expression on his face, just like any other day. It was precisely because of this that

she was even more confused. She could not wrap her brain around his actions.

She felt she needed to calm down and clear her mind. It must be either one of them who had gone mad.

"I need to go to the ladies' room to clear my mind."

Just as she stepped out, Mark reached out his and grabbed her wrist, then pulled her toward him and

looked her in the eyes. "I am sober. So are you. You don't need to go to the ladies' room at all. Just

answer yes or no."