

Accidental love II

Chapter 21 It's All Blood on Her Face

Feeling something strange, Janice quickly turned over and got out of bed. She walked straight to the study not far away, but she found that Marcus was not there. She went to every room in the villa, but still didn't see him.

Did he leave the villa?

She pushed the door open suspiciously and walked along the path to the swimming pool in the backyard.

"What!"

A scream broke the tranquility of the night.

The scene in front of her was simply beyond words!

There was a corpse floating in the swimming pool. Judging from the dress, it was Ada. Half of the swimming pool was blood, as if a scary red cloth was spread on it.

Janice was so frightened that she kept trembling. Her heart jumped wildly uncontrollably, and her legs softened. She almost collapsed to the ground.

In the next second, she reacted quickly. She must leave here immediately, in case of encountering the murderer. He might kill her!

Janice turned abruptly. Then she ran into cold arms. Her forehead hit the man's tight chest. It was hurt.

She rubbed the sore forehead and looked up at the person. Unexpectedly, she saw Marcus' eyes. Under the outline of his deep eyes, a pair of black eyes reflected her pale face.

Her mind seemed to be dead. She couldn't think at all for a few seconds. Her trembling feet seemed to be nailed there, making her unable to move half a step. A strong sense of fear surged in her heart.

She must be still dreaming, right? How could Marcus stand in front of her?

She subconsciously lowered her head to avoid his sight, but she was shocked by the scene she saw next.

Marcus' hands were stained with blood, as if he had just experienced a massacre. The drops of blood flowed down his slender fingers to the snow-white tiles, like blossoming blood-red flowers.

Blood! Corpse! Killer! ...

These words kept popping into Janice's mind.

A feeling of suffocation came to her quickly. She felt dizzy, as if the oxygen in her chest seemed to be evacuated. Her breathing was quick and uneven, and then she fainted on the ground.

At the same time, a black shadow quickly approached her. Under the moonlight, two blood-stained hands glowed slightly with red light.

The next day, in the morning.

The sunlight was like a golden line, shining warmly into the bedroom on the second floor of the villa, reflecting the entire room in gold. Subsequently, the color of the sun gradually deepened, and soon it became a deep yellow.

The dazzling sunlight fell on the woman's fair and clean face. The bright sunlight made it difficult for her to sleep peacefully.

Janice slowly opened her eyes. A large beam of sunlight instantly poured into her vision. She subconsciously raised her hand to block the sunlight. Then she reached out to pick up the phone from the bedside table. It was already past 9 o'clock in the morning!

"Holy crap!"

She actually woke up at this time! She must be late for work!

When she was about to lift the quilt and got out of the bed, she was surprised that she was lying in the bedroom of the villa.

An inexplicable emotion came to her. She rubbed her sore temples, trying to recall what happened last night.

When she woke up in the middle of the night, she didn't find Marcus. After searching the whole house, she still didn't see him. After that, she walked outside the villa.

Then, she found Ada's body floating in the swimming pool. Besides, she ran into Marcus, who was able to move freely and had normal eyesight...

Chapter 22 Someone Was Dead

No! No! No! It was impossible!

She immediately denied this bold idea. She must have had some strange dream last night!

How could Marcus, who was blind and disabled, appeared in front of her like a normal person?

“Am I so tired these days?” she said to herself.

She walked straight into the bathroom, poured a handful of cold water on her face, looked up at the red-blooded eyes in the mirror. Then the red swimming pool appeared in front of her eyes again.

Janice’s heart tightened for no reason. Then her breathing became rapid. Why was her dream so real?

While she was lost in the thought with frowning, a noise interrupted her thoughts.

She walked gently to the door of the bedroom, listening to the movement outside with her ear against the door panel. Judging from the different voices, there should be a few strangers in the house.

She quickly changed her clothes and strode downstairs.

From a distance, she saw two uniformed policemen sitting on the sofa opposite Marcus. One of them in his forties was talking to Marcus, and the other younger policeman was carefully recording something in the notebook.

“Mr. Clinton, do you know why the deceased went to the swimming pool in the middle of the night?” The older policeman stared at Marcus without blinking.

“I don’t know. Ada didn’t tell me.” Marcus looked indifferent, and his voice remained calm.

“Then do you know who she has had a grudge with before, or what enemies she has?”

“I never heard her say it.”

The older policeman didn’t get any valuable clues, so he frowned in depression.

He looked up and then caught a glimpse of Janice walking towards them. He asked, “Are you Mrs. Clinton?”

Janice nodded in a daze, walked slowly to Marcus' side, and glanced at him casually.

Marcus looked very serious. His face was tense. When he didn't speak, he looked so prestige.

"Mrs. Clinton..."

The older policeman was about to speak, but was abruptly interrupted by Marcus.

"Captain Devin, my wife and I are newly married. She hasn't fully adapted to the new environment, so she hasn't slept well these days. Occasionally, she suffers from insomnia. Last night, she slept all night after taking sleeping pills. She probably didn't know anything."

Marcus' tone was steady. There was a calmness between his eyebrows, which made others believe in what he said.

However, Janice, who was standing by, immediately reacted, 'Marcus is lying!'

