

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 14

She hung up the phone and took a deep breath to calm her racing heart.

Club Nightshade.

Lucas Atkinson wailed and groaned as he held his stomach and wriggled on the ground in pain.

Sitting on the sofa in front of Lucas was a middle-aged man in his forties. The man, chubby and wearing a thick gold chain around his neck while sitting with his legs crossed, cursed, “You friggin’ boy! How dare you touch my woman! I am going to cut you into pieces today!”

Summer heard swear words and felt disgusted as soon as she walked in.

The greasy face and belly that was about to burst out of his shirt made her feel even sicker.

Seeing her brother beaten black and blue on the floor, Nancy went weak at the knees. She would have tumbled to the floor if not for Summer holding her tightly. “What do you want before you let him go?” Her voice was trembling.

“I’ve already said that my woman keeps your little brother as a gigolo, making me a cuckold. I will not let him off so easily. Teach him a lesson, my brothers,” Carlos Toledano said, with his yellowish teeth exposed.

A few men, who had been waiting impatiently all this while, clenched their fists, the joints of their hands crackling aloud as they walked towards Lucas.

Nancy's blood ran cold. She was trembling uncontrollably. Looking around, she saw people just watching, no one stepping forward to lend a helping hand. "I beg you, please. Spare my brother."

"You didn't even kneel. How can I know I can let go of your brother?" Carlos took a drag and puffed out a cloud of smoke from his cigarette.

Nancy gritted her teeth and clenched her hands, ready to go down to her knees. Just then, Summer stopped her. She took a step forward and looked Carlos in the eyes. "You will not let her brother go, even if she has kneeled in front of you. Why bother to embarrass an innocent woman?" she said with an unruffled voice.

"She is doing it willingly. Did I coerce her?" Carlos raised an eyebrow.

"You look like you are somebody. A trivial thing like this isn't worth your time." Summer was calm, her voice indifferent. "It takes two to tango. With all due respect, a mistress who keeps another man as a gigolo is anything but worthy of your time. She would have another man, even if Lucas didn't come into the picture. Lucas is nothing more than a scapegoat. Don't you think getting so worked up over a woman like this is a waste of time?"

Carlos burst out into laughter. He felt not so angry now. Instead, he became interested in Summer. "What is your name?"

"I am nobody, Mr. Toledano." Summer knew what he was up to.

Her reply aroused Carlos' interest even more. "Nobody, eh? It is not a bad thing to try something new, after all."

"I am not your cup of tea. I have nothing you want." Summer tried to steer the topic away. "I know you are a magnanimous person. Besides, you have taught Lucas a lesson. How about letting him go?"

“Since you say so, I have nothing to add. Here is the deal: if you can drink five glasses of this vodka, I will let this kid go.”

Summer stared at him. “You look like a no-nonsense guy, and I am sure you will mean what you say. Deal.”

Nancy nervously gripped Summer’s hand upon hearing that.

Summer shook her head at Nancy. Taking the wineglass handed over by Carlos, she knocked back with her eyes closed.

For five consecutive glasses, she never opened her eyes, just feeling a burning sensation in her throat, as if there was a fire inside her. She felt light-headed.

Carlos freed Lucas at once, just as promised. He then looked at Summer with a lewd smile on his face. “I forgot to tell you that besides drinking five glasses of vodka, you have got to sleep with me once. Only then I will let you go. Otherwise, you might save Lucas but not yourself.”

Summer shook her head and gritted her teeth, trying to keep herself awake. “You are shameless!”

“So what if I am shameless?” Taking a step forward, Carlos reached to clutch her jaw and studied her. “What a beautiful nobody.”

“Let go of me!” Summer struggled to push him away, but her strength was no match for a big man like Carlos.

Nancy was desperate and lunged up to help Summer, but was stopped by Carlos’s men.

Carlos forcibly drew Summer into his arms and took her away.

After Carlos just made two steps away, a lazy, casual voice came from behind. “You took time off from the tuition just to drink with a man, Miss Hart?”

Everyone was startled and looked in the direction from where the voice came.

Carlos stopped in his tracks and spun around. When he saw the person speaking, he let go of Summer and greeted the man. “What an honor, Mr. Valentine.”

Mark did not look at Carlos. His attention was on Summer. “You guys seem to be having fun here.”

“Someone didn’t know his place. But I have taught him a lesson. Hope it hasn’t disturbed you, Mr. Valentine.” Carlos tried to please Mark. “As a token of apology, please enjoy yourself tonight—it is on the house.”

People in both business or politics invariably gave face to Mark.

“You shouldn’t have. I came at the invitation of Mr. Morgan.” His voice was unconcerned, but his brows were raised. “Do you plan to stay here to drink, or go back to the tuition class, Miss Hart?”

Summer, who was standing on the stairs, was struggling to keep herself balanced. When she saw the familiar figure, her eyes lit up instantly.

She nodded vigorously upon hearing what Mark said. She tried to speak, but all she could manage was just one word. “T—tuition...”

That was not right. He had almost got her. How could he let the woman go just like that? Carlos thought to himself.

He did not want to concede, yet he did not show that on his face. Instead, he remained polite. "Please excuse us, Mr. Valentine. I need to talk to Miss Hart in private."

"Is it something very important?" Mark shot a glance at Carlos as he said in a deep voice.

Carlos did not know Mark's intention by just listening to his tone of voice. He thought for a moment and remained cautious. "Not really."

"Since it is not something very important, I will take her away," Mark said nonchalantly. He paused and then continued as if he had thought of something. "The final exam is in two days."

Carlos was struck dumb. He did not understand what this had to do with him. He heard no one could read Mark's mind, and there it goes.

"Jazz would fail his college entrance exam without Miss Hart as his tutor. Do you understand?"

Carlos was struck dumb again. He did not know that the Valentines had ever needed to worry about not getting into a university.

Apparently, it was not about the exam, but this woman called Miss Hart.

Was there any other relationship between the two?