

Accidental love II

Chapter 36 Bloodshot Eyes

The pain like purgatory was still fresh in Janice's mind, which meant that the matter in the villa last time was also real.

The strange man wearing the silver mask had chased from the villa to the Clinton's!

At this moment, the bedroom was warm, but Janice felt a bitter chill. Her pajamas were quickly soaked in cold sweat.

She couldn't stay here anymore!

She ran to the study quickly with barefoot, trying to tell Marcus what had happened.

She pushed open the door of the study. Then she saw him lying on the folding sofa in the study with the wireless headset still on his head.

He didn't even change his pajamas. He still wore the same clothes that he wore when he left the bedroom yesterday. He should have fallen asleep while listening to the game.

Her gaze fell on his smooth and fair face. His deep features were so good. His thick and long eyelashes were slightly upturned. The exquisite and tall bridge of the nose added a bit of heroism to him.

For some reason, looking at his sleeping face, Janice gradually calmed down.

She didn't want to disturb him. So she was about to turn around and leave, only to hear the groan of the person on the sofa. Marcus slowly opened his eyes, which were like an invisible well pool. They were dark and deep. He stared ahead straightly without blinking.

Janice took a step forward. Before she could say "good morning" to him, she saw that his bloodshot eyes. What frightened her was that the scarlet eyes were the same as that of the man wearing the mask.

Janice was stunned for a few seconds, then picked up a book to cover half of his face, and then raised the other hand to cover his forehead.

In an instant, the speed of Janice's heartbeat suddenly increased. She almost dropped the book in her hand on his face in fright.

She was shivering. For fear that she would call out in the next second, she hurriedly covered her mouth with one hand, not even daring to make a sound.

Why did Marcus' eyes look exactly like that of the man wearing the silver mask?

Could it be that Marcus was the one who raped her these two nights?

It seemed that those rumors were not groundless. He did have unspeakable secrets!

Marcus already woke up. He heard movement in the room and hurriedly sat up with his arms supporting his body. His cold face instantly tightened, then he asked harshly, "Who is there?"

"It's... it's me." Janice stammered in reply.

Hearing her voice, Marcus softened immediately, "Are you here to wake me up?"

"Yeah." Janice didn't dare to say one more word, lest that she exposed her true emotions.

"Well, it happens that I want to go to the bathroom." Marcus fumbled and sat back in the wheelchair.

Janice desperately suppressed the fear in her heart, cautiously walked behind him, pushed him to the bathroom, and remained silent along the way.

After a long time, her pale little face finally became a little better. Then she went downstairs for breakfast with Marcus.

"Janice, did you sleep well yesterday?" Shawn asked.

Janice had been thinking about what happened last night, so she had been in the thoughts since she sat down. She didn't hear what Shawn said clearly. She just nodded in a daze.

Shawn snorted slightly, blaming his grandson, "Marcus, you have to care about Janice."

"Alas." Marcus sighed slightly, and said, "Maybe I didn't hold her last night, so she didn't sleep well."

After speaking, he raised his eyebrows slightly. A smirk appeared on his face.

The others glanced at Janice, who was still stunned, and smiled playfully.

"Good morning, everyone." Kyle said hoarsely as he walked towards the crowd leisurely.

He stretched himself as he walked, yawning. His mouth widened so open which was enough to put an egg.

“Kyle, why did you just get up now? What did you do last night so that you were so tired?” Shawn said to him, feeling a little unhappy.

Kyle took a seat directly opposite Janice, squinted his eyes and glanced around, then he said with a smile on his face, “I’ve done a great matter!”

What he said shocked Janice. She couldn’t help but raised her head. She happened to see Kyle’s eyes. Then she saw there were two dark circles under his eyes. It was obvious that he didn’t get enough sleep last night.

She stared at him for a few seconds, then suddenly reacted. These scarlet eyes seemed to be familiar.

In the next instant, a man wearing a silver mask immediately popped into her mind. His sharp eyes were astonishingly the same as those of Kyle.

The chopsticks fell to the ground.

Janice’s face paled immediately. Some cold sweat overflowed from the tip of her nose. Her lips trembled slightly, and her hands even trembled fiercely.

