

Accidental love II

Chapter 61 Flash Marriage

Thinking of this, Janice was blushed and got rapid heartbeat uncontrollably. Even her ears were blushed.

Seeing her not answering for a long time, Vincent said provocatively, "You just fell in love with him, right?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" Janice retorted with a blushing face, and explained in a panic, "He treats me very well. He's not at all like the rumors..."

"You mean he has a violent temperament and kills people at every turn?"

"Yeah, I don't believe he did it!" There was a hint of certainty in her clear eyes.

Vincent sighed sadly. He didn't want to continue discussing this topic with her.

Janice frowned slightly. She looked down and stared at the blood handkerchief, which reminded her of the hideous face covered in blood when Ada's "ghost" appeared last night.

Her eyes sank. Then she asked earnestly, "Do you believe there are ghosts in this world?"

Vincent snorted coldly, then sneered, "What's the point if I don't believe it? There are too many people at home believing it."

Yeah!

After marrying into the Clinton family, she once heard the servant whispering about haunting ghosts. Judging from Helena's reaction just now, she was a superstitious person. Even Freya said that she should release those ghosts from suffering. It could be seen that there were many people in the Clinton family who believed that there were ghosts in the world.

Because of this, the matter that someone pretended to be the ghost and framed Marcus could be rumored by everyone. The more they spread it, the more others believed.

Janice felt sorry for Marcus. She bit her lips and lowered her eyelids. Her clenched fingers gradually a little hurt.

After the car drove to the hospital, they two went straight into the emergency room.

The doctor confirmed that it was only a skin trauma, which was not serious enough to cause a concussion, and then helped her deal with the wound quickly.

“In order to prevent infection, go for an infusion first. These medicines can quickly reduce inflammation.” The doctor handed her the diagnosis sheet and told her patiently.

Vincent took Janice to the infusion room. The nurse skillfully found the vein in her hand, and then stuck the needle into her blood vessel.

Janice grunted with pain, frowning tightly. She bit her lower lip so hard that it turned pale.

“Now, you know that it hurts! Why did you save him so desperately just now?” Vincent teased her without mercy, “Wanna be a hero?”

Janice didn't even bother to look at him. She looked up in the direction of the door of the ward, expecting Marcus to show up quickly.

In the next second, she saw a man coming to her. Under the warm yellow light of the room, his resolute silhouette became more and more gorgeous. Looking at him, Janice felt a sense of security.

“Janice, is it serious?” Marcus' voice was low. There was a trace of dissatisfaction still remaining between his eyebrows.

“I'm fine. It's just a little bit of skin trauma. After the infusion is up, I will be fine.”

When Janice said these, she looked at him from head to toe. After confirming that there was no obvious trauma on his body, she sighed of relief.

Vincent looked at the two of them playfully, smiled insignificantly, and quietly stepped aside, stopping talking.

“Janice, I don't think the air in this room is very good. You can't walk around, right? Let me open the window for you. Just tell me where it is.”

Marcus' sexy voice was cold and calm, full of the masculine feeling.

“You turn to the right ninety degrees, and walk about one meter forward, then you will be there.”

Since she met Marcus, her sense of direction had been much stronger than before. Now, she could accurately point him the way.

Marcus' wheelchair was specially made from abroad. It used omnidirectional radar sensor equipment. Once it approached an obstacle, it would automatically stop. So she didn't have to worry that he would get injured.

Because of this, Janice didn't reject Marcus' kindness. She didn't want him to feel himself like a useless person subconsciously.

Suddenly, the sound of objects colliding came from the wall.

Marcus' leg hit the wall. Then he bounced back.

Hearing this sound, Janice was stunned and her smile faded, as if the person who hit the wall was herself.

She walked to his side with the infusion support, and asked with concern, "Did it hurt?"

"No, I can't feel my legs."

He frowned slightly, and gradually tightened his hands on the armrests until the bulging veins on the back of his hands were clearly visible.

"Let me check."

Janice squatted down, rolled up his trouser legs, and saw a bruise on his knee.

"It doesn't hurt? Your leg is swollen!" Although it seemed that Janice was complaining him, there was unconcealed distress for him in her tone.

"Janice, I really don't feel my legs. Otherwise, I won't be in a wheelchair." Marcus smiled and said calmly.

