

Accidental love II

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Just when Janice thought that he wouldn't speak, he said with a deep voice.

"The one who loves you."

This answer almost drove her mad.

He was raping her, but he actually dared to say that he loved her? Shame on him! !

Janice shouted, "Don't think I don't know who you are! When I get the evidence, I will definitely sue you!"

The man fell silent for a moment, then suddenly grinned gloomily, "Okay, I'm waiting."

Janice was so angry that her face was distorted. She was going to punch him!

It was a pity that although she exhausted all her strength, it didn't work. The man's body was just like a wall which couldn't be shaken.

After a long time, Janice passed out.

The next day, early morning.

Dawn faintly shone into the room through the clear glass.

The sleeping woman turned over. An indescribable soreness awakened every cell in her body.

Janice supported her sore waist and sat up. Suddenly, she was dumbfounded.

Then she hurriedly turned over and got out of bed. Then she connected the pinhole camera to the laptop with USB cable, carefully checking the video from last night.

As she expected, in the middle of the night, the door of the bedroom was opened. The light from the corridor came in. The man in black sneaked to the bed.

The man's figure was the same as Kyle, which was tall and straight. Wide shoulders, narrow waist, and slender legs. He wore a silver mask on his face and had gauze wrapped around his left wrist.

"This jerk!" Janice scolded, taking a deep breath.

She had the video. As long as she got the seminal fluid to do a test, she could bring that asshole to justice.

She walked to the bathroom quickly. When she checked in detail, she found that the man didn't leave anything on her body.

Maybe there was something left on the bed?

However, after searching, she was greatly disappointed. Apart from the folds, there was nothing on the bedsheets.

Kyle was so cunning! He actually erased all traces again!

Janice was so furious!

Now, besides this surveillance video, could she find more evidence?

Janice pondered for a moment. Suddenly, she had an idea. Then she didn't freshen up, but just went straight to the study.

Sure enough, because Marcus slept in the study last night, the masked man sneaked in.

She glanced at Marcus who was sleeping. His chest was undulating rhythmically. His breathing was even. He seemed to be asleep. His delicately outlined face was really pleasing to the eye.

Feeling that her heart suddenly skipped a beat, Janice quickly patted her face.

It was not the time to think about this. The important thing was to quickly check the surveillance video.

Janice stepped forward cautiously and walked to the front of the desk. After confirming again that Marcus was still asleep, she turned on the computer on the desk.

According to the surveillance video, the man wearing the mask was walking downstairs. Unfortunately, all the CCTVs were in the corridor, which couldn't take pictures of the real situation in the room.

At this time, a new question came to her mind, 'Isn't that jerk afraid that Marcus would return to the bedroom in the middle of the night?'

Then Janice immediately checked the surveillance video at the entrance of the study. Marcus had never gone out of the study.

It seemed that the jerk had known that Marcus wouldn't go to the bedroom once he slept in the study.

That jerk was so shrewd!

Janice snorted, turned off the computer, and quietly walked out of the study.

After returning to the bedroom, she picked up her mobile phone and dialed Chloe's phone number.

"Chloe, that man came again last night. I am sure he is Kyle." Janice gritted her teeth and said angrily.

"Did you get the evidence?" Chloe asked anxiously.

Chloe also felt so mad.

"No yet. I can't sue him now. I can only bear it down first." Janice was so anxious, but she had no other ways.

"Janice, you have to get evidence." Chloe paused for a few seconds. Then she said with an extremely firm tone, "You must think of a solution next time."

Hearing this, Janice frowned. Kyle deliberately erased all traces, which meant that he didn't want her to get the evidence. Besides, she couldn't defeat him. How could she force him to leave evidence?

"Chloe, do you have any good ideas?"

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"Don't resist next time. You have to take the initiative to cater him and then find a way to get evidence."

"It's so disgusting!" Janice replied, frowning.

Hearing this suggestion, Janice felt so grossing. She would rather die than do such a nasty thing.

Chloe sighed, knowing that it was indeed a bit difficult for Janice, "There is another way."

