

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

## **Chapter 6**

**Summer sensed something was wrong and realized her blunder. Things were not what she thought.**

**Out of doubt and curiosity, she walked through the foyer quietly.**

**As soon as she stepped foot into the living room, a giant, wall-mounted LCD screen came into view.**

**She was blushing big time. She looked down, and only then she noticed the two guys on the sofa.**

**Jazz's eyes were glued to the TV while expressing his opinions. "Look at her boobs, Mark. I am dead sure they are fake. She has really long legs, though."**

**Mark had apparently just come out of a shower. His hair was damp, and he was wearing casually, yet still elegantly. He was looking at a stack of documents in front of him.**

**Just then, he sensed her stare. His hand holding a pen paused as he looked up and saw her.**

**He was not surprised nor felt embarrassed. He cocked an eyebrow and looked at her. "Hello, Miss Hart."**

**Jazz, who was still staring at the TV when he heard Mark called out Summer's name, spontaneously looked back.**

**He blushed and cursed in his mind. Jumping up from the sofa, he scrambled to stand in front of the TV. When he found it was impossible to block it off, he ran up to Summer and covered her eyes with his hands instead.**

He then looked at his elder brother and yelled in embarrassment.  
“Switch it off quickly!”

Mark was totally composed in contrast. He leaned over, reaching over the granite coffee table for the remote controller. He pressed the Off button, and the TV screen went black. As silence returned, Jazz hemmed twice, only then let off his hand. “I’m going to make some coffee.”

He disappeared from sight before Summer could say anything.

She was on the point of saying something when she bit her tongue. Sitting down on the sofa, she started to look around.

The house was spacious and looked expensive. It had a two-tone design, which was black and white. She was surprised to discover that she could see the ocean from where she was sitting.

While she was still in awe, Mark’s voice came to her ears. “How did you find us here, Miss Hart?”

“It is in Jazz’s personal details,” she answered.

Mark narrowed his eyes and shot a questioning look at Jazz, who was coming back out with coffee.

Jazz’s heart missed a beat. His elder brother must have found out that he used his address instead of his home’s.

Summer did not drink the coffee but just looked at Jazz. “The final exam will be in two days. What are you going to do?”

“I still have stuff to do. I don’t have time to go to school,” Jazz said, as if it was a matter of course, just like what she said earlier.

“Jazz Valentine!” Summer was annoyed. She spelled out his name.

**“I am not going to take the final exam if you don’t agree to be my tutor. You know that I always mean what I say.”**

**Summer had been teaching him for a year. Of course, she knew him well. That fact that she had come today meant that she had compromised.**

**“Let’s talk about what you did just now, shall we?” She changed the subject. “Since you are a twenty-year-old adult, I don’t mean to stop you from watching those stuff. But you have got to have the right thinking.”**

**She had never discussed such a topic with any male. As best as she could pretend to be calm, she still blushed from talking about the topic.**

**Jazz was no more embarrassed. He now nodded with a smile.**

**Mark was reading his office documents when he overheard their conversation. His lips curled up in a smirk when he took a glimpse at her, seeing her futile attempt to cover up her blushed face with a serious expression.**

**'Does she really think that kid know nothing about adult stuff?'**

**“And you, Mr. Valentine,” Summer suddenly looked over at him, “how could you abet him as his guardian?”**

**Now he was to blame.**

**Mark looked up, narrowed his eyes as he leaned back on the sofa leisurely. “Didn’t you say you would not stop him from watching, just that he needed to have the right thinking? I have no reason to stop him, do I?”**

**She could not find the word to respond. So she took a deep breath to suppress her anger. “You should teach him with the right thinking, shouldn’t you?”**

**She was not a hotheaded person by any measure, yet he could always find a way to arouse her anger.**

**He massaged his forehead with his slender fingers while watching her. He then frowned with a serious expression. “What is the right thinking?”**

**He was getting on her nerves. She gritted her teeth, her chest heaving with anger, so much so that blue veins popped up on her skin. “Mr. Valentine!”**

**He was simply chopping logic and could not be reasoned with.**

**Mark raised his eyebrows again. The heat was going up a notch. Her blushed face was set off by her pale yellow down jacket, making her skin look creamy, lustrous, and moist.**

**When what happened that night came to mind, Summer’s eyes darkened in an instant.**

**Was he not worried about setting a terrible example for Jazz?**

**“Is that how you should be as an adult, Mr. Valentine?” Summer gritted her teeth again.**

**In her eyes, he never understood what she said. Not only that, he even twisted her words, which really made her hackles rise.**

**“You are no better, Miss Hart. Hasn’t anyone told you that you should ring the doorbell before entering someone else’s house?” Mark hit back with a sneer.**

**“You—” Summer could not find a word to respond. Her hands were clenched into fists as she glared at him.**

**He looked at her, his manner still elegant as he signed the documents in front of him.**

**The atmosphere tensed up instantly. Meanwhile, Jazz, who was standing by, seemed to have been forgotten.**