

Accidental love II

Chapter 56 Not as Exciting as Having an Affair

While enjoying the security that Marcus bought to her, Janice couldn't help sighing silently. For the trip, Marcus would also sleep in the bedroom tomorrow. So it meant that Kyle wouldn't come tomorrow. In other words, she couldn't find a suitable chance to collect evidence before going abroad.

In this way, that asshole could continue to get away with it! Janice was really so furious.

What should she do now? Was there no other way except this way?

The more Janice thought about it, the less reconciled she became. Then she was tossing and turning on the bed for a long time and didn't fall asleep.

In the dark night, the man beside her kept his eyes open. His facial features in the dim light looked so great. He pursed his sexy lips. His cold black eyes were like a deep ocean, which was dark and unfathomable.

As Janice expected, Kyle didn't come to her tonight. So she slept fairly soundly.

The next day.

Janice got up very early, cleaned up the house with the maid at home, and arranged some stuff in the yard, preparing to celebrate Freya's birthday in the evening.

"Janice, thank you so much today." Freya said with a smile on her face.

"You're welcome. It's my pleasure."

Janice didn't know how many guests would come. She was worried that the chairs and tableware were not enough, so she quickly confirmed with Freya, "Are these enough?"

"Enough. It's just a birthday. There is no need to spend a lot of efforts. I only invited some relatives this time."

After Freya finished saying this with smile, she saw a few people from the Stewart family and the Jones family, then she stepped forward to greet them.

To Janice's surprise, Ryan, who was dressed well, was holding Fiona's hand tightly, and appeared in front of everyone with a face full of smiles.

These two shameless bitches had begun to go in and out together so boldly? As long as they two appeared, nothing good would happen. Would something bad happen again tonight?

Subconsciously, Janice walked up to Marcus.

When she walked one step out, a woman's voice came from behind her.

"Sister, why didn't you say hello to me?"

Janice knew the voice belonged to Fiona. It was obvious that she came to make trouble on purpose.

At this moment, Janice suddenly realized that she didn't hate them even when she saw Ryan and Fiona holding hands just now.

Perhaps time was really a good medicine, which could heal the pain of the soul, so that she could let it go and move on.

However, she was no longer the former Janice. She was not pushover who everyone could bully. Facing the enemy, of course she couldn't show any weakness.

Janice turned around calmly. She was neither humble nor overbearing, but was just very indifferent.

Fiona sneered and said provocatively, "How is it going? Is your life still happy after marriage?"

"Not bad. But it's not as exciting as having an affair."

Janice stared at Fiona calmly, deliberately saying these words calmly, making Fiona's words even more insignificant.

At this moment, Marcus turned his wheelchair to Janice with a meaningful smile on his face.

Janice's counterattack made Fiona tremble with anger. She was so mad that her hair was about to stand up. She raised her right hand, ready to slap Janice. But when she saw Marcus, she stopped immediately.

In Marcus' black eyes, there was calmness and coldness. He exuded an aura of prestige.

Fiona knew well that teaching Janice a lesson in front of him would naturally not be so smooth. So it was better stop now and then waited a good chance. Janice had been

bullied by her for so many years. As long as Marcus wasn't by Janice's side, she could bully her at her will!

Fiona snorted disdainfully, kept her chest out, flicked her long wavy hair, and left on her high heels angrily.

Marcus didn't say a word until Fiona left, "Janice, the dinner is about to begin. Let's go over together."

"Okay." Janice responded softly and pushed him into the yard.

The dinner opened in a great style.

The long dining tables were neatly arranged in the yard, covered with all white tablecloths. The tableware was put well one by one, and all kinds of tempting food were placed on it. In the middle of the dining table was a giant birthday cake with five colorful candles on the top.

The guests gathered in twos and threes with their dinner plates, enjoying the food while chatting happily. The atmosphere was very lively.

Although there were a lot of people and it looked so good, Janice always felt that the atmosphere today was weird.

It was kind of unspeakable weirdness.

Janice followed Marcus, diligently putting food on his plate or serving tea. Marcus ate up all the food she had served. There was always a smile on his handsome face.

After the guests had finished their meal, it was the most important part of the birthday party-blowing out the candles.

Chapter 57 Ghost

Freya smiled and walked to the dining table. Then she lit the candles on the top of the cake. The servant immediately turned off the lights in the yard. Everyone's attention was focused on her.

