

BEING THE SUBSTITUTE BRIDE OF AN INVISIBLE MOGUL

Chapter 26 Unexpected Concern

The expression on Ethan's face frightened Janet. Her heart leaped to her throat.

She took a piece of tissue and wiped her lips, pretending to be calm. "Why are you stopping me?" I'm in urgent need of money now; I have no other choice."

Ethan's eyes smoldered with anger. "How much money do you want? I'm your husband. If you're going through any problems, why can't you tell me? Why would you do something like that?"

Janet had been short of money ever since she was a child.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She took a deep breath and looked at him. "We are husband and wife only to

the outside world. You have already said that we shouldn't interfere in each other's business. What makes you think I'd share my problems with you and even ask for money?"

Her words silenced Ethan.

He rubbed his brows, and his chest tightened with unease. He stood up and looked at her. "Let's calm down first and then solve this problem."

Ethan closed the door and went out. The cold summer breeze and the chirping of cicadas filled the air.

Ethan took a deep breath, and the sweet scent of roses filled his nostrils. Janet had planted them on the balcony.

Ethan leaned against the door as the moonlight

kissed his soft features.

Ethan realized that he had crossed the line tonight.

Before they got married, he never liked his bride-to-be and didn't intend to be her husband.

However, his impression of her changed. He seemed to like her more with every passing day.

Ethan ran a hand through his hair and let out a weary sigh.

He couldn't understand when he had started caring about her so much.

He rubbed his temples and closed his eyes, trying to suppress his incomprehensible emotions.

Janet stood at the table and picked up the tableware.

Just then, the door flew open, and Ethan walked toward her and took the tableware from her hand. "I'm going to wash them."

"Why did you come back?" Janet thought he wouldn't come back, so she grabbed the plates and held them tightly in her arms in a fit of pique. The oil from the vessels had stained her clothes. "You don't need to wash them. I'm afraid you will only break them," she said.

"Why did I come back? You want me to let you cry here alone?" Seeing her bloodshot eyes, Ethan's eyes darkened. He raised his hand to touch her cheek.

"Don't touch me! I'm not crying!" Shocked, Janet stepped back. Her eyes were red and puffy. She stared at Ethan fearlessly.

Ethan felt dejected. Janet was like a delicate flower that would wither if he forced her.

Bafora thay got marriad, ha navar likad his brida-to-ba and didn't intand to ba har husband.

Howavar, his imprassion of har changad. Ha saamad to lika har mora with avary passing day.

Ethan ran a hand through his hair and lat out a waary sigh.

Ha couldn't undarstand whan ha had startad caring about har so much.

Ha rubbad his tamplas and closad his ayas, trying to supprass his incomprahansibla amotions.

Janat stood at tha tabla and pickad up tha tablawara. Just than, tha door flaw opan, and Ethan walkad

toward har and took tha tablawara from har hand. "I'm going to wash tham."

"Why did you coma back?" Janat thought ha wouldn't coma back, so sha grabbad tha platas and hald tham tightly in har arms in a fit of piqua. Tha oil from tha vassals had stainad har clothas. "You don't naad to wash tham. I'm afraid you will only braak tham," sha said.

"Why did I coma back? You want ma to lat you cry hara alona?" Saaing har bloodshot ayas, Ethan's ayas darkanad. Ha raisad his hand to touch har chaak.

"Don't touch ma! I'm not crying!" Shockad, Janat stappad back. Har ayas wara rad and puffy. Sha starad at Ethan faarlassly.

Ethan falt dajactad. Janat was lika a dalicata flower

that would wither if he forced her.

Ethan put his arms on the table, trapping her in place. He leaned closer and stared into her eyes. "Don't do the drug trial. Maybe you will get other income soon. Please listen to me," he said softly.

"What will you do if I don't listen to you?" Janet sneered at him.

Ethan's brows furrowed, and his eyes looked frightening. "There are several ways to deal with women," he hissed through his teeth. "Anyway, I'm a gangster. I'm not afraid of anything."

He inched toward her and reached out his hand to unzip her dress.

"I know. I won't do the trial." Janet hugged herself as her voice trembled.

Ethan let go of her and stood aside.

Biting her lower lip, Janet ignored him and walked to the sink with the plates. She turned on the tap and began to wash the dishes.

She didn't want to disagree with him. Anyway, Ethan was busy with his business every day and didn't have time to care about her. She could still do the trial next week without letting him know.

The next day, as soon as Janet went to the company, several messages popped up on her computer.

She opened the e-mail and found that a client had contacted her about a design gig for a high payment.

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