Unfortunately, what he said didn't comfort Janice. Her eyes were already full of tears inadvertently.

Chapter 62 Flash Marriage

Why did God put all misfortune on one person?

It was miserable for him to become lame and blind! But he had been always framed as the murderer. Why did God make his world so dark?

Janice felt so upset. However, she was afraid that Marcus would worry about her, so she forced back the tears that were about to fall.

"Marcus, I have something to discuss with Vincent. Can you leave first?"

Marcus' mouth drooped. He asked in a cold voice, "What can't you two discuss in front of me?"

Janice didn't know how to answer this question. But Vincent, who had been standing by her side silently, said suddenly, "She said that she wanted to thank me. I brought her to the hospital and she wanted to give me a gift in return. Just now when we were talking about it, you came in."

"Really?" Marcus sneered back, and said with a sullen face, "Then you guys talk."

After he left, Janice moved slowly to Vincent and said in a low voice, "I want to beg you for one thing."

"Okay. Remember to give me a gift after it's done." There were other meanings obviously in his words.

She didn't want to argue with him. Then she said with a serious expression on her face, "Do me a checkup to see if my cornea matches Marcus' or not."

Vincent raised his eyebrows and asked in surprise, "What are you doing this for?"

"Don't ask so much. Just do it." There was an irresistible tone in her voice. She added, "You must keep it secret and not let anyone know."

"If I don't do it for you, what can you do to me?" He seemed very interested in teasing her today, and tried to embarrass her several times.

Janice smirked, and asked instead, "Do you think I am a tight-lipped person?"

When Vincent saw her smug look, he felt bad. Wouldn't this little girl use that matter as a bargaining chip again?

Janice looked at Vincent calmly, only to see him so hesitating. Finally, Vincent couldn't hold back after a long silence.

"Hey, can you not always use the same trick? Well, I promise you." Vincent felt so helpless.

"Since this trick works well, of course it should be used frequently." Janice covered her mouth and snickered for a few seconds. Then she paused, and said solemnly, "Thank you."

Vincent shook his head, and sighed, "You two are really a couple."

After the infusion, Janice and Marcus returned to the Clinton's in the same car, while Vincent drove behind them alone.

“How is it going by discussing with Vincent?” Marcus’ face was tense, which made him looking a little sharp.

“Huh?” His sudden question made her a little confused.

He pulled a long face, frowned, and asked her again, “Didn’t you two have something to discuss just now?”

“Yeah, he said that he had to think about it again. There is nothing he really wants at the moment.”

Janice was a little guilty when she answered. After all, she was not good at lying. However, no matter what, she couldn’t let him know what she said to Vincent.

Marcus nodded lightly, and said meaningfully, “Yes, he doesn’t lack money. He can buy whatever he wants.”

Janice was speechless. He would definitely see her through if she continued. Then she would be so embarrassed again.

Suddenly, she had an idea. She said that the anti-inflammatory medicine had a sleeping effect, so she wanted to lean on the seat in the car to have a rest, so as not to continue discussing this topic with him.

After Janice stopped talking, Marcus frowned. His dark eyes seemed to gather a black cloud.

When the car was only a dozen meters away from the Clinton’s, Janice saw crowds outside. A group of people were constantly crowding forward. The reporter holding up the equipment wanted to take pictures.

Janice suddenly had a bad feeling. Yesterday, there was ghost matter in the Clinton’s. Then the reporter came here today. It was obvious that they had other intentions.

No matter what they were going to do, it would inevitably affect Marcus.

So now, it was best to leave here as soon as possible, and then come back after the reporters left.

Janice calmed down and asked, “Marcus, there is a group of reporters around the gate now. Should we avoid them first?”

“No, just drive over.” Marcus replied with a calm expression on his face.

Janice wanted to say something again to change his mind. But when she saw the calm expression on his face, she gave up the idea.

The car stopped in front of the gate. The moment when they two showed up, the reporters who were at the gate rushed up like going crazy.

“Mr. Clinton, it is said that a ghost came back to seek revenge from you. Is it true?”

“Mr. Clinton, did you kill anyone?”

“Mr. Clinton, have you seen the ghost?”

The reporters' questions were endless and sharper.

The man in the wheelchair looked indifferent. He pursed his lips, frowning. He seemed to disdain to answer these questions.

Contrary to his calm attitude, Janice who stood next to him was already trembling with anger.