Freya closed her eyes, clasped her hands and muttered something in her mouth. She made three wishes in a voice that only she herself could hear.

"I hope my family can be in harmony and peace."

"I hope my father will live a long life."

"I hope Marcus and Janice will give birth to a child soon."

After she made the wishes, the guests sang the birthday song together. Janice clapped her hands happily and hummed with them.

The song ended.

“It’s time to blow out the candles!” A clear voice sounded from the crowd.

Hearing it, Freya leaned forward and took a deep breath, preparing to blow out the candles in front of her.

Suddenly, a woman dressed in white flashed past Freya. Her face was glowing with blue light, and she looked so creepy.

Everyone in the Clinton family recognized that the terrifying woman in white was Ada. The shocking blue light was mixed with some shocking blood, which made her look like a ghost. Everyone was shuddering.

“Oh my God!”

“Ghost!”

The guests present were so frightened that they were shivering. They screamed one after another. The timid ones even covered their eyes with their hands.

“Marcus, why did you kill me? I have no grudges with you.” The ghost repeated these words three times. Her voice was extremely creepy.

Before everyone recovered from these few words, the ghost disappeared without a trace in an instant.

At this time, Charles Clinton, Marcus’ father, stretched out his hand to pat the servant beside him, shouting, “Turn on the lights! Go and see what’s going on.”

The servant had already been in shock. He went to the dining table tremblingly and then walked around the dining table. He even looked under the table, but found nothing.

The guests at the scene were stunned in horror. All their faces were pale. Their eyes widened to the extreme and they all breathed heavily. Their lips trembled more severely, so that no one could speak.

Janice was also frightened by this ghost. Her face paled. She felt her heart was beating fiercely, and her jacket was quickly soaked in cold sweat.

However, when she just raised her hand to wipe off the sweat from her face, she found that her hand was held by Marcus at some point. Her whole hand was wrapped in a

warm hand. A steady stream of heat was conveyed from his hand to her skin and then through her body.

The man's big hand was big. His hand's temperature made her feel warm. Her nervous mind gradually calmed down.

Janice looked down at the man beside her. She saw that his face was full of chills. He didn't need to say any words or take any actions, but others feel the powerful aura coming from him.

What the ghost said just now was clearly directed at him. No wonder Marcus looked so gloomy.

After this accident, the guests dared not stay at the Clinton's. They said goodbye to Freya, and then fled out of the yard.

During the whole process, only Shawn was very calm. He had not spoken. The wrinkles on his face were together. A sharp light burst out his eyes. He didn't believe there were ghosts in this world at all. He was sure that there must be someone behind the scene.

After the guests had all left, Shawn stood in the middle of the yard with a sullen expression on his face. He said sharply, "You guys are not allowed to tell others about the matter tonight. Whoever discloses this, I will never let him go!"

Shawn's words were quite deterrent. The yard was silent for a moment. Everyone was silent, even breathing carefully.

"If I know who is pretending to be the ghost, I won't show any mercy to him!" Shawn added, scanning everyone while speaking.

No one dared to say anything. They all nodded, and then left.

Janice pushed Marcus back to the bedroom, sitting on the sofa directly opposite him with a serious look.

For the scene that happened just now, she still felt lingering fear. She was blank and bewildered. She looked in front in a daze.

"Janice, are you afraid?" Marcus seemed to be worried that he would startle her, so his tone of voice was light and soft.

"Of course, I'm afraid. It's the first time I have seen a ghost since I grew up." There was unconcealable fear in her voice.

Marcus turned the wheelchair closer to her, frowning slightly. He pursed his lips.

“Ada’s ghost said that I killed her. Are you afraid of being with me?” His low voice was like a boulder hitting the water, setting off a huge wave.

Janice shook her head and said lightly, “I haven’t thought about this question. I was wondering where the ghost came from. Although I was shocked at the time, I figured it out later. How could there be ghosts in this world?”

Marcus smiled, and said playfully, “You are really a bold girl.”

Janice smiled helplessly.

Was she bold? Marcus really overestimated her.

Chapter 58 He Really Killed Someone Before

Seeing Ada’s face just now, Janice was almost scared to death! When she saw Ada in the car last time, she thought she had run into a ghost. At that time, she was so frightened that her eyes were almost popping out of her eye sockets.

