

Accidental love II

Chapter 76 Flash Marriage

The police were confused by Marcus. They didn't know what Marcus meant, so one of them asked, "What do you mean?"

"If the deceased now is Ada, what about the one who died in the swimming pool before?" Marcus said it coldly, making people tremble after hearing it.

"This..." The cop hesitated and didn't know how to answer.

"At that time, you guys rushed to deal with the murder case. Now, the person who died once appears again. I want to ask who the dead person in the swimming pool is?"

With a cool face, Marcus downplayed. But every word was deterrent and overwhelming.

The cop widened his eyes to the extreme. He opened his mouth and then closed. He was rendered speechless.

This Marcus was really hard to deal with.

The two cops whispered to each other. From time to time, they glanced at Marcus, only to see the chill on his handsome face. Although his eyes were dim, they looked indescribable and unpredictable.

"I still have a few questions." Marcus asked with an extreme calm voice. But it seemed that there was murderous intent hiding in his tone.

The police were already stumped by Marcus' question. Hearing that, the cop was immediately vigilant and asked him, "What?"

Marcus sneered, "What is my motive? I have no grudges with the deceased, so why should I kill her, a servant?"

"Uh..." The police couldn't find a suitable explanation to deal with.

This problem obviously stumped them. Everyone knew that the Clinton family was financially rich. If the servants didn't do well, Marcus could fire them. Why did he have to kill a servant?

The police didn't want to show any weakness in front of the suspect, so they could only say, "You have to ask yourself. Why did you do such a cruel thing?"

“Even if I want to kill her, why don’t I kill her at home? The Clinton’s is like a park. No one knows even if I killed her and then buried her. Why do I have to lead her to the back mountain?” His voice was deep with an unquestionable taste.

Marcus was reasonable. It was more convenient to conceal the crime if he killed Ada in the Clinton’s. Why did he do that and then be discovered?

The two cops looked at each other, leaned over and whispered a few words. Then they turned their attention to Marcus.

Marcus had a pair of sunken eye sockets, making his already calm and black eyes more unpredictable.

“Who knows what you think?!” The cop didn’t know how to reply.

Marcus’ jaw straightened instantly. He said, “I have an alibi. Can you explain to me how I did it?”

The cop coughed slightly, trying to pretend that he didn’t hear anything. He glanced at Marcus, and saw that his dull black eyes were motionless, as if he was staring at him. The cop shuddered involuntarily, and looked away quietly.

“Even if I really went to the crime scene, I wouldn’t be too stupid to leave wheelchair traces and a handkerchief to let you guys notice it?” Marcus looked solemn.

“There is no perfect homicide in this world.” The cop snorted coldly and curled his lips triumphantly.

What he meant was that it had nothing to do with the police when the murderer was so stupid that he left evidence at the crime scene.

Marcus grinned gloomily suddenly. He asked, “Do you think everyone is the same as that of some policemen?”

Everyone at the scene heard other meanings in his words. The two cops were so angry that their face blushed. They clenched their fists, feeling so anxious.

“You...” One cop gnashed his teeth. He pulled his tie. Suddenly he breathed a lot more smoothly.

His reaction was all in Marcus’ expectation. Then Marcus stopped smiling suddenly. He pulled a long face and said gloomily.

“You said the witness saw me. Did he see my face? How can you be sure that the murderer is me?”

Hearing this, the police didn't know how to answer. They were repeating what the witness said just now, which was really vague. No wonder Marcus could catch the breach.

They didn't expect that a lame and blind person would be so smart!

The muscles on their faces twitched uncontrollably a few times. Marcus' words made them speechless.

Hearing the police silent for a long time, Marcus sneered again, "Even if the witness knows me, there is still a twin brother who looks exactly the same as me in my family. Who dares to confirm that the person who appeared in the back mountain must be me?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the police knew that they had completely lost the battle. The police didn't expect this at all during the investigation. They just judged that the murderer was Marcus from the traces of the wheelchair.

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Hearing what Marcus said, the police were speechless, staring at him in the wheelchair and feeling depressed.