She finally figured it out!

The person wearing the silver mask was Kyle!

On the night of the murder case in the villa, she once saw “Marcus” appearing by the swimming pool with his hands covered in blood. Later, she mistook Marcus as the murderer.

She didn’t know at the time that even if the murderer’s face resembled Marcus, it could not prove that the perpetrator was him, not to mention that he had a reliable alibi.

She actually forgot Marcus and Kyle looked exactly the same.

Chapter 37 What If She Got Pregnant

It seemed that the person Janice met that night was definitely not the disabled and blind Marcus, but his twin brother Kyle. Compared with the disabled Marcus, his younger brother, Kyle, was healthy and had good eyesight. From any angle, he was more likely to commit crimes!

Moreover, she and Marcus were legal couples. If he wanted to have sex with her, he could ask her or act directly. There was no need for him to use such mean ways.

It was terrible!

This Kyle was not only a murderous executioner, but also a criminal who repeatedly raped his sister-in-law. It turned out that he was the devil hiding in the Clinton family.

Thinking of this, Janice felt all the nerves in her body beating. Her breathing seemed to be strangled in an instant. Some cold sweat flowed from her temples and into her neck. She trembled.

Shawn first noticed her abnormality, and asked in a gentle tone, "Janice, you don't look so well. Are you fine? Why can't you even hold the chopsticks?"

"Grandpa, I, I'm fine." Janice replied hesitantly.

Seeing Grandpa's kind face, she wanted to tell everything to him, asking him to punish Kyle for Ada and herself.

However, a huge problem lay in front of her, which was there was no evidence in her hand. Everything was just her speculation!

Although she knew that Kyle had a major suspicion, he couldn't be arrested just by her guessing.

The only way for her now was to collect evidence of Kyle's crimes as soon as possible. Then she could wait for a good opportunity to tell others his crimes.

Janice secretly made up her mind that she couldn't act rashly while living here. The silence now was to make Kyle pay a greater price in the future.

After having breakfast with difficulty, Janice felt a little indigestion. As if there was a butterfly in her stomach, she even felt like vomiting.

She suddenly realized that she hadn't taken any precautions when she was raped by Kyle these two times. It would be bad if she became pregnant.

Would she be so unlucky?

Thinking of this, Janice suddenly let out a cold sweat.

The infamy for not observing women's morals was second. If she was pregnant with that scumbag's child, it would be a shame for her life.

No, she must go out to buy some medicine to prevent it.

She walked up to the man in the wheelchair and asked softly, "Marcus, I want to hang out with my good friend, okay?"

Marcus raised his eyebrows lightly, and asked instead, "Is this friend a man or a woman?"

"It's my best friend, Chloe." There was a glimpse of sadness across her eyes, which was fleeting.

She couldn't help thinking to herself that Marcus usually behaved very gentlemanly, and most of the time he was gentle to her, but the invisible desire for control made her feel at a loss from time to time.

"I'll let the driver take you there. You two are girls, so you still have to be careful when you go out." Marcus squinted his eyes. His tone was not as cold as before.

"Okay." After Janice responded warmly, she walked out with her bag.

Marcus closed the braille book on his laps. His eyes fixed on somewhere in front of him, and his handsome face was full of chills.

"Mrs. Clinton, here we are." The driver parked the car in the underground garage of the mall and woke up Janice who was napping in the back seat.

Janice rubbed her eyes, then her sight gradually became clear. She said to the driver, "Just wait for me in the car."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

She got out of the car with her bag and took the elevator to the top floor. Chloe had already been waiting at the elevator entrance.

"Mrs. Clinton, if you don't come again, I will be dead!" Chloe said humorously, with a bright smile on her face.

"Haha." Janice teased Chloe with a smile, bowed her head and said in a low voice, "Come with me to the drugstore."

Chloe was dragged to the drugstore by Janice and saw her taking a bottle of contraceptive pills from the shelf

"Janice, you and Marcus had sex?" Chloe looked at her in surprise.

"I'll tell you in a moment."

Janice looked around warily, took her best friend by the hand and walked to the cash register. After paying the money, they two found a coffee shop and sat down.