Thinking of this, Janice suddenly patted her head and stood up from the sofa.

Yes, it was not the first time she had met Ada who was alive. She saw a person “resurrected from the dead” twice in a row. It shouldn’t be that she saw it wrong.

“Marcus, maybe someone is pretending to be the ghost!” Janice cleared her throat and said sternly.

“Why do you say that?” Marcus’ face was stern. He frowned.

Janice told him about seeing Ada in the car that day. Meanwhile, she also told him her guess.

Marcus was lost in thought. He pulled a long face, which looked so gloomy.

After a moment, he squinted his eyes. Then he became gentle as usual.

“Janice, don’t tell anyone about this matter for the time being, including other people in the family. I will send someone to investigate it myself.”

“Okay.” Janice agreed without hesitation.

Since he would let someone investigate this matter, it meant that someone was indeed playing tricks. As long as it was intentional, there was nothing to be afraid of.

Janice finally felt relieved. She took a long sigh of relief and sat back on the sofa.

Hearing her answer, Marcus smiled unconsciously, and said softly, "Thank you for your trust in me."

There was a bright smile on Janice's pretty face. She replied, "Never mind. You're my husband."

As soon as she finished speaking, she suddenly realized how could she call him husband so naturally in front of him?

"I'm going to the bathroom." Janice made an excuse and ran away from the man with blushing face.

Marcus squinted his eyes slightly. The smile on his face deepened. His sharp face became unusually soft.

Thinking of the "husband" that she just blurted out, Janice felt like there was butterfly in her heart.

After a while, her heartbeat finally returned to normal, and then she walked back to Marcus.

"Janice, why have you been there for so long? I'm a little worried about you." Marcus' eyes were full of smiles.

She felt shy and then quickly changed the subject, "Marcus, who do you think is pretending to be Ada?"

Hearing that, Marcus' face sank. A cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, "We will know it soon."

"Could it be that you already knew it?"

"No. I mean that he would definitely leave traces as long as it was him who did these." Marcus said firmly.

Janice pursed her lips, nodded, and plucked up the courage to ask, "So it was others who deliberately framed you and said you killed someone, but actually, you didn't kill anyone, did you?"

Marcus looked down. His chin was clearly outlined by the shadows, then he said solemnly, "My family said that I have intermittent amnesia. It may be that I killed someone when I was amnesia."

What? Did he really kill someone?

Even if he killed someone when he was not him, he couldn't change the fact that he was the murderer.

Janice was stunned on the spot. Her fair face turned pale. She felt chill. Then she couldn't help but shudder. She opened her mouth, but she couldn't say a word.

"However, I haven't undergone relevant examinations, so I don't know how they figured out that I have this disease." Marcus sneered.

Janice breathed a sigh of relief for an instant, and comforted him, "The truth will come to light sooner or later."

"Mrs. Clinton, you're right." His voice was low. It sounded even more sexy and sultry.

Janice was blushed suddenly. She just smiled without saying a word.

Having experienced so many things today, both of them felt exhausted physically and mentally. They fell asleep early after taking a shower.

However, the ghost matter made the people in the Clinton's sleepless.

After the dinner, Charles stayed in the living room of the main house. He asked servants to turn on the lights in all corners of the house, trying to find the suspicious people hidden in the house.

"Mr. Clinton, we searched everywhere but we didn't find anyone who was suspicious." The servant bent slightly and reported to him.

"Check again!" Charles frowned, with dissatisfaction and sullen anger on his face.

He wanted to know who dared to pretend to be a ghost in the Clinton's!

At this time, another servant trotted to him and said with a flustered expression on his face, "Mr. Clinton, a policeman was outside and said that someone called the police and reported that there was a ghost haunting in the Clinton's."

Charles' face sank. Then he asked sharply, "Who called the police?"

"The police said that the other party did not tell him the name, so he came to ask about the situation."

"Let him in." Charles ordered, but he frowned more tightly.

When he saw the policeman, he hurried up and told the policeman the story in detail.

The policeman frowned and said in a deep voice, "Please give me the guest list."

Chapter 59 Her Son Was the Murderer

In fact, Charles had researched the guest list just now, but he didn't find anything wrong with the guests. Those guests were all his relatives. What the hell was going on?

