

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 2

Summer wrapped herself with a scarf and exhaled, making a big cloud in the air as she went outside the hotel.

She had more than a bad day; the day of her friend's wedding had turned out to be the day of her losing her virginity.

It was all the fault of a drunk perv.

'Is there anyone more miserable than I am now?'

She could not help but shrink back when a gust of chilly wind blew into her face. The weather was freezing today.

But what was done was done. There was no point crying over spilled milk.

She was twenty-four, an adult. Treating this as an absurdity of life, erasing it from her memory, and moving on was the way forward.

She looked up and inadvertently saw a huge outdoor TV screen.

"Mr. Valentine, what is the purpose of you coming back here? Are you planning to target the local market here?"

"Your company in Athana is doing so well. Why do you choose to return to Estain, Mr. Valentine?"

"Would you accept an interview with our magazine, Mr. Valentine?"

A large group of reporters raised their cameras and surrounded the man, all wanting to get an interview with him.

The man said not a word. He kept a smile on his good-looking face as he nodded to the reporters.

He was haughty, reserved, indifferent, elegant, yet no one thought he was rude.

Summer could not believe her eyes. He was none other than that perv.

She sneered, lowered her head, and then spun around. Right behind her, a group of women, old and young, were fascinated at seeing the man. They were all his big fans, apparently.

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Half an hour later, she was back at home. A strong coffee aroma drifted into her nostrils the moment she stepped into the living room.

Daisy Scott saw it was her daughter and waved at her with a smile on her face. "Would you like a cup of coffee, Summer?"

Summer pushed the thoughts to the back of her mind, put on a smile, and behaved like her usual self. "What coffee is that?"

"As you know, your dad and I traveled to Mowo. The place is famous for its coffee. We just bought a little. It is too expensive."

"It doesn't matter. The most important thing is that we get to taste the finest coffee. It is called enjoyment. Don't be so hard on yourself," Solomon Hart, Summer's dad, said.

Summer smiled. The three of them sat down at the coffee table, sipping their freshly brewed black coffee while her parents told of their interesting stories of the Mowo trip.

The dark roast coffee was bold and smoky in taste. Her dad liked strong black coffee, so it was kind of bitter.

But as bitter as it was, she drank four large cups of it. She checked the time, put down her coffee cup, and ran into her room.

“What’s the matter?” Daisy looked at her in puzzlement.

“I have got to go to work this afternoon. I am running late.”

While speaking, she stuffed her new gloves into her handbag before running out of the house like a bat out of hell.

It was 2:30 when she arrived at the office. She breathed a sigh of relief as there were still ten minutes before her class started.

She was teaching at First Santabaca High School, which was the top school in Santabaca. Every year, students competed to get a place here, not just because it was the top high school in the city but also because of its wonderful benefits and treatment. But that also meant the entry requirement was stricter.

She was a language teacher for Class 4 and 5 of 12th Grade and also the class teacher of Class 5.

“Please turn to page 85 of the textbook. What we are going to look at today is Sonnet 85 from Shakespeare. I will read it aloud first, while you all look at the annotations below.”

Standing on the podium, Summer cleared her throat and read out aloud.

“My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still, While comments of your praise richly compiled—”

“Reserve my love for you with golden quill and precious phrase by all the muses filed.” A clear and pleasant voice of a student suddenly interrupted her.

All the students in the class burst into laughter, turning around to look at the source of the voice.

Jazz Valentine rested his arms lazily on the table, his charming eyes squinting from the sunlight coming through the window as he spoke word by word again. “My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still, While comments of your praise richly compiled, Reserve my love for you with golden quill and precious phrase by all the muses filed.”

The laughter in the classroom got louder. Summer could not hold back herself, bellowing with a helpless smile on her face. “Jazz Valentine!”

“May I help you, Miss Hart?” Still, with his eyes squinting, he curled his lips up with a smile.

Summer walked over and stopped beside Jazz, and then gently pinched his ears as a reprimand. “Come to my office after class.”

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Office.

“Jazz Valentine, can you stop making trouble in class?” Summer sounded helpless.

“I think I am well-behaved enough.” Jazz grinned, raising his disapproving eyebrows. “My life is too boring. I need some fun. What about the Christmas gift you have promised me, Miss Hart?”

“You remember that better than anyone else. I have got you a Christmas present, but you have got to promise me something.”

“Promise what?”

Summer sat down at the desk. “I have been the class teacher of Class 5 of 12th Grade for a year, and every time there is a parent-teacher conference, I have seen none of your parents or guardians coming. I want to see your guardian at the parent-teacher conference tomorrow.”

She emphasized the last sentence.

Jazz's slender body leaned against the desk as he reached to touch his nose. "I'm afraid that is difficult, Miss Hart."

"Since this is the case, forget about the Christmas present. Go back to your classroom." She picked up a pen and started to prepare for the next lesson.

"Okay, I promise you, Miss Hart. The present..." Jazz gave in.

Pleased with his response, Summer let out a smile and took out a pair of gloves that she had prepared in advance from her handbag. "Here you go. Merry Christmas."

Jazz took them in his hands and flipped them back and forth with a frown.

Summer stretched her hand, knowing that he did not quite like them. "You may return them to me if you don't like them. It took me two nights to knit this pair of gloves."

The arc of the corner of the boy's mouth rapidly widened as he took a step forward.

She was significantly shorter than him, at only the height of Jazz's lower jaw.

Bending down, the boy suddenly grabbed Summer's hand and kissed her on the palm of her hand. It caught her unawares, and she felt a warm and itchy sensation on her skin.

"Thank you for the present, Miss Hart."

Jazz let go of her hand like a French gentleman and walked out of the office, his eyes beaming with light.

It was not until Jazz disappeared from her sight that Summer came out of her daze. The kiss sensation was still lingering on the skin of her palm. Luckily, there was no one else in the office.

Jazz was a 12th grader, yet he acted as if he was a gentleman with a roving eye.

He looked at the gloves in his hand and came to a corner. He then took out his mobile phone and made a call with a cheerful voice.

“It is me, Mr. Butler. Could you please tell either my dad or mom to come to my school tomorrow?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Valentine are not home, Jazz.”

“Isn’t my elder brother back from Athana? Tell him that if he is not coming to school tomorrow, I am going to give him a big headache.”