

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 32

A beam of sunlight fell on Janet's face. She winced and rubbed her bleary eyes, realizing that it was already morning. Her throat was dry, and there was a dull pounding at her temples.

It appeared that she had been drunk the previous night.

Janet scratched at her messy hair and padded to the bathroom in a daze, intending to freshen herself up.

When she faced the mirror, however, she was horrified to find her neck and chest dotted with red marks, which were decidedly not insect bites.

"Ethan Lester!" Janet screamed at the top of her lungs, her face burning.

"You called for your husband?" Ethan said as he sauntered into the bathroom.

A thin sheen of sweat covered his sculpted face, and his gray shirt was damp at the chest. He must have gone running.

"What did you do to me last night?" Janet demanded, crossing her arms over her chest.

Ethan raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly at the hickeys around her neck.

"You're seriously asking me what I did to you? Shouldn't you be asking what you did to me? You started it all. You clung to me and kept touching my body, rubbing my—"

"Stop it!"

Janet closed her eyes and put her hands up.

"Did you think I would believe all these nonsense you're spouting?"

There was no way she would do those things to him! With a helpless look on his face, Ethan walked away and came back with a crumpled shirt in his hand.

"This is the evidence. My chest was also pinched red by you last night. Do you want to have a look?"

Then he intended to take off his clothes.

"No!" Janet turned away in a panic. She tried to recall everything that had transpired, but only vague, hazy flashes surfaced in her mind.

If she wasn't mistaken... She had, indeed, taken the initiative to kiss Ethan in the car, Great! She had well and truly ruined her image.

Janet had never expected that she would lose all common sense after a few glasses of wine.

She bit her lower lip and covered her face with her hands, wishing that a hole would open up below her and swallow her into an abyss.

"All right, I didn't do anything, okay?" Ethan said behind her, his voice deep and husky.

“Here, drink this.” He handed her a paper cup.

Janet took a sniff of the drink and realized that it was honey water.

After drinking it, her stomach finally settled down.

The bitter taste of hangover had also disappeared from her tongue.

Unfortunately, her mortification remained.

Janet decided to ignore Ethan altogether and proceeded to freshen up for the day. She changed into a turtle-neck dress and rushed out to work.

Ethan watched her the entire time, a small smile playing on his lips.

As soon as she arrived at the Larson Group, Janet was called into the conference room.

“We have reviewed all the designs you submit for the autumn and winter series,” He said.

“We’ve come to the unanimous decision to use Lind’s designs.” He held up a portfolio as his gaze swept down the long table to where Janet was sitting.

“Thank you for this great honor,” she gushed.

“I’m new here, and I know that I still have much to learn. Please guide me as I move forward. I will value any advice you give me.”

Janet had never imagined she would land such a big project so soon. She had been working here for less than a month, after all.

Besides, as a newcomer, she didn’t think it was a good thing to show off her abilities before establishing good rapport with her colleagues, “There’s no need for that. Your designs are excellent as they are. Oh, but if you have any questions, then feel free to ask your seniors.”

I looked through her portfolio as he spoke, his pride and admiration evident in his eyes.

Janet only smiled in response. She knew that the other designers present in the meeting lily disagreed with I.

“I think those designs are pretty ordinary,” Pamela Daly muttered under her breath.

She had joined the Larson Group a few years prior to Janet, and had been fully expecting that her designs would be selected this time around.

Naturally, she wasn’t happy with this development.

“Keep your voice down,” one of Pamela’s friends reprimanded her softly.

“She’s right in front of you.”

“But I didn’t say anything wrong, did I?” Pamela retorted.

Janet pretended not to hear their exchange and focused on sorting out the folders she had brought with her.

“Okay, everyone. That’s all for the meeting.”

I stood and gathered a stack of documents before smiling kindly at Janet.

“I’m going to need you in my office, Lind.”

Janet obediently followed him to the other room.

I tossed the documents on his desk, unbuttoned his suit jacket, and leaned back against his chair.

“There’s a cozy vibe to your designs, you know,” he remarked.

“Your style is unique and memorable, but not in an overpowering way.

I see a lot of potential in you, but you do need further training.

If you do well with your projects, I will give you more chances to cultivate your skills in the future.”

His gaze had turned sharp as it fell on Janet’s face.

There was nothing particularly special about her features, but she was undoubtedly gorgeous.

Janet fidgeted under his stare.

She understood what he was implying, and immediately felt disgusted.

Even so, she mustered a light smile.

“Thank you, Mr. Lyman. I still have some drafts to finish, so if there’s nothing else, I’ll be taking my leave now.”

I grinned and said nothing more.

On top of her good looks, this woman also had a strong personality.

He did it when they were feisty; it brought some spice to the game of pursuit.

She would end up taking off her clothes in front of him, anyway.

He could wait.

“Go ahead.”

Janet felt sick and outraged as she made her way back to her desk. She didn’t notice Pamela, who had been following close behind her.

“It’s no wonder I favor you,”

Pamela thought as she sneered at Janet’s back.

“You’re just another shameless vixen who seduces her way up the ladder.” Just now, she had stopped by the office on purpose and eavesdropped at the door.” The man had made his intentions toward Janet perfectly clear.