

Accidental love II

chapter 65

Chapter 65 Flash Marriage

Janice moved to Helena's side. For fear of scaring her suddenly, Janice said softly, "Mom, it's just a prank, not a ghost. You don't need to be afraid anymore."

Helena still didn't recover from the shock. She wasn't listening at all. She just nodded in a daze.

In the past two days, Helena had always misunderstood that Marcus was the murderer, and even beat and scolded him. Now she should see the facts and stop targeting him, right?

Thinking of this, Janice smiled.

Helena left the living room with the help of the servant. Janice turned her head and saw Freya turning the rosary, and kept chanting, "Amitabha, Amitabha..."

"Aunty, are you doing this for Ada?" Her voice was soft and slow.

Freya didn't answer her question directly. She just said, "Yeah. Ada should go where she should go."

Janice dared not interrupt Freya's chanting. She walked back to Marcus.

Afterwards, the crowd gradually dispersed, leaving only a few young people in the living room.

Vincent told Marcus what he had seen. In the end, he didn't forget to praise himself, "Marcus, you have to thank to me. Otherwise, the truth can't come to the light."

"Thank you, Vincent." Marcus smiled. Finally, he didn't frown.

Vincent kept his chest out proudly and said with smile, "You're welcome!"

"Vincent, why do you look more like his real brother?" Kyle put his hands in his pockets, and walked to them.

There was nothing wrong with these words literally. But when he said it in his playful tone, it was full of ridicule.

Janice rolled her eyes at him.

The calm expression on Marcus' handsome face was gone, replaced by coldness.

It was Vincent who broke the silence first and said, "Kyle, you came back too late and missed a wonderful show."

Kyle smiled fascinatingly, "What's so fun? Tell me quickly."

Therefore, Vincent told him the incident in detail again.

As soon as Vincent finished speaking, Kyle sneered, and said maliciously, "Although I don't believe that there are ghosts in this world, but I remember that before my big brother is blind, he was good at those digital products. Maybe he directed and acted this drama himself!"

Hearing this, Janice glared at him. She was pissed off by him.

This asshole actually said his brother like this! Not only did he frame Marcus, but he was bold enough to throw mud on Marcus in public.

Janice calmed herself. After she collected the evidence, she would definitely send him to the jail in person!

She snorted and sneered, "Your eldest brother is not stupid. Why did he pretend to be a ghost and frame himself? If I want to pretend to be a ghost, I will definitely say, 'Kyle, go to the hell'."

While she was speaking, her eyes fell on Kyle. She couldn't wait to knock him down.

Kyle was stunned. Her smile was reflected in his eyes.

How did the little girl become more and more aggressive? It must be Marcus instigating her behind!

"Hmph, I don't want to argue with you." Kyle glanced at her sideways, and walked upstairs.

The man in the wheelchair raised his eyebrows. There was a faint smile on his face.

Janice looked at Kyle's leaving back, and her gaze fell on his gauze-wrapped wrist.

She remembered the atrocities of the masked man again. She was so angry that every cell in her body was trembling. She hated him guts.

People like Kyle who did a lot of evil would definitely go to hell after they died!

Janice secretly swore, 'Kyle, I will never spare you. No matter how much I have to pay, I must take revenge on you.'

Janice bit her lips. After a long time, her tight face eased. A line of tooth marks was on her lips.

"Janice, you still have injuries on your head. Go to rest soon." Marcus said warmly.

His words pulled her thoughts back.

"Well, I will push you upstairs together, okay?" Her tone instantly became gentle, and her pretty face was full of smiles.

"Gavin can push me. You fell twice today. Just go to have a good rest?" His tone was full of petting.

Just as she was about to say "okay", Vincent, who was standing by, interrupted them and said, "You two are so sweet. Can you care for me, a single man? Don't do PDA in front of me, okay?"

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Hearing the words "PDA", Janice was blushed. She said angrily, "You can also find a girlfriend and do PDA in front of us."

Obviously, she poked Vincent's sore spot again. He snorted coldly, and walked out without looking back.

Seeing that Janice won, Marcus smirked.

His wife was really good. She was smart and had a lot of wisdom. Now she could talk back a lot of people!

After returning to the bedroom, Janice looked at the projector for a long time, recalling the image shown today.

Suddenly, a picture popped into mind. At that time, she saw half of the swimming pool was blood, and the pale face of the dead Ada...