The black eyes in Marcus' deep eye sockets were like the deep sea at night, which was the endless darkness, but seemed that there were waves hidden.

The police suddenly trembled slightly. Even his hands were sweaty.

Wasn't Marcus blind? Why was there such a sharp look in his eyes?

"Such a stupid frame-up! But you guys can't see it?!" Marcus yelled angrily. He seemed to be pissed off. Then he said again, "The Clinton family pays more than 10 billion in taxes every year, just to support such idiots?!"

After he finished speaking, he slapped the table sharply, frightening the cops on the opposite side that they didn't dare to speak for a long time. Marcus exuded a forceful aura. His eyes kept looking straight ahead, as if there would be some cold arrows shooting from his eyes in the next second.

For some reason, the police always felt that Marcus was staring at them. There seemed to be a dark light flashing in those dim eyes, but it disappeared quickly.

One cop stretched out his hand and waved it in front of Marcus. Seeing that he had no reactions but just still stared straight ahead, the cop confirmed that he couldn't see anything.

The two policemen remained silent. When they looked at Marcus again, they saw that his face was cold. Marcus pursed his lips and released a powerful aura. He looked like a Shura crawling out of hell, which made people frightened.

“That’s all for today. We still have official duties.”

The police felt creepy. They couldn’t stand his seemingly sharp gaze and didn’t want to stay in the same room with him at all, so they just found an excuse and walked out.

After a while, Vincent walked into the police station and went straight to the interrogation room.

“Have the police finished asking?” Vincent asked with a solemn face.

“Yeah.” Marcus looked a little better now.

“Okay, then I’m going to release you on bail.”

After that, Vincent took Gavin to go through the bail procedures. At the same time, he asked Gavin about the interrogation process.

Just now, the police didn’t get any useful information from Marcus but were scared by him. They couldn’t wait to let him leave quickly. Therefore, the bail procedures were quickly completed. The three of them walked out of the police station together.

Marcus raised his eyebrows lightly and narrowed his eyes. The solemn expression on his face disappeared, and then he became softer.

“Vincent, thank you for helping me a lot today.” Marcus said sincerely, with a faint smile on his face.

“You have been taken away. Janice is very anxious and asked me to help you.” Vincent smiled back.

He patted Marcus on the shoulder lightly, and sighed with emotion, “You are very lucky. Janice is a good girl.”

Marcus looked calm, but he felt so complicated inwardly. Vincent almost got the marriage license with Janice. If he hadn’t arrived in time, Janice would be Vincent’s wife.

“I know you like her, too. Do you hate me?” Marcus asked.

As soon as Marcus finished speaking, Vincent almost laughed. Why did he feel that Marcus was a little jealous? He didn’t have many chances to tease Marcus, so he had to size the chance this time.

“Yeah, I like Janice very much. If it wasn’t her mother who came to make trouble that day, Janice and I would get the marriage license!”

Vincent had a smirk on his face. He deliberately said that he was regretful. He just wanted to see if Marcus would be furious because of it.

“It seems that my luck is better than you.” Marcus smiled. He didn’t look angry at all.

“Marcus, you must take good care of her. Don’t make me regret giving her to you.” Vincent smiled and said solemnly.

Marcus nodded at Vincent slightly. Then his handsome face was full of gentle smiles. He said word by word, “She is my wife. She is the apple of my eyes.”

Hearing what he said, Vincent raised his eyebrows insignificantly, and stood beside him without making a sound.

Marcus was worried that Janice would be anxious, so he didn’t want to stay outside for a moment. The three of them got in the luxury car of the Clinton family and drove to the Clinton’s.

In fact, Marcus still minded a little bit about the past of Vincent and Janice. Therefore, he asked Gavin to check their relationship a few days ago, wanting to know what on the earth happened to them.

According to Gavin’s investigation, Vincent and Janice didn’t have much contact. They weren’t in love.