What shit questions were these reporters asking?

Chapter 63 Flash Marriage

Just relying on those rumors, those reporters believed that Marcus was the murderer and insisted on asking such shit questions. How bad they were!

Janice was extremely angry, with an unstoppable anger flashing in her eyes. She shouted at one of the reporters, “You actually ask a blind person such a question. Where are your professional ethics?”

The reporter didn't expect her to be so sharp-tongued. Then he was so shocked that he didn't even refute her. The other reporters were also stunned on the spot, and they all closed their mouths without saying a word.

At this moment, Janice was still so furious. She glared at the man and continued to question, “Which media are you from? Believe it or not, I will immediately let you unemployed?!”

The reporter was completely shocked. He bent forward and kept saying, “I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I was wrong.”

“Get out of here!” Janice gritted her teeth.

Marcus heard what Janice said.

He didn't expect at all that Janice would have such a tough side. She was actually willing to face the reporters for him, and strived to maintain his dignity.

Thinking of this, Marcus smiled.

But this was only a short period of calm. Then, the reporters began to interview to Janice. They leaned forward and asked loudly.

“Mrs. Clinton, do you know who the murderer is?”

“Mrs. Clinton, why did the murderer kill her?”

Janice was so annoyed by the reporters that she hurriedly stepped backwards, trying to distance herself from them, but the reporters didn't give up and kept crowding forward.

In the chaos, Janice didn't know who pushed her. Then she instantly lost her balance, and fell on the hard concrete floor.

Her ass which was hurt by the fall in the morning was severely injured again. She couldn't help but screamed “Ouch”. She looked so painful.

Meanwhile, Marcus' big hand on the armrest of the wheelchair clenched. The knuckles of his fingers began to pale due to excessive force.

Gavin, who had been standing behind the wheelchair, was agile. He quickly stepped forward to help the woman who had fallen.

“Mrs. Clinton, are you okay?” He glanced at Marcus while speaking.

Marcus pulled a long face.

“I'm fine.” She smiled forcefully, speaking very loudly, for fear that the man next to her might not hear her.

Janice looked up at Marcus, only to see that his handsome face was a little distorted because of anger, like an elegant cat suddenly showing sharp teeth, becoming a beast waiting for an opportunity.

Janice put her soft little hand on his forearm and pressed it down slightly, wanting to use this gesture to convey to let him calm down as soon as possible.

However, Marcus' face had already changed drastically. The blood in his whole body seemed to be surging into his face. Anger seemed to be like a flash of lightning about to tear apart a dark cloud. All reason had been burned by anger.

“She is my wife. You can misunderstand me and throw mud on me, but who dares to bully my wife and be disrespectful to her, don't blame me for being rude.”

His voice went from low to high. Then he roared in the end.

The man in anger was like a lion roaring out of control. It seemed that he would pounce on the people around him in the next second, tearing them to pieces with two rows of sharp teeth. There was no trace of emotions on his face now. As if getting close to him, the person would be frozen into icicles.

The reporters were so frightened that they didn't dare to make a sound. They all lowered their heads and dared not look directly at this man with strong aura.

Janice leaned close to his side. Her little hand was held in a big warm palm. The man's long fingers passed through her fingers. Looking at their fingers, Janice felt her mind blank.

She glanced at Marcus. His handsome face still had obvious anger. The harsh sunlight shined on his face, reflecting the faint shadows. The outline of his face became more and more sharp.

At the same time, the cameras not far away did not stop working. They were broadcasting to the audience the love scene of Marcus holding his wife by the hand and doing his best to protect her.

Just now, Vincent answered a phone call while driving, so he couldn't arrive at the Clinton's with them at the same time.

When he arrived in a hurry and saw the reporter at the gate, he immediately understood what was going on. He pushed the crowd away and stood beside them, shouting, "This is a private house. If you continue to make troubles here, I will definitely sue you for disturbing residents!"

He waved his hand not far away. The security guards at the gate hurried over and began to drive the reporters away.

When the reporters saw this scene, they knew that they would not be able to get any valuable news, so they scattered.

"Janice, let's go home." Although Marcus' voice was still calm, it was not as cold as before. His tone was obviously gentle.

At this moment, all her senses were still focused on the hands between them two. The heat of the man's palm spread to her skin, causing her palms to be sweaty, which made her feel a little embarrassed. But she didn't dare to take her hand back.