Chloe looked at Janice from head to toe, and said playfully, "Look at you! It really looks like that you just finished having sex with a man. I didn't expect Marcus to have that ability."

"You have sharp eyes, but the man is not Marcus." When Janice said this, she was a little sad.

"Damn! Janice, don't tell me you have an affair as soon as you just got married!"

Janice couldn't help but smiled bitterly. Her eyes quickly dimmed, and she said helplessly, "I was raped."

She told Chloe about how the man wearing the silver mask raped her, and her speculation about the murderer.

Chloe was stunned. She couldn't believe what Janice said. So she asked in surprise, "Maybe you had a nightmare, did you?"

"Absolutely not!" Janice shook her head. Her eyes were determined, "When he raped me for the first time, I felt like my body was torn apart. Later, I checked on the Internet. Most women will have this kind of feeling after having sex."

Then Janice stretched her wrist in front of Chloe, and said solemnly, "If you don't believe me, see! There are still marks here."

"Huh? I didn't expect Kyle to be the murderer. It seems that he has been trying to frame Marcus for so many years."

Hearing this, Janice frowned and her face became more solemn.

Chapter 38 Will Things Really Go As She Wishes

"However, he did so many bad things but was not caught. Why was he discovered by your little girl?" Chloe frowned and asked.

"What you said makes sense. Actually, I only suspect him. I haven't found evidence yet, so I can't be sure it's him. But since Marcus had a car accident, there have been multiple murders in the Clinton family one after another. I think there must be weirdness among them."

Janice frowned. She bit her lips. Freya once said there were some ghosts haunting in this family. But Janice felt that the viciousness of human being was more terrifying than ghosts.

Chloe supported her chin with one hand, and suggested to Janice, "Don't tell others. Just observe first, and try to collect evidence. In addition, hide a knife by the bed. If the

man wearing a mask comes to you again, just fight back. You can take out the knife to defend yourself. Even if you can't kill him, you can get him injured."

Janice nodded vigorously, "This is the only way I have for the time being."

"You didn't tell Marcus about this, did you?"

"No! I dare not tell him." Janice couldn't help sighing.

It was too cruel for Marcus to accept the fact that his brother was a murderer and his wife was raped by others. Even if he could face it calmly, Janice was afraid that other persons in the Clinton family would protect Kyle. Then she couldn't bring him to justice.

Seeing Chloe frowning, Janice suddenly realized that the topic was too heavy, so she quickly said, "By the way, I will go abroad for my honeymoon in a few days."

When Chloe heard this news, her eyes lit up. Her tone became lighter, "Great! In this way, you can avoid the demon, Kyle. Just go abroad to enjoy yourself!"

Alas, it would be great if she could really avoid the demon, but would things really go as she wished?

Janice lowered her head and stopped speaking. A bitter smile appeared on her face.

Janice successfully shifted the topic to honeymoon. Chloe excitedly told her what to pay attention to when traveling abroad.

After a while, Chloe suddenly stood up, patted her forehead, and said excitedly, "Janice, do not just sit here and chat. You have to buy something for your honeymoon. Let's go shopping."

Janice remembered the pile of clothes that Marcus had bought some time ago. She hurriedly waved her hand and said, "No need. Marcus bought a lot of clothes for me."

"Then buy bags! A woman must have a good bag."

After that, Chloe pulled Janice up regardless of she agreed or not. Janice really couldn't refuse Chloe, so she had to follow her to various big-brand specialty stores.

The two of them walked into a top luxury store. Knowing that she couldn't afford the new products in the store, Chloe took Janice's hand straight to the discount area.

The salesperson looked at the two of them up and down. Seeing that the two in front of her didn't make up or wear expensive clothes, she judged that they were not rich. So she said impatiently, "Call me when you need help."

Afterwards, she left the discount area without looking back and enthusiastically greeted a fashionable woman.

“My dear, will you buy this bag for me?” The woman squinted her eyes slightly. With her tone, she was so glamorous.

However, her coquettish voice made Janice and Chloe get goose bumps.

The two turned their heads curiously, then they saw an enchanting long-haired woman leaning on a man. Her hands with dyed red nails were stroking a delicately crafted leather bag which looked like a lot of value.

