

THE PRESIDENT'S ACCIDENTAL WIFE

Chapter 22

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If push came to shove, she would go into hiding. It might not be a solution, but this could be the only way out.

Her mom and dad had returned to their hometown in the countryside. So Mark could not use her parents to threaten her.

Her headache had lessened, and she felt better now. She got out of bed and quickly packed up.

She wasted no time in leaving the place. But before that, she had to go to school to hand over her task for the year-end exam.

She hauled her suitcase and headed out to the school.

Jazz yawned and stretched. He looked up and saw Mark coming out of the bedroom. "Are you going to the office now?"

"Yeah. What's up?" Mark looked at him as he adjusted his iron-gray tie.

"Mom came back last night. She asked us to go home in the morning."

"Let's go home first, and then the chauffeur will send you back to school." As Mark put on his suit, his brows

furrowed as if something came to mind. "When is the final exam?"

Jazz hemmed upon hearing the question. "Tomorrow," he answered truthfully.

"How is your preparation?"

"Everything is fine. I will not get the last place again this time, I guess." Jazz rubbed his nose.

Mark nodded in satisfaction. He then hissed with a warning. "Don't ever come back if you fail."

Jazz knew that Mark was not joking. If he got the last place in this exam, he would be done for.

"I will not repeat the same mistake. Trust me," Jazz said.

"How old is Miss Hart, by the way?" Mark asked absentmindedly.

"Twenty-four." Jazz was puzzled.

His hand that held a file froze for a split second. He then picked up his coat and the car key from the coffee table.

At twenty-four years old, she was young, six years younger than him.

"What's up? Isn't she young and talented?" Jazz said proudly.

But Mark stepped out of the hallway at once without even bothering to look at him.

Jazz spun around and pursued. "Wait for me. I will go with you."

It did not take long before the black Land Rover came outside the villa of the Valentines. The two walked into the living room in tandem.

"When did you get engaged? You didn't tell your brother and me... Okay, I know... You guys be safe while on the road."

Yvette Angelo was on the phone when her two sons came home. She hung up, and her smile broke out on her face.

"Aunt is engaged? When was it?"

Jazz looked shocked, his eyes cautiously sweeping over Mark beside him. He was afraid to look at

Mark's expression.

Mark froze in place, his lips pressed together, and his face looked grave with emotion surging inside

him. Even blue veins popped up on his hand that held the file.

"Two days ago," Yvette said with a frown, looking not too happy. "We all are family, but she didn't even inform us about her engagement."

"Mom, did Aunt say anything else?" Jazz was trying to sound out if his aunt had ever mentioned Mark.