

## Accidental love II

### Chapter 91 Exercise

Marcus wore a light pink tracksuit, which made her look fairer. Her ponytail swayed from side to side when she walked. Her slender waist swung rhythmically.

Gavin recognized Janice at once. He was a little confused. Why didn't Janice stay at home but walked around on the road?

"Mr. Clinton, I saw Mrs. Clinton walking along the road." Gavin turned his head and reported to Marcus.

Marcus frowned. His hands on the armrest of the wheelchair tightened unconsciously. He kept silent for a few seconds.

The little girl was always doing weird things recently, or she would ask some weird questions. What was she doing this time?

"Stop." He ordered.

The car steadily stopped by Janice's side. She immediately recognized that it was Marcus' special car. Then she smiled brightly.

The car door was opened slowly. The sun fell on Marcus, as if he was coated with a halo. He looked domineering and gentle, but the two opposite qualities didn't look inconsistent on him. He was still gorgeous.

"Janice, what are you doing?" He asked her with a smile, which made his sharp face softened.

Janice was attracted by his face and stared at him, so that she forgot to speak for a while.

"Mrs. Clinton." Marcus called her again. His handsome face was full of warm smiles.

His words made her come to her senses. She quickly wiped the sweat from her face with the back of her hand, adjusted her breathing, and said softly, "I have nothing to do at home. You said that I don't need to go to work for the time being, so I signed up for a massage course."

When she spoke, her voice was very soft and charming, with a faint baby voice. Her long eyelashes quivered slightly. Her fair and flawless skin looked pink. Her lips were so sexy.

There was a gentle smile in Marcus' deep eyes. There was a strong gentleness in his voice, "Are you doing homework?"

"I felt tired after massaging for a while today, so I want to exercise and practice my perseverance and endurance."

After speaking, she smiled faintly. Her fair and tender face showed a shy blush. Now, she looked even more shy and cute.

Marcus laughed. His dim eyes lit up. There was a touch of gentleness in his dull eyes.

It seemed that she was not on a whim, but wanted to carry out the massage study to the end. As Gavin said, she was really attentive to him.

"Get in the car. Let's go home."

Marcus stretched his hand out of the car, trying to pull her into the car. Janice hesitated for a moment, and gently placed her hand in his palm. Then her entire hand was instantly wrapped in a warm palm.

The hot temperature of his palm was like an electric current, making her feel frisson. She was blushed.

After she sat down, Marcus didn't let go of her hand, but lightly pressed the acupuncture points on her hand with his thumb, and massaged her hand intimately.

"Does it feel better?" When he said these words, he was very gentle.

"I think you did a good job. You're more professional than me." She answered so happily.

The man was very satisfied with her answer. He said to her with extremely gentle voice.

"I've learned it before." He replied with smile.

Hearing this, she felt so sad. She wanted to cry but didn't dare to cry.

He must have learned it after the car accident. Mastering massage skills was also to relieve the pain, right? He must have suffered a lot at the beginning, right?

Then Janice said very seriously, "I will massage you in the future, so you don't have to be so tired."

Hearing what she said, Marcus felt so moved.

He kissed her. But this kiss was restrained and gentle, which was full of petting.

"You don't have to work so hard for me. I have a family doctor who can give me a massage." His low voice was like a cello, made her indulge in it.

Her face was already blushed. She couldn't restrain her rapid heartbeat.

She covered her chest with her hands, trying to calm herself down. Then she stammered, "It's not bad to learn more."

The man's thumb was rubbing back and forth on her face. Although that movement was clearly very gentle, it was like flirting.

"I have already booked the tickets. We will go on our honeymoon tomorrow." His low and sexy voice came to her ears.

Janice was stunned for a moment. Her eyes widened. She couldn't believe her ears.

## Chapter 92 The Weird Kyle

Janice was full of joy, with a charming smile on her face.

