

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 5

“What do you think, Miss Hart?” Mark looked up and asked again.

“I still refuse.” Summer looked at him in the eyes and spelled out the answer.

He narrowed his eyes and stared at her but said nothing, as if he had read her mind at this moment.

She looked up in surprise when she heard nothing from him. It was at this moment that their eyes met. She plunged into his penetrating gaze with her heart pounding uncontrollably.

As the air of silence built up between them, Mark suddenly opened his mouth, his voice sounding so unquestionable and confident. “I suppose your refusal has something to do with what happened that night.”

Summer expression changed. She was afraid of this man. He was like a cheetah in a gentleman’s clothes. He would kill its prey in an instant.

She did not deny what he said was correct. She even nodded in admission.

“I have something to say about that night.” Mark looked at her. “It was out of good intentions to suggest a hymen reconstruction. I think you must have misunderstood me, Miss Hart.”

What he said got on her nerves immediately. She gritted her teeth and said in a low voice, “I hope you can completely forget about that night, Mr. Valentine. I don’t care if your have a good intention.”

“I have forgotten it. It is you who can’t get over it, Miss Hart.” He was observing her with his penetrating eyes.

She looked away to avoid his gaze. “I am not.”

“Why not be Jazz’s tutor then?” Mark raised an eyebrow, giving her more pressure.

He had successfully ignited her rare irritability. She rose to her feet at once, feeling annoyed. “No! I am not going to do that. No! Don’t you get it, Mr. Valentine?”

She flushed. Her big eyes were sparkling clean, black, and bright, so much so that even Mark was attracted to them. His eyes flickered as his lips curled up in a weak smile. “You are losing it again, Miss Hart.”

“So what even if I am losing it? I told you I didn’t want to be Jazz’s tutor. I still have classes in the afternoon. Please excuse me, Mr. Valentine.”

Summer grabbed her handbag and headed to the door. After only going two steps away, someone pushed the door open from the outside. It was Jazz.

Mark raised an eyebrow as he saw Jazz. “I am not going to force Miss Hart to do what she doesn’t like, Jazz. Tell Ben to send Miss Hart back to the school.”

Jazz’s eyebrows furrowed. He looked at Summer. “Why not, Miss Hart?”

“I still have a lot of work to do, Jazz. I don’t have time to be a tutor.” Summer looked at Jazz apologetically.

She then walked around Jazz and left.

Mark got to his feet and walked out, too. He raised an eyebrow when he saw Jazz still standing on the spot. “Aren’t you going?”

“Do you believe I can get her to agree, Mark?” The corner of Jazz’s mouth curled up in a smile. “I have a lot of stuff to do, too. I don’t have time to go to school.”

Mark checked the time as he got into his black Bentley. He could not care less about what Jazz said.

When Summer arrived at the school, the school principal summoned her to his office.

He asked her many questions irrelevant to her work. All of them were about Mark.

She sat there, pretending to be listening. She was drowsy, and her stomach growled because she had eaten nothing today.

All because her plan for pasta did not work out this afternoon.

The principal had done his talking, and she could finally leave. Before that, the principal kept reminding her to monitor Jazz’s study.

She was surprised by how far the principal would go to butter up Mark. He was beyond redemption.

In the following days, Summer noticed that the seat in the last row by the window had always been vacant. That was Jazz’s seat.

Every time she called Jazz on the phone, a sweet female voice would tell her that the number she had dialed was busy and to call back later.

This would be normal if this happened once or twice. But it had been going on every time she called, which only meant one thing: Jazz was evading her.

He was twenty this year, yet he was throwing a tantrum like a child.

But she could understand why Jazz behaved that way—it was all because she had refused to be his tutor.

Letting out a helpless sigh, she took out the student record book and started looking for Jazz’s address.

The year-end exam would be held in two days; she had to make sure Jazz take the exam, no matter what.

She jotted down Jazz’s address on the phone and waved down a taxi. “Clovervale Residence, please,” she told the driver.

The taxi driver glanced at her twice with a smile. “You live there? I heard that the houses there are super expensive.”

“No, I am just seeing a friend.”

She had heard about the house prices in Clovervale Residence, too. They were expensive. But she had never been there before. Today was her first visit.

Half an hour later, the taxi stopped in front of a neighborhood.

The air quality and the environment here were superb. She could smell the faint fragrance of flowers in the air as they walked in.

She followed the address, came up to the third condo. She stopped in front of a door and was surprised to see that it was open ajar.

She checked the address several times to make sure she had come to the correct unit before she pushed the door open and walked in.

But just a few steps in, she froze in place like a sculpture, as if the soles of her feet were nailed to the floor. She heard what might sound like the soft moan of lust.

She did not need to look and knew what was going on in the house.

Blood was rising to the top of her head, her mouth dry, her face blushing big time, as if blood was going to drip out of her skin.

'W-W-What is going on?'

She did not know what to do. She did not even know where to put her hands and feet, her mind just going blank. The only thought that came to mind was to leave this freaking place.

She heard a loud noise under her feet when she spun around. D*mn, she had knocked over a trash can.

Her expression changed drastically, and she was again petrified in place.

Just then, Jazz's voice came. "Did you hear that, Mark?"

"If you can't keep quiet, just get the hell out of here." A low voice snapped.