Then she suddenly figured out something.

"Marcus, I got it!" Her voice suddenly increased several times.

The woman's scream made Marcus' face tense.

Her exclamation shocked the two men in the room.

Marcus frowned and asked in a deep voice, "What?"

Janice was unusually serious. Instead of answering his question directly, she walked up to Gavin who was standing next to the wheelchair and asked seriously, "Gavin, where did you find this stuff?"

Gavin looked down and glanced at Marcus seemingly. He saw Marcus raised his eyebrows, and his long eyelashes quivered slightly.

"Mrs. Clinton, I picked it up in the garbage dump." Gavin reported truthfully.

This answer didn't figure out her doubts. The other party deliberately tried to frame Marcus. But why did he leave such an important thing here?

Janice held her chin in contemplation for a few seconds. A trace of confusion flashed in her eyes. Then she said sternly, "How did you think of going to the garbage dump?"

"After that incident happened last night, Mr. Clinton told us to conduct a thorough investigation, so we even checked the garbage dump. It is probably because the scene was too chaotic. Maybe the person behind the scene didn't have time to take the stuff away. His plan was disrupted by everyone. Later, Mr. Charles Clinton ordered someone to check the dining table, causing the food and tableware on the table to be scattered on the ground, so this stuff was swept out along with the garbage."

Hearing what Gavin said, Janice understood it slightly. She secretly admired Marcus' wit.

He was really a talent. Although he was blind, he was much better than his brother who had good eyes!

That asshole was so mean! His eyes were of no use at all.

"Janice, what do you ask these for?" Marcus asked.

She took a deep breath and replied, "There is something that I haven't figured out."

The answer made two men raise their eyebrows at the same time. Gavin looked sideways at Marcus in the wheelchair. At this time, Marcus pursed his lips. His sharp face looked a little bit cold.

"Gavin, can you go to find all the surveillance videos by the swimming pool on the day Ada died?" Janice raised her eyebrows as she spoke, looking so charming.

"Okay, Mrs. Clinton." Gavin replied and walked out of the bedroom quickly.

Marcus frowned slightly, and asked her solemnly, "Janice, have you found new clues about Ada's death?"

Why did he guess her thoughts again? Did he know how to read mind?

For a moment, Janice felt as if Marcus could read her minds.

She didn't intend to hide it. Then she immediately said out her doubts, "I think it's weird. I will know it after watching the surveillance video."

Marcus didn't say a word. He lowered his head and fell silent for a moment. The expression on his face was also hidden.

After a while, Gavin took the surveillance video files back to the bedroom. The three of them carefully studied the surveillance video with the laptop. Then, the ghost image in the 3D projector was played several times.

Since Marcus couldn't see anything, he could only hear their descriptions for the images.

Because of this, Janice could repeatedly compare the details of Ada's face in the two images. Finally, she discovered the weirdness.

"I figure it out!" Her face changed. Then she frowned.

"What did you find?" Marcus looked so solemn. He asked with his low voice.

Janice cleared her throat, organized her language, and tried to describe the facts concisely and clearly.

"In the surveillance before Ada passed away, it can be seen that there was a Band-Aid on her forehead, indicating that there was a wound on it. Looking at the ghost image again, although this person has gotten makeup, if you look closely, it should still be Ada herself. Because there is a wound in the same place on her forehead."

Just now, when Janice saw the ghost image again, apart from being surprised, she vaguely thought that face was a little strange.

Generally, if she wanted to have a hideous face, she would either have wounds all over her face, or she would make her face covered with blood. But there was only wound on the forehead, which was really unreasonable.

Maybe because Janice got her forehead injured in the morning, she was more sensitive to the forehead. Then she could notice this when watching the video.

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“Janice, are you thirsty? Gavin, go to pour two glasses of water.” Marcus said.

After being reminded by him, Janice realized that she hadn't drunk any water since she got home. She did feel a bit thirsty. When she had just spoken, her voice seemed a little hoarse.

Enjoying Marcus' meticulous care, Janice suddenly felt moved. She said politely, “Thank you.”

When Gavin handed the glass of water to Marcus, he felt Marcus' index finger tapping twice on the back of his hand. Then he focused his gaze on Marcus, seeing him speaking silently to him.

Gavin coughed slightly and nodded.

“Mrs. Clinton, it is indeed the case. Then when do you think this ghost image was taken?”