The salesperson treated them with a very hospitable attitude. With a professional smile on her face, she said flatly, “This lady, you are really insightful! This bag is new this season and it is a limited edition. There are only five in the world.”

The man smiled, just glanced at the bag, then took out a credit card, and said domineeringly, “Check.”

“Wow, that woman is really lucky. I have seen that bag in the magazine. This bag sells for more than five hundred thousand.” Chloe approached Janice’s ear and commented with extreme envy.

Janice didn’t respond to what her best friend said. All her attention was focused on the man, because this prodigal was Kyle.

Thinking of those bad things he had done, Janice felt a sense of disgust. For fear of any intersection with him, she quickly raised her hand to cover her face, hoping that he would not find that she was also in the store.

But Chloe didn’t notice the change in Janice’s face. She picked up a saddle bag from the shelf, gestured to Janice, and shouted excitedly, “Janice, this bag is suitable for you!”

Hearing what Chloe said, Janice really wanted to find a hole to hide herself, but unfortunately there was nowhere to hide now. Kyle must have discovered her.

Sure enough, Kyle walked towards her. Glancing sideways at the sticker on the shelf with the word “discount”, he snorted and sneered.

Chapter 39 I’m Not Pushover

“Mrs. Clinton, aren’t you ashamed of yourself when you come here to buy discounted bags?!”

After speaking, Kyle turned around and hooked his finger at the salesperson. Then he said arrogantly, "Give me the bag."

Janice rolled her eyes at him, then turned her face away, preparing to ignore the shameless guy.

Kyle took the bag from the salesperson, stuffed it into Janice's hand, leaned down and said in her ear, "I will help my brother do the things that he can't do."

What did he mean?

Did he mean buying designer bags or...?

Janice suddenly realized that there were other meanings in Kyle's words, which was quite a pun. Judging from his look, he was not just talking about buying bags. It seemed that there was something in his words.

If he wasn't ill-intentioned, how could he say such things casually?

Janice could almost confirm that Kyle was the man wearing the silver mask.

She could never show weakness in front of this man.

Janice generously handed the bag to Chloe next to her, then took out the card that Marcus gave her from the wallet, handed it to the salesperson, and said frankly, "I have money. It was given by my husband. I don't need someone else to buy it for me. Although I don't like this bag, my good friend likes it. So just give it to her!"

The salesperson felt a little embarrassed. She glanced at Kyle and wanted him to make an idea. Kyle was noncommittal. He stared at Janice.

Seeing that the bag was snatched by someone else, Kyle's female companion glared at Janice, and said angrily, "Who are you? Is this the first time you go out to buy things? Do you know what it means to come first!"

Janice frowned and sneered, "I am Kyle's sister-in-law. We are chatting here. Are you qualified to chip in? What's more, did you buy this bag for yourself? Challenge me?"

"You!" The girl was furious, but unable to refute. She could only glare at Janice viciously.

Chloe didn't expect Janice to be so sharp-tongued. She was so domineering that she was not like the usual Janice. So Chloe was dumbfounded, and forgot to help her.

"Okay, Mrs. Clinton, I'm going to check now." The salesperson's attitude changed completely.

Janice straightened her back and replied politely, "Thank you."

Kyle stood aside with his hands in his pockets and raised his eyebrows wickedly. A meaningful smile appeared on his face.

"My dear, she actually bullied me in front of you!" The girl gently shook Kyle's arm and said in a coquettish tone, "Not only did she snatch my bag, but also look down on you!"

Kyle pushed away the woman who was pestering him, and roared, "You can't even win a little girl. You are not worthy of being my woman. Get out of here!"

The girl was frightened by his shouting. She stomped her feet vigorously, and ran out of the store crying.

Kyle didn't even bother to look at her anymore. He took a big step forward, leaning in front of Janice.

He bent down slightly, with a frivolous smile on his face, and said in a voice that only he and Janice could hear, "You are quite interesting. I just like your temper."

When he talked, his breath was on Janice's ears. In an instant, Janice felt her hairs stand up. She shuddered, and the expression on her face condensed.

She raised her head and glared at Kyle, wishing to kick him directly or slap him hard to relieve her hatred.