Because she didn't have the habit of taking sleeping pills at all. What he said was clearly to cope with the police.

Could it be that the scene she saw last night was not a dream, but a real thing? Otherwise, why would Marcus preemptively say that she didn't know anything? Was he covering something?

She instantly remembered the legend that Marcus was a "killer". If she didn't tell the police that there was blood on his hands last night and didn't send him to the jail, he would hurt more people!

A sense of justice emerged to Janice's mind spontaneously. She plucked up the courage to speak, "Captain Devin, I actually..."

Before she could continue, her right hand fell into a big cold palm. Marcus pinched her soft little hand hard. A tingling quickly spread from the hand.

Janice looked down and saw that it was Marcus who was holding her hand. He pursed his lips, making the entire outline of his face become cold and sharp.

Janice couldn't help but thought of Marcus' bloodthirsty appearance last night. He was just like Shura crawling out of hell. It was daunting.

A faint of chill rushed from her back to her whole body. She unknowingly broke out in a cold sweat. Her clothes which was close to her back quickly became wet by the sweat.

"Mrs. Clinton, did you see something last night?" Captain Devin asked.

Chapter 23 Some Ghosts Haunted Here?

“Sorry, I just wanted to tell you that I slept all night that I don’t know anything.”

Janice didn’t intend to conceal it deliberately. It was just Marcus almost never had physical contact with her at ordinary times. But he just grabbed her hand before she spoke. She didn’t know what he meant.

“That’s it.” Captain Devin whispered.

Janice lowered her head depressed. She still found that he was still holding her hand tightly, without any intention of letting go.

Captain Devin stuffed a business card into Marcus’ hand and said politely, “Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Clinton, if you think of anything, you can contact me at any time.”

“Definitely.” Marcus replied in a deep voice.

After Captain Devin bid farewell to them, he left the villa with the young policeman.

With a “bang”, the door of the villa was closed tightly.

Marcus let go of Janice and stuffed Captain Devin’s business card into his jacket pocket.

After regaining her freedom, she immediately distanced herself from him and asked sharply, “Marcus, why don’t you tell the truth to the police?”

“What should I tell the truth?”

“You...” She was so angry that she even stuttered, “You are the murderer!”

“What evidence do you have for this accusation?” Marcus’ tone was somewhat ironic.

“I saw it with my own eyes. You stood by the pool last night with blood on your hands!” Janice argued angrily, her long eyelashes trembling.

Marcus’ face didn’t change at all. He sneered, “Then you can tell the police what you have seen. I can get investigated.”

“I didn’t take sleeping pills at all last night. You’re lying.”

Regardless of whether he was a murderer or not, there was a problem with his deliberately lying!

“Oh, is it?” He retorted calmly, “Ada told me it. You know I can’t see anything.”

Marcus' defense made her speechless. He used Ada as an excuse. It was too cunning. Now, Ada was dead, so there was no proof at all.

"Why did you hold my hand so hard when the police asked me?"

She thought that this question would be embarrassing Marcus, but unexpectedly, he smiled mockingly at her. What he said made her speechless again.

"Mrs. Clinton, someone was dead at home, and the police came to you for questioning. I was worried that you would be afraid, so I wanted to appease you. Just then, in front of the police, you said that you slept all night last night and didn't know anything. Now you said that you saw my hand full of blood and suspect that I am the murderer. The testimony is so different before and after. It seems that the person who is deliberately lying is not me, right?"

She didn't expect that Marcus would refute her like that. What was even more annoying was that he took the opportunity to remind her that the police would definitely question her integrity for her inconsistent testimony.

Moreover, she was unable to produce strong evidence at all. If she went to the police again, it would definitely not have any effect.

Janice felt at a loss for a while, frowned and kept silent.

"Do you have any other questions?" Marcus asked calmly.

Janice bit her lips, as if the pain could calm her down and clear her mind better.

However, Marcus' answer was so perfect. She really couldn't think of any way to confirm her speculation.

Seeing that she hadn't answered for a long time, Marcus left the living room while turning the wheelchair with both hands. There was no pause in the whole process.

Seeing that the "murderer" was at large, she couldn't tell what her feeling was like. She was a little uncomfortable.

Janice didn't realize that Marcus had to use a wheelchair every time he went out. The man she ran into last night was standing, indicating that he was not disabled.

When they faced each other, the man was looking directly at her, so it seemed that he wasn't blind.

According to her previous investigation, no one else lived in the villa.

Marcus was lame and blind. Without the help of others, he couldn't even go downstairs. With his physical condition, how could it be possible to complete the murder plan alone?

In addition, he acted so calmly. Besides, his words were so well-organized that others couldn't find any flaws.

So, did she really get him wronged?

Or were there some ghosts...haunting in this villa?

Janice had so many doubts in her mind. She felt creep, and she didn't come to her senses for a long time.

"Knock! Knock!"

A short and powerful knock on the door suddenly sounded in the silence, frightening Janice in thought.

After a short pause, the knock on the door sounded again.

Janice finally came to her senses. She took a deep breath and shouted, "Who is outside?"

"It's me, Gavin."