After Gavin said this, he looked away. His gaze returned to Marcus again, and then he quickly moved away.

Janice took a big sip of water, feeling a lot more comfortable in her throat. Then her voice became clearer.

“This video was taken after the day she died.” Janice said loudly. Her eyes were firm.

As soon as she finished speaking, Marcus raised his eyebrows. His face was not as cold as before, “You mean the person who you saw in the car that day was indeed her. She was not dead at all, right?”

Janice frowned and shook her head, “I'm just guessing. After all, I haven't asked her face to face.”

At the mention of that encounter, there was unconcealable annoyance on her face. She couldn't help but sighed softly.

It would be nice if she stopped the car and personally confirmed whether Ada was still alive. Then, Marcus wouldn't be framed by others or thrown mud by the reporters.

“We can verify it.” Marcus' tone was extremely firm, as if he had already made up his mind.

“Ah? What should we do?” Janice's eyes were filled with confusion. She frowned.

There was a meaningful smile on Marcus' face. He turned his head and said, "Gavin, send more people to search all the places Ada might go. Be careful not to be discovered. Be a little low-key."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton." Gavin replied respectfully and then left the bedroom.

Although there was a solution to the matter, Janice still couldn't calm down. She felt as if she had been splashed with cold water from her head to the bottom of her feet.

She clearly saw Ada dying in the swimming pool with her own eyes, but now she found out that Ada was deliberately pretending to be dead.

A mixed emotion of sorrow and joy instantly surged into her heart. Janice was happy that Ada was still alive, but she was sad that Ada must have other intentions.

So, what was the purpose of Ada pretending to be dead? Was it just to frame Marcus?

What grudges did she have with Marcus? Or she had no grudges with Marcus at all, but she was just a pawn of others?

Moreover, she had many opportunities to deal with Marcus while working in the villa. Why did she choose this stupid way?

There was one more thing that didn't make sense. If Ada was not dead, would the man with the blood on his hands she saw by the pool really exist?

Countless questions turned into a mysterious cloud of doubt over her head. She only felt a little panicked. There was only one thought left in her mind, which was to quickly figure out all of them.

Thinking about it, she mustered her courage, and asked, "Marcus, I once said that on the night Ada died, I saw you with blood on your hands. Do you remember it?"

Marcus' smile faded. He frowned.

How could he not remember?

Being accused of being a murderer by his wife, such a dramatic thing wouldn't happen every day.

"Yeah." Marcus answered.

"I'm not sure whether the scene was a dream or real." Her heart gradually sank. A sigh stuck in her throat.

Marcus asked, "What do you think?"

She was silent for a while. Her lower lip was bitten white by her teeth.

“I thought you killed Ada, but you can’t walk or see. How can you kill someone? So, I just doubted it. I was not very sure.”

When she said this, she felt upset.

The scene of accusing Marcus of being the murderer came to her mind. She was so angry and anxious at that time.

However, Marcus, who was wronged by his wife for no reason, must be very sad, right?

She felt so upset and regretful.

Hearing that she hadn’t spoken for a long time, Marcus asked in a deep voice, “Are you still suspicious of me now?”

“No! No!!” Her tone was obviously anxious, and her fair face was also tense.

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Marcus smiled triumphantly. His tone of voice became gentle, “Well.”

Janice stared at Marcus deeply, thinking to herself. Did he forgive her by saying that?

Then Janice felt relieved.

At the same time, she secretly felt lucky that she didn’t marry a murderer.

“Marcus, it should be someone else who killed Ada.” Janice said out her guess seriously.

Hearing these words, Marcus became so serious, looking so terrifying.

“Who is the murderer?” he asked sharply with anger.

This question made Janice scare. She almost blurted out the name of that person.

Janice took a deep breath and calmed down.

It was too dangerous just now. She almost blurted out Kyle’s name.

The asshole was Marcus’ younger brother. Without any evidence, if she rashly accused Kyle, the consequences might be worse than the last time she accused Marcus.

Because Kyle was not only suspected of murder, but also a criminal who raped his sister-in-law. He was just such a notorious evil. He would do everything.

If he knew that someone doubted him, he would kill that person immediately! Maybe it would get Marcus involved.

Janice thought for a while and then said, "Obviously, someone is framing you. I think it was not you who did the previous matters."

Marcus raised his eyebrows lightly. He smiled, "In that case, what are you going to do next?"