"Janice, see you at home." Kyle said. After winking at her, he turned and disappeared in front of the two of them.

Janice's eyes turned scarlet. She clenched her fists. Her fingers were a little white due to excessive force.

"Asshole!" She snorted coldly.

How could there be such a shameless guy in the world? !

Chloe looked out immediately. After confirming that she couldn't see Kyle at all, she hurriedly brought her bag to Janice and whispered, "Janice, this bag is too expensive. It's worth my salary for several years. I can't accept it. Return it quickly."

"No need. I said it was for you. Just take it. Besides, Marcus gave me this money. He said it is a joint property of us. I can spend it whatever I want."

She knew that her best friend was worried that she would be blamed by Marcus after she got home, so she quickly explained to appease Chloe.

Chloe shook her head. The expression on her face was unusually serious. She hurriedly refused, "No. Although the Clinton family is rich, if you spend too much, you won't be able to be yourself in front of Marcus. Maybe he will think you're greedy for money."

"Chloe, don't worry. Marcus won't say anything. If you treat me as a good friend, just take it. Besides, if the shameless Kyle know that we return it, he will laugh at me! At that time, even Marcus will be embarrassed, right?"

Chloe lowered her head and pondered for a moment. She felt what Janice said made senses. Janice was Mrs. Clinton now. It was not very good to be too stingy outside. Of course, she couldn't be embarrassed in front of Kyle.

"Okay, then I will accept it. Thank you, Mrs. Clinton." Chloe replied half-jokingly. Thinking of Kyle's deliberate provocation, she said worriedly, "Kyle is not a good guy. You have to be more careful in the future."

Mentioning the murderer, Janice was so angry. She had already scolded him with the worst words inwardly.

"Yeah! Kyle, the asshole, knows that I am his sister-in-law and dares to molest me in front of others. He is so shameless. I think he is the man wearing a silver mask." Janice gritted her teeth and said.

"Janice, even if you hate him guts, you can't alert him. You should get the evidence and then take him down in one fell swoop. Recently, just wait and see the changes to prevent him from destroying the evidence. Otherwise, the gain will be not worth the loss."

Janice nodded silently. Kyle had done so many bad things but he had not been found out, which showed that he had hidden himself deeply. So the evidence would not be discovered so easily. If she wanted to sue him, she really had to have a long-term plan.

"By the way, the self-defense knife hasn't been bought yet. You have to get it before you go home." Chloe reminded her intimately.

"Go." Janice clenched her best friend's hand tightly.

The two followed the signs in the mall and walked quickly to a small shop selling knives. Janice saw a mini saber for self-defense, which was only the size of a palm when folded. It was very easy to hide and carry.

With the help of the clerk, Janice mastered the use of the mini saber, and then carefully put the saber in the bag.

She pursed her lips. Her beautiful eyes were filled with anger. Her face was indifferent and resolute that didn't match her age.

On the way home, Janice silently swore, 'Kyle, I'm not push-over. Don't think that you can always get away with it. I will definitely let you be punished.'

In Marcus' office.

The man in the wheelchair looked calm, with his arms hanging down on his legs, exuding a calm and noble temperament.

Ryan wore a straight hand-made suit with a flattering smile on his face. Behind his slightly squinted eyes, it obviously contained other intentions.

"Marcus, I want to have a good talk with you." Ryan's tone was gentle. Obviously, he was flattering Marcus.

Marcus' face was cold, without any emotions. He asked coldly, "What are you going to talk about?"

"Do you still hate me for what happened before?"

Ryan stared directly at Marcus, trying to capture the change on his face.

Marcus only curled his lips ironically, and sneered, "No. We don't have such a deep relationship. Even if you kill me, I won't hate you. Ryan, don't need to pretend here."

Ryan was speechless. A fierce look appeared in his eyes. He thought to himself, 'Don't think I dare not teach you a lesson!'

Ryan clenched his fists and waved to Marcus. He almost hit Marcus in the face several times. But Marcus didn't respond at all. His face was still cold.

After venting the dissatisfaction, Ryan adjusted his tone and said, "Marcus, since we are all with the woman we like now, it can be said it's a happy ending. When we meet in the future, stop acting like enemies, okay?"