However, after she said happily for a long time, everyone didn't respond her. They just concentrated on eating, as if she was a transparent person, and all she said were like foreign words that they didn't understand.

After a few seconds, Charles raised his head and glanced at her, then gently shook his head, as if he was hesitant to speak.

Helena snorted coldly. She didn't even bother to look at Janice, but concentrated on tasting the food on the table.

Aware of their indifference, Janice sighed lightly. She frowned and held back her smile.

Did they not feel happy when they heard this news? They didn't want Marcus to stand up again?

Marcus was also their family anyway. Why was everyone so indifferent to his affairs?

Although Janice had long known that everyone regarded Marcus as a trash, wasn't it good news that he had the possibility of recovery and maybe he would soon become the healthy Marcus before?

She glanced sideways at the man next to her, and found that he frowned. She didn't know what he thought.

He should be sad when being treated by family like this, right?

Janice subconsciously stretched out her hand to hold his big hand. But she did not expect that he directly turned over his hand. His slender fingers passed through her fingers, clasping her hand.

Janice felt embarrassed to have such an intimate behavior in front of others, but she couldn't break away after trying several times.

Fortunately, everyone was not focused on them, so they didn't see the little movements.

At this time, Shawn took the lead to break the silence. His wrinkled face was full of smiles, and he said with emotion, "Janice, you are so sensible!"

Auntie also put down her chopsticks, smiled, and said softly, "Janice, thank you so much. Please bother you to massage Marcus in the future! If it really works, please insist on massaging Marcus. If you feel tired, just call the doctor."

Hearing what Grandpa and Auntie said, Janice felt warm. The unhappiness disappeared immediately.

She was deeply grateful that there was someone caring about Marcus in this family!

After the meal, Janice pushed Marcus back to the room, but she ran into Kyle who was walking into the house.

Why did he put on a frivolous look again?

Couldn't he always maintain a mature and stable image like when she met him by chance during the day?

She remembered that Kyle had helped her. At that time, because she hadn't had time to say anything, she should express her gratitude now.

"Thank you!" She raised her chin slightly, showing her beautiful neck. There was sincere in her solemn tone.

Kyle scratched his head, but was puzzled by her words.

She always treated him as a jerk. Why did she suddenly become like this?

He squinted his eyes and looked at the woman. Then he sneered, "Wow? What did you thank me for?"

Coupled with Kyle's frivolous tone, it sounded really hateful.

Before she had time to answer, Marcus who was beside her suddenly spoke, "Kyle, Janice wants to thank you for your help."

Marcus was reliable!

He helped her say out what she wanted to say in one fell swoop. Then she didn't have to continue to communicate with the fickle man.

She looked at Marcus, and silently gave him a thumbs-up.

"Humph!" Kyle snorted disdainfully, unwilling to talk nonsense with them. Then he went upstairs.

Looking at the back of Kyle, Janice felt that he was really strange.

He behaved like a gentleman outside during the day, but he was like a prodigal as soon as he got home.

Why was he totally different at home and outside?

Was it true that a person could have two sides?

"Marcus, do you think your brother is a bit weird?" Janice asked with a frown.

"What do you mean?" Marcus raised his eyebrows, but his voice remained calm.

Janice briefly told him what happened during the day and her doubts.

Marcus said, "Janice, everyone has many sides. It's not surprising that you can see the different sides of him."

"That's it." She sighed, smiled, and then explained, "Kyle helped me today, so I just thanked him."

"I know." Marcus smiled faintly.

Janice was stunned for a moment when she heard his answer.

Marcus was not by her side at that time. How did he know what happened at that time?

"Who told you?" she asked in surprise.

"I arranged someone to protect you in secret. They reported to me."

After saying this, Marcus smiled happily.

## Chapter 93 Go On the Honeymoon

Didn't the police make him ready to be summoned at any time? How could they leave everything behind and go on their honeymoon?

Janice stared at Marcus and asked in surprise, "Has the truth come to the light?"

