

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 98

How could Janet not feel guilty? Although Ethan seemed casual, he treated her like a princess.

If she planned to leave him for some reason one day, the pain would feel excruciating as if someone had ripped her heart right out of her chest.

The wind whistled in the night.

Janet lowered her head and tried to get hold of herself.

"I could have handled it on my own, Ethan." Her voice drifted with the wind.

She had always been alone and fought her own battles.

Ethan walked up to her, and Janet saw his yellowing canvas shoes. She looked up, and her gaze met his enigmatic eyes.

Ethan smiled and gently stroked his hair.

"You have a husband now. It's different."

Ethan's broad chest blocked the wind as he stared into her eyes.

"Let's go back. It's late," Janet said in a hushed voice.

His words both confused and touched her.

She turned around and continued to walk forward.

Ethan followed Janet and caught up with her.

The cicadas chirped in the quiet summer night.

All of a sudden, Ethan felt something touch his finger. He looked down and saw Janet clasp his finger.

A smile tugged at the corners of his lips, and his face softened. He gently held her hand and caressed her fingers with his thumb.

"I really want to kiss you. Can I?"

Ethan's voice was thick with lust as he stared at her supple lips.

Janet's eyes widened. She didn't know what to say to him. She felt his actions proved his affection for her.

Janet's ears turned red.

"Why are asking me that?" she murmured shyly.

Ethan shook his head in amusement.

Janet had just told him that he couldn't touch her without her permission.

Ethan leaned toward her. He kissed her lower lip and gently licked it.

Janet moaned in the back of her throat.

He nibbled on her lip, making her eyes flutter close.

As soon as Janet's mouth parted, Ethan lifted her in his arms.

She involuntarily wrapped her legs around his waist and rested her head on his chest.

His chiseled, muscular body made her heart stutter.

Janet couldn't dodge.

Ethan didn't let go of her until they were breathless.

"Aren't you going to get the motorcycle?"

Janet's face flushed as she rested her face against his chest, hearing his heartbeat. She licked her swollen lips and smiled to herself.

"No need. My friend will come and get it himself."

Ethan shrugged.

His magnetic, playful smile made her heart skip a beat.

Janet couldn't take her eyes off him.

Garrett would have no choice but to get the Vyrus himself.

Ethan pecked the corner of her lips again.

"Your lips taste like strawberry. I like it. It's just so sweet."

It was almost nine when they got home.

As soon as Janet entered the apartment, she rushed into the bathroom to shower.

Ethan was checking his phone on the sofa in the living room.

Just then, the male subordinate who had played the role of his boss sent him a message.

"Boss, what should we do with the painting on the wall?"

"Why bother asking?"

Ethan typed impatiently.

They obviously had to keep the painting.

Meanwhile, the bathroom door opened.

Noticing that she had forgotten to take the bath towel, Janet decided to tiptoe to her room to get it.

A football game was playing on the TV.

The commentator's intense voice muffled her footsteps, so Ethan didn't notice her.

When Janet walked past behind him, she caught a glimpse of Ethan's phone and saw someone asked about the painting on the wall in a respectful tone.

Janet stopped.

Her face darkened as she finally understood what had happened.

"Ethan!"

Ethan jerked up in shock when he heard her high-pitched voice.

He didn't expect Janet to come out of the bathroom so soon, so he subconsciously hid the phone behind his back upon hearing her voice.

But seeing the fury in her face, Ethan immediately realized it was too late.