

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 12

Summer was sandwiched between the seat and Mark. His hand posture remained as it was before, but their faces almost touched each other, and there was a zero distance between their lips. “What have I done that makes you think I am flirting with you?”

She could feel his warm breath on her face. She tilted her head back, trembling, but she still gritted her teeth and said unequivocally, “Now you are flirting.”

“Really?” Mark’s lips curled up in a smirk. There was a click when he pressed down with his finger. “Done.”

'Done what?'

Summer looked at him in puzzlement while he pointed his chin at her chest.

She looked down at where he was pointing. Only then did she notice the seat belt. He was just helping her unfasten the seat belt.

She instantly blushed, as if blood almost surged out of her skin. How she wished the ground would swallow her up.

It was so embarrassing. She had never been so embarrassed in her life.

Mark sat back upright and let go of her hand, his lips curling up slightly. “Shouldn’t you apologize for the misunderstanding, Miss Hart?”

It was her fault this time. She blushed and could not find a word to respond. At last, she whispered, “I am sorry.”

“Sorry for what?” Mark’s brow furrowed as he was not satisfied with the apology.

She took a deep breath and changed the subject by reminding him.

“We have arrived, Mr. Valentine.”

But he still did not move. “Why don’t you acknowledge your mistake since you apologize?”

It really made her hackles rise. But she gritted her teeth and fought back her anger. “I am sorry that I misunderstood you. I thought you were trying to grope me.”

“That’s more like it.”

Mark raised his eyebrows and then got out of the car. She followed behind, still filled with anger and embarrassment.

The two arrived back at the condo in tandem. Jazz had been waiting in the living room for a long time. When he saw Summer, he broke out in a bright smile.

Mark shot a glance at Jazz, and Jazz quickly straightened his back and sat upright.

He hissed at Jazz. Casually tossing his black coat on the sofa, he then disappeared into his room.

As soon as Mark disappeared, Jazz breathed a sigh of relief. “Why were you detained by the police, Miss Hart?” he asked with concern.

“It is a long story. I can’t explain everything to you at once now,” Summer said.

Jazz shrugged and did not ask further. There was a knowing look on his good-looking face. “I completely understand that. As humans, we lose it sometimes. You are a human, too. Nobody is perfect.”

Before his voice trailed off, there was a growling sound coming from Summer's stomach. She frowned, as she had eaten nothing for a day. She was starving. So she asked Jazz what he would like to eat.

Jazz said he was craving for roasted tomato soup, which he always had during winter. He hadn't had any roasted tomato soup since winter started this year. He wanted it badly today.

Summer let out a smile. She could get out of the police lockup because of Jazz. So she would make him roasted tomato soup to say thank you.

After a shower, Mark changed into casual wear, his hair still dripping wet. As soon as he came out of his room, he heard a crisp sound, as if someone was cutting something.

Stepping into the living room, he saw Summer cutting tomatoes with a knife while Jazz was lingering around her.

When Jazz heard footsteps, he turned around, grinning from ear to ear. "Miss Hart is making roasted tomato soup for us, Mark."

Summer did not look back. She was still cutting the tomatoes, but with her brows raised. Mark said nothing, his eyes sweeping across her back. He then sat down on the sofa, turned on the TV to watch the financial news.

Sensing that he had looked away from her, Summer secretly breathed a sigh of relief. She could not concentrate on making the roasted tomato soup again.

She prepared the onions and garlic, then squeezed some olive oil into a pan.

Just as she was about to dump the sliced onions and garlic into the hot pan, Jazz suddenly muttered, “Mark doesn’t like garlic. He despises the smell.”

Hearing that, Summer thought for a moment, snicking at the picker eater.

She dumped the sliced onions, tomatoes that had been sliced in half into the searing pan. Then a sparing salt and pepper went into the pan as well. Sugar was added to intensify the sweetness, and then vinegar to add acidity to the soup. After half done, the things went into the oven for 20 minutes, and then were taken out. Vegetable stock together with cream was added and let shimmering, and voila, it was done.

The good thing about this upscale condo was that there was a supermarket downstairs selling everything from fruits, vegetables, meat, and everything.

She had bought some tomatoes, onions, and garlic, as well as tomato pesto. The pesto was drizzled over the top of the soup to make it more punchy.

The soup was served on plates. Jazz fetched them to the coffee table.

Mark squinted at Jazz, and Jazz shrugged. “When Miss Hart was about to dump the ingredients into the pan, I told her you couldn’t stand the smell of garlic. She left out the garlic, and that was just for your sake. It seems that you have got special treatment. I am jealous of you.”

Mark frowned and said nothing the entire time. There was a sense of exploration in his eyes.

Summer put down the plate and looked up. It startled her when their eyes met. But she quickly regained her composure. "Thank you for today, Mr. Valentine."

"You should thank me for that, really." His voice was low and hoarse, and his lips were curled up. He picked up a spoon and drank the soup, his manner elegant and gentle.

"Isn't the soup good, Mark?" Jazz asked.

Summer was curious to know what Mark think, too. She was a little nervous, pretending at drinking her soup. But she still could not help stealing glances at him.

Mark looked at her. Her face reddened, delicate with a speck of sugar on it. But that did not make her look funny, but attractive.

A light was flickering in his eyes. He drank a spoonful of soup, and only then he gave his comment. "It is all right."

That was like a high regard for her when this comment came from a picky eater like Mark. He was happy with it. The only thing was, the way he looked at her was as if he was looking at prey. She looked down to evade his eyes.

Mark looked away and sipped the roasted tomato soup until finishing it.

He got up. Just as he was about to leave, something seemed to come to his mind. "Since you have nowhere to go, please be my guest tonight. Just make sure that you clean up the kitchen."

Summer's heart skipped a beat. She looked up at him, not expecting to hear him say this. She could not be more grateful.

He seemed to be a nice guy, after all.

The next early morning, Summer woke up at 6:30 as usual. When she had cleaned herself up, it was 7:00.

When she walked into the living room, Jazz was sitting on the sofa. “Where is Mark?” she asked.

She thought she should thank him once again for letting her stay for the night.

Jazz was yawning big time, as if he was still half asleep. “He has gone for a morning jog. That’s his habit.”

There was an inexplicable feeling of disappointment inside her. After talking to Jazz for a while and asked Jazz to thank Mark on her behalf, she left.