

## The Mbahsb 31

### Chapter 31

Janet finally snapped out of her astonishment when the owner of the restaurant left with his staff.

She quietly stared at Ethan. 'How could he be so calm?' she wondered.

"Ethan, what just happened? Why was the owner of this restaurant nice to you? Besides, he didn't probe the issue to find out what really happened. How was he so sure that the waitresses were rude to us?"

Janet fired one question after the other.

"He didn't have to question them. High-end restaurants always handle problems like these with care because they can't afford to lose their reputation. The manager and waitresses were thoughtless, but the owner knew what to do. After all, losing even one customer would impact their business because reputation is their biggest asset," Ethan explained.

Biting her lip, Janet nodded in understanding. Ethan's words made sense.

"Speaking of which..." She grinned and playfully nudged his arm. "You were domineering like you were his boss."

"Gangsters like us have to put on an act at all times. It's a dangerous world. Otherwise, I'd be dead by now." Ethan filled Janet's bowl with soup and looked at her.

Janet felt he was right, so she didn't probe further.

Since Janet didn't have to pay for their dinner, she enjoyed the meal and ordered all her favorite food. The owner gave them a bottle of Lafite as a token of his apology. Janet had never tried expensive wine before, so she downed a few glasses and soon got drunk.

Therefore, Ethan picked her up in his arms and walked out of the restaurant.

Sean had been waiting at the door of the restaurant for a long time. He opened the car door for Ethan and grinned at him. "Boss, you and your wife are in a good mood today."

"She is drunk." Ethan gently put her inside the car. "Ask Garrett to inspect all the restaurants that belong to the Larson Group once again."

Although Janet didn't drink much, she was a wimpy drinker.

She complained about feeling hot and wanting to take off her coat when she was only wearing a thin coat and a camisole today. Ethan held her safely in his arms and glanced at the rearview mirror. "Behave yourself. We are not alone in the car," he whispered in her ear.

Sean immediately looked away. He had been working for Ethan for many years but had never seen him this happy and intimate with anyone else. He felt emotional.

'Has he become gentle?' Sean wondered. However, he quickly shook his head. 'Gentle' didn't seem like the right adjective to describe Ethan.

He had witnessed the fierce and dangerous side of his boss more times than he could remember.

“But I’m really hot. Very hot, Ethan,” Janet whined, leaning against his chest. She looked up, and her blurry gaze met his.

Ethan’s eyes darkened. He took out a piece of tissue to wipe the sweat off Janet’s forehead. “Hold on. We’ll be home soon,” he said, stroking her cheek.

Ethan’s hormones were on overdrive.

In a daze, Janet rested her head on his shoulder, her nose rubbing against his skin. Her hot breath blew against his neck as her fingers pressed his Adam’s apple. She somehow found it amusing and giggled goofily.

“Didn’t I ask you to behave yourself?” Ethan warned.

Before Janet knew it, he pinned her against the car window. His burning body pressed against hers as he stared at her with lustful eyes. Janet had broken his self-control.

He inched forward and kissed her gently.

Ethan thought Janet had taken the initiative to tempt him, so he didn’t bother restraining himself.

He cupped her neck and nipped her bottom lip, asking for entrance.

Janet trembled under his weight and grasped his chest. She tilted her head up and opened her mouth to breathe. But Ethan slid his tongue into her mouth, deepening the kiss.

## **Chapter 32**

Ethan pressed every inch of his body against Janet’s. The woman was soon out of breath. She tried pushing him away with all her might. “E... Ethan... Don’t bite me... God, you’re too heavy. You’re crushing me.”

She turned around, trying to dodge his move, but he cupped her cheeks, trapping her in place. Janet couldn’t move as he continued to kiss her deeper.

Ethan hoisted Janet on his lap and cupped her bum.

Just as their kissing deepened, the car skidded to a halt as Sean slammed the brakes.