Moreover, after Janice married him, she didn’t have much interaction with Vincent. Even if she occasionally met him, she just chatted a few words with him. It was basically in his presence. In this way, Marcus thought that Janice had no extra thoughts about Vincent.

Thinking of this, Marcus smiled brightly.

Vincent glanced in the rearview mirror inadvertently. Seeing Marcus smiling, he couldn’t help sighing inwardly, “Janice deserves a better you. I hope you can get your legs healed and protect her soon.”

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When the car was about to reach the gate of the Clinton’s, Vincent looked out of the car window and saw the petite figure standing in front of the gate at a glance.

Janice wore an elegant dress, which outlined her small waist and slender legs. Her fair face was so gorgeous. Her black ponytail fell on the collarbone. The sharp contrast made her skin look fairer.

She craned her neck to look outside, frowning. She bit her lower lip tightly and kept rubbing the corners of her clothes. Her delicate face was filled with unconcealable anxiety.

Then she spotted the car at the first moment. Her eyes lit up. Then she ran to the car.

“Marcus, I didn’t expect Janice to be agile. When she saw your car, she ran like an Olympic champion.” Vincent said half-jokingly.

Marcus smiled more brightly. He raised his chin slightly, and replied proudly, “Of course, she’s my wife.”

The car door was opened slowly.

A cold and familiar face slowly came into Janice’s view. She felt that the lonely feeling of emptiness was immediately filled.

“Marcus.” She called his name softly.

“Janice, have you waited for a long time?” A gentle and warm voice came into her ears.

At the moment when Marcus heard her voice, he felt so happy.

Janice stared at Marcus unblinkingly, confirming that there was no obvious trauma on his body, and he didn’t look like he was tortured. Then she felt at ease and relieved.

“Marcus, did the police embarrass you?”

“Did they torture you and rough you up?”

“Why do they suspect that you are the murderer?”

“Will they take you away for interrogation again?”

...

Janice asked a lot of questions in a row. Finally, she felt that she couldn’t breathe, then she stopped asking and took a big breath.

“Janice, which one should I answer first?” Marcus’ tone of voice was extremely gentle. He always kept a smile on his face.

Only then did Janice realize that she had asked too anxiously just now. She looked like a little girlfriend who questioned her boyfriend. She lowered her head embarrassedly, blushing.

Vincent laughed out loud, and said playfully, "Janice, not bad! You are a good wife."

Janice rolled her eyes at Vincent. Then she pursed her lips tightly and stopped making a sound. Her gaze fell on Marcus again.

Marcus looked composure, which added a different kind of heroism to his delicate face.

"Don't worry, the police were rendered speechless by your husband's questions, so they had to let him go." Vincent smiled brightly, clearly just wanting to tease Janice.

After hearing it, Janice wanted to say "You are great" to Marcus. But when she saw Vincent looking at her, she didn't say it out in the end.

Just when Marcus wanted to comfort her, Charles and Helena came out and walked straight to them.

Seeing his son's safe return, Charles sighed with relief and said solemnly, "Marcus never went to back mountain. This time, he must have been framed by others."

Hearing this, Marcus' smile faded a little. His face gradually became gloomy. He frowned with dissatisfaction and anger on his face.

Helena stood beside Charles without saying a word, looking at her son in the wheelchair with a complex expression on her face. She felt annoyance and remorse intertwined.

Janice saw the change on Helena's face. She walked to Helena who was in confusion. Then she gently pulled her arm, as if it was a touch of comfort.

"Mom, Ada didn't die before. She pretended to be the ghost and framed Marcus. She just wanted to set up Marcus." Janice's eyes were so warm, and her tone of voice was gentle and slow. "Don't hate and hit Marcus anymore, okay?"

Helena curled her lips, frowned slightly, and didn't comment on what Janice said.

"Maybe the rumors that he killed people are all fake. Mom, he has never killed anyone. Please believe in Marcus." Janice's clear eyes had a hint of determination.

Helena squinted at Marcus. Seeing his sullen face, she suddenly remembered that when she accidentally punched Janice that day, Marcus looked so fierce that he was trying to fight her. Then her face sank. She didn't want to admit that she was wrong.

