

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 4

Summer took several steps back. She was startled when the car's window rolled down and saw that it was him again.

Mark first glanced at her, and then looked at Jazz, who was sitting on the front passenger seat. "Get off."

The door opened, and Jazz got out of the car. He again acted like a gentleman, with a smile on his face. "Mark wants to talk to you, Miss Hart."

'Why does he want to talk to me?'

Summer's heart skipped a beat. She glanced at the man in the car with caution. "What is it about?"

"It is about my study." Jazz hemmed and forced a smile.

She must have been stressed out and overthought. She licked her lips. "Since it is about Jazz's study, why don't you go to my office?"

"Considering who Mark is, reporters must have gotten the wind and are on their way here. We had better find a better place."

While speaking, the school principal, who had got the wind, rushed out to meet Mark. "You should have told me earlier that you would come, Mr. Valentine, so I could come out to welcome you."

Mark cleared his throat and nodded casually. "I am here just for the parent-teacher conference. I didn't want to bother you."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Valentine." The school principal rubbed his hands awkwardly. Only then did he notice Summer was here. He looked at her in surprise. "Miss Hart?"

Summer nodded politely. She did not know that the school principal would notice a small fry like her.

"I need to talk to Miss Hart about my younger brother's study," Mark said.

"Sure." The school principal grinned from ear to ear and then looked at Summer. "Go talk with Mr. Valentine. Take your time; there is no rush to come back today. But please come up with something specific, don't disappoint Mr. Valentine."

'Does the school principal have to do it so conspicuously to please Mark Valentine?'

The principal looked like a father who sold his daughter for a penny. Summer thought to herself as she tried to get out of this. "But I still have classes in the afternoon."

'Is she a heedless folly?' The principal had gotten anxious now, 'Screw the d*mn classes and go with Mr. Valentine, would you?'

"Don't worry. Miss Atkinson will take your place, Miss Hart."

Jazz raised an eyebrow at the principal. "Okay, we will take Miss Hart away."

Without waiting for Summer to respond, Jazz opened the car door, put his hand on her shoulder, and shoved her into the back seat while he got into the front passenger seat.

"Where are we going, Mark?" Jazz tilted his head and asked.

"I'm starving," Mark said with a hoarse, low voice. He leaned back in the seat and closed his eyes to take a catnap, his eyes sweeping over her.

Summer frowned and was uneasy, as the energy of the man beside her was too hard to ignore. She dared not even move a muscle, for Christ's sake.

Jazz and the chauffeur were also in the car, but that did not lessen the pressure she felt. Instead, things became more and more unbearable to her.

She had to keep her eyes looking straight. Or else she would see the man from the corner of her eye.

The car drove forward steadily before it finally came to a halt in front of an expensive-looking restaurant.

In the elegant and palatial private dining room, a medium-cooked steak was placed in front of each of them, along with a bottle of red wine.

Jazz was the one who ordered the steaks. He kept asking Summer what she would like to eat as he took out a menu for her.

But all Summer wanted was to get out of here as fast as she could. She tried to find an excuse to leave.

But her attempt was useless. Jazz had still ordered a steak for her.

The red wine slid down the transparent glass slowly and smoothly, with a mellow aroma spreading in the room.

Mark looked at Summer for a few seconds and then put down the wineglass in his hand. "Are you going to stand there forever, Miss Hart?"

Both Mark and Jazz had already sat down. It would make her look odd if she still kept standing there. So she had no choice but to sit down, albeit reluctantly.

There was only the sound of cutlery in the room. She pinched her fingers and broke the suffocating silence. “Did you say you want to talk about Jazz’s study?”

Jazz was about to sip at the red wine when he heard his name. He quickly found an excuse and left the table.

He winked at Mark as he left.

Mark was cutting his steak with cutlery like an elegant gentleman when he heard Summer’s question. He looked at her. “What do you think if I hire a private tutor for Jazz, Miss Hart?”

His business-like reply eased her tension. “I think that might be a good idea.”

“So you agree to be Jazz’s tutor, do you?” he immediately said.

She was wide-eyed, straightening her back at once. “When did I say that?”

Mark put down the cutlery in his hand, picked up the wineglass, and took a sip of the wine. “So what do you say, Miss Hart?”

“I am sorry. I don’t have time.” She rejected it categorically.

“It will not take too much of your time. Just two hours every day will do.”

“It is not a question of how much time. I really don’t have time.” She mustered her courage to look him directly in the eyes.

But Mark did not seem to hear what she said. “I will pay double of your current salary.”

“Neither is it a matter of money. Please find someone else, Mr. Valentine.” Summer sounded cold.

She wanted to erase her memories of that night. She wanted to have nothing to do with him.

Every time she saw him, it would remind her of what happened that night.

Mark gently swirled the red wine in the glass. He appeared to have no emotion, a stark contrast to her agitation. "What do you think if I discuss it with the school principal, Miss Hart?"

That sounded more like a threat to her. The school principal was apparently biased toward Mark. As sure as the sun will rise tomorrow, she knew that the principal would give her up to Mark.

A fit of anger rose within her. She sprang to her feet, her chest heaving. "Why do you insist on getting me as Jazz's tutor?"

There were countless people who wanted to be a tutor. So why threaten her like this? What were his intentions?

"You must have misunderstood, Miss Hart." There was a weak smile on Mark's face. "It is not me but Mark who wants you to become his tutor."

Summer looked at him, stunned. "Jazz?"

"Yeah," Mark replied lazily.

It turned out that she had over-thought. How embarrassing! She blushed and took a deep breath. "I am sorry, I was too emotional just now."