Chapter 24 Back to the Clinton's

Janice had seen Marcus' assistant several times, so she was able to recognize his voice. Now, she was sure that the one who knocked on the door was Gavin.

"Please come in." She opened the door and said politely.

"Mrs. Clinton, Mr. Shawn Clinton heard that someone died here, so he asked me to take you and Mr. Marcus Clinton to the Clinton's. The car is parked outside. So please pack your things."

When Janice heard that someone died here, her face turned pale again. Her breath was short. Besides, she was trembling slightly.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

Janice's eyelids drooped. She smiled sadly, and went upstairs to pack up her stuff.

Gavin pushed Marcus to the door of the villa and put down the pedals of the modified medium-sized commercial vehicle. Then the wheelchair was pushed into the car along the pedals.

Staring at disabled Marcus, Janice couldn't say a word.

In the Clinton's.

As soon as Marcus and Janice walked into the living room, they saw Shawn approaching.

"You finally came back safely!"

"Grandpa!" The two greeted him in unison.

Shawn glanced at his grandson. Seeing Marcus' face as usual, he turned his attention to Janice. She stood there in silence with pale face and closed lips. Obviously, she was frightened.

"Janice, are you okay?!" Shawn said with full of love. His tone of voice was extremely gentle.

Janice didn't know what to say. She had just quarreled with Marcus and accused him of being a murderer. Shawn would definitely be sad if he knew it.

"Don't be afraid. Grandpa will protect you guys. Just stay at home for the time being and company me, okay?"

She didn't dare to agree casually. She wanted to ask Marcus' opinions. But she only saw he closed his lips tightly and was sitting in a wheelchair blankly which was like a statue. He didn't seem to want to make any response.

Facing Grandpa's kindness, they had to say something, right?

So Janice said, "Well, I listen to Grandpa."

"Good girl! Then you will live with me in the main house. I live on the first floor these days, and you and Marcus can live on the second floor. Anyway, there is an elevator in the house, so it's easy for both of you to go up and downstairs. Marcus, Janice said okay. What about you?"

Shawn was quite dissatisfied with Marcus' silence. He had always spoiled this clever and sensible grandson, but Marcus' performance today was a bit abnormal.

"Alright! Let's just live here, lest Janice will be scared when she goes back. After all, the murderer has not been caught yet, right?"

Marcus obviously had some other meanings in his words! How could such a dignified man be such narrow-minded?

Although Janice felt unhappy, she still obediently pushed Marcus into the second floor of the main house.

Silence spread between the two people, and even the air was somewhat depressed.

“That...” she said falteringly.

“Stuttering? You were the one talk in the morning.”

She rolled her eyes at Marcus and didn't worry that he would have an opinion with it.

The two of them have already lived here, and they had to be in the same room these days. It must be bad if they didn't get along well with him, so Janice decided to compromise.

“Don't take seriously the words I said in the morning. I was too scared to say anything. Please forgive me this time, okay?”

Marcus replied after a long period of thought, “Forget it! You don't have any bad intentions. Just don't get your husband wronged in the future.”

“I won't!”

Then Janice coaxed Marcus a few more words. The relationship between the two immediately returned to normal.

It was dinner time.

“Janice, eat more. This is the cook's best dish.”

Shawn pointed to the dishes placed in front of her. When Janice looked at the deep red braised hoofs, she suddenly remembered the blood swimming pool. She felt sick. Then she didn't even have time to say a word but just covered her mouth and ran directly to the bathroom.

She squatted on the side of the toilet and retched. It took a long time to suppress the nausea. Her little face was ghastly pale.

When she returned to the dining table, Shawn immediately asked with concern, “Janice, do you have a bad appetite?”

She nodded lightly with an “um”, not daring to look at the table again.

"If you don't want to eat, I will let Nora walk with you in the garden and relax by the way. She and you are about the same age, so you guys should be able to talk."

"Okay, thank you, Grandpa."

After hearing it, Nora, the servant, stepped forward. She was about seventeen or eighteen years old, and her pretty face looked so determined.

"Mrs. Clinton, please come with me." Nora walked up to Janice obediently with a smile on her face.

"Let's go." Janice replied softly.

The two went around in the garden. Then they unknowingly walked outside the ancestral hall of the Clinton family.

The ancestral hall was hidden under several vigorous bodhi trees. On the pillars on both sides of the gate were carved couplets, "The great meritorious deeds of the ancestors are known all over the world, and the filial piety of descendants make the family better."

Janice stepped up the steps with the help of Nora. Then she saw the smoke in the ancestral hall from the open door.

Chapter 25 That Matter

"Nora, is anyone in the ancestral hall?"

"It should be Miss Clinton, Mr. Clinton's aunt. She has been be a vegetarian and learning the sutras in the Buddha hall next to the ancestral hall for a long time."

Janice was not unfamiliar with Freya. When she first came to the Clinton's, only grandfather and she greeted Marcus. However, others just ignored Marcus, as if he didn't exist.

"Don't disturb her. Let's go back first."

"Yes, Mrs. Clinton."

After that, the two turned around to leave, but they were stopped by Freya who heard the sound, "Is it Janice? Why are you leaving when you just came?!"

