

## Accidental love II

### Chapter 14 Out of Breath

After a day of matters, Janice was already exhausted. After taking a bath, she fell asleep not long after lying in bed.

Probably because it was the first time that Janice slept in a strange place. She didn't sleep well in the middle of the night. A feathery itch on her lips woke her up in a trance.

Janice suddenly opened her eyes and found a black figure suppressing on her. The man's tall body made her a little breathless.

"Who are you?" Janice asked sharply.

The man didn't answer her question, but continued to kiss her.

Seeing that he didn't mean to stop at all, Janice hurriedly reached out and pushed the man's shoulders, kicking him with her legs. But her weak resistance didn't work at all. For a strong man, it was tantamount to hitting a rock with an egg.

Suddenly, the man raised his head and glanced at her. Janice was shocked to realize that he was wearing a silver mask, which was exactly the same as the mask worn by the man who sent her to the hospital that rainy night!

"You are..."

Before Janice had time to say everything, the man covered her mouth with his big palm.

"Umm..."

Janice shook her head, trying to break free of the man's control. She raised her hands and grabbed the man's palms, trying to break away the hand he was covering her mouth. Unexpectedly, the man's hand was like iron tong, firmly imprisoning her. She could not shake his grip with all her strength.

Just when Janice felt that she had no ways, the man took out two ropes and swiftly tied her hands and feet.

"Help!" Janice shouted loudly as soon as her mouth was free.

In an instant, the man pressed on her again, pinched Janice's neck mercilessly, and said coldly, "If you shout again, I will kill you."

Janice's breathing was restrained. Her limbs were unable to move. She was so frightened that she hurriedly shut up, staring at the man fiercely, as if she wanted to kill him with her eyes.

The man ignored her hostile eyes, but rather patiently began to unbutton her pajamas.

Soon, she immediately realized that she might not be able to keep her innocence.

At this moment, a deep sense of desolation enveloped her. Janice bit her lower lip and glared at the man fiercely.

Early in the morning, the sun shined on Janice's fair face through the window lattices. She slowly opened her eyes and then she saw that she was alone on the bed. The pajamas were worn on her body intact, and the ropes on her hands and feet disappeared.

Was everything last night just a nightmare? But why did she feel like her whole body so hurt?

Every cell in the body was clamoring that it hurt, as if she was disassembled by others and reassembled again.

Janice suddenly thought of something. She forced herself to endure the pain of her body and turned over to get out of bed. She stared straightly at the snow-white bed sheet. Except for the folds she pressed out of sleep, there were no traces left on the sheets, let alone the blood that she was afraid to see.

What happened last night?