The force propelled Janet and Ethan forward, and the back of her head almost hit the front seat.

Sean was still in a state of shock. “That was close. I almost ran into that dog...”

He turned around and said, “Boss, here we are... Eh?”

Sean was startled. He didn’t realize what Ethan and Janet were doing until now. His face flushed with embarrassment, and he quickly turned away.

Ethan took a deep breath and looked at Sean as he tried controlling his raging hormones. “You’re an excellent driver, Sean.”

Then, he got out of the car and picked Janet up in his arms.

Before leaving, he turned around and glared at his assistant. "I'm going to deduct fifty percent of your salary this month to help stray dogs, in case you by any chance run your car on one of them in the future."

Sean angrily stomped his foot.

'How could Boss deduct my salary over such a trivial thing?'

Ethan put Janet on the bed and tucked her messy hair behind her ears. "Be good. I'll run a hot bath for you."

With that, Ethan went to the bathroom.

Janet felt stuffy, so she took off her coat and fell asleep.

When Ethan entered the room again, Janet was fast asleep.

He looked at her and shook his head.

"You never listen to me, do you?" His face softened when he saw her serene face. He pinched her cheek and finally gave up the idea of giving her a bath.

Ethan reached out to tuck her in. However, Janet rolled on the bed and dragged him down.

Caught off guard, Ethan lost his balance and fell on the bed.

Janet immediately wrapped her legs around his, hugged his waist, and rested her head on his chest.

She clung to him like a baby koala and drifted off to a peaceful sleep, oblivious to the consequences of her actions. Janet's toes rubbed against his shins.

Ethan's body burned with passion. He was turned on. The desire he had been holding in while they were in the car hit him with full force now.

He quickly turned on the bed and pressed his boy against hers. The sweet scent of her body made his mouth dry.

Ethan's eyes swept across her breasts that rose and fell with her every breath.

Janet always wore loose clothes. She had an alluring figure. Although she looked petite and had a dainty waist, her plump breasts and curvy bum made her look like a model.

Ethan leaned forward and kissed her neck. His body froze the next moment, and he suddenly pulled back.

After taking a deep breath, he wriggled away from her.

He fisted his hair and cursed under his breath.

Ethan just couldn't act on his desires.

Janet was drunk, and he couldn't take advantage of her.

Ethan leaned back against the headboard and looked at Janet's face.

He had never properly looked at her. Janet had a flawless face with perfect features. She still had baby fat on her cheeks. If she were a size thinner, she would look glamorous. But Ethan liked how she looked like now. She looked like a pristine beauty.

Janet's breathing evened as she slept like a baby. Ethan shook his head, lifted the quilt, and quietly walked out of the room.

He entered the bathroom and found the water he had prepared for Janet had turned cold.

It wasn't a waste because he needed to take a cold shower to calm down. Ethan let out a weary sigh.

Then, he took off his T-shirt and sank into the bathtub.

### **Chapter 33**

A beam of sunlight fell on Janet's face. She winced and rubbed her bleary eyes, realizing that it was already morning.

Her throat was dry, and there was a dull pounding at her temples. It appeared that she had been drunk the previous night.

Janet scratched at her messy hair and padded to the bathroom in a daze, intending to freshen herself up.

When she faced the mirror, however, she was horrified to find her neck and chest dotted with red marks, which were decidedly not insect bites.

"Ethan Lester!" Janet screamed at the top of her lungs, her face burning.

"You called for your husband?" Ethan said as he sauntered into the bathroom.

A thin sheen of sweat covered his sculpted face, and his gray shirt was damp at the chest. He must have gone running.

"What did you do to me last night?" Janet demanded, crossing her arms over her chest.

Ethan raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly at the hickeys around her neck. "You're seriously asking me what I did to you? Shouldn't you be asking what you did to me? You started it all. You clung to me and kept touching my body, rubbing my—"

"Stop it!"