Hearing Freya calling her name, Janice quickly turned her head, nodded respectfully, and replied with a smile, "Auntie, I'm afraid to disturb you."

"We're a family. You don't have to be so polite to me like this. Come in. I want to chat with you for a while."

“Okay.”

Hearing her happily agreed, Freya took her hand and walked into the Buddha hall.

The four walls of the ancestral hall were dark-brown wooden walls. There was a kind of woody scent between the lattice windows. In the smoke of burning joss sticks, she saw a transparent white jade Buddha statue on the table. Such an exquisite statue was really rare. Janice couldn't help but stared at it for a long time. For a moment, she forgot to speak.

“Janice, have a seat.”

Only then did Janice notice Freya's dress. She was wearing a light blue plain dress and holding a string of shiny black Buddhist beads. Beneath that kind face, the black and white eyes were filled with tenderness. She looked so kind.

“Auntie, do you often come to the ancestral hall?” Janice let go of her guard and sat down beside Freya.

“Since your uncle passed away, I have lost interest to the world. Later, my dad built this ancestral hall for me. I will come here every day to release your uncle's soul from suffering. I have been accustomed to be vegetarian and reciting sutras for so many years.”

“It turns out to be like that.”

“By the way, I heard that someone died in the villa. Did you see the dead Ada with your own eyes?”

Hearing this, Janice was stunned. Her face changed abruptly. Some tiny beads of sweat oozed out from the tip of her nose. She felt scared and was silent for a while.

“Don't be afraid!” Freya patted Janice's hand lightly, comforting her, “Since that incident happened, there are some persons who will die in this family inexplicably. It's all concentrated on the night of the full moon. The reason why I come to the ancestral hall to recite sutras is that I also want to help those who have died.”

“Auntie, which matter?”

“It's about Marcus' car accident! He becomes like this now because of the car accident a few years ago. It's strange! On the day of the accident, the driver who drove Marcus said that he was very clear-headed. He was in a good health. He did not drink before getting into the car, and at that time, the light was sufficient and the front vision was normal. He said that during the driving, a black figure suddenly appeared in front of the car. He had to turn the steering wheel to avoid the person. Then the car hit the wall. What's even stranger is that after the accident, the police called up nearby surveillance

video and found that there was no personal image in front of the car at that time, and the person the driver said did not exist at all.”

“Ah? How could this be?” Janice asked in surprise.

“Yeah.” Freya didn’t answer Janice’s question, but sighed for the past. Her eyes were filled with unconcealed sadness, “Marcus is really pitiful. Because of this car accident, he was blind and disabled. His rest life is ruined.”

Janice had heard people say that before Marcus had a car accident, he was so excellent. Unexpectedly, this car accident suddenly ruined his happiness.

“Back then, the police investigated for a long time but they didn’t find out the cause of the car accident. However, after that strange car accident, five or six servants died one after another in the family. They all happened on the night of the full moon without exception. Some people said that the murderer was just the dark shadow, but other people say that Marcus’ personality has changed drastically after a car accident. As long as anyone doesn’t listen to him, he will kill that person. I absolutely don’t believe this statement! I watch him grow up. I’m sure those people weren’t killed by him. The only possibility is that there is something weird in this house. After this series of strange things happened, it strengthened my determination to release the dead’s souls from suffering.”

It turned out that those rumors were true. The Clinton family was indeed an ominous place. Maybe one day she would lose her life here.

Janice only felt creepy. The blood in her body seemed to have cooled down suddenly. She couldn’t help but shivered. Tension and fear came to her like a tide. Her heart seemed to be pinched by an invisible hand. Even her breathing was a little difficult.

She tried to restrain the fear. She forced a smile, and pretended to say calmly, “Auntie, you have worked so hard for so many years.”

“It’s not hard work. It’s all I am willing to do. Alas, you don’t have to think about it too much. As long as we do more good deeds, ghosts will not come to us.”

“Yeah.” Janice replied insincerely.

“Janice, take good care of Marcus. He is a good boy. You two will be happy in the future. Auntie will always be on your side.”

“Thank you, Auntie.”

Chapter 26 The Memory He Never Wants to Recall

Janice's face remained calm, but her uneasy heart beat faster and faster, as if everything around her was going to swallow her.

The Clinton family was so weird. She was so unlucky that she married Marcus!

Outside the ancestral hall.

The night sky was like the blue curtain, which was dotted with sparkling stars, making people feel deeply intoxicated.

At this moment, Janice, who was full of thoughts, had no time to appreciate the intoxicating night.

Freya's words gave her a big blow. She walked out of the ancestral hall in a daze, and almost tripped over the steps outside.

"Mrs. Clinton, be careful!" Nora helped her in time.

"Thank you." Janice responded softly.

She lowered her head and stepped slowly down the steps. Then a cold and familiar face suddenly appeared in her eyes.

"Janice!" A faint smile overflowed in the man's warm voice.

She didn't expect that Marcus would wait for herself at the door. She felt a little warm.

Under the gloomy street lamps, his firm and straight facial features looked particularly handsome. Under a pair of sharp eyebrows, his deep eyes were like stars under the night sky.