Janice's eyes lit up eyes. She asked excitedly, "What?"

"Don't take the birth control pill. Get pregnant. When the child comes out, you can do a paternity test, then you will know who the father is."

“Impossible!” Janice refused sharply.

She didn't want to have anything to do with that jerk. If she was pregnant with his child in the future, she would definitely have a deeper connection with him, which she firmly couldn't accept.

“So the first one is better for you.” Chloe said helplessly.

“Well, I have to think about it.”

Janice sighed sadly, then hung up.

She didn't make that scumbag pay the price, but now she actually pushed herself to a dead end. How did he become so cunning? It was so difficult to deal with him now!

At this moment, a rush of footsteps interrupted her thoughts.

“Mr. Clinton, something has happened.” Gavin's anxious voice came from outside the door.

Janice was stunned.

Could it be that something bad happened to Marcus?

Feeling uneasy, Janice ran to the study quickly.

Gavin stood in the study with a serious face and sweat on his forehead and nose. It seemed that he ran here to report.

“What's the matter?” Marcus frowned tightly. His face looked a little gloomy.

“The police found Ada's body in back mountain and confirmed that she died last night. Besides she was strangled to death with a rope.” Gavin said so seriously.

After hearing it, Janice was first shocked, and then a huge sense of disappointment struck her.

She looked forward to confronting Ada, so as to prove that Marcus was in the clear. Then, she could catch the real behind-the-scenes man, letting him pay price for what he had done. But now, Ada's death just blew any hopes she had.

However, this news also confirmed her suspicion that it was indeed Ada who pretended to be the ghost.

“It seems that Ada really wasn't dead at the time.” Janice said. She paused for a few seconds, then asked with a frown, “Who was it in the swimming pool?”

After she finished speaking, she glanced at Marcus. His face sank. He frowned and pursed his lips.

“Mrs. Clinton, after that incident appeared, Mr. Clinton suspected that Ada was not dead, so he sent someone to those places where she often went. At the same time, he went to the police station to learn more information.”

Gavin’s words reminded Janice that after they analyzed the case yesterday, Marcus did instruct Gavin to inquire about Ada’s whereabouts. But unfortunately, they were still a step late. If Janice knew Ada was still alive earlier, she might be able to save her life.

Since the murderer killed Ada so soon, it was very likely that he had noticed some disturbance. Then it would be even more difficult for them to catch the murderer in the future.

Thinking of this, Janice frowned.

At this time, Marcus, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly spoke. His voice was emotionless, “What did the police say?”

Gavin reported, “After verifying the identity of the deceased, the police handed the deceased to her family. Her family cremated the body immediately.”

Marcus raised his eyebrows, and sneered, “They feel guilty.”

Janice knew what Marcus meant. Under normal circumstances, if one person’s family was killed innocently, he would definitely investigate what was going on, at least let the body be identified. It was impossible to deal with the body in such a hurry. It could be seen that there must be some dirty tricks in this.

“Yeah.” Gavin slightly nodded and continued to report, “As for the person in the swimming pool, either Ada feigned her death or someone else pretended to be her. But I didn’t expect that this matter has not been investigated before Ada actually died.”

Hearing that, Janice felt so helpless. Although they had speculated correctly before, Ada was dead now. Moreover, someone killed Ada before they could find it out clearly, indicating that the murderer tried very hard to frame Marcus. He wouldn’t give up until achieving his goal.

“Marcus, what should we do next?” There were all worries in her eyes. She felt anxious.

“Just wait.” Marcus said word by word.

Seeing his confident face, Janice breathed a sigh of relief. After getting along with him for a period of time, she found that Marcus was very clever. It seemed that he could

think of solutions no matter what happened. Since he had said so, she just followed him. She just waited until the other party showed up before taking actions.

At this moment, someone knocked hard on the door of the study room.

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Janice suddenly had a bad feeling. She clenched her fists.

“Mr. Clinton, there is a cop coming for you.” The servant outside the door shouted loudly.

