

"You better take a shower first. I can wait." Janet subconsciously stepped back as if guarding herself against an enemy.

She looked like a trapped bird, struggling hard to hide her panic.

She didn't know how to face her so-called husband.

The man stood at the table and looked at Janet.

She looked like a deer caught in headlights.

Ethan looked at her and chuckled. "Don't be nervous. I won't eat you. I need to discuss something with you."

Janet crossed her arms over her chest and hesitantly walked over to him. She didn't want to be associated

with this man in any way. Everything was happening too fast. She was married to a man she had just met at her wedding.

"What is it?"

Ethan picked up a wooden chair with one hand and put it in front of her. "Sit down, please."

Then, he dragged his chair closer to Janice and sat down. "I don't like beating around the bush. I know you're unwilling to marry me."

'Is it that obvious?' thought Janet.

"A relationship can't be achieved overnight. It needs time -- we need to get to know each other first," she explained, trying to hide her embarrassment.

However, after saying so, she felt her explanation

seemed unnecessary. Ethan was aware of his position and what people thought of him. He knew Jocelyn wouldn't want to marry an illegitimate person like him.

Ethan knitted his brows and looked Janet up and down. The woman had been nervous right from the beginning. She had been biting her lower lip, her gaze nervously roaming around everywhere.

"Don't worry. I'm not interested in this marriage e

ither. We can be a married couple to the outside world, but let's stay out of each other's affairs. That way, we can avoid trouble and live in harmony. I spend most of the time outside and seldom come home. I want to have the freedom to do whatever I want. The same goes for you. I will not control or interfere in your business."

Then, he stood up and picked up the suit jacket from the chair. Then, as if remembering something, Ethan bent over and grabbed the armrests of the chair, trapping Janet between his arms.

"Watching a man change his clothes isn't right. In case, you want me to fulfill your sexual desires, I will be more than happy to satisfy you as a husband."

The smell of laundry detergent mingling with his scent wafted in the air, making Janet's scalp prickle.

"No need," she hissed through her teeth, trying not to show any weakness.

Ethan's face darkened. He glanced at Janet's stomach for a split second and warned, "Although we are just a nominal couple, there is one thing I want

you to keep in mind." He took a deep breath and said, "I don't want to find out that my wife is pregnant with another man's child one day."

Loyalty was the most important virtue for Ethan. He had heard that Jocelyn changed men like changing clothes.

"I will abide by my duty as a wife as long as we are married," Janet answered firmly. "I hope you keep your word and don't interfere with my life."

The man's playful smile faded a little.

He straightened up and stepped back from Janet. "You're not Jocelyn Lind, are you?" he asked, arching an eyebrow.

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