She had to admit that Marcus was a rare handsome man in the world. But it was pity...

Janice sighed slightly inwardly and asked, "Why are you here?"

Marcus smiled, and he replied, "Of course I'm here to pick Mrs. Clinton back."

Janice felt soft, smiled without speaking, walked behind his wheelchair and pushed him back.

"Janice, do you feel better now?" Marcus asked softly.

"Um?"

“Didn’t you feel sick in your stomach when you eat?”

Janice was stunned for a moment and then she couldn’t help but smiled. She never had any expectations for Marcus, but he would always give her care inadvertently.

This gentleness was really commendable.

“Much better. Thank you for your concern.” She replied politely.

“That’s good.” Marcus paused for a few seconds, then asked in a deep voice, “Just now, did you meet Auntie?”

“Um.”

“What did she tell you?”

Marcus’ dark eyes flashed. There was a dark light flashing across his eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

Janice thought to herself that if she told to Marcus what Freya told her, he might be sad. The car accident must be the memory he never wanted to recall, and it was also an unhealable wound in his heart.

Besides, the relationship between the two of them had just eased up a bit. So it was best not to take the initiative to make him angry.

“Auntie knew that there was a murder case in the villa. Just now, she kept comforting me. She told me not to be afraid. If I was really scared, I could recite the sutras with her, so that ghosts would not come to me.” She deliberately spoke calmly to cover up the nervousness inwardly.

“That’s not bad.” Marcus said, “Auntie is a kind and gentle woman. You can talk to her more if you have nothing to do. Others are usually very busy. You couldn’t see them often.”

“Okay, I know.”

After she said this, Marcus didn’t say a word for a long time. Then Janice couldn’t help but glanced down at him, only to see his lips pursed tightly. His black eyes were like a deep ocean and unfathomable depth. He frowned. No one knew what he was thinking.

At this time, she noticed that the blanket covering Marcus’ legs began to slide down, so she stopped to fix on the wheelchair, and then leaned over to pull up the blanket for him.

“Thank you!” The breath when he spoke made her cheeks itchy and her eyelashes trembled.

She cleared her throat and replied, “You are welcome.”

In the bedroom on the second floor.

Janice raised her hand and touched her hot cheeks, blaming how she became so horny. Every time when she bathed for Marcus, she felt so nervous, as if there was a butterfly in her mind wildly. Fortunately, he couldn't see anything, otherwise, she would be so ashamed!

“Janice, aren't you going to take a bath?” Marcus said lightly.

“I'll go right away.”

She had been lingering for a long time just now because she had to face the embarrassment of sharing the same bed with Marcus. Lying on the same bed with the man without any emotional foundation, it must be fake to say that she didn't mind it. She felt more or less awkward. Even if the other party was Marcus who seemed to be impotent, she would feel inexplicably uncomfortable.

After a while, Janice walked out of the bathroom in semi-wet pajamas. She saw Marcus supporting the edge of the bed with his hands. When she moved her eyes down, she saw his fair and slender fingers. With a little effort on his arms, he propped up his whole person, and then climbed onto the bed effortlessly.

What she saw in the bathroom suddenly popped in her mind. His strong upper body! His chest with well-defined muscles and the powerful outline of his arms...

Janice felt her heartbeat fast, and then she looked away calmly.

After Marcus lay down on the bed, she lifted the quilt and lay in. She only turned her back to the man beside her, and moved herself to the side of the bed, widening the distance between the two.

Chapter 27 Having Nightmares Again and Again

Feeling the woman's alienation, Marcus frowned. His face instantly condensed.

To hide her embarrassment, Janice whispered, “Good night.”

“Well, good night.” There were no emotions in his voice.

In the dark, there was deathly silence in the bedroom.

Janice took a deep breath and slowly closed her eyes. The terrifying scenes flashed back in her mind constantly. She felt the blood vessels in her brain seemed to explosive. Almost every part of her body was trembling. Her hands and feet became as cold as ice.

Her abnormal behaviors attracted his attention.

“Janice, are you okay?” The gentle voice of the man sounded in her ears.

“I... I’m a little scared.” She replied tremblingly.

In the next instant, Marcus sat up, fumbled and turned on the bedside lamp, and then picked up a braille book from the bedside table.

“Relax! I’ll be with you. Don’t be afraid, I will turn off the light after you fall asleep.”

Janice turned her head and glanced at him. She saw that he was rubbing on a braille book. The dim light made the silhouettes of his handsome face with distinct lines so good-looking.

For some reason, she felt so warm, which instantly made her feel an illusion called a sense of security.

Perhaps, Marcus was really a sensible and good boy, just as his aunt said. Although he rarely expresses his emotions, he would take actions to let the people around him feel warm.

Alas! God was really unfair! Why let him suffer such misfortune?

Janice was immersed in the infinite regret of Marcus’ experience. When she closed her eyes, she did not think of those horrible scenes anymore, but quickly fell asleep.

In her dream, she was in the brightly lit living room of the villa and saw Ada standing by the stove wearing an apron from a distance.

Ada was still alive? !

Feeling surprised and happy, Janice walked over to greet Ada quickly.

“Ada, what are you doing?”

