

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 39

Ethan led Janet into the elevator. She kept her head down and her hands were clasped tightly together. She was still trembling. Her breathing was also faster than normal.

All of a sudden, Ethan lifted the black cap he put on her head.

Janet looked up in a panic.

Warm tears had already welled in her eyes. Her long lashes were wet and shiny.

This made her look pitiful and beautiful at the same time.

“Are you hurt?”

A faint gleam of pity flickered in his eyes as he checked her body. He pinched her cheeks and stared at them for a while.

Next, he reached down to lift her clothes with the intention of checking her waist.

Janet quickly held her clothes down with both hands.

Her face flushed and she shifted uneasily.

“Please don’t do that. I’m fine. Don’t worry about me,” she said in a low voice.

Afterward, she kept silent again. She looked so depressed with her head lowered.

Ethan sensed her uneasiness and fright.

To put her at ease, he wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her tightly.

Her waist was so slim that his long arms circled it comfortably.

“Don’t be afraid. I promise to protect you from that pervert from now on. No harm would come to you,” he said assuredly after sighing deeply. His dotting voice took Janet by surprise.

She raised her head to look at him.

With her eyebrows slightly furrowed, she commented, “I’m not unhappy because I almost got raped today. There’s something else on my mind.”

Janet was somewhat dependent on him.

Ethan had always given her a sense of security.

Even today, he had stood up for her as a knight in shiny armor.

Thus, she rested assured about her safety as long as she stayed with him.

Something else was causing her to worry though.

Her mind teemed with several unfavorable things that might happen.

"I won't let this slide. I'm sure I would be fired from my job. I had my heart in my mouth earlier. Due to the way you rained blows on him, I was afraid that he would be disabled or worse still, die. Do you know if any of that had happened, you would be sent to jail?"

"Don't worry your pretty head over such things. None of it will ever happen. I won't go to jail,"

Ethan responded in a calm voice. The next second, his eyes darkened and he held her more tightly.

"Besides, why are you afraid of Ike? He's just a nobody who has a big mouth!"

"Uh-huh. I hear you. Anyway, why were you also in the hotel?"

Janet's mind drifted to the women she had seen in the private dining room a while ago.

She couldn't help but wonder if Ethan was also there to hook up with other women.

Insecurity set in and caused the gleam in her eyes to change suddenly.

Garrett was a philanderer.

He changed women as if he was changing his underwear.

Tonight, he had taken Ethan to such a messy place to have fun.

It seemed like he wanted to introduce him to his bad ways.

"Nothing much. My boss just invited me to have dinner with him."

"Oh," Janet muttered.

Whenever people affixed the two words, 'nothing much' to their response there was a high chance that they had done the exact opposite.

She began to worry again. She pursed her lips and buried her face in his chest silently.

As soon as they arrived at the apartment, Janet rushed into the bathroom.

The disgusting smell of the cigarettes and alcohol was kicking up her gag reflex.

It reminded her of Ike's ugly face. She wanted to take a bath to get rid of all the traces of that disgusting man.

Immediately she turned on the shower, hot water flowed to her head and went down to her body.

Her sight soon became blurry.

The glass became misty.

The mixed scent of her shower gel and the steam soothed her tensed nerves.

Janet scrubbed her body as if she had fallen into a muddy ditch.

When she was done, she began to look for clothes to wear.

It suddenly occurred to her that she had rushed to the bathroom absentmindedly.

She hadn't brought anything to change into.

Her original clothes were already wet.

Biting her lower lip hard, she gave herself a knock on the head.

She felt too stupid at the moment. She wrapped her body with a bath towel.

It was so short that it barely covered her cleavage down to her thighs.

Out of frustration, she held her head and squatted on the floor.

She couldn't go out like this, nor could she ask Ethan to help her fetch her clothes. It would be so embarrassing.

Her underwear was in the same drawer as the pajamas.

She didn't want a man to see her private clothes.

Janet pressed her ear against the bathroom door and listened carefully.

No sound came from outside.

After listening carefully for a while, she slowly opened the door and poked her head out.

There was no one in the living room.

It seemed that Ethan was in his room.

With her heart beating fast, Janet placed her hand on her bosom to prevent the towel from falling.

She then walked out of the bathroom, intending to sneak back into her room.

She had calculated that she would make it to her bedroom without Ethan seeing her.

Unfortunately, she had only taken two steps on her tiptoes when the knob of Ethan's bedroom door was suddenly turned.

The door swung open in a trice.