Janice stared deeply at the man in the wheelchair. Her eyes lit up.

She couldn't help but wanted to know the truth.

Now, in addition to curing Marcus as soon as possible, her biggest wish was to return him the innocence. She really hoped that the police could return him justice sooner.

Marcus was not in a hurry. He hadn't said a word. He stroked her cheeks and wiped the sweat from her face with the back of his hand gently.

Janice felt anxious and asked, "Tell me, what is going on?"

Gavin glanced back at Marcus, and wondered why he was so calm. Didn't he notice that Janice was so anxious? Maybe it was the fun between them?

Thinking about it, Gavin really couldn't stand it, and then said, "Mrs. Clinton, the police compared Mr. Clinton's wheelchair with the one left by the murderer and found that the two wheelchairs are exactly the same. Moreover, from the thrown wheelchair and the handkerchief which was left in the scene, Mr. Clinton's fingerprints were not detected. In other words, there is no evidence to prove that Mr. Clinton is the murderer."

The news instantly made her excited. She felt relieved and smiled happily.

"Great!" She said excitedly. Her clear voice sounded particularly pleasing to ears.

In the next second, she took the initiative to rush into his arms. Her arms naturally encircled his sturdy narrow waist. Her small face was close to his neck. Her breathing was on his ears and neck.

"I just knew it!" She had a sweet smile on her face, "I knew you definitely didn't kill anyone."

Feeling she was really happy, Marcus also felt happy and refreshed, as if every pore of his body was comfortable.

He put his strong arm on the woman's slender waist, touching her back. His chin rested on her head, rubbing against the top of her head unconsciously.

The woman's soft body leaned against the man's hard chest. A faint mint smell mixed with his unique breath burst into her nose. She was shocked and couldn't think for a few seconds.

The good smell made her realize that she actually took the initiative to embrace him just now. This was really the most embarrassing thing she had done in her life. Where was her restraint?

Then her face was blushed and her heart beat frantically.

She felt that every trace of air she breathed in was filled with his smell. She palpitated so much that she almost couldn't stand it. So she slowly pushed him away.

Fortunately, Marcus couldn't see anything. Otherwise, she didn't know how to face him in the future. This act just now was so ashamed!

Marcus was in a good mood. His face was full of smiles.

"Janice." He called her name softly and his tone was extremely gentle.

Janice's face was already blushed. Although she knew that he couldn't see it at all, she still moved back a bit.

"Huh?" She answered shyly.

"Next time, be longer, okay?"

He asked with petting in his voice. Hearing it, Janice was more blushed.

If she hugged him longer, she would be so shy!

She decided to pretend that nothing happened, and turned her head to look out the window.

Hearing that she hadn't spoken for a long time, Marcus also didn't say a word, but a smirk slowly appeared on his face.

In the Clinton's.

When Marcus was at home, Janice was willing to eat with the whole family. Grandpa and aunt would always pick up some delicious food into her bowl from time to time. They didn't treat her as an outsider at all, which made her feel the warmth of the family.

A good mood could bring a strong appetite. The news of Marcus' innocence made her appetite widened. Unknowingly, she ate half a bowl of rice more than usual.

“Janice, you have a good appetite today. Is there something happy?”

When Shawn saw her eat a lot, he smiled. Even the wrinkles on his forehead and the corners of his mouth were full of smiles.

Janice chewed a few times quickly, swallowed all the food in her mouth, and said happily, “Grandpa, I found a very good teacher and started to learn massage. As long as I insist on giving Marcus a massage, his legs will be able to get better.”

## Chapter 94 Massage

Hearing this, Janice felt so touched. Tears welled up into her eyes.

Marcus was so kind to her! How would she repay him?

In the study room.

Janice thought about it over and over again. The way she could repay Marcus was to insist on massaging his legs every day so that he could stand up as soon as possible.

