

# **The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity**

## **Chapter 1**

**As Summer Hart slowly opened her eyes in the morning, the first sensation she felt was sore all over her body.**

**She lowered her head instinctively and was astounded to find that she was naked. Even her most intimate things were gone.**

**Looking around the hotel room, she found she was alone in the room; or so it seemed.**

**The bright red stain on the bedsheet and clothes of a man and a woman strewn on the floor told her what might have happened last night.**

**'What's going on?'**

**She had attended her friend's wedding as a bridesmaid last night. How did she end up losing her virginity here?**

**Her heart was pounding. She sat up from the bed at once, feeling cold sweat trickling down her back. She quickly reached over to the bedside table for her mobile phone and made a call to Grace Livingston, her bestie.**

**"You were completely hammered last night. So I brought you into Room 8802 that Sherman pre-booked. What's wrong?"**

**"Who else is in the room besides me?"**

**"Who else? You are the only one. I am busy right now. Talk to ya later."**

Summer slowly lowered her hand that held the phone and closed her eyes. She found that her mind was in a muddle, and a low rumble was drowning her thoughts.

“Get my clothes ready and send them to Room 8804.” A low voice came from the bathroom.

'There is someone else in the room?'

Startled, Summer looked over and saw a guy with an athletic body, wrapped in a white bathrobe, leaning against the bathroom's doorjamb.

She was wide-eyed, staring at him in shock. “What are you doing here?”

Was he not the best man at the wedding yesterday?

Grace just told her she was the only person in the room. So why was a guy here?

“Hmm...” Mark Valentine looked at her appalled face with a sneer. “You should have been an actress, considering how impressive your acting is.”

“What do you mean?” Her brows furrowed.

Mark squinted and looked at her up and down. His expression turned icy, and his voice went up an octave as he spoke. “First, you tried to get my attention and then got into my room while I was drunk. I have got to say that you have pulled a perfect plan.”

Summer fought back her anger, her expression bitter. “Are you sure you are not delusional? Go see a doctor.”

His expression became icier, with an added insidious look in his eyes. He lit a cigarette and sat down on a sofa with his legs crossed.

**“I believe in rewarding efforts. Since you did your part last night, you will get your reward. Just tell me what you want.”**

**“Jerk!”**

**A plume of smoke wafting over, choking her nostrils and causing her to cough. She pulled the quilt to cover her body. “What is your room number?”**

**Mark squinted and shifted his body to get a more comfortable posture. There was no emotion on his face. “8804.”**

**What did she want? He was a little curious.**

**Summer did not look at him. She found the reception number and made a call with the speakerphone turned on. She asked nervously, “May I know what my room number is, please?”**

**There was a while of silence on the other end. Apparently, the receptionist taking the call was dumbfounded. It was only after a while that a sweet female voice came through. “Your room number is 8802, miss.”**

**8802? Mark’s heart skipped a beat, his body stiffening. But it was only for a fleeting moment. No one had noticed it.**

**“D\*mn Charlie!” He cursed in his mind.**

**Summer was still unsure of who was at fault at first. But now, things were apparent.**

**“How are you going to explain this, Mr. Valentine? Superb acting, perfect plan, and efforts and rewards—how ridiculous!”**

**With more confidence, she raised her voice, turning from a timid mouse into a roaring lion.**

**“Should you not clarify things first before drawing conclusions? I am the victim, not you, Mr. Valentine. Shouldn’t you apologize for your remark?”**

**With her head held high, Summer looked at him—his athletic body, sharp jaw, unique male sexiness, and dangerous eyes unnerved her.**

**Even so, she wanted to defend her innocence and dignity. She was hell-bent on getting an apology from him.**

**While she was still wrestling with her thoughts, a deep voice came all of a sudden. “I’m sorry.”**

**“Huh?”**

**His apology caught her by surprise. She stared at him, not knowing how to react.**

**He put out the cigarette in the ashtray and then raised his chin slightly as he rubbed his forehead with his fingertip. “I am sorry. I must have drunk too much and entered the wrong room last night.”**

**At first, Summer was ready to confront him. But now he had apologized, she would only appear unreasonable if she still kept pressing him.**

**She was amenable to reason but not coercion.**

**Besides, she did not want to blow things out of proportion and affect Sherman. After all, it was Sherman’s wedding.**

**She did not know what to say, and she might as well say nothing. What is done is done. She could not turn the clock back. Right now, she just wanted to get out of here as quickly as she could.**

**She grabbed her inner wear and put them under the quilt.**

Mark's eyes fell on the wriggling quilt. It looked like there was a caterpillar crawling in there. His eyebrows raised, and his thin lips curled up in a faint smile. "What you do for a living?"

The wriggling stopped as Summer's muffled voice sounded in the quilt. "I am a teacher."

"I didn't know that. When you called the receptionist just now, you weren't even sure who was at fault, were you? But now you have got the answer, and you are really mean like a teacher."

He was still staring at the quilt. Summer's heart skipped a beat, knowing that he had seen through her. She said not a word and quickly put on her clothes.

When she finally re-emerged, her cheeks were red with fine beads of sweat on her forehead. She got out of bed. But when her toes touched the floor, she went weak at the knees and almost tumbled to the floor.

She held herself steady with her hands on the bed just in time. Just then, her eyes inadvertently landed on the bright red stain on the bed sheet again. She froze, and her heart ached.

The bright red stain was a glaring contrast to the white bedsheet.

Following her gaze, Mark saw what she saw. Yet, he appeared nonchalant, almost indifferent. "Since it is my fault, I will make up for it. Just tell me what you want. By the way..." he paused and studied her for a second, "the hymen is entirely reconstructible."

Summer held her breath and gritted her teeth, her chest heaving in anger. "Jerk!"

After that, she walked toward the door without looking back. Mark suddenly strode forward and caught her wrist from behind.

**“What more do you want?” Summer turned her head and glared at him.**

**“Take the pills.”**

**A man in a straight suit knocked on the door and walked in after getting his permission. He looked neither right nor left but at Mark.**

**“Mr. Valentine, this is your clothes and the pills.”**

**After-morning pills were necessary after an unprotected one-night stand. Even if Mark did not ask his assistant to arrange it, Summer would have to get it when she returned home.**

**Now that Mark had already bought it, it saved her the hassle.**

**She popped the pills in her mouth according to the instructions, then stepped out of the doorway at once. As if she suddenly remembered something, she stopped and spun around, looking at him with a smirk.**

**“Which is better—your charm or the dollar, Mr. Valentine? As charming as you are, don’t you think you are overconfident with yourself?”**

**He was buttoning his shirt while she spoke. His fingers froze. He was struck dumb for the first time in his life.**

**He regained his composure and finished doing all the buttons elegantly, just like he did on any other days.**