This sounded to seek peace with a humble attitude, but the disdain on Ryan's face had betrayed his true thoughts. Obviously, he was not willing to subdue.

Marcus knew Ryan's thoughts. He sneered coldly, and said sarcastically, "Your parents scolded you at home? Don't mind what they said. I don't mind it!"

"That's good." Ryan responded in a perfunctory manner. He paused for a few seconds and said in a negotiating tone, "Ryan, can you ask Janice to treat Fiona better? They're sisters after all. What's more, we will become a family in the future."

"Ryan, this is the purpose of your coming to me today." Marcus unscrupulously exposed Ryan's real thoughts, with a strong sneer between his brows.

“Yes! You are right. Janice slapped Fiona that day. When she got home, half of her face was swollen and she was crying very sadly. She told me what happened that day. In fact, you can’t blame Fiona. She...”

Before Ryan finished speaking, Marcus interrupted him abruptly, “I can’t blame Fiona? It seems you should be blamed. Can I let Janice beat you?”

It sounded logical. But in Ryan’s eyes, it became a kind of irony and provocation.

“You are unreasonable!” Ryan ranted angrily and tore off his mask of hypocrisy.

Hearing this, Marcus pulled a long face instantly.

His facial features were already sharp. When he didn’t speak, he had an aura of prestige. At this moment, this feeling was getting more and more fierce.

Marcus raised his eyebrows disapprovingly, and sneered, “You have done something unreasonable, but you dare to say that I am unreasonable? I tell you Janice is still soft-hearted. If it were me, it wouldn’t be just a slap!”

Chapter 40 Feeling Moved

Ryan was trembling with anger. He pointed at Marcus’ nose and shouted, “Marcus, you are lame and blind now. You are just a cripple. How dare you be so arrogant?”

“I am indeed disabled right now. You can bully me. But if you bully Janice again, don’t blame me for being rude!”

When Marcus spoke, he showed a fierce expression on his face. His stern tone was hiding his murderous intent. There were no emotions on his face, which made people shudder.

“Hmph, you can’t see anything. What can you do to me?” Ryan talked back.

“I’m indeed blind, but it’s better than some people’s heart is blind. If you don’t believe it, we can just wait and see.” Marcus said those with disdain.

Ryan was pissed off by Marcus.

“Just get over yourself!” Ryan left the office after saying these cruel words.

Marcus frowned. He felt more and more unsatisfied to this cousin.

Keeping such a cousin was always a scourge.

A brisk footstep sounded.

Gavin walked up to Marcus, slightly bowed his head and reported, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton bought a bag just now."

"Really? What brand?"

Marcus smiled. His tone of voice was obviously gentle.

"Hermes."

Good! Janice was finally willing to spend money.

He nodded lightly and announced domineeringly, "Go to the store and buy out all new models."

Gavin was stunned for a few seconds. Last time, Marcus bought a lot for Janice in the fashion store. This time, he was going to the luxury store to raid. It seemed that Marcus really wanted to spoil Janice!

Gavin sighed inwardly and replied respectfully, "Okay."

In the Clinton's.

Janice opened the door of the bedroom on the second floor. She was shocked by the scene in front of her. The floor was filled with bags of the same brand, with different colors and styles. It was just like moving a specialty store directly into the house.

She thought she was in the wrong room. Then she turned around to check, but heard a man's voice from the corner.

"Mrs. Clinton."

Looking over, she saw Gavin.

He moved to Janice, holding a black diamond VIP card in both hands. He said with a smile, "As long as you show this card in any mall, no one will dare to be disrespectful you. Mrs. Clinton, please accept it! "

Janice was dumfounded. She took the black card in a daze, and responded, "Thank you!"

Gavin left politely after completing the task.

Janice picked up a bag and examined it for a few seconds, frowning.

She had no interest in luxury goods, nor did she like to wear such expensive clothes. She felt imprisoned if she was dressed in jewels.

The clothes he bought last time were enough for her to wear for several years. So how many years would it take if she used each one?

Making money was not so easy. He always spent a lot of money like this. Would it be too wasteful?

After thinking about it, she decided to talk to Marcus.

