

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 95

The weather was very sunny that Sunday.

Janet waited impatiently at the bus stop. She had looked down at her phone several times.

Just when the long-awaited bus arrived, she heard a roar of an engine.

A dazzling black Vyrus suddenly halted in front of her... Ethan pushed up the glass visor of his helmet.

His high nose bridge was revealed first, followed by his alienated eyes.

He looked so dashing even though he was just wearing an ordinary black T-shirt and loose jeans. He threw a helmet to Janet.

"Get on the motorcycle."

After she caught the helmet, she stared at the luxury motorcycle for a while before putting on the helmet reluctantly.

She then asked, "Whose motorcycle is this?"

Janet had seen this motorcycle in an automobile magazine before.

It costs a whopping amount of money that she could never make even if she worked tons of jobs for the rest of her life.

"I borrowed it from a friend. My boss's villa is a little far from here. It's in the suburbs. I'll take you there."

Janet sat on the motorcycle uneasily.

"Let's go!"

Ethan cast a glance at his wife and then put down the glass visor of his helmet.

Janet held onto Ethan's T-shirt tightly.

Ethan rode the motorcycle at a high speed.

The wind blew violently past her ears and ruffled her hair.

All the road noises soon faded away.

Before now, Janet had associated the riding of motorcycles with rogues.

This was because most of them rode recklessly and the roaring sound of the engines always disturbed other commuters on the road.

However, this wasn't the case for this particular motorcycle.

The engine only made a humming sound.

"Ethan, why is there no loud noise?" she asked blankly.

“Are you talking about the sound of the engine?”

Ethan abruptly stopped to wait for the traffic light to turn green.

It was so sudden that Janet’s breasts bumped into his back because of the inertia.

He looked back at her and smiled.

“My dear wife, do you see me as one of those numerous hooligans that disturb the peace of this city with their roaring motorcycles? This one has a silencer. I don’t want to constitute any nuisance on the road.”

The Vyrus belonged to Garrett and it was the kind of motorcycle used for serious racing.

With her face blushing, Janet inched backward and tightened her coat.

The rest of the ride wasn’t bumpy.

When they arrived at the so-called boss’s villa, Ethan led her to the front door.

Unbeknown to Janet, this villa was owned by her allegedly poor husband. It wasn’t decorated because he had never lived there.

“Welcome!”

A woman who looked about forty years old answered the door at the first ring. She introduced herself as the wife of Ethan’s boss and guided them into the villa.

“Hello, ma’am. What style of wall painting do you want for this villa?”

The wall the woman pointed out wasn’t so wide.

Thus, Janet calculated that she could finish painting it today.

“Nothing too complicated. Just make it simple but unique. It should be in grey. I would settle for any style that you choose to paint the rest.”

The woman took a sip of tea and glanced at Ethan.

She then continued, “I’ve already bought the buckets of paint and the tools you would need. I’m going shopping with my neighbors later. You just take your time.”

She left after showing Janet the buckets of paint and all the tools.

‘Let’s get to work!’ Janet charged up herself.

She was only free on weekends, so she decided to finish the painting today. She first tied up her hair into a ponytail.

Then, she rolled up her sleeves and put on an apron. She mixed the paint skillfully and began to paint
“Aren’t you going back to work?”

she asked curiously after sensing that he was still there.

“No, I took the day off. Let me help you here. I can pass you whatever paint you need.”

Ethan took off his jacket and squatted beside the paint buckets.

“Thank you, but there would be no need for that. I can do it myself.”

Janet wanted to be left alone, but she didn't drive him away either.

She just concentrated on painting. She didn't even bother to rest for a while.

Some hours later, the sun began to set and the dark rays fell into the room through the window.

Everything became orange.

It also warmed up Janet's skin a little.

She stopped painting and swung her right arm which was already aching at this time.

When she looked back, she saw that no one was on the sofa.

It seemed that Ethan had left.

Janet pouted her lips and lowered her head dejectedly.

A second later, she let out a laughter of self-mockery.

‘Janet, you are such a fool. Were you expecting him to wait until you were done? Weren't you the one who declined his help? Tsk-tsk!’ A strange noise suddenly came from the door.

She looked up and saw that Ethan was standing there with some takeout bags in his hands.

There was an inexplicable glint in his eyes and a warm smile on his face.

“Were you looking for me? Anyway, I went to get dinner. You have been painting for a long time. I'm sure you must be tired and hungry by now. Come down and eat first.”

“Oh, you are still here. I thought you already left,”

Janet commented indifferently in a bid to hide her joy. She averted her gaze and continued to paint despite her aching arm.

Ethan smiled without saying anything. He just opened all the takeout bags and set the table.

The soup was steaming, and the desserts had a strong creamy fragrance.

“Hey, come and eat. You need to rest and refuel your energy. I'll help you paint while you are at it,” Ethan said as he walked to her and grabbed the brush.

It was easy for him to do so because he was taller than her. He raised the brush high when she tried to take it back.

She saw his perfectly sculpted jaw as she looked up.

The closeness of their bodies gave her butterflies.

At this moment, Janet had no choice but to go and eat quietly.

While munching on the food, she stole glances at him as he painted.

'How does this man feel about me? Does he love me? Sometimes he behaves indifferent, but other times, he's so caring like a loving husband. Gosh! How can someone be so hard to read?' she pondered.

Janet had a small appetite, so she didn't eat much.

Ethan later wolfed down all the leftovers as if he hadn't eaten for a week.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the so-called wife of Ethan's boss returned to the villa and immediately checked the work Janet did.

An deep frown appeared on her face as soon as she set her eyes on the wall.