

# **The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity**

## **Chapter 3**

**Summer got up at six in the morning because she had to prepare for the parent-teacher conference.**

**The nights were longer in the Winter, so it was still dark outside. When she looked out the window, she could vaguely see the branches swaying in the chilly wind. The climate had changed, apparently.**

**Christmas was coming in two days, but there was no snow—probably climate change was real. Holding a glass of water in her hand, she stood by the window, and her mind was elsewhere.**

**Just then, there were loud footsteps. Amara Lincoln, Summer's sister-in-law, staggered into her room. Amara wore a heavy makeup and reeked of alcohol.**

**Summer frowned. "Are you drunk, Amara? Did you go gambling again?" she asked in a low voice.**

**Amara looked at her. "Who told you I lost? Who dares to say I lost? I was just having bad luck. I will win it all back in two days."**

**Summer glanced at her, picked up her scarf and handbag, and walked out of the room without saying a word again.**

**School.**

**It was 10:00 am, exactly the time for the parent-teacher conference.**

**The parents were seated. But there was one empty seat. Summer gently bit her lip as Jazz's guardian was absent again.**

**She turned around and was about to go to look for Jazz when her heart skipped a beat. How could it be him?**

Mark was wearing a white shirt with a camel coat hanging on his arm. He was walking in a hurry, with a careless vibe in him.

There was a fleeting sense of astonishment in his eyes when he saw Summer. But no one had noticed his reaction.

As he walked past her, he glanced at Summer as if she was a stranger.

Her heart was pounding. Even her hand holding the roster trembled. She did not know that he was Jazz's guardian.

What a small world—so small that they were crossing paths again.

She swallowed, feeling as if a fishbone stuck in her throat. She took a deep breath to calm herself down.

As all the parents who attended the conference were women, Mark stuck out like a sore thumb.

What made him stand out even more was his sharp facial features. He looked so perfectly good-looking that it was as if God handcrafted him, not to mention his distinguished, elegant temperament. Those women took out their mobile phones and started to snap photos of him. Some of them, who were social media freaks, even went as far as posting his photos on Twitter.

Mark frowned as he found these people were annoying. He nearly lost his patience. But he still managed to control himself. He looked at Summer and said in a deep voice, "Has the meeting not started yet, Miss Hart?"

She was flustered, feeling uneasy. But she kept her back straightened, trying her best to ignore the tall man's powerful sense of presence as she spoke in the tone of voice, just as she did in class.

"Thank you for coming, despite your tight schedules. The purpose of this parent-teacher conference is to report to parents on the students'

academic and general performance for the past one year. I am going to do a roll call. Please acknowledge by raising your hand.” She started to read aloud names. These people here were parents or guardians of the top ten students in the class.

Summer was doing it unhurriedly. Her voice was a little hoarse, probably because she had caught a cold. Nevertheless, it still sounded pleasant. She was bouncy when talking about students.

Mark raised his brows, squinting to study her.

Her black hair was shoulder length. Her eyes were round, black, and lustrous like beads. She had a small, delicate nose, and her lips were vermilion.

Her cheeks glowed like a jade. The red down jacket she wore made a striking contrast with her fair skin.

She was wearing no makeup yet looked fairly presentable and pleasing to the eyes.

As hard as she forced herself to focus, she could still not ignore his gaze.

She took a deep breath, kept telling herself to keep calm. “Guardian of Jazz Valentine?”

Mark leaned back and raised his hand lazily. “Here.”

Those women at the conference looked over at him upon hearing his mellow, magnetic voice.

Summer reminded herself that this man was now the guardian of her student, not the man of that night.

She warned herself again in her mind, then looked up and said calmly, “Do you know how is Jazz doing in the school?”

Still maintaining his previous posture, Mark tilted his head sideways as if he was listening attentively. He looked charming that way.

“He has been getting second place from the bottom in every exam, without exception. I hope Mr. Valentine could pay more attention to him.”

Any parent would have felt embarrassed by such a comment. Yet Mark appeared nonchalant. “How many twelfth graders are here in the school?”

“Two thousand nine hundred,” Summer replied.

He flicked his sleeve with his fingers and nodded casually. “Isn’t there another person behind him? Two thousand eight hundred and ninety-ninth—this is pretty good, don’t you think?”

Summer was struck dumb at hearing what he said and secretly sneered.

The rich had a different mindset. They had nothing to worry about even if they got the last place in exams.

“Your way of thinking is really unusual, Mr. Valentine.”

“Well, you could say that.” Mark’s lips curled up, and he looked at her with his eyes slightly narrowed.

Their eyes met, and her heart skipped a beat. She quickly looked away.

The parent-teacher conference ended. Mark pushed the chair aside and walked out of the room.

Jazz had been waiting outside for a long time. “Hey, Mark.”

Mark nodded in acknowledgment and said nothing for a while. “Was that how you took the exam?” he finally said.

Jazz hemmed and then grinned. "Why do you think the prices of merchandise in the malls always end with a '9'? That means rare is precious. Which do you think sounds better: 2,900 or 2,899?"

"Are you saying that you are a merchandise with a price tag?" Mark shot him a cold, warning glance. "Next time, if you get 2,899th again, you are finished."

"Since when have you been so concerned about my academic performance? Next time, I will not get 2,899th but 2,898th. It is not bad at all."

"Next time, if you cannot get into the top 1,000 spot, I will cut off all your finances," Mark said coldly.

"Then, you have got to promise me one thing," Jazz replied with a shrug.

"What is that?"

After the parents and guardians left, it was noon, time for lunch.

Summer stretched and walked out of the school gate. She was thinking of having pasta when a black Bentley pulled up beside her.