

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 59

At night, Janet wore her headphones and sat on the chair, with one leg under her bum, and began working on her design. Her elegant fingers had a way of their own with the pen. She painted at ease, drawing bold, confident strokes.

The window was open, and the summer breeze rustled her long, silky locks.

Ethan knocked on the door. His heart flipped when he witnessed the beautiful scene.

Janet glanced at him and looked away, focusing on the painting Ethan took her gesture as approval to get into the room. He shamelessly walked in and closed the door.

“Let’s talk.” Ethan’s eyes were dark.

He placed a steaming glass of milk on the table and looked at her.

The sweet scent of milk wafted in the air.

Janet pursed her lips. Her mind was a mess.

“I don’t have time.”

Ethan took a step back and sat on the edge of the bed, trailing his fingers across the soft bedsheet.

“I’ll wait for you to finish your work.”

Janet’s unique scent filled the room as the wind swept across her.

Ethan’s mouth dried, and his body turned hot in an instant.

He felt a surge of desire within him. At eleven at night, Janet finally stopped drawing. She stole a glance at Ethan, who was staring at her.

Janet stood up and picked up her graphic tablet on the table.

The next moment, darkness engulfed her.

Ethan’s muscular frame pressed against hers. He placed his hands on either side, trapping Janet against the table. His hot breath blew against her ear.

“You’re done with work. Let’s talk now.”

Janet’s ears turned red, and her heart took a sprint in her chest as if she were on a rollercoaster.

“What do you want to talk about?”

Ethan wrapped his arms around Janet and pulled her into a tight embrace.

His hair rested on her shoulder, exuding a faint peppermint scent.

“What on earth do you want me to do to calm you down?”

Janet trembled, shifting her weight from one foot to another, as his hot breath made her skin prickle with goosebumps.

“Let go of me, Ethan! I have to clean the desk,” she whined, shrinking back.

Ethan got reminded of the domineering heroes he had read in books, who wouldn't let go of their love interests during such situations.

The more their female counterparts struggled, the more aggressive they would get.

He held her tighter and pressed his body against Janet's, trapping her against the desk.

With his free hand, he helped her put the tablet into the bag and asked, “Why are you shaking? I'll help you clean up the desk.”

“Let go of me first. We'll sit down comfortably and talk.”

Janet tried wriggling out of his hold. She was both shy and scared.

“If I let you go, you will run away and won't talk to me,” Ethan grunted.

He hooked his fingers under her chin and lifted her head to make her look at him.

“You naughty girl!” Janet's eyes widened.

Ethan snorted and gently stroked her pink lips with his fingers.

“Why are you still glaring at me?”

He leaned forward and bit her bottom lip.

An involuntary squeal left Janet's lips.

Before she could react, Ethan picked her up and threw her on the bed.

Before she could sit up, Ethan grabbed her slender ankles, pulled her under him, and pressed himself against her.

Janet whimpered as he forcefully kissed her.

The stubble on his chin scratched her face.

Ethan gripped her skirt and pushed it to her waist.

“Ethan!”

Ethan jerked up in shock when he heard Janet's voice. She waved her hand against his face, leaving three scratch marks on his skin.

Ethan rubbed his stinging forehead and let go of her. She retreated to the head of the bed and draped her body with a quilt, revealing nothing but her angry eyes.

Ethan cleared his throat and leaned against the bed.

“I just...”

Janet pointed at the door and growled, "Shut up! I don't want to see you! Get out now!" Seeing that what he did had only ignited her anger, Ethan didn't dare to provoke her anymore.

He took a deep breath and left, closing the door behind him.

Janet covered her face with the quilt. She could feel the blush flaming her cheeks.

After returning to his room, Ethan immediately threw the books into the trash can with a murderous look on his face.

"Garrett! You're gonna pay for this!"