Janet closed her eyes and put her hands up. "Did you think I would believe all these nonsense you're spouting?"

There was no way she would do those things to him!

With a helpless look on his face, Ethan walked away and came back with a crumpled shirt in his hand. "This is the evidence. My chest was also pinched red by you last night. Do you want to have a look?"

Then he intended to take off his clothes.

"No!" Janet turned away in a panic.

She tried to recall everything that had transpired, but only vague, hazy flashes surfaced in her mind.

If she wasn't mistaken... She had, indeed, taken the initiative to kiss Ethan in the car.

Great! She had well and truly ruined her image. Janet had never expected that she would lose all common sense after a few glasses of wine.

She bit her lower lip and covered her face with her hands, wishing that a hole would open up below her and swallow her into an abyss.

"All right, I didn't do anything, okay?" Ethan said behind her, his voice deep and husky. "Here, drink this." He handed her a paper cup.

Janet took a sniff of the drink and realized that it was honey water.

After drinking it, her stomach finally settled down. The bitter taste of hangover had also disappeared from her tongue.

Unfortunately, her mortification remained. Janet decided to ignore Ethan altogether and proceeded to freshen up for the day. She changed into a turtle-neck dress and rushed out to work.

Ethan watched her the entire time, a small smile playing on his lips.

As soon as she arrived at the Larson Group, Janet was called into the conference room.

"We have reviewed all the designs you submit for the autumn and winter series," Ike said. "We've come to the unanimous decision to use Lind's designs." He held up a portfolio as his gaze swept down the long table to where Janet was sitting.

"Thank you for this great honor," she gushed. "I'm new here, and I know that I still have much to learn. Please guide me as I move forward. I will value any advice you give me." Janet had never imagined she would land such a big project so soon. She had been working here for less than a month, after all.

Besides, as a newcomer, she didn't think it was a good thing to show off her abilities before establishing good rapport with her colleagues.

"There's no need for that. Your designs are excellent as they are. Oh, but if you have any questions, then feel free to ask your seniors." Ike looked through her portfolio as he spoke, his pride and admiration evident in his eyes.

Janet only smiled in response. She knew that the other designers present in the meeting likely disagreed with Ike.

"I think those designs are pretty ordinary," Pamela Daly muttered under her breath.

She had joined the Larson Group a few years prior to Janet, and had been fully expecting that her designs would be selected this time around. Naturally, she wasn't happy with this development.

"Keep your voice down," one of Pamela's friends reprimanded her softly. "She's right in front of you."

"But I didn't say anything wrong, did I?" Pamela retorted.

Janet pretended not to hear their exchange and focused on sorting out the folders she had brought with her.

“Okay, everyone. That’s all for the meeting.” Ike stood and gathered a stack of documents before smiling kindly at Janet. “I’m going to need you in my office, Lind.”

Janet obediently followed him to the other room.

Ike tossed the documents on his desk, unbuttoned his suit jacket, and leaned back against his chair. “There’s a cozy vibe to your designs, you know,” he remarked. “Your style is unique and memorable, but not in an overpowering way. I see a lot of potential in you, but you do need further training. If you do well with your projects, I will give you more chances to cultivate your skills in the future.”

Ike’s gaze had turned sharp as it fell on Janet’s face. There was nothing particularly special about her features, but she was undoubtedly gorgeous.

Janet fidgeted under his stare. She understood what he was implying, and immediately felt disgusted. Even so, she mustered a light smile. “Thank you, Mr. Lyman. I still have some drafts to finish, so if there’s nothing else, I’ll be taking my leave now.”

Ike grinned and said nothing more. On top of her good looks, this woman also had a strong personality.

He did like it when they were feisty; it brought some spice to the game of pursuit. She would end up taking off her clothes in front of him, anyway. He could wait.

“Go ahead.”

Janet felt sick and outraged as she made her way back to her desk. She didn’t notice Pamela, who had been following close behind her.

