

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 21

Janet turned in the direction of the voice and found a white BMW parked at the curb not far away.

Wearing cat-eye sunglasses and a figure-hugging strapless dress, Jocelyn sat in the car next to Steve.

She took off her sunglasses now, and smacked the gum she was chewing as she eyed Janet and Ethan.

“What, do you want a ride or something?” Jocelyn drawled.

“I suppose that’s fine, but make sure you wipe your shoes before you get in, or you’re going to dirty my babe’s new car.”

Janet took out her phone and wordlessly rounded the car to take photos of its license plate.

When she straightened, she pointed at the road sign just up ahead.

“Didn’t you see that you’re not allowed to park here? If you don’t move right away, I’ll report you to the traffic enforcers.”

Steve’s ears burned with shame. He didn’t want to irritate Janet with Jocelyn and had wanted to drive away immediately, but Jocelyn had stopped him.

Jocelyn crossed her arms over her chest and scoffed.

“Go ahead, then. We can pay the fine, no matter how much it is. I’m not like you, who probably can’t even afford to take a taxi. For all I know, you must be out here begging for alms, aren’t you? Like some piss-poor vagrant. Oh, wait. Now that I think about it, our dog does the same.”

Jocelyn’s harsh words cut deep into Janet’s skin. She gritted her teeth and looked at her feet to keep herself from spouting bitter curses at the woman.

Janet had worked hard to build herself up over time, yet her morale seemed to have crumbled in the blink of an eye. She felt as though she had regressed back to her younger, helpless self.

Janet clenched her fists so hard that her nails almost cut into her palm.

It was all she could do to keep her tears at bay.

She couldn’t let anyone see her cry.

All of a sudden, Ethan pulled her back and took her in his arms.

Her forehead was then pressed against his broad, warm chest.

Just then, a Lamborghini sped toward them, its engine roaring in the otherwise serene highway.

It screeched to a halt just a few feet behind the BMW.

“Whose car is this?”

Jocelyn’s boyfriend exclaimed.

“It’s a limited edition model!”

Even Steve couldn’t help but raise his eyebrows, thinking that the car was owned by some rich young master who wanted to show off his wealth as well as pick up girls.

Jocelyn craned her neck and stared at the Lamborghini in a similarly covetous fashion.

Very few people in the city—no, in the whole country—could afford this luxury car.

The BMW was nothing compared to this sleek Lamborghini.

The driver of the Lamborghini got out of said car, walked past the BMW, and stopped in front of Ethan.

He gave a small bow and spoke in a respectful voice.

“I apologize for keeping you waiting, sir. Please get in the car.”

Jocelyn and her boyfriend were stunned speechless.

That punk actually owned the Lamborghini? But how was that even possible? Ethan nodded at the driver and squeezed Janet’s shoulder.

“Let’s go home,” he said softly.

Jocelyn glared at the scene unfolding in front of her, her nostrils flared in anger.

Just what kind of man had Janet married? Janet had been burrowing in Ethan’s arms all this time.

When she finally looked up and spotted the Lamborghini, she froze and gaped.

“Ethan...”

Her unblinking eyes never left the Lamborghini.

Ethan was unfazed. He gently ushered Janet into the backseat of the car.

They drove off without another word to Jocelyn and her beau.

When Janet was looking away, Steve stole a glance at her and couldn’t help but feel sad.

He didn’t care about whoever Janet had married, but he did regret losing her to his stupidity and immaturity.

Jocelyn noticed the tenderness on Steve’s face as he looked at Janet and gritted her teeth in anger.

The reason why she had tried to seduce Steve in the first place was because she wanted to take something away from Janet.

In truth, she didn’t give a damn about Steve.

But it looked like Janet didn’t care about her supposed “loss” at all.

Plus, Steve seemed reluctant to leave Janet, too.

So why would Jocelyn want to keep a man who loved someone else? It'd only make her feel bad in the long run.

Steve's status was good, but it wasn't enough to satisfy her.

After all, her ultimate goal was to marry into a rich and powerful family that controlled the city, such as the Lester family.

It went without saying that she needed to marry a man richer and more powerful than Steve.

So she wrinkled her nose at Steve in disgust and said, "Let's break up."

Steve looked at her blankly and didn't respond at first.

But this only served to annoy Jocelyn even more.

She raised her voice and said, "Steve! I said I want to break up with you!"

This pulled Steve back to his senses and his jaw dropped in shock.

"Didn't you say you were pregnant?"

Steve's combined obsession with Janet and his indifference towards Jocelyn when she brought up the topic of breakup made her angry beyond belief.

"That was because I didn't want to marry the illegitimate son of the Lester family, you idiot! I lied to you! I'm not pregnant, okay?" Steve felt a wave of relief.

His expression immediately relaxed, as though he had been granted amnesty.

"Okay, then let's break up. You can get out of the car now."

Steve's reaction made Jocelyn even more furious.

"Why the hell would I do that?"

Steve smiled coldly and opened the door for her.

"We're broken up. And this is my car. So get out."

Jocelyn's face contorted with anger, but she had no choice but to obey.

As soon as she stepped out, Steve slammed the door in her face and zoomed away, as though he was escaping from her evil clutches.

In his haste to get away, the car ran through a puddle, splashing dirty water on Jocelyn's feet.

Gritting her teeth, she was so angry that she nearly screamed expletives into the sky.

Why? Why the hell couldn't she compete with Janet? She just couldn't understand.

Meanwhile, Janet was sitting on the luxurious and comfortable backseat of the Lamborghini.

It wasn't until they had driven some distance that Janet finally shook herself out of her daze.

She whirled at the man beside her, looking confused and mad, and perhaps a little scared.

“Ethan! What the hell is going on?”