When Janice heard the word “cop”, she was nervous. She frowned.

The police came here too often recently. Every time when they came, there was not a good thing. Maybe this time, it was the same.

Marcus looked calm, and then said, “Please come in.”

Gavin walked over to open the door. Then he saw a cop standing at the door. The moment the door was opened, the cop glanced around, and finally froze on Marcus.

He went straight to Marcus, looked up and down, and asked in a deep voice, “You are Marcus, right?”

“Yes.” Marcus replied calmly, unable to hear any emotion in his voice.

“We suspect that you have something to do with the murder that happened last night. You have to get investigated.” The cop said with a sullen face. His tone was extremely tough.

Janice felt tense.

The murder last night? Was it Ada? How could Marcus have anything to do with her death?

Janice just watched the surveillance video. He didn't leave the study after entering. Besides, he couldn't walk. How could he avoid others and run to the back mountain to kill Ada?

Janice stiffened and hurriedly explained, “Police officer, he stayed at home last night and never went out. How can he kill someone? If you don't believe me, you can check the surveillance video here. He has an alibi!”

However, the cop obviously didn't believe her. In the eyes of the police, the surveillance video at the suspect's home was unreliable!

The cop glanced at her sideways, then returned his gaze to Marcus, and said sharply, "Marcus, we've got a witness as well as physical evidence. You're a serious suspect. Go back and get investigated with us."

After that, the police walked to the back of Marcus' wheelchair, trying to push him out of the study directly.

Marcus didn't say a word. He just frowned. His face looked even more gloomy.

Seeing that the police were about to take him away, Janice slammed forward and blocked the front of the wheelchair. She opened her arms suddenly with extremely determined eyes and shouted hoarsely, "He didn't kill anyone. You can't take him away!"

The cop didn't expect that she would rush out suddenly. A touch of disdain flashed across his eyes. He roared, "If you're attempting to prevent the course of justice, I can sue you and take you away together."

Hearing that, she widened her bloodshot eyes.

Well! In that case, she could be with Marcus!

Just when she was about to respond to the cop, the man in the wheelchair said slightly, "Janice, don't do that."

He pursed his lips and shook his head at her, motioning her not to confront the police directly.

"Get closer. I have something to tell you."

Marcus' tone was no longer as cold as before, but his face was still gloomy.

Janice squatted down obediently, keeping her eyes parallel to him. Her eyes were filled with grievances.

Marcus fumbled and put his hand on her black hair. Then he patted her head gently, and said softly, "Janice, don't worry. I didn't kill anyone. They won't do anything to me."

"But, but..." Janice stammered in anxious words. She was already in mess, unable to restrain the tension and anxiety.

"I'll be fine. Just wait for me to come back." Marcus deliberately slowed down his tone. His voice contained pampering.

Janice knew that Marcus was comforting her. The certain emotion accumulated in her chest was about to burst out. Tears welled up into her eyes.

“Police officer, let’s go.” Marcus said calmly. There was a composure on his face.

Janice stood up reluctantly and watched the police lead Marcus out of the study.

“Mrs. Clinton, don’t worry. I will take care of Mr. Clinton.” Gavin turned his head and said before going out. Then he walked out with the police.

How could she not worry? !

It was obvious that someone wanted to frame Marcus. The police said just now that they had the witness and physical evidence, which proved that the enemy got well-prepared. Marcus would definitely be asked if he was the murderer. If the police didn’t believe him, would they keep him detained in the police station?

Janice was so anxious that she was walking forth and back around the house, unable to calm down at all. It seemed that only by pacing constantly could she stimulate her brain cells and make her think of a way to rescue Marcus.

Who on earth could save Marcus?

She couldn’t tell Grandpa and aunt about this. Grandpa was getting old. Janice was afraid that he would get sick after hearing it.

Then, the only person she could talk about in the Clinton family was Vincent. Now, she had to ask him to get to know the situation in the police station.

She immediately called Vincent and briefly told him what happened. He replied that he would come to her immediately.

