

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 469: Making Love

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Ethan pushed the crotch of her panties to the side and slid his fingers into her folds, rubbing and stroking her soft flesh. Janet bit her lips, but that didn't stop a long moan from escaping. Her waist lifted involuntarily from the bed, even as she clutched the covers beneath her.

"Good girl," Ethan rasped and pressed two wet kisses on her cheek. He pulled back and straightened before unzipping his trousers and discarding them to the floor. Then, he hooked his fingers on the waistband of both her jeans and underwear and pulled them off her in one swift motion.

Janet shivered from the cold, but Ethan was immediately above her, pressing his hard member against her slick wetness. He rubbed against her until she was dripping down to her thighs; then he slowly pushed inside. She was so tight that he had to pause and take a deep breath to keep himself from losing control. A faint stabbing pain accompanied Ethan's thickness as it entered her. Janet had the vague feeling of being stretched apart, and she couldn't help but gasp at the sensation. Ethan grabbed her by the calves and braced himself before burying his entire length into her.

"Ah! Ethan..." Tears welled up in Janet's eyes, while Ethan groaned in ecstasy. She could feel him throbbing inside her, as well as his pulse travel from where they were connected to every inch of her body.

Ethan hiked her legs up and wrapped them around his waist, then he leaned close and captured both of her wrists with one hand, pinning them over her head. His other hand cupped Janet's jaw, prompting her lips to part for a deep, hot kiss. He ravaged her mouth until he felt her relax and loosen around him. Only then did he start moving, pulling backward and plunging back in. She seemed to grow tighter with each thrust-or maybe it was he who was growing larger-but he kept thrusting, and she kept swallowing him up.

Ethan's cock glistened in the dim light of the room. As he picked up his pace, their combined fluids slid down her tender flesh and soaked the sheets. Janet's back arched upward.

Ethan kept pounding into her, his face pressed against the shell of her ear, his short, hoarse grunts filling the air. He pulled back a little to release her wrists. She immediately wound her arms around his neck, leaving a trail of red fingerprints on his broad shoulder as she held on for dear life. With his hands now free, Ethan cupped her breasts and squeezed. He played with her nipples with his thumbs, alternating between flicking them and rubbing them in lazy circles.

“Oh...” Janet gasped. They became a panting, writhing mass of intertwined limbs. The air above them soon became thick and heavy with their mingled breaths. Janet felt trapped in a never-ending web of pleasure, though she wasn't entirely sure she wanted to escape it. Her head fell to the side as another wave of raw bliss washed over her, and her gaze fell on the window.

Spring was almost upon them. Outside, small, delicate buds were appearing on the withered trees.

A few birds were perched on the branches, eager for the warm season to begin. Janet briefly wondered if they were sparrows or swallows... She couldn't tell from this distance. But before she could mull it over further, Ethan took her chin again and turned her toward him for another torrid kiss.

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Chapter 470: The Cinema Collapsed

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By the time Janet woke up again, it was already the next day.

When she went downstairs, Johanna immediately rushed to her side. worry written all over her face.

“I heard that you didn't come downstairs for lunch and dinner yesterday. Are you not feeling well?” Johanna and Beal had gone to work after breakfast yesterday, so the servants must've informed them. Indeed, Janet didn't feel well-between her legs. Her eyes flitted to the man who was sitting on the sofa as though nothing had happened. Sighing subtly, she put on a smile and explained, “I'm fine, Mom. I just get drowsy this time of year.”

“Drowsiness is not a good thing. I'll take you to the hospital this afternoon.” Johanna frowned worriedly. Janet had just made a random excuse, but she didn't expect Johanna to take it so seriously. Just then, Ethan stood up from the sofa and grabbed her arm.

“Mrs. White, we’re planning to watch a movie this afternoon. Janet’s a fan of the leading actress in it.”

At first, Johanna wanted to talk them out of it, but on second thought, she let them go. Pursing her lips unhappily, she snapped at Ethan, “Fine. Take good care of her.”

It seemed like she really wasn’t fond of her daughter’s husband.

In fact, Janet wasn’t planning to watch a movie. Ethan had just come up with an excuse on the fly.

But when they walked up to the cinema, a poster of a thriller film caught her eye. The poster looked very dreamy, full of artistic direction. She had heard about the movie on social media before.

When she watched the trailer on the screen outside the cinema, she was even more intrigued.

“We’re already here, so we might as well watch a movie,” Janet suggested, linking her arm in Ethan’s. Ethan glanced at the poster she was staring at and whispered, “I have a private cinema in my villa in Barnes.”

In his villa, they could do whatever they wanted. The mere thought made Ethan swallow. However, Janet didn’t seem to get what he meant. She dragged him into the cinema stubbornly and said, “But I like watching movies with other people!” Ethan couldn’t help but burst into laughter. Fortunately, this was a thriller, and there were very few guests in the cinema.

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