

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 15

Carlos hurriedly changed his narrative. He was hesitant. “Honestly, Mr. Valentine. Miss Hart and I have very important things to discuss.”

Mark sat down on a sofa leisurely with his brow raised. “What is it about?”

“It is a personal matter.” Carlos made up an excuse.

“Well, what kind of personal matter, may I ask? If Miss Hart can help, I am sure I can, too.” He was still behaving elegantly.

Carlos was silenced now. He could not imagine asking Mark Valentine to help him with ‘that stuff.’

After a while.

Nancy helped Lucas to the back seat before letting Summer—who had got a little drunk—sit in the front passenger seat.

Her eyes flickered, and her heart pounded uncontrollably as she sighted the side of the good-looking man’s face.

“Address?” Mark asked Nancy, who was sitting in the back seat.

“Stodan South,” she replied hurriedly, after coming out of her daze. The black Land Rover started. There was silence in the car. The only thing audible was their breathing sounds.

Summer felt her head was about to explode and stomach liquid surge inside her. She kept her eyes closed while she tried to speak in her frail voice. “Can I lower the window a bit?”

“You looked heroic while drinking. I wonder why you are so frail now.”

Mark was looking ahead, his words carrying a hint of sneer. The car took a right turn as he turned the steering wheel right.

She leaned against the window, raising her hand to massage her pulsing temples. "You were already in the bar when I was drinking, weren't you? You were rubbernecking."

He raised an eyebrow and said not a word as he continued to drive.

She was negotiating with Carlos when he and Charlie Morgan arrived at the bar. It aroused their curiosity, and they decided to watch on the sidelines. So, in a sense, they were indeed rubbernecking.

"Thank you for not refusing to help me, Mr. Valentine." She shook her head with sarcasm.

Mark still said nothing, his lips curling up slightly, his eyes penetrating.

Nancy was sitting in the back seat and listening to what they said. But she could not find a chance to chime in. All she could do was to remain silent.

She wondered since when Summer and Mark knew each other.

Her heart was racing, and her mind was a muddle when she saw the side of the man's face again.

A moment later, the car stopped downstairs at Stodan South. Nancy first helped Lucas upstairs and then came down to pick up Summer.

"Thank you for everything tonight, Mr. Valentine," Summer said while unfastening the seat belt with one hand.

He turned around and squinted at her. "Is it just me, or is your way of saying thank you a little insincere?"

"It is all in your head, Mr. Valentine. I am sincere. I am deeply grateful for what you have done."

“You are angry because I only came to your rescue at the very last minute?”

“Not at all. We are not related in any way. I don’t blame you even if you don’t help me.” Summer shook her head, looking sincere.

He rested one hand on the steering wheel, his lips curling up and his eyes looking as mellow as wine. “You look absolutely enchanting when you speak with a serious tone of voice.”

Indeed. With her back straightened, a serious face that blushed like red wine, and squirming little pink lips, she was absolutely alluring.

“So you have been captivated for a while?” She asked, laughing as she felt amused. “What a joke, Mr. Valentine. And the joke is so absurd.”

His deep voice came as soon as her voice trailed off. “You don’t believe me? Do you want me to show you?”

'Show? Show what?' Summer frowned, as she had no clue what he meant.

He leaned forward, clasped the back of her head with his hands, and planted his lips on hers.

She froze in place. When she finally came out of her shock, she bit his lip and quickly got out of the car while he was in pain.

Standing outside the car window, she gritted her teeth and looked at him. “Please don’t harass a teacher like me again, Mr. Valentine!”

She fought back her lightheadedness and waning body strength as she ran forward. Mark looked on, raising an eyebrow with his lips curling up in a smirk.

'Why shouldn’t he harass a teacher?'

Because of the effect of the alcohol, Summer crashed out on the bed as soon as she arrived home.

She could no longer stand the pressure after so long. As soon as she let down her guard, she was paralyzed on the spot.

The next morning, she slowly opened her eyes and squinted to check at her phone for time. She felt a warm liquid flowing out of her body as soon as she moved her body.

It jolted her out of her daze. She quickly opened the bedside table drawer, took out a sanitary pad, and walked into the bathroom. After taking off her panties, she saw the blood was paler than usual.

After putting on the sanitary pad, she frowned. Her time of the month usually came on the 4th or 5th every month. How come this time it came a week earlier?

Whether it came a week earlier or not, it was entirely normal. She did not give it a second thought.

She had one too many yesterday. Now she had a terrible hangover, feeling as if her head was going to explode.

Fortunately, it was Sunday today. She could sleep as long as she wanted to regain her energy.

While lying on the bed, the scene from last night came to her mind all of a sudden.

She blushed and exhaled gently. How could he kiss her without her consent?

How could he harass a teacher with impunity?

She decided she had better stay away from this dangerous man next time.

Just then, her phone rang. It was Nancy calling.

“Please do me a favor, Summer. I would like to invite Mr. Valentine for lunch. Can you call him on my behalf?”

She sat up and poured herself a glass of water. “I thanked him yesterday.”

“He did us such a big favor. Saying thank you just won’t cut it. It is not sincere enough. Will you make the call for me while I book a restaurant? Deal, OK? We will have lunch with him. I will hang up now.”

Before Summer could say anything, the line went dead. She was in a pickle.

She really did not want to make the call. But since Nancy asked, she could not refuse her.

Furthermore, Mark had gotten them out of trouble; it was only proper to invite him for lunch.

After thinking about it for a while, she decided to make the call—she did not like the idea of owing someone a favor, after all.

She had asked Jazz for Mark’s number. After thinking about what to say, she made the call, and it got through.

She plucked up her courage. “Thank you so much for last night, Mr. Valentine. I am thinking of inviting you for lunch, but you are a busy man. I know you don’t have time—”

“I have time. Where are we going for lunch?” His low voice interrupted her before her voice trailed off.