She sneered and said provocatively, "When you guys find out the murderer, it's not too late for me to believe it."

"You!" Charles sighed, frowned and shook his head. Then he turned and left.

Marcus didn't want to talk with Helena at all. His handsome face darkened and he was silent for a while.

Seeing his reaction, Helena snorted softly, shook off Janice's arm, and then left angrily. Vincent also made up a reason and left.

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"Let's go back." Marcus said suddenly with his low voice.

After the three of them returned to the study, Janice thought for a while and said, "Gavin, thank you so much today. You can go back first."

Gavin responded, "Well, Mrs. Clinton."

After Gavin left the study, Janice walked to the door and looked around, then closed the door tightly, bending down and squatting in front of his wheelchair.

"Marcus, do you want to find out the truth about those things before? It's you who killed them unconsciously or you were framed by someone?"

Janice looked unusually solemn. It seemed that every word had been well thought out. It seemed that she had struggled for a long time to ask him this question.

Marcus pursed his lips, paused for a few seconds, and then said, "Of course I want."

"If your legs and eyes are healed, will it help to find out the truth sooner?"

After speaking, she felt a little tangled and frowned more tightly.

"Yes." He answered without any hesitation. His voice sounded so charming.

This affirmative answer was a mixed blessing for her. Janice felt heavy.

She looked at his dim eyes, imagining what the world he saw with her eyes would be like.

"Marcus, if someone is willing to donate the cornea, you must accept it."

When she said this, she felt so sad.

"Okay." Marcus answered concisely. His low and sexy voice was full of the masculine taste of a gentleman.

"As for your legs, I will massage for you every day so that you can stand up soon." Janice deliberately said calmly, but tears gradually filled into her eyes.

Marcus felt so warm. He asked with a smile.

“Janice, why are you so good to me?” His tone was gentle to the extreme, “I said, you can leave whenever you find true love.”

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he felt heartbroken. His hands on the armrest of the wheelchair tightened involuntarily.

“I will ask you one last question.”

Janice tried her best to restrain the tears. Her eyes widened, as if it could force her tears back.

Marcus frowned, and said in a deep voice, “What”

“If you find your true love, will you divorce me?”

When she said the word “divorce”, she felt so sad. She bit her lower lip hard, as if the pain could make her ignore the sadness.

At the same time, Marcus also felt sad. Every word she said seemed to be stimulating his nerves. The indescribable sadness deeply enveloped him.

Why did Janice ask such a question?

Could it be that she still didn't have confidence in him yet?

“No!” Marcus denied it very resolutely. After pausing for a few seconds, he said firmly, “In my dictionary, as long as I signed the contract, I won't breach it! Since I married you, no matter what happens, as long as you don't leave me, I will never leave you.”

His answer made her surprised and delighted. She only felt overjoyed. Her heart seemed to skip a beat and then beat crazily again.

Marcus wouldn't leave her no matter what happened!

She repeated this sentence dozens of times silently. Unknowingly, she cried.

Over the past two decades, only Marcus had treated her as a woman to cherish and protect, and did his best to bring her happiness, giving her the care and love as a husband. He was more worthy of her cherishment than those healthy but malicious people.

She was afraid that Marcus would find that she was crying, so she covered her mouth tightly, took a few deep breaths, quietly wiped off the tears, and cleared her throat nonchalantly.

“Janice, are you uncomfortable?” Marcus noticed something was wrong with her and asked hurriedly with concern.

“I’m fine. I forgot to drink water, so my voice is a bit hoarse.” Her light voice was mixed with strands of hoarseness.

In order to prevent him from worrying, she forced a smile, pretending to be relaxed. Then she asked him, “Then when you see me and find that I am ugly or not the type you like, will you dislike me?”

“I can answer you this question with actions.”

“What?”

Before Janice could figure out the meaning of his words, she felt his cool lips.

For a moment, Janice was dumbfounded. She was blushed. The tingle made her feel at a loss.