The policeman checked the identities of the guests one by one with Charles, and then assembled all the servants to question. The servant also took the policeman to the scene of the incident and everywhere to conduct surveys, but he still found nothing.

"According to the current situation, no valuable clues can be found for the time being. I have to leave first. If you have any new clues, notify me." The policeman left a business card and turned around to leave.

"Okay." Charles replied lightly, and let someone walk the policeman out.

When he finally finished all this, he realized that his wife was a little weird. She sat motionless on the sofa. She seemed to lose her soul. Her eyes fixed on the ground. Meanwhile, she was still muttering something.

Helena was a very superstitious person. When Marcus was born, she thought Marcus was an unlucky person because his feet came out first. Therefore, she treated him particularly indifferently. She must have been stimulated after she saw what happened tonight.

Charles walked slowly to her, deliberately lowered his voice and asked, "Helena, what are you talking about?"

Helena looked up and glanced at him. Her lips were trembling. Then she said, "Marcus is the murderer. He killed Ada..."

"Shut up! Don't talk nonsense!" Charles scolded, with obvious anger on his face.

Helena ignored his scolding. She lowered her eyes and continued to look at the ground, whispering something.

Having no other ways, Charles could only ask the servant to take good care of her, and then left the main house.

The next day, early morning.

Janice slept very soundly last night. So she walked extremely briskly when she went downstairs.

She saw Helena sitting on the sofa in the living room from a distance, wondering if she should go over and say hello. Even if Helena didn't take her seriously, she should be polite to her.

However, when Janice approached, she saw that Helena looked sluggish, with bloodshot eyes. There were two dark circles under her eyes and her hair was a little messy.

Janice knew anyone would be frightened after encountering what happened last night. What all she could do was comfort Helena.

“Mom, there are no ghosts in this world. So don’t be afraid.” Janice leaned down and approached Helena, speaking very softly.

Helena looked up when she heard the sound. Seeing that the person was Janice, she was really angry. She suddenly stretched out her arms, pushed Janice with all her strength, and shouted, “Stay away from me!”

Janice didn’t expect that Helena would push her. So she lost her balance and fell on the floor.

At this moment, two big warm hands rested on her arms. She turned her head and saw that Vincent was standing behind her with his arms bent slightly to help her up.

“Thank you!” Janice patted the dust on her ass, nodding to thank him.

“I heard what you said just now.” Vincent raised his eyebrows lightly and asked in surprise, “Are you not afraid of ghosts?”

Janice calmly responded, “I haven’t done any bad things. Why am I afraid?!”

Vincent snorted softly, with a deep smirk on his face. He approached her and asked, “Are you not afraid that Marcus will kill you?”

“If he really wants to kill me, it will be useless even if I’m afraid! Moreover, I don’t know when I will be killed. Instead of worrying about it every day, it’s better to forget it.” When Janice said this, she looked indifferent and resolute, which was not match her age.

Vincent was noncommittal to her answer. He looked down in silence.

With a “ding” sound, the elevator door on the first floor of the main house was opened.

Janice looked over. Then she saw Gavin pushing Marcus out of the elevator, coming to them.

At the same time, Helena also saw Marcus. Suddenly, what happened last night popped into her mind. She felt so furious. Then she rushed up, and punched Marcus.

“You asshole! You’re the murderer!” Helena glared at Marcus and shouted, “If you still have some consciences, go to the police station to confess. Stop harming others!” ”

Helena roared furiously. The blue veins on her forehead bulged with her heavy breath.

In the face of Helena's beating and scolding, Marcus neither fought back nor explained. He kept his lips tightly closed without saying a word. His face was so gloomy.

Helena's horrific move shocked Janice. How could Marcus withstand such an attack?

Janice felt heartbroken when she saw this. She felt so sad and sorry for Marcus. Then she couldn't bear to let Marcus continue to be beaten and scolded by his mother, so she rushed to protect him with her body.

At this moment, Marcus felt that Janice was protecting him. His jaw tightened instantly. He frowned more tightly, which made him look more gloomy than usual. He looked so indifferent and ruthless.

"Janice, stay away from us. Don't let her hit you." His tone was tough.

Chapter 60 Did You Fall In Love With Him?

"I won't leave!" Janice firmly refused.

