

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

## **Chapter 9**

Summer lunged up and grabbed Amara's hair, then gave her a couple of slaps again. "Do I have to remind you of the conscienceless things that you have done?"

She had hit no one until Amara came along. Right now, she wished she could strangle Amara.

Amara sneered in a low voice that only Summer could hear. "So what if I just did it? You had better kill me now, or else I will make sure you regret it later."

Not only did Amara have no sense of remorse, but she also behaved arrogantly.

Summer lost her last trace of sanity as she hit Amara again to vent the monstrous anger in her.

Amara did not fight back but took the slaps with a sneer.

More and more onlookers gathered and caused traffic jams. Some people finally could no longer sit by and watch. They called out loudly, "Call the police! If this continues, that poor lady will die. Call the police!"

Hearing those words, Amara shouted, "Help! This woman hit me! She is a teacher. She hit me!"

Those onlookers despised Summer even more, as they thought how could she do such a thing to that poor lady in public, not to mention that she was a teacher.

Before long, a police patrol car arrived. Two police officers got out of the car. "What the hell is going on?"

Everyone pointed fingers at Summer. "This woman, a teacher, hit that poor, helpless lady. We can all testify that the victim never hit her back."

The two police officers stepped forward and apprehended Summer by her arms, respectively. "Follow us back to the police station. Everyone, disperse now!"

Summer had not come to her senses and was still struggling and yelling. "Let me go! Let me go!"

No way the police officers would listen. They shoved her into the police car, along with Amara and an eyewitness.

Nearby.

Inside a black Land Rover, Mark squinted, taking in everything that happened before his eyes.

Not that he watched it on purpose. Just that the traffic had come to a standstill, there was no way his car could move forward. So he was not only forced to watch the farce but had also witnessed how square-jawed that woman was.

"Mr. Valentine, are you going back to the office or the condo?" The traffic finally eased up, and the chauffeur let out a sigh of relief.

"Condo," Mark replied casually as he pulled back his gaze with no emotion in his eyes.

Police station.

The two police officers sat at their desks, and Summer, Amara, and an eyewitness on the opposite.

"Please describe in detail again what happened." The police officer on the left beckoned the eyewitness.

The eyewitness nodded and then carefully recounted in detail what happened just now.

Meanwhile, Amara sobbed with her shoulders shuddering, suggesting that she had been unfairly treated and hurt. She looked pitiful.

Summer had come back to her senses by now. She shot a sideways glance at Amara and felt her acting ironic.

How could Amara be so shameless?

The eyewitness had finished giving statements, and the police officer sitting on the right had also made a tran. “Thank you for your cooperation. You may leave now.”

“Well, then. Make sure she is punished for what she has done. I can’t believe that teachers nowadays are so violent. Before the case of sexual assault on children some time ago is solved, today we have another teacher attacking someone on the street. You guys have to teach them a lesson. Teachers are gradually losing public trust now. I don’t know what is going on in this society now, alas!” The eyewitness shook his head and left.

“Excuse me, when can I leave?” Summer asked anxiously as she sat in a chair, looking at the police officer, who was looking through the documents on the opposite side.

The police officer looked up upon hearing that. “As a teacher, you committed violence on the street. Do you think you can still leave today?”

Amara gloated over it. She could not be happier to see Summer being arrested.

“You beat up someone in public, and we have all the evidence and eyewitnesses. You broke the law knowingly as a public servant. You

will be detained for ten days to facilitate investigations.” The police officer who had just taken the tran frowned and walked in front of her with a serious face.

The most important thing now was to get out of here. Summer’s brows furrowed as she started speaking in a calm voice. “Then I would like to apply for the administrative detention order to be put in abeyance.”

“Fine. You may do that.” The two police officers exchanged a look with each other and nodded.

Summer was delighted, and she finally felt a temporary sense of relief. “When can I leave?”

“In half an hour.”

Amara had no clue what administrative detention in abeyance meant, but when she heard Summer could leave in half an hour, she started acting again.

“Are you going to let her go just like that? This is not the first time she has hit me. She has been hitting me now and then. I had been putting up with her violence all this while because I thought she was a family member, and I didn’t want to wash the dirty linen in public. But she went from bad to worse. Are you going to let her go? I am afraid of my safety!”

“A habitual offender?” The writing pen in the police officer’s hand stopped as the police officer glanced up at Summer. “Your application is rejected.”

Summer stood up at once with emotion. Everyone in the police station could hear her yelling, “I am not a habitual offender! Why do

**you all only listen to her one-sided testimony? Where is the evidence?”**

**“Here is the witness.” The police officer pointed at Amara, who had not left yet, and then threw Summer into the police lock-up.**

**“You will be detained for ten days. Humph! I am curious to see how you can appear in front of me again!” Amara hissed and left, feeling vindicated.**

**Summer did not feel cold at all in the lock-up, as there was a central heating system.**

**But her heart was icy, like a lifeless stone.**

**She was too impulsive and lost her cool today. At first, she thought Amara was just addicted to gambling and lazy. She did not know that Amara could be so ruthless.**

**Amara could go as far as framing her so that she would go to jail. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.**

**She sat there quietly with a sneer. From now on, she would not have to be soft-hearted to Amara again because this woman did not deserve to be treated amiably.**

**Her phone was confiscated, her mom and dad were still on their vacation trip, and her elder brother worked in another state. There would be no one coming to bail her.**

**She also promised to move her belongings out of the house tomorrow. Now that she was trapped here, would the new owner throw all her stuff out onto the streets?**

**Summer was anxious.**

**It was 8.00 pm, but Summer had not come to the tuition class yet. Jazz looked at the three-dimensional quartz watch in the living room and then at the apartment door expectantly.**

**Summer always kept her words. She would do as long as she agreed to it. Even if she could not come, she would call up to inform him in advance.**

**But there had been no phone call from her, which meant she would be coming.**