After a while, Vincent walked into the house quickly and said straightforwardly, “Don’t worry. I will go to the police station right now.”

“Thank you!” Janice said solemnly.

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“The report has come out.” Vincent handed a kraft paper bag to her, and said with a complex look, “See for yourself. I have to go now.”

Janice gave a “um” and nodded vigorously. After Vincent went out, she opened the paper bag and saw an appraisal report on the matching of the cornea in it.

General corneal transplantation didn’t require matching, but Marcus’ situation was quite special. Therefore, the hospital did a comprehensive matching test for the two of them. The result was that the corneas of them were completely matched and could be transplanted.

“Great!” Janice couldn’t help yelling. She was so overjoyed.

Marcus finally had his suitable cornea!

As long as he had a cornea transplant, he would be able to see the world again and no longer lived in darkness.

Janice walked slowly to the full-length mirror. A pair of big and clear eyes appeared in the mirror instantly.

Janice covered her left eye. After staring for a while, she covered her right eye again.

After repeated comparisons several times, her eyes dimmed. Tears gradually filled in her eyes.

After a few seconds, something suddenly fell from her eye sockets and slid down from her cheek.

Once women cried, it would be hard to stop.

Janice didn’t know how long she had been crying. Until her eyes were swollen and sour, she stopped.

She wiped away the tears on her face with the back of her hand and walked out of the bathroom. Then she glanced at the phone placed on the dressing table.

After she looked through the phone records, she found there was no missed call, indicating that Marcus hadn’t got a result yet.

Since she met Marcus, she found that he had suffered too much.

She suddenly remembered a sentence written by Leo Tolstoy in a novel, “All happy families resemble one another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.”

Her misfortune was that she was abandoned by her biological parents and forced to marry a strange man by her adoptive parents. When she was about to accept her destiny, she was raped by another men.

Marcus’ misfortune was that he became lame and blind, and lost the life that a healthy male should deserve. First, he was ignored by his relatives, and then framed by his brother. Now, he was even interrogated as a murderer.

If the law of “two negatives make a positive” was useful, could two unfortunate people be happy if they were together?

Janice sighed sadly, picked up the cornea matching report again and stared at it for a long time. She pursed her lips for a moment in silence.

She suddenly thought of something. Then she quickly turned on a music App, searched for a MV named "Because It's Women", and then pressed the play button.

The moving music sounded. A handsome photographer appeared in the MV. He met the woman who was working in the barber shop met, then the two quickly fell in love.

However, an accident made the woman blind. Then her life changed drastically. The man couldn't bear that she suffered the pain of blindness, so he resolutely abandoned everything he had and gave his eyes to her.

After the woman could see, she couldn't find her beloved man. She was suffering. Unexpectedly, she ran into her lover on the street one day. She saw him wearing a pair of sunglasses and a guide dog next to him.

It turned out that her beloved man used his most precious eyes in exchange for a bright life for her.

After the woman learned the truth, she was in distress. She covered her mouth and dared not cry, because she didn't want him to know how distressed she was.

No wonder people said that loving someone was like suddenly having weakness and armor.

So, would she be someone else's weakness or armor?

Janice still remembered that when she and Chloe watched this video together in the dormitory, both of them cried so hard. She felt heartbreak, and was a little breathless in pain. Chloe was not better than her.

If Janice knew that she would be so sad for a long time, she hoped that she would have never clicked on this video.

On that day, Chloe sighed, "This man is so stupid. He silently guards his beloved, and has given everything but can't stay by her side. This woman is so lucky that she can find such a good man who is willing to give everything. I wish I could have this kind of love too."

Hearing what she said, Janice wiped the tears off her face. Her voice was hoarse. She choked with sobs, "In fact, they have a better solution."

Chloe widened her eyes, grabbed Janice by the arm, and asked eagerly, "What solution?"

Janice rubbed the forearm that was hurt by Chloe, blinked her eyes, and said sternly, "If something like that happens to me, I will choose to give my lover one eye and keep one for myself. In this way, both of us can see."

