

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

## **Chapter 8**

**She still had classes at 1.00 pm. But when she hurried out in the morning, she accidentally dropped two teaching materials.**

**“As much as I want to drive faster, the traffic sucks. It is Christmas today, lady.”**

**It usually took only half an hour to cover the distance, but today it took 50 minutes, which just showed how terrible the traffic jam was.**

**Knowing that she was going to be late, Summer called Nancy Atkinson immediately, hoping that they could swap classes.**

**Nancy did not ask why but readily agreed. Summer could have a sigh of relief. Nancy’s class was at 3.00 pm, so she still had plenty of time.**

**When she arrived home and pushed open the door to the yard, she was puzzled when she saw a large group of people standing there.**

**“Who are you all?”**

**A middle-aged man in his forties came up and looked at her. “Are you the former house owner here?”**

**“What do you mean by former house owner?” it startled Summer to hear that.**

**“Let me tell you. I am the owner of this house now. You are the ex-owner,” the middle-aged man said.**

**“What are you talking about? We didn’t sell the house. You must have made a mistake.”**

**“Take a look at this document, lady.” The middle-aged man passed the document over to her.**

**She took the document in her hands. Her face crashed, turning pale as she read. She clenched the document with her fingers, as if she was about to tear it apart.**

**Apparently, the document the man handed her was a deed with signatures of both the seller and the buyer, and the property had been paid for. The deed had been notarized and stamped.**

**Color faded from her face, but she remained composed. She knew that there was no point in arguing right now.**

**The only thing that she had to do was to accept reality.**

**“But we haven’t found a place to stay. Could you please allow us a few more days?”**

**The only way was to buy more time so that she could figure out what to do next.**

**The middle-aged man took back the deed. “I am afraid I can’t, lady. We need a place to stay, too.”**

**“Just one day—one day, okay?” Summer was almost pleading. “We haven’t moved our belongings yet. How are you going to move in?”**

**“You have got to move out, no matter what. I am not going to sleep on the street tonight. Don’t worry about us, lady. You should worry about where to put your stuff. I was going to call you just now when you came back.”**

**While speaking, Summer saw a few employees of a moving company come out, carrying the bed in her room.**

**Where would she find a place to put these things, given such short notice?**

Gritting her teeth, she begged the middle-aged man. “You see, I really have nowhere to go. Would you please vacate a room for me to put my stuff first? I promise I will move out tomorrow, okay?”

Seeing her pathetic look, the middle-aged man gave in. “Well, then. But you must move out tomorrow.”

“Sure. Sure.”

After packing up everything in the room, it was already three in the afternoon—time for class.

But Summer was not in the mood to check the time. Wiping the sweat off her forehead with anger boiling inside her, she dialed Amara’s number.

But Amara did not answer, and a sweet female voice told her to call again later.

She had called five times, and all the calls did not get through. Amara must have deliberately refused to pick up.

Summer’s chest was heaving. She gritted her teeth as she composed a text message:

'Are you still busy right now, Amara? My brother just called, saying that he will get his salary and bonus together in advance this month before New Year’s Day. He transferred three hundred dollars into my account to buy a Christmas gift, and I am supposed to give you the rest. I will keep the money for myself if you don’t call back. Don’t say I didn’t tell you. Oh, yeah, aren’t you supposed to treat me to dinner?'

She even added a smiley face at the end of the message. By now, her knuckles had turned pale.

On the other hand, Amara was playing poker in a smoke-filled casino. When she heard the notification sound, she took out her mobile phone and checked the message.

She frowned in puzzlement after reading the message. Did the buyer not tell her he would move in today? Could it be that Summer was still aware of it?

After thinking about it again, she figured that probably the new owner postponed moving in for one day. So it was natural that Summer had not learned about it.

But why did her husband transfer the money to Summer? He could probably not get through her phone, but he could have directly transferred the money to her account. So what was going on?

She cursed in a low voice and then put up a smile as she returned the call to Summer. "I just saw your text message. Didn't you say you want to try the famous ten-course meal in the city? I will wait in front of the restaurant on Portwell Street. Okay, I will hang up now. Be on time."

During the call, Amara had been carefully paying attention to Summer's tone of voice.

Amara breathed a sigh of relief when she heard Summer speak in a modulated tone of voice, just like how she spoke on normal days.

Leaving the casino, she headed straight to the restaurant at Portwell Street.

After waiting for about twenty minutes in front of the restaurant, she at last saw Summer stepping out of a taxi.

Amara smiled like a Cheshire cat as she stepped out on her eight-centimeter high heels to greet Summer. "What took you so long?"

**Saying nothing, Summer paid the taxi driver. She had been so angry that her eyes literally spat fire.**

**She spun around and raised her hand before slapping Amara with all her strength.**

**Amara fell back several steps from the force of the slap. She lost her balance on her high heels and fell to the ground.**

**It startled passersby, who stopped in their tracks and rubbernecked.**

**Amara was caught unawares, not knowing what happened. A while later, she came to her senses and realized that Summer was luring her out.**

**She quietly cursed in her mind as she pulled herself up with a hand on her red and swollen face, trying to play the victim. “What is wrong with you, Summer?”**

**Summer gritted her teeth and looked at her with icy eyes; how she wished she could give Amara a couple more slaps. “Stop pretending!”**

**She had put up with Amara’s nonsense for far too long. Her patience had run out this time.**

**“Pretending what? What do you mean? I have no idea what you are talking about.” Amara shook her head, pretending that she had been wronged.**

**All eyes were on Summer right now. Everyone started to judge, pointing their fingers.**

**But Summer did not give a hoot about those rubberneckers. She was paying her entire attention to Amara, her reasoning and composure flying out of the window.**

**“I really don’t understand. Did I do something wrong?” Amara was still pretending.**