Their actions made Helena's anger even more intense. She backed up a few steps, picked up a teacup and threw it at the two of them.

Thud!

The teacup fell to the ground. The fragments were scattered everywhere.

A warm liquid flowed down Janice's forehead, leaving some blood on her face.

Janice felt dizzy and her consciousness gradually blurred. Then she collapsed to the ground.

"What's the matter?" Marcus smelled the blood in the air. There were some killing intentions hiding in his fierce tone.

"She was hit on her head and passed out." Vincent hurriedly replied.

Just now, Vincent was shocked by Helena's actions. He didn't react or came up to stop Helena.

In the next second, the anger of the man in the wheelchair soared to the extreme. His temples throbbed crazily. The anger in his chest was about to spray out like a volcanic eruption.

“Someone! Go to the hospital with me.” Marcus said anxiously with the anger in his tone.

“You can’t see. It’s better let me take her there.”

After that, Vincent picked up the injured woman and walked out the door quickly.

Marcus clenched his fists. He was trembling because of anger. His face distorted.

Looking at the back of the two leaving, Helena snorted coldly, “Suck.”

“If Janice gets injured, I will definitely make you pay price!” These ruthless words popped out of Marcus’ teeth. He looked so evil.

Helena felt suffocated, then she didn’t speak for a long time. She was so angry.

What kind of sin did she commit in her last life? Why did she give birth such a son who was like a devil crawling out of hell?

The black car swiftly drove on the asphalt road.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Vincent frowned and stared straight ahead. Janice was lying on the back seat. The handkerchief on her forehead was soaked in blood.

There was a bump when the car passed the speed bump. Janice swayed, then she gradually woke up.

“Hiss...” Janice held her forehead and made a hiss because of the pain.

She sat up with her arms supported herself. Seeing the scenery speeding past the car window, she found that she was in a moving car.

Vincent heard the sound of the back seat and glanced at the rearview mirror in the car.

After looking at the mirror, Janice noticed that the person sitting in the driver’s seat was actually Vincent. There was no other person in the car except them.

“Are you up?” Vincent squinted his eyes, with indifferent tone.

“Where is Marcus?” Janice frowned and asked anxiously.

Vincent could see the change on her face. He deliberately teased her, “Why did you look for him as soon as you opened your eyes? Don’t thank me first?”

Janice really wasn’t in the mood to be kidding with him. She said solemnly, “You left Marcus at home?! What if Helena beats him again?”

“That’s his mother. No matter what, she won’t really hurt her son!”

“But she doesn’t like him. It seemed that she wanted to kill him just now.”

Anxiety and worry were on Janice’s face.

“Haha…” Vincent couldn’t help laughing out loud.

Janice felt a little creepy by his laughter. She said sternly, “What are you laughing at?”

“Marcus is pretending to be weak in front of you. If you are away, he will definitely dare to fight back!” The smile on Vincent’s face deepened. He was waiting to see how she retorted next.

Janice felt puzzled. If Marcus dared to resist, he wouldn’t let his mother beat and scold him just now. Besides, even if he really dared to fight back, he couldn’t see or walk. So he still couldn’t fight back. Besides, it was said all men loved to be heroes. Why did he pretend to be weak in front of her?

“I don’t believe you. He is not that kind of person!” Janice said word by word. Her black eyes were filled with firmness.

“Alas.” Vincent sighed slightly, feeling helpless.

Vincent didn’t understand what magic Marcus had played on her, making her believe so firmly in everything he did.

“Your husband will come over soon. You can see him when you get to the hospital. You can tell at a glance whether he was injured by his mother. It’s better to treat the wound for you first.”

“Well, thank you.” Janice replied softly, and was silent for a while.

From the rearview mirror, Vincent saw Janice reading her phone from time to time, and glancing at the back of the car from time to time, which looked so restless. Thinking of her nervous face when she mentioned Marcus, Vincent had a question popping into his mind.

“Janice, you care about Marcus so much. Did you fall in love with him?”

Janice was obviously unprepared for this question. She was taken aback for a moment, pursing her lips in silence.

Marcus was her husband! As his wife, it was her duty to care about him.

However, she also had to admit that when she was by Marcus' side, she did feel a sense of security. It was a sense of security that she had never experienced before. Moreover, when he got close to her, she did not feel sick, especially when kissing...