"Bah! Bah! Bah! There is no if!" Chloe interrupted her, and said with a serious face, "You will definitely meet a good and healthy man. He will be handsome and rich. Then you will live a happy life that everyone envies!"

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Chloe immediately took out the photos of male celebrities she liked, pointed them to Janice one by one, and asked her which one she liked.

Janice was amused by Chloe. She said with a smile, "Thank you."

Later, they both portrayed the future husband together. The sad atmosphere in the dormitory quickly dissipated.

After the memory was over, a trace of sadness flashed across Janice's face. She didn't expect it to come true.

Sure enough, they couldn't make jokes at will.

Janice showed a bitter smile. Then she said to herself, "I just said 'if' at the time. I didn't expect that there would be such a day. Marcus, although we don't love each other, you are my husband. At least so far, you treat me best among all men I have met."

The handsome face of the man and the dim eyes under the deep eye sockets appeared in her mind again.

"Will you dislike my eyes?" Janice sighed secretly.

Before she finished speaking, she felt her eyes swell gain. There was warm liquid running in her eye sockets.

In the police station.

Because Marcus couldn't see, Gavin was allowed to be present when getting investigated. He could tell Marcus the evidence he saw.

Under the dazzling lights of the interrogation room, Marcus' sharp face looked extremely deep. He pursed his lips, making his face even sharper. He just sat there without saying a word, but others couldn't ignore his powerful aura.

The two cops sat directly opposite him, staring at him gloomily, as if they wanted to find clues on his face and then convicted him as soon as possible.

“Marcus, the reason why you are asked to be here today is because we have strong witness and physical evidence.”

The cop who spoke was the one who took Marcus away from the Clinton’s. Seeing that Marcus didn’t resist just now, he said straightly and put a few photos on the table.

Gavin picked them up and took a look. These photos were all taken at the scene of the crime, which should be the physical evidence the police mentioned.

Gavin whispered the content of the photo in Marcus’ ear. After he heard it, his face sank. He frowned, giving people an inexplicable sense of majesty.

“We found traces of the wheelchair at the scene, and it exactly matches your wheelchair.”

The cop stared at him without blinking. He wanted to see through Marcus’ thoughts.

Marcus remained silent. He was still the same as before, as if what the police said had nothing to do with him. The so-called evidence was nothing to him.

“The murderer left a handkerchief. We have checked that this handkerchief belongs to you.”

The cop threw this physical evidence on the table, thinking that Marcus would be flustered and then showed his true face. At that time, they could force him to confess his crime.

However, Marcus just sneered, “Anything else?”

This answer pissed the police off. They immediately pulled a long face, feeling so angry.

They didn’t expect that Marcus not only did not feel scared, but expected them to take out more evidence. Such criminal suspects were really rare. It seemed that it was not so easy to let him admit.

“These are only physical evidence. We still have a witness.” One of the cops smiled triumphantly and took out his trump card.

Marcus snorted softly and said nothing, just waiting the so-called evidence.

“Someone saw you come to the back mountain in a wheelchair. When the deceased met you, you brutally killed the deceased.” The police stressed the word “killed” while observing Marcus’ reaction.

“Oh?” Marcus asked back, with a disdainful smile on his face, “What else did the witness see?”

The police couldn't help but be stunned. In fact, they thought they didn't have to continue. Because the witness' words had clarified the course of his crime, there was no need to continue.

In the face of his questioning, the police didn't want to show any weakness. The cop cleared his throat and said in a deep voice, "The witness was so scared that he passed out. So he didn't see anything later."

Marcus' dim eyes were always looking straight ahead. He looked so indifferent.

There was a sneer on his face. He said in a contemptuous tone, "Interesting."

"I'm telling you, now that the evidence is solid. Even if you have an alibi, you'd better explain the crime process honestly. Marcus, did you kill the deceased?" The cop shouted, as if the volume meant the deterrent.

"Can a person die twice?" Marcus didn't answer the question, but asked back. His voice was emotionless.