

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 13

Summer felt her ears were nearly frozen as she walked in the freezing wind on the street. The weather was surprisingly cold today.

She called her mom as the two had returned from the trip. The train was scheduled to arrive at 10:00 am.

She hung up, and then headed back to school in a hurry. She was absent all of a sudden without calling to inform the school yesterday. Now she had got some explanations to do.

The school principal was very understanding. He just gave her a verbal warning and wanted her to pay more attention in the future.

She agreed and then asked for another day off. Surprisingly, the principal approved her request with no question asked.

After breakfast, Summer hurried away to the train station. The train was delayed. She waited for 40 minutes before finally seeing her dad and mom arriving.

She could hear her mom complaining as they approached. "The train is delayed every time. My back hurts."

"I have wanted to take the high-speed train, but you are not willing to pay more for the faster, cleaner, and more comfortable service," her dad Solomon Hart said.

Summer took over the suitcase from her dad's with one hand and held her mom with the other. "Let's go to the KFC there. I have something to tell you two."

She did not plan to tell her parents about the house at first. After all, they were too old and in poor health. She was afraid that they could not take the shock.

But now, she could not count on Forrest, and she could not solve the problem alone. So she had no choice but to tell her parents the truth.

After ordering three cups of coffee and a while of hesitation, Summer told them all the things that Amara had done.

Daisy nearly fainted upon hearing that the house had been sold. Her husband Solomon caught her in his arms just in time, his face grave and breathing heavy.

“What is done is done,” Solomon finally said after a long while of silence.

“Dad?” Summer could not believe her ears.

“It was your grandpa who bought that house for your Solomon, and he was the legal owner. He could do whatever he wanted with it.”

Summer’s breathing became heavy. “But it was all the doing of Amara, Dad. How could you close your eyes to that?”

“What else can I do? I may scold the hell out of my son, but she is my daughter-in-law.” Solomon let out a sigh of helplessness. “I didn’t agree when your brother married her. They ran off and even threatened to kill themselves. I couldn’t control them back then, let alone now.”

“So, are you pretending that nothing has happened?” Summer thought it was ridiculous.

“Your brother only listens to Amara. Now that Amara has sold the house, I am sure he will not say a word about it.” Solomon looked at Summer. “How can I not know Amara’s character? Honestly, I have

never expected her to support your mom and me in our old age. I am grateful if she doesn't cause trouble for us. Now the house is sold, and she has taken the money. The three of us will stay together. Let the two of them go one with their one life. I have never counted on Forrest."

Summer's fingernails were digging into the delicate skin of her palms. But what could she do?

No one should expect to get a cent from Amara as soon as she got the money.

"Whatever, Dad. I will find a house, but with one condition."

"I am all ears."

"I am dead sure Amara will come back again. If she dares to step into our house, I will smash her teeth, and no one should stop me or be protective of her." She gritted her teeth and spelled out the sentence.

Solomon and Daisy nodded in agreement.

Only then did Summer calm herself down. She called her colleague Nancy and asked her to help find a house.

She had called at the right time. Nancy told her that her neighbor next door was renting out their unit, and she would call the landlord to find out more.

Summer had been to Nancy's house before. She knew the unit type, size, and public transportation available. So she agreed at once.

It did not take long before they had negotiated the price. All that was left was to sign the tenancy contract and make the payment.

Her parents were to move in first, while she and Nancy would meet the landlord to settle the rest of the procedure.

Nancy took a day off and hurried over to the coffee shop where Summer was waiting.

“I thought you have a house? Why did you need to rent a house so urgently? Is it because you want to move out and stay alone?”

Summer forced a smile and told Nancy the entire story.

Nancy was enraged after learning about Amara’s behavior. But there was little she could do—every family has its own problems.

“Let’s go to view the house.”

Half an hour later.

Summer inspected the house thoroughly from the outside to the inside to ensure no cracks or signs of damage.

The landlord was standing behind her. “Don’t worry, Miss Hart. The house is in tip-top condition. I wouldn’t have wanted to rent it out if it weren’t for having to take care of my son abroad.”

Summer nodded and turned around. “Let’s sign the tenancy agreement, then.”

After Summer and the landlord put down their signatures and Summer paid the rest of the money, Solomon and Daisy arrived with their luggage.

The four of them started to get busy cleaning up the house. It was 6:00 pm, and the sky was dark when they finished the job. The day was short during the Winter Solstice.

Daisy had prepared dinner and asked Nancy to join them. Nancy could not refuse their hospitality and agreed with a smile.

Just as Nancy sat down at the dining table, her phone rang, and she picked it up. “Hello?”

Her face crashed, turning pale, and her hand holding the spoon shook upon hearing what the person at the other end said.

Summer had noticed her expression. She could not help but frown and become worried about her. What happened?

“Please excuse me, Mr. and Mr. Hart. I need to go now, as something is going on. Thank you for your hospitality, anyway.”

As Nancy got up and was about to leave, Summer got up after her and grabbed her hand. “I will go with you.”

Nancy hesitated at first before she nodded.

Summer did not ask until they were in the taxi. “What is going on? You look worried.”

“My younger brother got into a drunken brawl in a bar,” Nancy said, with her hand covering her face.

No wonder the reaction after Nancy getting the call. Summer asked the taxi driver to speed up and then called Jazz. Most likely, she could not give tuition to him today.

“I am sorry, Jazz. I am afraid I can’t give tuition to you today. So don’t wait for me,” she said as soon as the call got through.

“You have got quite a happening private life, Miss Hart.” A deep voice was heard speaking at the other end of the line. It belonged to the magnetic voice of a mature man.

She was struck dumb, her heart racing. She could not help pressing her slightly dry lips together. “Please tell Jazz about it. Thank you very much, Mr. Valentine,” she said in one fell swoop.