



Seeing the frown on Janet's face, Ethan followed her gaze and saw his watch. Moments later, he realized what she was thinking. "This is a knock-off that I borrowed from my friend," he whispered into her ear. "I usually wear it to look cool but didn't expect you'd notice it soon."

Ethan removed the watch and put it into his pocket.

"It looks real." Janet smiled and stepped back, covering her flaming ears.

Ethan was leaning closer, and she could feel his breath blowing in her ear as he spoke.

As Janet thought about it, she realized it was normal for a man like Ethan to have a street friend who sold fakes.

She breathed a sigh of relief. For a moment, Janet had freaked out, thinking Ethan had done something illegal to make a fortune.

Ethan knitted his brows. He had heard that the daughter of the Lind family had several boyfriends and hung out with different men all the time. The girl's shyness seemed to surprise him.

"The bridegroom is here. Why hasn't the wedding started yet?" asked a sweet voice of a woman.

Jocelyn grinned and walked forward, holding her boyfriend's arm. "Since the bridegroom is here, let me introduce my boyfriend to you," she said, deliberately raising her voice a decibel higher. "This is Steve Carter, the eldest son of the Carter family. We are family. Steve and I can help you in the future."

Steve hurriedly lowered his head. It was almost as though he was too ashamed to meet Janet's gaze.

When Janet saw Steve arrive with Jocelyn, she felt nothing. So she pretended that it was their first time to meet and commented lightly, "Nice introduction. But your current boyfriend is different from the one I saw last week. I wonder if you're going to be with him or not next week."

Steve's feigned smile instantly went stiff.

Smiling embarrassedly, Jocelyn then shot Janet a murderous glare and quickly changed the subject. "Anyway, if you'd like, I can refer Ethan to the Carter family's company. I'

m sure they'd be willing to take him in even if he doesn't know any technical skills. Maybe he can do the chores like mopping the floor and cleaning the

toilet, that kind of thing. After all, it's better to have a real job than roaming around idly after getting married."

Janet stole a nervous glance at Ethan. Unexpectedly, he didn't seem to mind such insulting words. He simply broke into a warm smile and waved his hand dismissively. "No, thanks. I like roaming around outside."

Without getting the reaction she expected, Jocelyn's face fell and she returned to her seat sulkily, dragging Steve along with her.

Soon, the priest arrived and hastily finished the wedding.

Ethan took Janet back to a small house in the suburb.

The place was small, old, and shabby, but at least they had a house to return to. The house looked empty and hoarded only basic necessities. She felt they were recent additions simply for the wedding. Ethan was a tall, muscular man; the narrow space somehow looked smaller after he came in.

It seemed obvious that he barely made ends meet.

"This is my home. Make do with it." Ethan shrugged casually. He didn't seem embarrassed in the slightest.

"Yes, it's a small house, yet it looks tidy. It can accommodate the two of us."

Janet was honest. Although the house looked shabby, Ethan had maintained it well. The yard looked neat, and the house looked spotless. However, it didn't feel like a home -- it was too empty; perhaps because

Ethan seldom stayed there.

Janet looked around. She saw that Ethan had taken off his suit jacket and put it on a wooden chair. He was unbuttoning his white shirt. She trailed her gaze across his body and saw the toned muscles under his shirt. It looked like he had been working out regularly.

Sensing her gaze, Ethan turned his head and met Janet's anxious eyes. He stopped and walked toward her. "You've been busy all day. Do you want to shower first?" he asked intently.

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