Janice paused for a few seconds. Then an idea popped into her mind. She solemnly said, "I will take you to do a comprehensive examination when I'm free, to prove that you have no intermittent amnesia, and to prove to everyone that you have never killed anyone."

In fact, she had long thought that this disease was purely fictitious. She had known Marcus for a long time. She had never seen him suffer from this disease.

On the contrary, his memory was so good that he could even remember what she had said unintentionally.

"Janice, do you really believe in me?" Marcus asked deeply.

Janice frowned. Just now, she spent a long time analyzing the case with him. It was just because that she believed him! Why did Marcus need to confirm it again?

Could it be that he had lost confidence in her because he had been doubted once by her?

No! She must leave a good impression on him and regain his confidence in her!

"Of course!" Janice deliberately raised her voice, as if the volume of her voice represented the level of trust, "Marcus, I believe in you! Because I believe in my eyes and my feelings."

Marcus was silent for a moment. The hands that were originally on the armrest clenched and were slowly placed on his legs. The thumbs of both hands were tapping rhythmically.

He pursed his lips tightly and frowned. There were other emotions in his eyes.

For a long time, he faced her and smiled slightly, "Janice, if I am not blind and can stand up, then, even if we have no feelings, will you be my wife for a lifetime?"

He was so serious.

Janice was slightly startled, pursing her lips and lowering her head.

This question stunned her.

There was no if in life! Who could predict future?

Janice couldn't figure out his thoughts. But judging from his look, it seemed that he was not in such a good mood.

Logically, any healthy person who became like this would have infinite sadness and resentment. If she suddenly lost her normal life and couldn't continue to do what she liked, she would be so lost and desperate!

Moreover, for Marcus, what he lost was not only health, but also precious family affection, as well as the dignity and pride of being a man.

Janice sighed sadly, resenting the injustice of fate for him. Suddenly, she felt so sad.

Since time couldn't turn back, the only thing she could do was to fulfill her obligations as his wife and try her best to make Marcus' life comfortable.

She took a step forward, leaned forward, and stretched out her hand to hold his big hand. Even if he couldn't see it, she still looked at him firmly, and said softly with a slight smile, "Marcus, you have bad eyes and legs now, but I am still your wife. As for whether I can be your wife forever, I really don't know and I don't want to know it."

Janice couldn't help but sighed slightly. Not long ago, she thought she would marry Ryan, but she was forced to marry into the Clinton family.

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Things changed so fast. No one could predict what would happen in the future. What was the point of thinking too much?

Marcus in the wheelchair didn't say a word, but his cold face softened.

He had to admit that he was moved.

He was so noble and elegant. Even if he couldn't stand up or see, his natural noble and elegant temperament made him like a king even if he sat like this, making it impossible for others to ignore his charm.

Thinking of this, Janice shook her head quickly and tried to calm herself down, saying, "Marcus, you are my husband. I should take good care of you and trust you enough. If someone else hurts you, I will be always your side!"

Janice made Marcus feel so touched.

Suddenly, he violently yanked her into his arms.

Feeling the familiar breath from him drifting into her nose, Janice felt that her mind buzzed, as if he had already occupied all her mind. Every trace of air she breathed in was full of the smell of a man.

Last time in the study, he suddenly hugged her, and then...

The scene instantly popped into her mind. She felt so shy and she was blushed.

She felt her breath was gradually taken away by him. Then she collapsed in his arms, and involuntarily raised her hand to hug his neck.

He seemed very satisfied with her reaction

He was enjoying it.

At the same time, she lost control

However, before she hadn't fully reacted or put her hands on his back, he pushed her away.

When she recovered, he had already turned around the wheelchair, facing her with his wide back.

"Janice, go out first." His voice was hoarse and low.

Janice stood there, confused by his completely different attitude before and after.

In the first second, he still hugged her, but in the next second, he pushed her away, which made her feel so dumbfounded.

Apart from being shy, she was also so confused.

Thinking of the kiss again, Janice felt that her breathing and heartbeat were rapid.

Because she didn't want to hurt his feelings, she didn't push him away when he kissed her last time. But what about this time?

Moreover, she even enjoyed kissing him more than last time, allowing herself to be kissed by him.

What was wrong with her? Feeling ashamed and angry, Janice ran back to the bedroom.

After Janice left, Marcus' panting gradually calmed down. His desire slowly cooled down. Under the dazzling light in the room, his stern face looked extremely deep.