If Marcus really could stand up, she would really like to watch the sunrise and sunset with him, or go to the beach to pick up shells and step on the sand. She even began to depict the scene of walking alongside him in her mind. In a warm afternoon, they two strolled on the boulevard, listening to the crisp bird song and watching the mottled light and shadow on his body...

“Janice, what are you thinking?”

Just now, Marcus called her several times, but she didn’t make any response. So he had to ask louder.

She smiled shyly, and said softly, “I ate too much at night, so I was a little sleepy.”

“Well.” His low and sexy voice was full of the masculine taste of a gentleman.

Janice felt a little embarrassed. She quickly changed the subject, “Marcus, let me give you a massage.”

A faint smile was on Marcus’ face. He said softly, “Thank you, Mrs. Clinton.”

Then he supported his body and sat on the sofa. He raised his legs up with his arms, and then took out a braille book from the cabinet next to him.

Janice spread out the acupoint map of the human body beside her, and started massaging him against the acupuncture points above. Although she was not particularly professional, she looked so serious.



A few minutes later, something unexpected happened. She suddenly saw his leg shake.

It was weird! Today, it was the first time she gave him a massage. It wouldn't work so soon, would it?

She immediately massaged in the same position again, but found that his legs did not respond at all.

She must see it wrong just now. His legs would not be able to regain consciousness in a short time.

Janice shook her head, refocused her attention on her hands, and adjusted the intensity of the massage at the same time.

While she was concentrating on massaging, Marcus stopped touching the braille book.

His throat tightened again and again. All the nerves in his body began to beat slowly. There seemed to be a fire in his body. He was turned on.

"Stop!" His voice was a little hoarse.

Marcus grabbed her little hand abruptly and gently pushed her away, "You have been busy all day. Go to rest early."

His voice became more condensed. He frowned and looked so serious.

Janice was puzzled by him. She looked at him blankly and wanted to say something but she didn't say it out.

He had been in a good mood today. Why was he upset all of a sudden?

However, she didn't ask anything in the end. She just walked back to the bedroom.

It was midnight.

Her soft and long hair was draped on the pillow

Suddenly she woke up from her sleep. When she was just about to fight back, she remembered Chloe's words, "You must work hard to cooperate with him in order to collect evidence."

Yes, she had to obey him this time!

Janice gritted her teeth

The man was very satisfied with her cooperation, and gently took off all her clothes.

When he thought that the woman was ready, he invaded her deeply again. It was just that this time he was gentler than ever. He watched her reactions carefully, and tried to cater to her rhythm.

Janice's breathing began to become rapid. Her mind went blank, following his movements. The arms that were originally placed on both sides of her body unexpectedly encircled his waist.

During the whole process, the two bodies reached a high degree of fit. The man began to get her over and over again, until she was so exhausted that she fell asleep completely.

The next day, early morning.

The warm sunlight shone in the bedroom. The light and shadow made the room look warm and soft.

Janice was defeated by the soreness when she turned over. She opened her eyes reluctantly. She felt so sore and weak. She collapsed on the bed.

Struggling to walk to the bathroom, she saw the bloodshot eyes in the mirror. Immediately, she remembered the crazy behavior last night.

She obviously resisted that. It was obviously a kind of self-willing and depraved behavior, but she actually fell into it and couldn't extricate herself from it. How could she be worthy of Marcus by doing this?

She stood under the shower and wrapped her body in the warm water.

At this moment, rather than washing her body, she wanted to wash away the unbearable memories of last night.

She focused on self-examination. When she realized that he didn't wear a condom last night, she found that she had already washed away the traces left by him!

She was actually indulged in it and forgot it!

The annoyance and regret were intertwined in her chest. Janice sighed, feeling depressed that she wanted to get angry but couldn't.

## Chapter 95 The Angry Ryan

Thinking of going to the airport with Marcus later, Janice calmed herself down. Then she went to the study to look for Marcus after she had freshened up.

"Janice, did you sleep well yesterday?" There was a faint smile in his voice.

Janice held back the sorrow, smiled, and responded softly, "Very good."