His words happened to give her a reasonable excuse. She quickly let go of his big hand, and walked behind the wheelchair to push him home.

Chapter 64 Flash Marriage

Marcus felt empty in his hand, then he frowned. His smile faded.

When they returned to the main house, all the members in the Clinton family were sitting around in the living room chatting, in a harmonious atmosphere.

When Helena saw them appear, her face suddenly stiffened. She sneered.

Her indifferent face made Janice tense. She secretly glad that Marcus couldn't see anything, otherwise he would be sad.

While she was considering whether to go upstairs to avoid them, a rush of footsteps came from outside.

Gavin walked up to them with a serious expression on his face, "Mr. Clinton, the matter last night has been figured out."

Marcus asked sharply, "What the hell is going on?"

"I found this stuff." Gavin handed a black box into Marcus' hand.

After Marcus took it, he touched it twice and then passed it directly to Vincent beside him. Then he said loudly, "Vincent, I can't see. Could you please help me see what it is?"

When everyone heard what Marcus said, they were so curious. Then they all looked over, wanting to know what the black box was.

Vincent stared at the boxy black stuff in his hand. A meaningful smile appeared on his face.

"I see." His words caught everyone's attention.

When Vincent first got the black box, he thought it was a radio. Later, he found a button on the back of the black box and an imaging element in the front, which looked a lot like a projector.

However, judging from the structure and main accessories on the black box, the technology used on it was more advanced. It should be a miniature 3D projection device that had become popular in the past two years.

This 3D holographic projection technology was based on the principle of the mirage, which was a virtual image formed by the refraction and total reflection of light. It was said that the latest equipment could project real-time dynamic holographic images. It

could be even normal human size. Besides, people could touch it in real-time interaction.

Gavin actually found such an interesting stuff!

Vincent felt overjoyed. Although he wasn't the best at these aspects, he was also a very curious about this kind of stuff. He naturally wanted to study this kind of new stuff.

"Please come over, everyone." He beckoned to the people sitting in the living room, then he turned his head and said to the servant, "Assemble everyone here."

When everyone gathered in the living room, Vincent put that stuff on the coffee table in the living room, and then pressed the button on the back.

Next, something magical happened.

An image slowly appeared in front of the projector. With the passage of time, the size of the image became larger and larger.

Finally, at a place one meter away from the projector, a human-sized image was formed in mid-air.

"Ghost!" a low scream came from the crowd.

Everyone was astonished, standing still on the spot with cold sweat dripping from their back. Their faces turned so pale.

Janice quickly recognized that this terrifying face glowing with blue light and full of blood was Ada's, exactly the same as the face everyone saw at the dinner.

Janice was stunned. A trace of panic flashed in her eyes, but she quickly returned to normal.

After that, what made everyone even more incredible was that the image played the whole process of Ada's "ghost" from appearing to leaving. She even repeated what she said at the dinner that night.

People often said that "seeing is believing". So they would rather believe in their own eyes than in their own ears. But this time, even what Ada's ghost said at that night reappeared perfectly, which fully proved the scene that happened last time at the dinner party was from the projector.

"It turns out that it wasn't the ghost last time." Everyone whispered, feeling relieved.

There were many people in the Clinton family who were superstitious. After Ada's ghost appeared, the whole family were disturbed. No matter how Shawn explained, everyone was still uneasy, though they didn't dare to say it out.

The live demonstration of the projector seemed to make everyone feel relieved. They let out a long sigh of relief.

"Marcus, this stuff is really high-tech." Vincent sighed with emotion. He smiled slightly, and looked down at the man in the wheelchair.

In Marcus' dull black eyes, it was calm, cold, mysterious and deep.

"What did you guys see just now?" Marcus' low and sexy voice sounded.

"A good show." Vincent answered meaningfully.

Marcus sneered and said lightly, "Is it so good?"

"It's very interesting. I also want a 3D projector. Janice, what do you think?" Vincent glanced at Janice.

Janice heard that he meant something, but she didn't bother to talk with him. She said, "Not bad."

If she continued to discuss this topic with him, maybe Marcus would see through their lies soon. She'd better leave here as soon as possible at this moment.

Janice raised her head and glanced around. Then she saw Helena's pale face. She stood in the middle of the living room in a daze.