Marcus came to the desk in the wheelchair, stretched out the drawer in the middle of the desk, and took out a photo from a book.

His fingers rubbed back and forth on the photo, as if he was treating a treasure.

In the photo, a four or five-year-old girl was squatting on the ground and staring at an injured kitten. Her profile was delicate and soft.

"Who the hell are you? Are you my lucky star?" Marcus muttered to himself, sighing lightly.

This photo evoked his memory

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That year, Marcus was 12 years old.

In March, it was still cold. He walked up the mountain with his family and went to the temple to offer incense.

Because of his young age, he had no interest in praying for God and Buddha. But his grandfather wanted to take him there. In order not to be bored on the way, he took a kitten with him.

When he arrived at the temple, his grandfather and his father all went in and offered incenses. He hugged the cat and followed behind them, reluctantly stepping up the steps.

Suddenly, the cat, who was already very obedient in his arms, was stimulated for no reason. It suddenly broke free from his embrace and jumped off him.

"Hey, kitten!" He hurried to chase. But he only saw the kitten crawl into the flowers next to him and ran away without a trace.

He went around the temple and even asked the monks in the temple to search for it, but he never found it.

Grandpa and his family found him. Seeing him look depressed, a master who was standing beside his grandfather walked up to him and said meaningfully, "Hey, your friend didn't leave you. It's still in this temple. It went to help you find your lucky star. When you find it, you will also meet your lucky star."

At that time, he was only 12 years old. He couldn't understand these words!

What new friends and old friends! What lucky star...! He just wanted to find his little buddies.

Grandpa asked the servants to find the cat. He didn't ask the master about the mystery in the words. He just looked for the cat even harder.

Finally, the effort paid off!

He didn't know how long it took before he finally found the kitten. The little girl happened to be squatting next to the cat.

Because she was leaning forward, he couldn't see her face. He could only see her chubby side face.

Was she his lucky star the master said?

He picked up the camera in his hand, pointed the lens at the little girl and the kitten, and pressed the shutter to take this photo.

However, just when he was going to talk to her, the little girl suddenly stood up and ran away without looking back.

Marcus who lost in the thoughts frowned slightly.

After so many years, if she was really his lucky star, would they two meet one day?

Janice ran back to the bedroom. Her entire face was blushed. Her heart was throbbing fiercely, as if it was about to pop out of her throat.

After Janice lifted the quilt and lay on the bed, she covered her hot cheeks with her hands. It seemed that his smell still remained in her mouth. She felt so nervous.

Marcus' kiss seemed to have some magic, making it difficult for her to escape. She couldn't help but sink into it.

Why did she lost control when facing him every time? Since when had she been so greedy for his tenderness?

The more she thought about it, the more embarrassed she became. She picked up the book on the bedside table learning massage and tried to divert her attention.

However, half an hour passed, but she didn't even finish reading a page. His handsome face, frowning eyebrows, his smile, and his domineering and gentle manner constantly appeared in her mind.

In a daze, she seemed to hear his words again, "If I am not blind and can stand up, then, even if we have no feelings, will you be my wife for a lifetime?"

If his legs and eyes could get better and he was still good to her, it was not impossible to be with him for life.

At that time, she could have her husband who loved her. Then she could have a happy family, and they two would spend their rest lives hand in hand. Wasn't this the life she yearned for? If the other party was Marcus, it would be no longer an unattainable dream. It was a goal she was willing to work hard to achieve.

Janice portrayed in her mind what a beautiful life would look like in the future, with infinite sweetness and tenderness.

It wasn't until she calmed down that she put down the book in her hand and fell asleep soundly.

It was midnight.

The man pressed against the sleeping woman again.

Janice soon realized that the man wearing the silver mask was coming again.

The sudden fear swept to her, making her feel unable to breathe.

However, anger quickly replaced fear. She was so furious that her neck was blushed.

She punched the man's chest. But the man quickly grabbed her wrist with his left hand, making her attack instantly useless.

At this time, Janice clearly saw the gauze on the man's wrist, which was exactly the same as that on Kyle's wrist.

It seemed that she was correct. The man who raped her several times was Kyle! This time, she would collect evidence and bring him to justice, letting him pay the due price!

"Who the hell are you? Why don't you dare to admit it?" She shouted and glared at the man fiercely.

The man wasn't in a hurry to answer her question, but looked at her with scorching eyes, as if he wanted to tear her away.