

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 43

As soon as Janet pressed her lips against his, Ethan felt a surge of frenzied passion. He picked her up in his arms and put her on the sofa. He wrapped his arms around her and pecked on her lips.

“You’re too naive.” He smiled.

Janet was startled.

The man pressed her against the sofa and deepened the kiss, swallowing her screams.

The room was silent, except for the ticking of the clock and rustling of clothes.

“En... enough... Ethan!”

Janet grasped Ethan’s shirt and looked away, intending to escape. She didn’t expect a small peck to turn into something this wild and passionate.

His tongue explored her mouth with aggression as if he was going to devour her.

Ethan pressed his forehead against Janet’s and stared into her eyes, gleaming with inexplicable emotions. He cupped the back of her neck with his palm and gently nipped her bottom lip.

Then, he grasped her pert bum and pressed it against his hardness.

His body had turned hot and stiff.

All of a sudden, Janet’s eyes sprang up.

She quickly pushed him away, gasping for breath.

“No, Ethan!”

However, Ethan was not ready to let go of her.

He rested his head on her shoulder and bit her collarbone, peppering soft kisses on her neck.

Noticing that Janet was trembling under him, he pressed his mouth against her ear.

“Don’t you want it?” he whispered, his hot breath blowing against her skin.

“Or is there any other reason? Are you afraid I won’t be nice to you if we become a real couple?”

Janet’s mind was a mess.

The man’s kisses drove her crazy.

If this continued, they might end up having sex.

Before things went out of control, she quickly pulled back and turned her head.

“No... Ethan. I really can’t! Please...”

“Why not? Tell me the reason.” Ethan asked, his voice thick with lust.

He looked up at her, searching for answers. His long legs were casually slung around Janet, trapping her in place.

"I'm not ready yet." She picked up a pillow and covered her flushed face to hide her embarrassment.

Moreover, she had married Ethan in place of Jocelyn.

She wasn't supposed to get married to him in the first place.

If she and Ethan had sex and became a real couple, she wouldn't be able to forgive herself for deceiving him.

After all, Janet didn't know what would happen to her and Ethan in the end.

Ethan's body froze. He narrowed his eyes and examined her.

"Haven't you had sex with your ex-boyfriends?" Janet clutched the cushion tightly and shook her head subconsciously.

Then she realized something was off. She was here as Jocelyn.

Ethan must have heard that Jocelyn jumped from one relationship to another.

How could Jocelyn still be a virgin? Janet panicked.

Staying with him seemed too dangerous.

"Well, I have a deadline coming. I should submit my designs as soon as possible. Let go of me. I need to go back to my room."

Janet pushed Ethan away.

Her body was hot as if she were having a fever.

Ethan, too, was hot.

The smell of his sweat mingled with the faint minty fragrance made her blush.

"At least let me hug you a little longer. I won't force you," Ethan said in a grumpy voice.

He frowned unhappily and wrapped his arms around Janet. He wondered why Janet wanted to work late at night.

'Is her client that important?' Although he was the client, it didn't make him feel any good.

The tightness of his grip made Janet uncomfortable.

She felt a surge of heat travel southward. She pushed Ethan away and hurriedly smoothed her dress.

"No. I really have to work now."

Seeing her running back to her room in a fit of panic, Ethan turned his head and leaned back on the sofa, sighing helplessly.

In the room, Janet held her pencil for nearly an hour but didn't know where to begin. She couldn't calm down as she couldn't stop replaying her hot kiss with Ethan in her mind.

He was eager to make love to her.

'Oh stop it, Janet!' She scolded herself silently.

She squeezed her eyes shut and blushed again. She couldn't concentrate on the design, so she turned on the laptop to contact the wealthy client. She named him "Rich Party A".

"Sir, I had a really bad stomachache today and had to go to the hospital. Could you extend my deadline by a day?"

She sent the message along with a crying emoji. Rich Party A responded immediately: "You don't need to work on the design anymore."