“It’s no wonder Ike favors you,” Pamela thought as she sneered at Janet’s back. “You’re just another shameless vixen who seduces her way up the ladder.”

Just now, she had stopped by Ike’s office on purpose and eavesdropped at the door. The man had made his intentions toward Janet perfectly clear.

### **Chapter 34**

The following week, Janet took precautions to avoid running into Ike, but Ike kept on hinting at her from time to time.

One morning, she went to the convenience store downstairs to buy some coffee.

As she waited in line, two women glanced at her and started whispering to each other. “Isn’t that the woman from the design department who hooks up with Ike?”

“Yeah, I think so!”

Janet overheard their loud whispering and frowned deeply. “What are you two talking about?”

The two women were shocked by her sudden confrontation. They quickly shook their heads and smiled embarrassedly. “Nothing, nothing. We mistook you for someone else, that’s all.”

But that wasn't the last Janet heard of this. She soon realized that someone from the design department must have spread unpleasant rumors about her and Ike.

And those rumors spread like wildfire. Some colleagues who used to be nice to Janet even started to keep their distance from her.

Previously, Janet was viewed as a well-mannered, kind young woman in the design department.

But now that someone had spoken ill of Janet behind her back, people began to view her in a different light.

It was Pamela who had first shown hostility towards her.

Ever since Ike announced that he would select Janet's design, Pamela had been hostile to Janet to her face.

So Janet suspected that Pamela was the one started the rumors.

And sure enough, upon careful but quiet observation, she found that it was indeed Pamela who was gossiping around.

Pamela had even made a group chat with many colleagues from the company. That was where she shared her made-up rumors about Janet.

One day, during lunch break, Janet went to the tea room and took a bottle of soda. On her way out, she saw Pamela nearby. Janet paused for a second and just left.

Pamela glanced at her mischievously then whispered to the colleague next to her, "I heard Lind went to a hotel with Mr. Lyman last night."

"What? No way! Didn't he have a meeting in the office until very late last night? I don't know why she likes him though. He's such a jerk." The colleague shook her head and sighed. She had thought that Janet was a beautiful girl and that she was way out of Ike's league.

"Of course she doesn't like him. She's just using him because he's her immediate supervisor. Some women would do anything to get promoted, am I right? I wouldn't be surprised if she used to be a married man's mistress when she was in college. I've heard a lot about her 'frivolous' life in college. She just doesn't care about her reputation. That's her style."

As Pamela spoke, she sipped from her water calmly, as though she knew all about what she was talking about.

"What? What happened to her when she was in college? Tell me everything!" The colleague leaned in closer towards Pamela.

"What're you two whispering about over here? Let me join you!" Apparently, Janet had come back and was leaning against the door, smiling sweetly at the two women.

"Wh-what? Nothing. We were just talking about some gossip we heard on the news." Pamela was taken aback when Janet suddenly spoke. She was so surprised that she stammered and her face turned red.

With a gentle smile, Janet straightened her back and strode over to Pamela. She picked up the phone that was lying on the desk and held it up. "Really? I just came back to get my phone, you see."

She unlocked the phone and glanced at it, then feigned a surprised expression. "Oh, my God! I'm so sorry. The recorder was turned on this whole time. Oh, I know! Let's listen to what you said just now!"

A look of horror flashed on Pamela's face.

She had no idea that the phone was recording their conversation just now.

Janet turned up the volume of her phone so that everyone in the tea room could hear it clearly.

In the recording, Pamela's voice could be heard loud and clear. It also sounded harsh and mean. All eyes were on her now.

"What? I never did anything you claimed here. But you described it so vividly. How about we confront Mr. Lyman face to face?" After the recording stopped, Janet sneered.

Pamela had made everything up.

### **Chapter 35**

Pamela eyed Janet warily. She never would've thought that Janet would dare to make a scene in public.