When she arrived at the study, Marcus, who had originally turned his back to the door, turned his head. His side face was illuminated by the dazzling white light, and the resolute outline became more and more sharp.

She couldn't help but thought to herself that if she said that Marcus was just like a work of art, she believed that there was definitely someone raising his hands in favor.

"Marcus." Her voice was soft and slow. When it fell into Marcus' heart, it was like a feather stroking.

Marcus turned the wheelchair to face her, smiled, and asked softly, "Janice, what's up?"

Janice hesitated and then said, "Thank you for the bags you gave me."

"Do you like them?" There was a faint smile in his tone.

"These bags are very good! But there is really no need to be so luxurious. I am used to living a frugal life. I am not used to the luxurious life. Besides, I don't like those famous brand goods. I feel awkward to wear them. It's not my style at all. Actually, I like to wear comfortable clothes."

Everyone often said, "It's easy to change from frugality to luxury, but it is difficult to change from luxury to frugality." But why was she different from others?

The smile in Marcus' eyes gradually deepened. His smile was brighter. His tone was full of petting.

"Janice, it's your business whether you want them or not, but it's my business to buy them or not. As your husband, it's my duty to spoil you. If you really don't like them, put them away. Anyway, there are a lot of rooms in the house."

As expected to be the young master of the Clinton family, he was indeed rich and wealthy. Ordinary people couldn't afford a bag even if they saved money for one year. He actually let her treat them as collectibles.

Janice sighed helplessly. She thought that instead of letting him buy blindly, it was better to tell him clearly that she would buy what she wanted, so that he wouldn't buy in large quantities at every turn.

“Marcus, I swiped the card you gave me. It cost more than 500,000. I promise I will tell you every time I spend. I will buy it myself if I need it in the future, so you don’t have to worry about it anymore.”

Heard the meaning of her words, Marcus raised his eyebrows imperceptibly. There was a complicated look in his eyes.

After all, she was still not used to spending her husband’s money.

She had no such habit before, but now he had to cultivate her!

“You don’t need to report to me. Just buy whatever you like. If the money is not enough, I will try to make more money. You can rest assured to spend!” Marcus’ words were gentle and domineering, which made Janice feel soft.

She felt warm and touched. A warm current rushed all over her body in an instant.

Although Marcus was lame and blind, he had been spoiling her in a unique way. In this world, it might be difficult to find a man who was sincere and kind to her like him.

Perhaps, marrying him was not a bad thing.

Janice smiled unconsciously. She moved a half step forward, squatting in front of Marcus, keeping her eyes parallel to him.

“Marcus, I have decided on the location of our honeymoon. Let’s go to the Aegean Sea. It is said that the sea there is clear and calm. The scenery is very beautiful.” She said softly.

“Okay, as long as it is where you really want to go.” Marcus’ handsome face was full of smiles.

Janice was moved. She gently grabbed Marcus’ hand, and said softly, “When we arrive there, you don’t have to worry about not seeing or walking. I will tell you everything I see. I will push you to walk around, okay?”

Marcus didn’t expect that she would take the initiative to get close to him. He held her little hands, rubbing his thumb back and forth on the back of her hands, which made her feel a little shy.

“Okay, thank you.” He said with a smile, but he didn’t stop rubbing her hands.

“You are so good to me. I should repay you. Or I’m too unconscionable!” She said half-jokingly, smiling.

As soon as she finished speaking, Marcus’ hands paused. The smile on his face faded.

Was she doing this just for repaying his kindness, or was it a matter of courtesy?

In her subconscious mind, she still treated him as an outsider?

The sound of running water in the bathroom stopped abruptly.

The water drops slowly slid down Janice's fair neck, caressed her beautiful body shape mischievously, and disappeared into the stagnant water on the ground.

In the mist of water, the woman was like a white jade statue covered with dew, which was soft, quiet, fresh and refined.

Janice wiped the water drops off her body with a towel, and then opened the bathroom door, ready to go back to the room to wear pajamas.

As soon as the bathroom door was opened, a handsome man came into her eyes. She saw his delicate profile lines. Under the soft light of the bedroom, there was a kind of extreme charm.

The man wore headphones on his head, as if he was listening to music. His upper body was gently swaying in rhythm.