Janice asked Ada twice, but she didn’t get any answer. When she asked the third time, Ada suddenly turned around and then two lines of bright red liquid flowed out of her eyes.

Ah, it was blood!

Janice was so scared that she turned and ran, but she was blocked by a man's tall body. It was Marcus who stopped her.

He held a dagger in his right hand, and stabbed to her quickly when he saw her. She subconsciously dodged it. So the dagger only tore her clothes.

However, the man took advantage of his height and long legs. He took two steps forward, holding her arm tightly. Then he raised the dagger high, ready to stab her chest again.

"No!" She was so scared that she opened her eyes and shouted.

When she came back to her senses, she felt completely dark in front of her eyes. There was no Ada at all.

Although she realized that she had a nightmare, she didn't calm down. The blood all over her body went retrograde, rushed to her head, and then cooled down a little bit. The coldness penetrated into her bones, making her tremble. Tears welled up into her eyes.

Suddenly, she found herself being held in a firm embrace. A powerful arm crossed her waist and covered her belly.

She wanted to break away from the other party's control, but the man's arm locked her tightly in his arms like iron tongs. She was anxious that she immediately burst into tears.

"Janice, don't move!" Marcus' deep and low voice came from behind her.

She frowned. Her lips trembled slightly, and she choked up, "What...what do you want to do?"

Marcus squinted his eyes and raised his eyebrows evilly. He held her tighter.

"I won't do anything to you. Just go to sleep."

However, Marcus' words didn't make her feel at ease. They two almost stuck together. Janice didn't believe Marcus could keep his promise!

Janice bit her lips vigorously, trying to keep herself awake. The tips of the fingers that were gradually clenched faintly twitched. Her forehead and palms were all full of sweat.

For a long time, Marcus didn't make any movements. His big hand was firmly placed on her abdomen, and the continuous heat was transmitted from his hand to her. For a while, all her feelings were concentrated on his palms.

The world seemed to quiet down instantly. She could only hear his even breathing and strong heartbeat.

Was he already asleep?

Janice wiped away the tears from her face with the back of her hand. She gradually relaxed. The sleepiness swept over her. She felt so sleepy. Her eyes were sour and astringent. Then she fell asleep.

As the woman's light breathing sounded regularly, in the middle of the night, a pair of dark eyes that were as dark as the deep sea lit up.

Chapter 28 Toss Me All Night

The next day.

Dawn slowly opened the curtain and descended on the world with a ray of freshness. Sunlight shone in from the edge of the window, and tiny particles floating in the beam were clearly visible.

Janice grunted comfortably and stretched herself naturally.

Hey, why was the arm on her body missing?

She quickly turned around and looked at the place beside her. Then she found that Marcus was not lying on the bed.

To her delight, her pajamas were still on her body.

Marcus did not do anything to her last night.

It was said that men's sexuality was strong. If Marcus didn't have those thoughts when a woman was in his arms, it would be that he was impotent.

It seemed that after that car accident, not only his eyes and legs were damaged, but he also lost sexual life.

Alas, Marcus was so pitiful! He was born with a good appearance but it was useless.

Janice didn't mind it. But for a man, it was too frustrated to live like this!

A string of footsteps from far to near pulled her thoughts back.

"Mrs. Clinton! Mrs. Clinton! Are you awake?" Nora clear's voice came through the door panel.

Janice sat up from the bed all of a sudden. The servant came to her early in the morning! Could it be that something happened to Marcus?

Janice was so anxious that she didn't have the time to put on the slippers. She ran to the door, opening the door swiftly.

"What's the matter?" She looked at Nora nervously.

Nora was confused by her words and then only replied for a long time, "Mrs. Clinton, I want to ask you if you are hungry now. The breakfast is ready. Mr. Shawn and Mr. Marcus are already seated at the table."

It turned out that Nora was here to ask her to have breakfast. But she thought that something happened to Marcus after he went downstairs.

"After I freshen up, I'll be here. It will take about ten minutes."

"Okay, Mrs. Clinton."

After closing the door, she felt that something was wrong the more she thought about it. When did she start to care about Marcus so much? !

She must have been pity for him. There would be no other reason.

Recently, she had encountered too many strange things. She didn't bother to think about it anymore. After changing her clothes, she went straight to the dining room and naturally sat next to Marcus.

"Grandpa, good morning." Janice greeted Shawn politely.

The smile lines on Shawn's face huddled together. He asked with concern, "Janice, did you sleep well last night?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah? She tossed me all night."

Marcus' words were so ambiguous. Everyone after hearing it would think that they had already had sex. Feeling ashamed and annoyed, Janice poked him with elbow.

"Is it?" Seeing the movement between the two, Shawn asked with a smile.

"Yeah, she was so afraid that she cried." Marcus' eyebrows were filled with a gentle smile, and his tone was full of spoiling, "Later, I hugged her for a long time, and then she fell asleep gradually."

Janice's face was suddenly blushed when she heard it. There was unconcealed annoyance on her face.

Why did he tell Shawn this? ! She felt so embarrassed now!

Until the end of the breakfast, Janice did not speak any more. She kept lowering her head to eat the food, wishing to hide her face in the bowl.