"You lunatic! How dare you record me? I was having a private conversation with a colleague! This is an invasion of my privacy!" She was so anxious that her voice turned shrill. As she berated Janet, she tried to grab the phone from her.

But Janet acted quick and dodged her advance. Looking at Pamela sharply, she said, "You defamed me first. I'm going to call Mr. Lyman right now. We can confront each other in his presence."

Then she strode out of the tea room and went straight to the director's office. She knocked on the door politely and announced, "Mr. Lyman, it's Lind."

Ike snickered, thinking that Janet had come around so soon.

"Come in. What's up?" he asked, feigning a concerned expression.

Janet opened the door and smiled slightly. "Mr. Lyman, could you come out here please? There's an emergency you need to deal with."

Was she actually asking him for help? Awesome!

Ike cleared his throat and smiled greasily. "Of course!"

He then followed Janet out and found a group of people waiting outside his office.

Pamela was among them, looking nervous with eyes darting around and fists clenched tightly.

"What happened?" Ike looked around him in confusion.

"Mr. Lyman, somebody here has been spreading a rumor that we have an affair. She even went so far as to tell people that we went to a hotel last night." Janet's voice was calm yet powerful. Everyone couldn't help but look at her. As she spoke, she took out her phone and held it up.



In fact, Ike's flirtatious hints were borderline harassment, which annoyed Janet. She wanted to put a stop to this, so she took this as an opportunity to make him give up on her.

After he listened to the recording, Ike's expression immediately darkened.

Now that Janet had spoken out about him in public, his plan to win her over suddenly seemed like wishful thinking. He never thought that Janet, who seemed to be a meek push-over, was actually a tough, capable woman.

He had no choice but to snort as though the rumor was completely ridiculous. He cleared his throat loudly and announced, "Everything that was mentioned in the recording is purely unfounded. I had a meeting last night that ran all the way until midnight. If you don't believe me, why don't you ask my wife to testify? Lind and I are not involved with each other except in matters regarding work."

The crowd immediately burst into whispers now that the rumor was dispelled.

Since Ike even dared to mention his wife, it meant that there was really no affair between him and Janet.

With a serious look in his eyes, Ike pointed at Pamela and frowned deeply. "Since you have so much extra time to gossip, why don't you focus on work instead? If I hear that a rumor like this spreads again, I'm going to report it to the company leader."

All the color drained from Pamela's face.

She knew that she was doomed this time. No boss would ever tolerate a subordinate slandering his name.

The next day, as soon as Janet arrived at the office, the colleague sitting opposite to her suddenly winked at her. "Did you hear? Pamela was demoted and transferred to an insignificant department."

Janet cocked her head to the side slightly. After a short pause, she asked, "Was it Mr. Lyman's doing?"

"Of course! You can't just spread a rumor about your superior. In fact, I think Mr. Lyman actually showed her mercy. At least he didn't fire her. But I have a feeling that Pamela won't be staying with the Larson Group for very long," the colleague said in a sing-song voice.

Janet smiled slightly. She figured that the real reason why Ike didn't notify the authorities was because the matter would also smear his name.

"Lind, I think you did well. Pamela isn't that capable a worker, but she can get really jealous. She was always stirring up trouble and trying to put her other colleagues down. Now that she's gone, I think our department will be more peaceful."

Another colleague handed a little pastry to Janet and patted her on the shoulder. "I support what you did. You were so brave yesterday."

A faint, warm smile pulled at the corners of Janet's lips.

## **Chapter 36**

Ever since Ike was forced to clarify his relationship with Janet in public, he had stopped calling her into his office every now and then, or hitting on her like before.

Janet felt that he had probably given up and was gradually relieved about it.

It was Saturday tomorrow, and she was looking forward to it. She had planned to buy some fruits and visit Hannah after work.

Hannah's condition had stabilized ever since she was transferred to another hospital.

As soon as Janet turned off her computer, Ike called her from behind.

