

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

## **Chapter 11**

**“I told you I am in Alcomara. I am at work right now. Let’s talk later when I am off work.”**

**“Which is more important—work or the house, Forrest?” Summer clenched her phone and adjusted her breathing as she called out.**

**“Tell me what else we can do now since the house has been sold?”**

**Summer took a deep breath to suppress her anger. “Tell Amara to return the money!”**

**“Do you think it is possible to ask for money from her? Not a chance!”**

**“I warn you seriously. You know Mom has high-blood pressure; she can’t take this shock. Before Dad and Mom return from the trip, you had better fix this problem and get the house back, even if you have to pay double the money for the breach of contract.”**

**“Are you kidding me, Summer? The house has probably been sold for 1.5 million dollars. The penalty for the breach of contract will be 3 million dollars. I am just a normal white-collar worker. I only keep one grand as pocket money for myself while handing the rest to Amara every month. I have absolute zero savings!”**

**“Then tell me, what should we do now?”**

**“Aren’t you a civil servant? Have the hostels in your school not been completed? You have a housing provident fund; Dad’s, Mom’s, and your savings should be enough for the down payment for a new house. Forget about that house; it has been sold. What is done is done.” Forrest said in a matter-of-course tone of voice.**

Summer went postal, uttering a rare slur over the phone, completely ignoring the fact that there was someone else by her side.

**“Why don’t you just die, Forrest?”**

The hand resting on the steering wheel froze for a second as Mark looked over at her, astounded. She had apparently lost it completely, her face flushing, her lips reddening even more.

A light flashed in his eyes, his expression changing.

She would not have been so furious had she not made this call.

In her eyes, Forrest was a wimp, a slave to his wife Amara right now.

If he were right here in front of her, she would slap him in the face. He was utterly an irresponsible man.

Just then, she realized she left her wallet at home when she packed her stuff this afternoon. She was now penniless and had no place to stay tonight.

She quickly called Grace and Sherman, but both of them had gone abroad.

After hanging up, Summer was down and became despondent. She did not expect to spend this year’s Christmas like this.

She took a deep breath and looked up, her eyes meeting with Mark’s penetrating gaze. She was startled slightly and then handed the phone back to him. **“I am sorry about that, Mr. Valentine.”**

**“It is all right,”** Mark responded faintly, his flickering eyes glancing over at her red, tender lips again.

There was a sudden silence in the cabin, with only the sound of their breathing in the air. Summer was depressed and found a random

topic to talk about. “How did Jazz know that I was detained in the police station?”

“It is me who is here to pick you up. What has it to do with Jazz?” Mark said in an unhurried, amusing voice as he raised his eyebrows with his thin lips lifted slightly.

Summer let out a smile with a shrug. “You and I are only acquaintances, while Jazz is my student. So it must be Jazz who asked you to do this.”

At first, she was still puzzled and shocked to see Mark at the police station. But after pondering about it, things had become clear to her.

Mark was tapping the steering wheel with his slender fingers, looking disapproving. “Don’t you think we are close enough after spending a night together?”

She straightened her back, looked at him, and told him bluntly, “It was just a one-night stand. I don’t think I can make you want to bail me out of the police station, do I?”

In Santabaca, Mark could have all the women he wanted, whether it was a woman with big boobs, wasp waist, or anything in between. He just needed to say it, and no woman could resist him.

She preferred to be down-to-earth, not chasing after the empty dreams, believing that people should have a clear sense of reality.

Mark swallowed, as if he was having a reminiscence of something. “Actually, Miss Hart, you are pretty hot.”

‘H-H-He—’

She was shocked, angry, and smitten by his remark. “Are you flirting with me now, Mr. Valentine?”

**“No,” he paused for a second, his voice serious. “Not at all. I am just flirting with a teacher.”**

**His deep and hoarse voice struck a nerve with her when he said he was indeed flirting with her. Startled and embarrassed, Summer’s voice went up an octave. “Mr. Valentine, how could you...”**

**With his lips still curling up, Mark narrowed his eyes slightly, looking at her lazily and casually. “I was just kidding, Miss Hart.”**

**Had anyone ever made such a joke?**

**She blushed. Looking away from him, she looked out at the night scene outside the car window and calmed her breathing.**

**The car moved forward quietly. There was a depressing atmosphere in the air.**

**Gradually, she dozed off, falling asleep with her head leaning against the window.**

**She slept well, even having a sweet dream. She dreamed of snow falling from the sky, with her spreading her arms, hovering and flying freely in the air.**

**Just then, a steep cliff suddenly appeared in front of her. She lost her balance and plunged straight down.**

**The fall jolted her out of her sleep. She slowly opened her eyes.**

**Just then, she saw a hand in front of her eyes.**

**Her mind went blank. When she recovered, she grabbed the hand with one hand and chided in anger. “What are you doing, Mr. Valentine?”**

Her skin was fair and delicate, her fingers slender and soft, so much so that they felt boneless, as if a piece of silk gliding over the skin of his hand.

This smoothness inexplicably agitated him. Mark looked at her with his penetrating eyes. "What do you think I am doing, Miss Hart?"

Taking a deep breath, Summer forced the words through her teeth. "I hope you will not do such an ambivalent action again. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Mark leaned forward little by little while Summer gritted her teeth and leaned back to avoid him.

Her back was against the seat. Where else could she go?