After the breakfast, she pushed Marcus to the study on the second floor and walked back to the bedroom to sleep.

She was just about to change into her pajamas when a knock on the door disrupted her plan.

"Janice, we came to see you." Gaby's voice was sharp and harsh.

"Sister, open the door quickly." Fiona slapped the door impatiently.

Why were the two of them here?

They must be here to make trouble!

According to the character of the mother and daughter, they either came to flatter the Clinton family or came to see her jokes.

Janice curled her lips. She took a deep breath, and then opened the door.

Gaby glanced around in the bedroom and asked, "Janice, how are you doing after you marry into the Clinton family?"

"Not bad." Janice straightened her back when she was responding.

"That's good. Fiona wants to talk with you. I'll go downstairs and talk to Mr. Shawn Clinton for a while."

After that, Gaby walked out without looking back, leaving a cold and determined back. As Janice expected, Gaby seemed to visit her, but in fact she didn't take her seriously. Today, it was just Gaby had to come here.

Janice glanced at her sister sideways, pointed to the sofa not far away, and said quietly, "Have a seat."

Fiona stood there motionless and said sarcastically, "Oh, I heard that there was someone dead in the villa, but you look well. You look like eating well and sleeping well. You are really brave enough. Why are you not scared?"

Janice didn't answer, nor looked at Fiona again, but just kept silent.

Seeing that she didn't react, Fiona stepped on high heels to walk in front of Janice, making herself to look directly at her.

"Hmph, I have been with Marcus for so long, and he hasn't killed anyone. Just two days after he married you, someone died. You are really a veritable jinx, and you will hurt others wherever you go!"

Janice slapped Fiona, leaving a clear palm mark on Fiona's small face.

Chapter 29 Another Person's Fingerprints

"Janice, how dare you!!" Fiona covered her sore left cheek, gritted her teeth and said.

"So what!" Janice was furious. Her eyes widened and her chest was undulating violently, "I warn you. Don't talk nonsense here. Don't forget your identity. You are only a guest of the Clinton family now. I am Mrs. Clinton. As long as you are not pleasing to my eyes, I can kick you out at any time!"

"Janice, you actually bluff in front of me and show me off! I'll teach you a lesson."

Fiona's eyes widened to the extreme. She couldn't wait to use her gaze to stab her elder sister thousands of times. She raised her right hand high, and was about to slap Janice.

"What are you arguing about?!" The man's words were like a boulder hitting the lake, splashing countless waves.

The two looked over and saw serious-faced Marcus at the door.

"Fiona, don't make trouble in the Clinton family. It's not your turn to call the shots here!" Marcus reprimanded.

His facial features were already sharp. They would get more sharper when he got angry, and his whole body exudes a compelling aura.

Not long ago, when Fiona was still Marcus' fiancée, she was afraid of his aggressive aura and never dared to confront him face to face. Even now, she didn't dare to provoke him casually, so she could only vent her anger on Janice.

"Sister, don't think that you can do whatever you want by marrying into the Clinton family. You have to know who you are. Don't be foolish!"

After Fiona saying these, she glared at Janice, then turned and disappeared in front of the two of them.

“Janice, she didn’t do anything to you, did she?” Marcus’ voice was no longer as cold as before. His tone of voice was obviously gentle.

Janice took a deep breath and then calmly replied, “I’m fine. I just slapped her.”

Marcus raised his eyebrows and praised her, “Good job! Mrs. Clinton.”

Hearing that, Janice was really dumbfounded. Strictly speaking, using violence was not a good thing. Was he protecting her?

Janice completely woke up by the mother and daughter. Then they decided to go downstairs to accompany Shawn together.

After a while, the servant came to report and said that two policemen were visiting.

“Hurry up and invite them in.” Shawn gave an order, and frowned slightly.

Half a minute later, Captain Devin led the young police officer to the three of them.

Shawn took the business card handed over by Captain Devin, and asked in a deep voice, “Captain Devin, how is the investigation of the villa’s murder case? Who is the murderer?”

“We called up all the surveillance videos in the villa. The strange thing is that we watched the surveillance videos over and over again, but we didn’t find any suspicious people.”

Captain Devin frowned. There were two dark circles under his eyes. He looked lack of sleep.

“So it... is suicide?” Shawn put forward a hypothesis with confusion.

“Do not rule out this possibility!”

Captain Devin’s face was extremely serious. He looked at Marcus sideways, wondering how to express it next.

When Shawn saw Captain Devin turning his gaze on his grandson, he had a bad feeling and then he asked quickly, “Captain Devin, what else did you find?”

“According to the surveillance video, the deceased walked out of the room alone in the middle of the night, and suddenly fell down when passing by the pool, and then there was no movement. She should have died in the pool.”

“She drowned?”

“No!” Captain Devin immediately denied Shawn’s speculation.

“The forensic doctor’s appraisal report showed that the real cause of her death was rupture of internal organs, resulting in excessive blood loss, not due to drowning. The deceased had obvious incisions on her body and shed a lot of blood. However, we only found the deceased’s blood in the swimming pool. There were no blood stains on the way from her downstairs to the swimming pool. In other words, she was assassinated near the swimming pool and then fell into the swimming pool.”