"We'll go straight to the airport after breakfast."

"Okay." She replied absently.

Marcus didn't say anything, but showed a meaningful smile.

After breakfast, they two said goodbye to the elders one by one.

Gavin pushed Marcus out, trying to help him into the car first.

Janice walked behind them. But before she could walk out of the door, she saw Ryan rushing in angrily.

He walked quickly to her. A fierce look flashed in his eyes. A vicious grin appeared on his gloomy face.

"Janice, your acting skills are really good enough! You're just a scheming bitch! I actually didn't know that you're such a person." He yelled angrily. There was dissatisfaction and sullen anger on his face.

Janice was stunned. She hadn't had any contact with Ryan recently. Why did he curse so badly by pointing at her nose?

Forget it! The elders were all at home. It was better not to disturb them.

Janice took a deep breath and said with a serious face, "Don't yell at me for no reason. I have never done anything to be sorry for you."

"Huh, you can really pretend." Ryan snorted coldly, "Since the day I met you, you have been pretending to be simple and pure. I didn't expect that you would deliberately turn Fiona against me, destroying our relationship. You just don't want to see her live better than you. You're really the most vicious bitch in the world."

After hearing this, Janice only felt sad and furious. Tears were filled in her eye bit by bit.

This was the man she once dated with, who was actually so shameless. He didn't admit the cheating. But now, he even threw dirty mud on her.

"Ryan, don't yell here. You know what you have done." Janice snarled, holding back tears.

"It's my business what I want to do. You have no rights to intervene! Don't think that you will find a backer by marrying into the Clinton family. I can still teach you a lesson!"

After speaking, he raised his right hand high, ready to slap her.

Janice felt so upset. Two lines of tears slipped from her cheeks.

At this moment, a sharp roar came over.

“Ryan, shut up!” Marcus’ voice was stained with anger. He shouted at Ryan.

The elders sitting in the living room were all startled by his roar. Then they gathered around to check the situation.

Marcus pulled a long face. He looked like extremely angry.

“Originally, for the sake that you’re my cousin, I still wanted to give you some respect. Since you’ve gone too far and don’t want the respect, I will fulfill you.” Marcus said lightly. But every word revealed deterrent.

Ryan was stunned by Marcus’ awe-inspiring aura. His eyes widened but he didn’t know how to answer.

“You had a marriage contract, but you actually fooled around with my fiancée, broke my marriage and betrayed your own feelings. You’re fickle in love and didn’t know how to cherish. You hooked up with other women. Now, your true face was exposed. You ruined the reputation of the Jones family. Now, do you want to get the Clinton family involved?!”

Marcus’ handsome face was gloomy and terrifying, which was full of murderous intention.

Ryan was speechless, feeling ashamed and indignant, so he had to snort and walked out of the house.

“Janice, come to me.” With warmth in his voice, he stretched out his arms as he spoke.

The woman’s little soft hand fell into his big palm. He pulled her into his arms, holding her back with one hand, and stroking her dark and soft hair with the other.

“I’m here. No one can bully you.” He said softly.

She was close to the man’s chest. Her nose filled with his breath. Then she didn’t feel so sad.

She wiped away the tears on her face with the back of her hand, and said with sobs, “Marcus, I’m fine.”

“Really? Should I send someone to sew his mouth?”

The man's very gentle tone sounded so scared.

Janice thought that Marcus said this purely to make her happy. She felt so warm.

She rubbed against his arms, like an obedient kitten.

"Marcus, it's enough to hear you say that. I don't care about him!"

The woman's delicate voice mixed with a hint of hoarseness. He hugged her more tightly with distress.

She felt that his embrace was like a whirlpool, which sucked her in. The world seemed to be quiet all of a sudden. His heartbeat sounded in her ears. Instantly, she felt a sense of security.

## Chapter 96 The Car Accident

At this time, Gavin, who had been standing next to them, was anxious. If the two of them continued like this, he was afraid they wouldn't be able to catch the plane.