The whole world seemed to be quiet. Only their breathing was left.

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The extremely hot kiss quickly made his taste spread in the mouths of the two of them. The air in her mouth was swept away by the powerful kiss.

This time, she was no longer as reserved as before, but responded him awkwardly.

One minute passed, but it looked like a century had passed.

The kiss was over.

Janice turned her face away a little embarrassed. She raised her hand to cover her chest, for fear that Marcus might hear her violent heartbeat.

“If I can, I want to heal my legs first, so that I can truly have you.” His sexy voice seemed to so fling. There were other meanings in his words.

She had experienced the sex. How could she not understand that he was referring to have sex?

Would Marcus accept her?

After a moment of daze, she plucked up the courage to ask, “Then what if I am not perfect?”

Janice stared at Marcus intently, but his face didn't change, making it impossible for her to guess his true emotions.

Did Marcus hate his imperfect wife?

She held her breath to wait his answer and bit her lips.

Janice's beautiful eyes flickered. She was uncertain and helpless about the future. At this moment, she didn't know what answer she would get.

What if Marcus' answer was no? Was she still qualified to stay by his side?

She felt so upset.

Marcus raised his eyebrows slightly. He slowly raised one of his hands, and then stroked her beautiful face. His movements were extremely gentle.

"When I'm not perfect, you don't dislike me, but chose to marry me." Marcus smiled proudly. There was a touch of softness on his tense face, "If I dislike you when I get better, I will be an asshole!"

After saying this, he chuckled twice. She didn't have to ask this question at all. Because the answer was already self-evident.

Janice looked at the sincere and gentle man in front of her. She was touched. Then she couldn't help but imagined what he looked like after he recovered.

In her imagination, he should wear a well-tailored black suit which could accurately show his slender figure. Under a pair of pretty eyebrows, the deep eyes were like stars under the night sky. He had a sense of calmness and introversion that others couldn't ignore. He was low-key and noble. He had not only the elegance of a gentleman, but also the unique masculine taste of a man.

Such Marcus would definitely become the prince charming for many women. At that time, they would all want to be his wives.

Now, she had nothing and even lost her first night. How could she be worthy of such handsome and rich him?

Thinking of this, Janice sighed.

She couldn't tell what it was like, as if she was blocked by a big rock. She felt a little breathless.

However, thinking of the culprit, Janice was so mad. She widened her eyes because of anger.

It was the man in silver mask who grabbed her first night!

The scumbag raped her several times and took away the most precious part of a woman. The crimes he committed were so numerous. It would not be an exaggeration to punish him to go to the hell!

Hearing her silent for a long time, Marcus frowned slightly, and asked in a deep voice, "Janice, why don't you speak?"

Janice tried to force a smile, but what she said seemed weak, "I'm a little tired. I want to go back and take a rest."

"Well, go ahead." Marcus replied softly, put down the big hand who was stroking her cheek, and patted her shoulder comfortingly.

Janice walked back to the bedroom preoccupiedly. Then she accidentally kicked at the foot of the hard solid wood bed. She grinned in pain, and collapsed on the soft big bed.

She looked at the ceiling blankly for a while, then picked up the massage book from the bedside table, and continued to delve into massage techniques.

As soon as Janice left the study, Marcus ordered the servant to call Gavin back.

"Is there any new news?" The man in the wheelchair looked sullen and his voice was so cold.

"It was confirmed this time. The deceased was Ada. But the police didn't know who died in the pool last time." Gavin reported.

Hearing that, Marcus felt endless anger sweeping to him. He clenched his fists.

With a solemn face, Marcus scolded, "These idiots!"

Gavin was startled by his roar. After a while, he said, "Mr. Charles called the police station himself. Then the police have repeatedly promised to solve the case soon."

A touch of sarcasm appeared on Marcus' face. His face was so gloomy, as if it was covered with dark clouds.

Those idiots guaranteed to solve the case soon? !

The murder in the swimming pool in the villa had not been investigated clearly. Could he still expect them to solve the murder in back mountain?