

THE MYSTERIOUS BILLIONAIRE AND HIS SUBSTITUTE BRIDE

Chapter 21 A Lamborghini

Janet turned in the direction of the voice and found a white BMW parked at the curb not far away.

Jocelyn was sitting smugly at the passenger seat, wearing a sexy camisole dress and large sunglasses. An equally flashy man, presumably her boyfriend, was behind the wheel.

She took off her sunglasses now, and smacked the gum she was chewing as she eyed Janet and Ethan. "What, do you want a ride or something?" Jocelyn drawled. "I suppose that's fine, but make sure you wipe your shoes before you get in, or you're going to dirty my babe's new car."

Janet took out her phone and wordlessly rounded the car to take photos of its license plate. When she

straightened, she pointed at the road sign just up ahead. "Didn't you see that you're not allowed to park here? If you don't move right away, I'll report you to the traffic enforcers."

Jocelyn crossed her arms over her chest and scoffed. "Go ahead, then. We can pay the fine, no matter how much it is. I'm not like you, who probably can't even afford to take a taxi. For all I know, you must be out here begging for alms, aren't you? Like some piss-poor vagrant. Oh, wait. Now that I think about it, our dog does the same."

Jocelyn's harsh words cut deep into Janet's skin. She gritted her teeth and looked at her feet to keep herself from spouting bitter curses at the woman.

Janet had worked hard to build herself up over time, yet her morale seemed to have crumbled in the blink of an eye. She felt as though she had regressed back

to her younger, helpless self.

Janet clenched her fists so hard that her nails almost cut into her palm.

It was all she could do to keep her tears at bay.

She couldn't let anyone see her cry.

All of a sudden, Ethan pulled her back and took her in his arms.

Her forehead was then pressed against his broad, warm chest.

"I've never hit a woman in my life, although I don't really mind doing so if I have to," he said in a menacing tone, his cold eyes sweeping from Jocelyn to her boyfriend. "You'd better discipline your woman and keep her in line. You're the general manager of

Cagen Group, aren't you? I'll be sure to keep it in mind."

The other man didn't know why, but felt a chill run down his spine. He wondered where this no-good punk got the call to act so arrogant.

"That's enough," he chastised Jocelyn. "What if that bastard goes to my company and make some trouble?"

"Don't tell me you're scared. You coward."

In fact, Jocelyn was rather spooked as well, but if she balked now, it would be a great blow to her ego. Why was this good-looking guy being so protective of Janet, anyway? They had only been together for a few days.

Just then, a Lamborghini sped toward them, its

engine roaring in the otherwise serene highway. It screeched to a halt just a few feet behind the BMW.

"Whose car is this?" Jocelyn's boyfriend exclaimed. "It's a limited edition model!" It must be some rich young master showing off their wealth just to get the girls' attention.

Jocelyn craned her neck and stared at the Lamborghini in a similarly covetous fashion. Very few people in the city—no, in the whole country—could afford this luxury car. The BMW was nothing compared to this sleek Lamborghini.

The driver of the Lamborghini got out of said car, walked past the BMW, and stopped in front of Ethan. He gave a small bow and spoke in a respectful voice. "I apologize for keeping you waiting, sir. Please get in the car."

Jocelyn and her boyfriend were stunned speechless.

That punk actually owned the Lamborghini?

But how was that even possible?

Ethan nodded at the driver and squeezed Janet's shoulder. "Let's go home," he said softly.

Jocelyn glared at the scene unfolding in front of her, her nostrils flared in anger.

Just what kind of man had Janet married?

Janet had been burrowing in Ethan's arms all this time. When she finally looked up and spotted the Lamborghini, she froze and gaped. "Ethan..."

Her unblinking eyes never left the Lamborghini.

Ethan was unfazed. He gently ushered Janet into the backseat of the car.

They drove off without another word to Jocelyn and her beau.

It wasn't until they had driven some distance that Janet finally shook herself out of her daze. She whirled at the man beside her, looking confused and mad, and perhaps a little scared. "Ethan! What the hell is going on?"

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