"Lind, don't rush off work. Pack your things and come with me. We'll go out for dinner later, and it will be considered overtime. The company will offer you extra payment for it."

Janet bit her lip; she had an inkling about the dinner. "Mr. Lyman, what kind of dinner is it? Is anyone else joining us?"

Ike calmly looked around and said, "Everyone has left. Only you're here. I can't ask anyone else to join us, can I? I just received the news that there is a chance to win this client over and design customized products for their brand this year. Let's see if we can make it happen tonight."

Janet looked around. Her colleagues had indeed left work. Janet had sketched an extra design draft. That was why she had stayed in the company longer.

But she was confused as to why Ike was asking her to attend the dinner. After all, she was a new employee in the company. 'Doesn't he have an assistant? I'm not experienced enough to discuss business, nor can I drink,' she thought.

"Mr. Lyman, why don't you ask someone else to join you? I have important work to do tonight." Janet picked up her bag, ready to leave.

Ike quickly grabbed her wrist and looked into her eyes. "Don't be nervous. I just want to help you. You are just getting started with your career, and you have practically no resources. Now, you have the chance to become friends with big shots in the fashion world. Don't toss it away for some silly reason."

Janet wriggled her hand away from Ike's grip. "Mr. Lyman, we are in the company now. If you keep behaving like this, people will end up misunderstanding us. Don't forget that you have already clarified our relationship once. You don't want to do it again, do you?"

"Lind, don't be so stubborn. We are all here to work. It's just a dinner. Why are you making a big deal out of it? This is a workplace, not a school. You ought to follow the rules and regulations here," Ike said sternly, his eyes gleaming with sarcasm.

"It is not that I don't want to go with you. I really have an important work to do." Janet didn't want to argue with him.

"Don't be so reckless!" Ike snapped.

He raised his hand, trying to pull her away.

Just then, someone grasped her wrist.

“Mr. Lyman, this is the 21st century. Don’t you know that you can’t force your subordinate into doing something she doesn’t want to?” Christopher’s jaw tightened. Although he looked calm, the anger was evident in his eyes.

Noticing that it was Christopher, Ike calmed down and straightened his suit. He didn’t dare to be too arrogant in front of Christopher, but he wasn’t afraid of him either.

“This is none of your business. Stay out of it.”

He turned and glared at Janet. “Don’t be so reckless! If you let me down, I’ll make sure you don’t work with the Larson Group anymore.”

Janet’s face darkened at his threat.

Now that Christopher was here, Ike couldn’t do anything to her. However, she couldn’t afford to lose the job and didn’t want Christopher to offend Ike because of her and end up losing his job.

“Chris, don’t worry about me. It will be fine.” Janet smiled at him. Then, she turned to look at Ike as her icy gaze met his. “Mr. Lyman, I’ll go with you.”

### **Chapter 37**

They arrived at a five-star hotel.

Janet followed Ike into a private room and found that the people he went to meet weren’t clients but just a bunch of his friends.

There was a big round table filled with all kinds of sushi and sashimi, and in the middle, there was a carved flagon.

At the table sat a group of men dressed in strangely styled clothes. Each of them held a glass of wine in one hand and a woman in the other. The women all wore heavy makeup and skimpy dresses.

Their faces were all red from drinking. When they saw Ike, they raised their eyebrows and one of them shouted at him, “Oh, finally! Get over here, Ike! We’ve all been waiting for you!”

Keeping her face neutral, Janet sat among Ike’s friends and their lady companions. It was obvious that the women were working girls.

The women looked at Janet with a smile as if welcoming one of their own to the party. They even raised their eyebrows and winked at Janet.

The men fondled the women, and the women giggled. The low moans and the stifled squeals gave the room an atmosphere of drunken lust.

The entire time, Janet felt like she was sitting on pins and needles. She itched to run far, far away.

“Why are you so nervous?” Ike’s cheeks were red. He stared at her lewdly and put his hand on her thigh.