Shawn’s face gradually sank. He asked, “If she was stabbed to death, you should be able to find the murder weapon, right?”

“I found it.” Captain Devin paused for a few seconds. He glanced at Marcus who was calm, hesitated for a moment, and then reported, “We searched the villa and conducted a technical appraisal of all the knives in the house. The knife used to stab the killer is the fruit knife placed on the coffee table. In addition to the fingerprint of the deceased, there are another person’s fingerprints on it.”

“Who?”

“Mr. Marcus Clinton.”

Captain Devin’s words made all the people in the Clinton family stunned. They didn’t know how to react. Everyone knew that evidence would not lie. The police had their own reason to judge this way.

However, Marcus was now lame and blind. The probability that he killed others alone was extremely low.

“Impossible!” Shawn slapped the table hard. The crumpled veins on his old hands popped out. “You have seen him! How can my grandson kill someone with his current physical condition?”

Chapter 30 If There Is a Person Behind the Scenes

“Take it easy.” Captain Devin calmed Shawn softly, “We think that Mr. Marcus could not be the murderer. We also found his alibi. As for why there are his fingerprints on the fruit knife, our analysis was that he had used this knife before and was secretly taken away by the deceased later. In the surveillance video, no one was approaching the deceased, so she should have committed suicide by standing by the pool.”

Captain Devin’s speculation made everyone’s tense nerves relax. But what he said next made them anxious again.

“At present, it can only be inferred like this, because there is no other evidence and it has not been found out why the deceased committed suicide. We will continue to investigate and we will definitely make it clear.”

Shawn frowned, pondering over and over again what Captain Devin said.

After investigating for a long time, the police found no suspicious person from the surveillance video. Except near the swimming pool, no bloodstains of the deceased were found anywhere else, but there were fingerprints of Marcus on the murder weapon. These clues were connected and there were too many coincidences.

“This is the result of the investigation. I have something else to do. I have to go first.” Captain Devin got up and prepared to leave.

“Captain Devin, we will cooperate fully. Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome.”

Shawn pointed at the servant standing next to him with his chin, and said, “Walk Captain Devin out.”

The servant said “um” and led Captain Devin to the door.

“That...” The servant hesitated.

Captain Devin looked around warily, and asked softly, “Do you have any clues? You can tell me.”

“I think it must be the dark shadow.”

“What shadow?” Captain Devin was deeply surprised.

“It’s the...”

Speaking here, the servant quickly stopped in a panic when he saw someone approaching.

Then the servant didn’t say a word until Captain Devin left the Clinton’s. Captain Devin looked back at the Clinton’s, feeling that the case was more suspicious.

After Captain Devin left with his men, silence returned to the living room.

Shawn clasped his hands and sat on the sofa with a serious expression on his face. Marcus and Janice were silent, frowning. No one knew what they were thinking.

“Someone.” Shawn let out a low growl, breaking the silence.

An elder servant ran up to the three of them, lowered his head slightly and asked, "Mr. Clinton, may I help you?"

"Find a reliable funeral home to bury Ada, and comfort her family members. We will try our best to meet whatever requirements they have. In addition, prepare more pensions."

"Yes." The servant left the living room after taking the order.

Shawn looked sideways at Marcus. He saw that Marcus' tense face and frowning.

He thought of what Captain Devin had just said, and quickly said to Marcus, "Marcus, Grandpa believes that you didn't kill anyone. You don't have to have any psychological burden."

Marcus said faintly, "Grandpa, I really didn't kill Ada. However, based on what I know about Ada, she should not choose to commit suicide. Besides, even if she wants to do this, she doesn't have to ran to the swimming pool."

"You mean...?" Shawn asked and stared at Marcus without blinking.

"If I'm right, the real murderer wants to frame me." Marcus' peaceful tone seemed to hide the killing intent.

"Marcus, do you think too much? What does he want to frame you? You pose no threats to anyone."

Although Shawn said so, he didn't completely deny Marcus' conjecture in his mind. Because if there were too many coincidences, it would be no longer a mere coincidence. If there was a man behind the scenes, he definitely couldn't let the other party know their doubts. So it was better to let Marcus stay out of the matter first.

"Grandpa, I don't think things are that simple. The evidence..."

Marcus wanted to continue to argue, but was interrupted mercilessly by Shawn, "The police's investigation result can't be wrong. Just listen to them. Since the villa is not safe, don't run around recently. Stay here. I'm here. No one dares to do anything to you!" Shawn said with a tough tone.

Marcus' heart sank to the bottom of the valley. There was only calmness and coldness in his eyes.

Shawn glanced at Janice, thinking she hadn't recovered from the murder case, so he changed the subject.

"Janice, you said in the morning that the bedroom on the second floor was comfortable, so how about staying here with Marcus for a few more days?"

Janice slightly nodded and replied in a low voice, "Okay."

"Well! If there is nothing else, you two can go back to your room and rest. You guys don't need to accompany me."

Shawn stood up and walked to the bedroom on the first floor with the help of the servant.

Janice pushed Marcus into the study on the second floor. The two had their own concerns, and neither of them spoke.