

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 17

When an elegant and respectable man like Mark spoke about menstruation, it felt odd and made Nancy feel embarrassed. Her heart pounded uncontrollably.

Immediately, she pulled the enraged Summer over. "Sit down, Summer. We have ordered food."

Summer realized she had overreacted. The two of them must be puzzled, probably thinking that she was mentally unstable. But she could not help herself.

Her pregnancy caught her off guard. She panicked, not knowing what to do. She just instinctively vented her emotions.

She took a deep breath, trying to suppress her emotions as she sat down.

The heating system was running on full blast. She took off her down jacket, revealing her black blouse underneath. Just as she got up to hang her down jacket, an accident happened. The server standing behind her did not foresee that she would spin around, and he bumped into her.

The server was holding a tray with three transparent crystal glasses containing red wine on it, along with a bottle of red wine, which had been opened.

The tray flipped, and all the red wine splashed onto Summer's body. Her body slammed against the table, and she slipped and fell, sitting on the floor.

Nancy was stunned. Mark had got up at once, squatting slightly to hold Summer by her shoulders, and helped her up.

“I will get tissues.” Nancy snapped back and hurried away to fetch tissues.

Summer caught her breath as she came out of her shock. When she looked up, she saw the man in front of her ogling her.

“Jerk!” She blushed, quickly covering her chest with her hands.

“Any man would have looked under this circumstance.” His voice was unusually low and hoarse.

“Jerk! Do you think all men are as shameless as you?” Summer glared.

“I guarantee they would have been more shameless than me.”

His hot breath blew against her ear, making her blush even more.

“Despicable!” she cursed and pushed him away with all her strength.

Mark leaned against the dining table. His tongue licked across his lips as if he was recollecting something. “How can a teacher use foul language?”

“Do you expect me to speak nicely to you?” She shot a glare at him, despising his frivolous behavior. “Pervert!”

“Do you want to know what a real pervert looks like, eh? Let me demonstrate it to you.”

He stepped forward, forcing her into a corner, all the while smiling as she stared at her.

He always thought he had impeccable self-control. But this time, he was on the verge of losing control.

“Let me go, you pervert! Let me go!” He was clutching her hands over her head. She could not move. All she could do was to scream anxiously.

The look in his eyes scared her.

There was a rush of footsteps. Summer knew that Nancy was returning.

Desperate, she wriggled her body and struggled laboriously. Sweat popped out of her forehead, and her heart pounded uncontrollably.

But Mark had no intention of letting go of her just yet.

Summer bit her lip, raised her knee to hit him in the loins.

As an excruciating pain ripped across his body, he groaned in pain and let go of her hands.

She quickly pulled two steps away to keep a distance from him.

Nancy pushed open the door of the private dining room and noticed nothing wrong between the two. “Here are the tissues. Soak up the wine from your clothes, or else you might catch a cold.”

“Should I excuse myself?” Mark asked, folding the lapels of his coat. He was so elegant and understanding toward Summer.

But his brows slightly furrowed as he was fighting the pain.

“It is okay. She will just go to the ladies’ room. Please sit down, Mr. Valentine,” Nancy quickly said, not wanting to slight him.

But he was a wolf in sheep’s clothing. How Summer wished she could give him a good tongue-lashing again. She fought back the urge and took the tissues from Nancy. “I am sorry. I am not feeling well. I will have to leave now.”

“It is okay, Summer.” Nancy knew she could not blame her.

Summer grabbed her down jacket, gritting her teeth, and left without looking back.

Mark squinted his eyes. He looked apathetic as ever, with his lips pressing together slightly. There was a look of arrogance and gentlemanliness in him.

“I am sorry, Miss Atkinson. I still have a meeting at five. But please allow me to send you home.”

Nancy felt a little disappointed. But since he offered to give her a ride, she nodded with excitement. “Thank you, Mr. Valentine.”

The hotel manager learned about the incident and hurried over, offering Mark a cigarette, and apologized.

Mark acknowledged his apology but held up his hand to refuse the cigarette because he did not smoke. “Everyone makes mistakes. Just be careful next time. I will pick up the tab.”

Nancy was standing behind him, looking at his stalwart figure from behind. She heard the conversation between him and the manager and could not help but admire him even more.

Summer was wearing her damp clothes, standing on the roadside to wait for her taxi. When she thought of that despicable face, she wished she could slap it.

Before her taxi came, a black Land Rover pulled up in front of her. The window rolled down, and the face that she most despised appeared.

“Get in,” Mark said.

Get into his car again? Summer sneered. She was not so stupid.

When she was about to speak, the car door opened with Nancy waving at her from inside the car. “Get in, Summer. Mr. Valentine will send us home.”

Since Nancy was also in the car, he could do nothing to her. Besides, it was difficult to get a taxi to this place. So there was no need to pretend to be tough.

She got in the car and sat in the back seat with Nancy.

No one was talking. The cabin was incredibly quiet. Summer had nothing to say, while Nancy was afraid to say anything because Mark looked intimidating to her.

Neither Mark said anything to them. He was muttering something into the earpiece as if he was giving orders to his staff with no hesitation in his voice.

At last, the car stopped outside a neighborhood. Just as Summer opened the car door and stepped out, a deep, low voice came. “Please dress properly next time when you go out, Miss Hart.”

Her cheeks flushed, and Summer forced the word through her teeth. “Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Valentine. Goodbye, and I hope we don’t see each other again.”

Once outside the car, she could not hold back her anger and kicked the car's tire in the tire.

She had no idea how tough a car tire was. Her foot hurt, and it felt numb.

Mark had taken all that in. He glanced at his loins—it was still painful. She had probably hit him with all her strength just now.

He looked at her again before restarting the engine, turned the car around, and left.

Meanwhile, there was a small blue handbag and a medical report in the back seat of his car.