Frightened, Janet stood up and dumped wine on Ike’s face, “You are such a lecher! Don’t touch me!”

The people around them didn't seem to be surprised though. In fact, they even started laughing. "Ike, the girl you brought seems to be hot-tempered. You better teach her a lesson tonight so that she'll behave herself."

After that, some of Ike's friends stood up and led their lady friends to their respective rooms for the latter part of the party.

Obviously, Ike already had too much to drink, but he didn't get angry at Janet's behavior. He just chuckled and said, "What's wrong with me touching you? You're not worth much more than those women who have \*\*\* with men for money, unless you're still a virgin though. Are you? Hey, if you let me pop your cherry, I'm willing to pay you much, much more. What do you say? Sounds good?"

Ike's words and movements became more and more indecent. At the same time, Janet just wanted to take off her shoes and beat Ike up.

She knew that if she stayed here, she'd be in great danger.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lyman. I seem to have consumed too much water. I need to go to the ladies' room. I'll be right back." Gritting her teeth, Janet forced a smile.

"Okay. Don't take too long. You still have to serve me." Ike reached out his hand and touched the side of Janet's face. Then, he stuck his face to her neck and sniffed. A small, satisfied sound escaped his throat. "You smell so good."

Janet pushed him away, grabbed her purse, and ran out of the room. She rushed to the elevators and pushed the down button.

It didn't matter to her anymore if she lost her job. Her life was more important.

She didn't have much experience and thought things too simply. She didn't expect that Ike, who seemed to be a decent person, would be such a lascivious man.

She shouldn't have gone with him tonight.

Finally, the elevator doors whirred open. When Janet was about to step in, somebody suddenly grabbed her from behind.

"Let's go to the bathroom together, and then let's have \*\*\* right inside the bathroom stall. How'd you like that?" Ike reeked of alcohol. He leaned his head on Janet's shoulder and rubbed up against her.

"You bastard! Get away from me!"

Even though already nauseated, Janet desperately struggled to break free from Ike.

But she was too thin and weak to overpower such a strong, albeit intoxicated, man.

Ike locked Janet in a tight embrace. "Don't be so stubborn. Many women in the company have slept with me. And the day after, they went right back to work. Some of them even got promoted and got a raise. They had it easy. All they did was go to bed with me."

As he spoke, he dragged her into an empty room nearby.

## Chapter 38

“Help! Help! He’s trying to rape me!”

Janet grasped the door frame and shouted desperately.

Ike held her waist tightly and dragged her into the room. Despite struggling with all her might, helpless tears rolled down her cheeks.

She kept shouting until her voice grew hoarse. However, no one responded to her pleas.

Then, a flicker of hope ignited in her heart when she caught a glimpse of a waiter pushing a dining cart down the corridor in the distance.

Hoping against hope that the waiter could help her, she shouted with all of her might, “Help! This man’s trying to rape me! Please help me! Call the police! Please!”

The waiter paused and glanced at her as she called to him desperately. However, his eyes were cold, and he then proceeded to walk away as though he hadn’t seen or heard anything, disappearing behind the corner of the corridor.

“Shut up already. People here won’t meddle in our business even if they see it. After all, they’ve seen too much of it. So be a good girl and do as I say. Maybe I’ll even be nice to you later.” As Ike spoke, he eyed Janet’s exposed waist hungrily. He couldn’t wait to kiss her bare skin.

However, as soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly felt a heavy blow to his face and he fell backwards onto the floor.

Ike was shocked. His face stung and, as the taste of metallic blood filled his mouth, he could tell that one of his teeth was broken.

“What the fuck? How dare you hit me?!”

Ike spat out the loose tooth and a mouthful of blood. Touching his stinging cheek gingerly, he flew into a rage.

When he turned to look at the perpetrator, his eyes met that of a fierce man standing over him. The tall, burly man was wearing a black jacket and a black cap. Beneath his cap, his eyes gleamed coldly.

