

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 10

A smile broke across Jazz's face, his voice euphoric when the front door was opened from the outside. "Miss Hart!"

It was not Summer, but Mark, who came in. Mark casually threw his black coat on the sofa as he walked in. He glanced at Jazz and sat down lazily on the sofa. "You seem to be very excited about seeing Miss Hart, eh?"

Jazz slumped on the sofa, feeling disappointed. He just stared at the clock without saying a word.

It was half-past eight. Why had Miss Hart not arrived yet?

Mark took off his tie that he had worn for an entire day. His sturdy chest muscles almost burst out of his gray shirt. He glanced sideways at Jazz as he spoke in a low voice. "Rest early. Miss Hart is not coming today."

Jazz turned around immediately. "Why is that?"

"She has been detained by the police." Mark said saintly as he flipped through the documents on the coffee table with his slender fingers.

"Why is she detained? And how do you know?" It shocked and puzzled Jazz upon hearing that.

"I saw it by chance," Mark said without looking up, his voice still indifferent, with his legs crossed and rested on the coffee table.

"Since you saw that, why didn't you get her out?" Jazz became anxious, not too happy with his elder brother.

“Who is she to me?” Mark’s lips twitched, his voice without the slightest emotion. He glanced sideways, and with a commanding voice, he said, “Go back to your room and rest. If you disturb me again, I will send you back to our parents’ house.”

Jazz shut up instantly. Not daring to mess with his elder brother again, he reluctantly went back to his room.

A thought came to mind, and his eyes brightened up as he closed the door behind him.

Mark was holding a pen and signing on another document when his phone rang, breaking the silence. He picked up the phone and answered with a deep voice.

The person on the other end of the line said something, and Mark’s brows furrowed. He placed his hand on his forehead, looking upset.

“I know, but at any rate, she is Jazz’s class teacher and tutor, and Jazz is begging me. Just do it this one time,” Yvette Angelo—Mark and Jazz’s mother—said.

“Okay, I know. Good night, mom,” Mark said and then hung up.

Jazz was eavesdropping behind the door. He smirked and quickly closed the door back up.

Because he just noticed Mark was shooting a piercing glance in his direction, scaring the hell out of him.

But he had to do that. He did not dare to bother his elder brother, and his mom was the only person he could count on.

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The police lockup.

Summer could sleep at all. She was sitting there while her mind had gone elsewhere.

“Summer Hart. Who the hell is Summer Hart?” A loud female voice came all of a sudden, jolting Summer out of her thoughts.

“It is me.” Puzzled, Summer got to her feet.

A middle-aged policewoman glanced at her a couple of times and then murmured, “You must be the luckiest person on Earth to have such a lucky star protecting you.”

The voice was too low to be audible to Summer. Before she knew it, the middle-aged policewoman had already opened the cell door.

“Let’s go.”

'Go? Go where?'

With questions in mind, she followed behind the middle-aged policewoman.

She was surprised when the policewoman brought her to the police station chief’s office, where two other people were in.

Facing her was apparently the police chief in uniform, and the person with his back facing her was a man in a black coat, giving out an air of elegance and cavalierism.

Looking from behind, this person was all too familiar.

Summer stared at his back for three seconds, and then her eyes widened suddenly. How—how could it be him?

“I will take her away then,” Mark said nonchalantly.

“Absolutely. You shouldn’t have come personally, especially at this hour. All it needs is just a phone call.” The police chief sounded absolutely servile as he tried to butter Mark up.

Putting out his cigarette with just the pinch of his fingers, Mark spun around and walked out of the room.

Summer's lips were pressed together, standing in the corner in disbelief. She still could not wrap her brain around what was happening.

As Mark walked past her, he stopped and turned around with his brows slightly raised. "Aren't you going?"

"I am going," she looked up and answered.

Mark nodded back, glancing at her before he walked ahead of her.

She had many thoughts in her mind, but never once had she thought Mark would be the person bailing her out.

Following Mark closely from behind, Summer's eyes fell on his broad and strong back shoulders. She bit her lips gently as her mind drifted away again.

Why did he come here to bail her out?

His black Land Rover was parked by the roadside.

"Get in the car," he said flatly as he opened the front passenger door.

The night weather got worse abruptly as the chilly wind blew. She rubbed her nearly frozen face with her hands when her eyes landed on the pair of smoky-gray hand gloves in her handbag. She quickly called out to the man in front of him. "Wait a minute, Mr. Valentine."

Mark had lost count of how many times he had to stop in his tracks. He looked impatient. "Is there anything else?"

She stepped forward and handed him the gloves. "Thank you, Mr. Valentine."

He reached his hand to take the gloves and looked at them. The color and style differed from those of Jazz. He knew at first glance that this pair of gloves was hand-knitted.

He then looked at her; his thin lips curled up in a mocking smile. "Is it your hobby to give every man around you a pair of gloves, Miss Hart?"

"What?" Summer was perplexed, unsure what he meant.

Seeing her expression, he was unsure if she was pretending or just plain innocent. Either way, he was not interested. He put the gloves into his coat. "Get in the car."

Looking at him from the back, Summer felt even more puzzled. She walked around to the other side and got into the car.

She sat down, fastened her seat belt, and took out her mobile phone to call Forrest Hart, her elder brother. Her brows were knitted together in the next second.

Her phone was barred; she realized she had not paid her phone bill.

She could do nothing about it now. So she turned around and looked at Mark, looking embarrassed. "Could you lend me your mobile phone, Mr. Valentine? My phone has been barred."

There were no changes in his expression. He was still looking ahead, turning the steering wheel with his left hand while handing his phone to her with another.

"Thank you." Summer felt extremely grateful. Her brother's phone was connected. "Where are you now, Forrest?"

"I am still in Alcomara. What's up?"

"Do you know Amara has sold the house?"

“Amara sold the house? When was it?” Forrest was apparently taken aback.

“Two days ago. I thought Dad and Mom assigned the house to you; you are the legal owner of the house? How could she sell the house without your consent and signature? Where the hell are you now, really?”