

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 73

"You're just impossible. How can you get jealous so easily?"

Suddenly, Janet's face turned hot. She lowered her gaze, unable to look at Ethan anymore. She tried to push him away and pleaded, "Step back. You're too close."

She was trapped, being pressed in between Ethan's large body and the kitchen sink behind her. Her flustered face made him want to have her even more.

"I have a question."

Ethan's deep voice came from above her head, his breath rustling her hair slightly.

Clenching his fist, the man cleared his throat and asked in a gruff voice, "Well, between Brandon and me, who has the better figure?"

As soon as those words left his lips, Ethan felt incredibly embarrassed.

He knew it was a stupid question, but he just wanted to hear Janet praise him to his face.

Standing there and thinking for a long time, Janet stole a glance at Ethan from the corner of her eyes.

For a second, it seemed that his broad figure matched that of the man in the elevator.

"Actually, you have similar builds." Ethan frowned.

With pursed lips, he muttered, "We can't be exactly the same."

"I didn't get a good look at him. How could I tell who has the better figure?" Janet asked defensively.

His question was too difficult. Finally, the microwave oven beeped and the smell of sweet and sour sauce wafted to their noses.

"Okay. The fish is ready"

Dropping her gaze again, Janet tried to push Ethan away again.

But Ethan took this as an opportunity to grab her hand.

His eyes flashing seriously, he said, "It's not hard. Touch my body and you'll be able to tell who has the better body."

Without waiting for a response, he shoved her hand under his T-shirt.

And just like he said, his skin was firm, with distinctly toned muscles bulging out. Janet's eyes went as wide as saucers.

She felt as though she touched fire and instinctively tried to pull her hand back, but Ethan was too strong.

He pressed her palm forcefully against his abdomen.

There was nothing she could do but feel his defined muscles.

If her hand moved any lower, he would have needed to unbuckle his belt.

She shut her eyes tight and her whole body went stiff. Her other hand flew to her face and she quickly turned her face away from him. But it was too late.

Ethan could see how red her face was "Okay, okay. You have a better figure, even better than those models in the magazines. You're also tall and handsome. There. Happy now?"

Janet knew that if she didn't praise Ethan, he would never let her go.

Sure enough, Ethan finally let go of her hand.

His dark eyes clouded over but Janet couldn't read his expression.

He raised his hand and touched her cheek gently.

"Why is your face so red? I'm your husband."

"No, I..."

Janet gnawed her lower lip, at a loss for words.

Before she could say anything, Ethan had scooped her up and onto the kitchen counter. Surprised, she looked up at the man's beautiful and deep eyes.

Before she could react, Ethan had already leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers.

His passionate kiss overwhelmed her.

She had nowhere to go and nothing to do but part her lips slightly and let him kiss her fiercely. This wasn't the first time they kissed, but she still wasn't used to it.

Ethan's kiss was too intense, conveying a passion that seemed to want to devour her.

What felt like an eternity passed before he finally pulled away.

He nearly lost control of himself.

Fortunately, he had come to his senses before then.

Still, he continued to peck on her neck gently. His palms still rested on her waist, but he didn't go any further.

"I'm going to bed," Janet whispered hoarsely.

She twisted her head in an effort to avoid his advances. Her eyes had clouded over in a daze, but her lips were red and swollen.

Ethan rested his forehead against her shoulder to calm himself down.

"You just got a raise. Shouldn't we be celebrating?"

Janet stared at him blankly.

Finally, when she came to her senses, she remembered that Ethan had given her two rings, but she hadn't given him anything in return yet.

"Okay. What do you want to do?"

Ethan pressed his lips against her bare neck then finally pulled away.

With a gentle smile, he winked and said, "Figure it out yourself. I know you're tired. Go to bed."

Then he turned around and went back to his room to get changed.