

Accidental love II

Chapter 9 I Don't Like to Snatch Those Things Which Don't Belong to Me

After Janice got in the car, the car started slowly. She looked at the man next to her several times. She wanted to say something.

Marcus turned his face and stared at her collarbone with a fixed look. For a moment, she seemed to see the light burst from his eyes. She subconsciously covered her neck.

"You seem to have something to tell me?" The man asked with a smile.

Janice's eyes widened suddenly. How did he know?

"I heard you turning around and feel you breathing towards my side. There seems to be the sound of lips opening and closing slightly." Marcus explained with a smile.

Janice was so surprised. She nodded. Then she realized that he couldn't see her nodding, so she hurriedly replied, "You are amazing. I do have something to tell you."

"In front of me, you don't have to worry about making a mistake." The smile on the man's face was extraordinarily gentle.

Janice asked him, "Your fiancée and cousin both betrayed you. Why can't I see any anger from you?"

Marcus faintly curled his lips, "I don't like to force those things which don't belong to me."

"Well..." Janice replied.

She could learn his attitude to these things.

Marcus smiled, "You still can't accept the facts now?"

"I..." Janice hesitated, not knowing how to answer.

Marcus patted her shoulder, "Don't worry. I will let those people who owe you pay price."

When the man spoke, he kept facing her, with a gentle smile on the corner of his mouth. Except that he didn't blink for a long time, she couldn't tell that he was blind.

Janice was infected by the smile on his face. Then she joked, "Then are you willing to help me, an outsider, to deal with your cousin?"

Hearing this, Marcus frowned slightly, "Janice, starting from today, within the effective period of the husband-wife relationship, you are my closest person. Except for you, everyone else is outsider."

Although his voice was not loud, the tone was extraordinarily firm and beyond doubt.

Janice was stunned. She fixedly looked into his dark eyes. Suddenly, she felt that the light bursting from there was so warm.

She couldn't help but wanted to cry. Then she nodded, "Hmm! I got it!"

The man nodded in satisfaction, "My style is that whoever goes wrong is responsible for the consequence and is punished."

After a pause, Marcus raised his eyebrows, "My cousin cheated on you and betrayed you, so it seems that I have to ruin him and let him be impotent."

Ah?

Janice was slightly astonished. But before she could say something, she heard Marcus directly instructing Gavin in front of him, "Gavin, arrange for someone to do it. Get it done quickly!"

"No! No!" Janice waved to Gavin quickly, "I'm kidding! I don't care about that scumbag! I'm generous!"

OMG!

She just made a joke, but this man actually took it seriously and arranged for someone to ruin Ryan?

Uh... That scene was too horrible to look at.

Looking at Janice's small pale face, Gavin held back smile, and said solemnly, "Mrs. Clinton, since Mr. Jones makes you sad, Mr. Clinton should take revenge for you. I think I'd better buy a knife first."

"No! I really don't need it!" Janice waved her hand fiercely, "Who said I was sad? I am not sad at all! I just played with Ryan! So I'm not sad at all!"

In order to make her words more credible, Janice smiled, "I was a little angry at first, but now my anger is gone! I won't be sad for that person."

"Mrs. Clinton, are you really not sad or angry?" Gavin asked. At the same time, he quietly glanced at Marcus next to him. Seeing a fleeting smile appearing on the corner of the man's mouth, he understood everything.

"Really!" Janice nodded.

"Then... this is embarrassing me. Should I listen to you or Mr. Clinton?" Gavin frowned.

Marcus said in a deep voice, "Naturally you should listen to her! Starting from today, not only do you have to do the things what I arrange for you, but also you have to do the things arranged by Mrs. Clinton. If Mrs. Clinton and I have arranged things at the same time, you guys have to do the things which Mrs. Clinton arranges first. If we have different opinions, her opinions will be the priority. Got it?"

Gavin nodded, "Got it!"

Janice felt a little messy. Staring at the serious look of the man, she felt warm.

While talking, the car quickly drove into the Clinton's.