He coughed lightly, and reported respectfully, "Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, we should set off. The time for takeoff is approaching."

Realizing that Gavin was here, Janice was blushed. Then she ran into the car.

Marcus smiled, turned his head and said, "Push me into the car."

The black car galloped on the asphalt road.

Janice turned her head and peeked at the man sitting next to her. She saw his delicate profile. Sunlight shone in from the car window and fell on his handsome face, as if it had coated him with a halo, making him look more handsome.

Suddenly, a car rushed over from the side, with no intention of slowing down at all.

Janice noticed that the front of the car would hit Marcus' side. She had only one thought in her mind, 'She can't let him suffer another car accident.'

In a hurry, she spread her arms and pressed him under herself to protect him.

However, before Marcus had time to react, a violent crash sounded and the car shook violently. The woman lying on his body passed out and collapsed directly into his arms.

"Janice! Janice!" Marcus roared twice, but he didn't get any response.

Marcus was so panicked.

“Go to the hospital!” He almost roared when he said these words.

He pulled a long face. He felt that he couldn't breathe.

Janice had to be fine! She had to be fine!

Marcus kept saying it inwardly. An unprecedented sense of anxiety gradually overwhelmed him.

The car rushed to the hospital. The medical staffs sent the unconscious woman into the operating room.

Marcus waited anxiously outside the door. He frowned and his face was so gloomy.

“Mr. Clinton, the driver in the accident has been found and has been sent to the police station.” Gavin hurriedly ran to Marcus. Having no time to wipe his sweat, he quickly reported.

“Say!” The word seemed to pop out of Marcus' teeth. It was not very loud, but domineering.

Half of his nearly perfect handsome face was exposed to the light, looking cold and evil. The other half was shrouded in shadow, looking strange and dangerous. He exuded a powerful aura, making people shudder.

“He was drunk driving. At that time, he ran a stop light because he was drunk. The driver is a migrant worker, so there is no clue for the time being.”

As soon as Marcus heard this, he was pissed off.

The driver who caused the accident was instigated in all likelihood.

Most traffic accidents caused by drunk driving occurred at night. There were very few drivers who got drunk in the morning. This reason was too far-fetched.

“Arrange someone to watch him.” His voice was tough.

“Yes, Mr. Clinton.”

After Gavin left, Marcus frowned and was lost in thought.

Memory was like flood pouring out instantly. It was accompanied by sorrow.

Not long ago, she was worried that he would be injured by his mother's fists and threw herself on him bravely. But accidentally she got her forehead injured.

She worked tirelessly to learn massage, until her hands were sore. But she still insisted on massaging him.

She once said firmly that she would help him find the cornea, and wanted him to see the world again no matter what.

When they encountered a car accident, regardless of her own safety, she rushed over to protect him immediately...

Why was this little girl so stupid?

She always put him first every time. Even if she felt wronged, she couldn't bear to see him get hurt.

Marcus felt so sad, and clenched his fists.

After a long time, the door of the operating room was opened. The doctor took off his mask and walked straight to him.

"Are you a family member of the patient?"

"I'm her husband. How is she now?" His voice could not hide the anxiety.

"We did a detailed examination. The patient's injuries will not be life-threatening. However, due to the impact on her head, she was initially diagnosed with a concussion. It is best to stay in the hospital for observation and rest for a period of time."

"Okay, arrange a VIP ward for her." Marcus announced domineeringly. His tone was extremely tough.

The doctor didn't dare to neglect when seeing a man with such a strong aura. He immediately arranged a nurse to push Janice into the VIP ward.

The woman lying on the hospital bed closed her eyes tightly. Her black and soft hair draped casually, and her unique fragrance lingered in the air. Her delicate face looked a little pale. Accompanied by the sound of light breathing, her long eyelashes quivered slightly. Her pink lips opened slightly, looking inexhaustibly delicate.