

The President's Accidental Wife by Blue Fruity

Chapter 7

Just when Mark was about to speak to break the silence, Summer looked away. She took a deep breath and then said with an unusually calm tone of voice with a hint of sarcasm, "If you have time, Mr. Valentine, you should still pay more attention to your younger brother."

After saying that, she walked out of the door at once. As she walked out, she kept telling herself repeatedly to calm down, and that she need not bother with what Mark said.

Nevertheless, she still lost her cool by slamming the door shut behind her with a loud bang.

Mark had heard that. He raised his eyebrows and spoke to Jazz casually. "Miss Hart seems to have a hot temper; she gets worked up easily."

Jazz retorted with a hiss. "Not at all. She is recognized in the school as a good-natured person."

"Really?" Mark's response was casual and perfunctory. He shrugged off what Jazz said.

Jazz sat down and extended his hand in front of Mark's eyes, showing off and in defense. "This is the Christmas gift she gave me. She knitted it by herself. Isn't she ingenious?"

A light flickered in Mark's eyes as the white woolen gloves came into view. He looked away after a few seconds and said, "It looks ugly indeed."

By the time Summer reached home, it was already afternoon. She opened the door to the living room and saw Amara sitting on the sofa in her pajamas with her legs crossed, and also a pile of snacks in front of her.

The TV was showing a program in finance and economics. Summer took two glimpses of it and became a little curious. When did Amara become interested in finance and economics?

Was she not only interested in beauty and fashion?

Hearing a sound, Amara looked up and beckoned to her excitedly. "Sit here and let's watch together."

"I don't understand a thing about finance and economics, and I'm not very interested. Enjoy yourself." Summer changed into slippers, picked up the hot water cup, and warmed her frozen hands.

"I have only completed Eleventh Grade and not even finished Twelfth Grade. Do you think I can understand it?" Amara frowned. "I am looking at this episode's featured figure, Mark Valentine. There he is. Look! He is here."

As she turned around, Summer's eyes fell on the TV. The hostess in a black suit was talking about the Valentine Group with enthusiasm.

The annual profit and dividends of Valentine Group, including that it was the only company listed in the world's top 200 companies, was the pride of everyone in Santabaca.

And what came out next was a photo of Mark Valentine in a black knee-length coat and smoky gray suit pants. His thin lips were tightly pressed together with not much expression on his face. He exuded a sense of maturity and elegance.

“He is even more charming than celebrities and models. How can he be so charming?” Amara exclaimed. “What do you think, Summer?”

“Ordinary.” Summer said in a nonchalant tone of voice. The image of Mark, who could not be reasoned with and chop logic, came to mind. She spontaneously clenched the cup in her hand and gritted her teeth.

“Ordinary? You need to check your eyes. He is tens of millions of times better than your wimpy brother, a big man who only earns four thousand dollars a month. It is simply not enough.” Amara sneered.

Summer did not want to argue with her. After all, she was her own sister-in-law. But hearing Amara calling her brother a wimp, she could not help but hit back with a sneer. “Then why don’t you look for a job yourself? Two people making money is better than one.”

Amara snorted. “It is only natural for a man to support his wife. What do you call a man if not a wimp when he can’t even support his wife?”

Summer had a bitter expression on her face. She took a sip of water and retorted. “When you have a gambler as your wife, eight out of ten men are usually wimpy.”

Amara did nothing serious all day but gambled away the money her husband, who was also Summer’s elder brother, made every month. Not only that, she enjoyed shopping and would buy a bunch of clothes whenever she went out.

Besides, she was gluttonous, lazy, and picky about food. She would not touch any food unless it was good, tender, and fresh.

She did not even make her bed but expected her mother-in-law to do it for her.

Summer wondered what her brother liked about Amara.

She always felt that her mom and dad had been too tolerant. Her mother did not want any conflicts with her daughter-in-law, so her mother never let her get involved.

The humiliating remark angered Amara. As she was about to yell at Summer, something came to mind. Her face changed, and she quickly suppressed her emotion. “Do you know where the title of our house is, Summer?”

“How am I supposed to know? You’d better not meddle with it.” Summer warned and then ignored her and walked into her room.

There really was no common ground between them. If not for living under the same roof, she would never want to talk to such a person.

“What an arrogant whelp! I don’t need you to tell me. I can find it myself!” Amara sneered behind her back. When thinking about that imminent thing, her expression changed again. Immediately, she sneaked into Daisy’s room and rummaged around.

Inside the room.

After taking a shower, Summer called Daisy, “Where do you keep the house title, mom?”

Amara’s question might sound innocent, but Summer had got an uneasy feeling about it.

She was worried that Amara might be up to something.

Daisy was on the train at the moment; her surroundings were noisy. So she found a quiet corner and continued. “Why ask? Your dad is the one who keeps it. I haven’t got a clue about it. Should I ask your dad?”

“Then does Amara know where it is kept?”

“Even I don’t have the faintest idea where your dad keeps the title. I am sure Amara will never know about it. What happened?”

Summer breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing that. “Nothing. I was just asking. Be safe. I will hang up here.”

Since even her mom had no idea where the title was, Amara certainly did not know, too.

It was December 25th, Christmas, in two days.

And after Christmas, it is New Year’s Day. And after New Year’s Day, it would be the year-end final exam. It was usually the busiest time of the year for her, and this year was no exception.

In fact, this year was even busier than in previous years because she had to work as a tutor for Jazz every night.

It stressed her out when so many things came at once. The good thing was, she did not see Mark when she went over to give Jazz tuition.

It was Christmas today. Shops on both sides of the road had already put up their decorations with green Christmas trees, white snowflakes, and red Santa Claus.

She checked the time and urged the taxi driver anxiously. “Please drive faster. I’m in a hurry.”