“Ethan!” Wiping her teary eyes, Janet rushed to Ethan as though she had seen her savior.

Ethan met her halfway and stepped in front of her protectively. He took the black cap off of his head and put it on hers. Then, he wiped her tear-stained cheeks with his thumbs and said through gritted teeth, “Get out of here. Now.”

“Damn it! Fuck you, you bastard!” Ike angrily got to his feet. With clenched fists, he rushed towards Ethan in a fit of rage.

But before he could land a blow, Ethan caught Ike’s fist and twisted it, forcing Ike to the ground. It was like subduing a weak chicken. With dark eyes, Ethan raised his own fist to punch the despicable Ike’s face.

Ethan was a force to be reckoned with. After all, he was born ruthless and cruel.

Ike was beaten to a pulp. When Ethan was done, Ike couldn't get up. Two or three of his teeth were knocked out, and blood flowed freely from his nose. Finally, he shrieked, "Let go of me! Please! Someone, help! He's trying to kill me!"

It wasn't until Ike's voice went hoarse that Ethan finally straightened his clothes and stood up. But he wasn't done yet. He kicked Ike's dick and spat coldly, "Do something like this again and I'll cut your balls off."

Ike immediately crumpled and rolled on the ground, screaming in pain loudly.

It took a while for him to recover. He quickly retreated a safe distance, like a cornered dog.

While he didn't dare to attack Ethan again, he still had the audacity to spit at Ethan. "Who are you? How dare you meddle in other people's business?"

Ethan calmly walked up to Janet and put his arm on her shoulder. To Ike, he held his chin up high and said coldly, "I'm her husband."

Trembling like a leaf, Ike stood up, gnashed his teeth, and pointed at Ethan. "This isn't over! I won't rest until you're behind bars!"

Then his pointing finger shifted to Janet. "And you! Don't even think about coming back to the Larson Group. I'll make sure you're banned from the whole industry, bitch!"

Ethan sneered, sending shivers down Ike's spine.

"Is that so? I guess we'll have to wait and see."

At this point, he didn't want to waste his breath with Ike anymore. So, with his arm around Janet's shoulder, he turned around and left along with her.

## **Chapter 39**

Ethan led Janet into the elevator.

She kept her head down and her hands were clasped tightly together. She was still trembling. Her breathing was also faster than normal.

All of a sudden, Ethan lifted the black cap he put on her head.

Janet looked up in a panic. Warm tears had already welled in her eyes. Her long lashes were wet and shiny. This made her look pitiful and beautiful at the same time.

"Are you hurt?" A faint gleam of pity flickered in his eyes as he checked her body.

He pinched her cheeks and stared at them for a while. Next, he reached down to lift her clothes with the intention of checking her waist.

Janet quickly held her clothes down with both hands. Her face flushed and she shifted uneasily. "Please don't do that. I'm fine. Don't worry about me," she said in a low voice.

Afterward, she kept silent again. She looked so depressed with her head lowered.

Ethan sensed her uneasiness and fright. To put her at ease, he wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her tightly.

Her waist was so slim that his long arms circled it comfortably.

“Don’t be afraid. I promise to protect you from that pervert from now on. No harm would come to you,” he said assuredly after sighing deeply.

His doting voice took Janet by surprise. She raised her head to look at him. With her eyebrows slightly furrowed, she commented, “I’m not unhappy because I almost got raped today. There’s something else on my mind.”

Janet was somewhat dependent on him. Ethan had always given her a sense of security. Even today, he had stood up for her like a knight in shiny armor.

Thus, she rested assured about her safety as long as she stayed with him.

Something else was causing her to worry though. Her mind teemed with several unfavorable things that might happen. “Ike won’t let this slide. I’m sure I would be fired from my job. I had my heart in my mouth earlier. Due to the way you rained blows on him, I was afraid that he would be disabled or worse still, die. Do you know if any of that had happened, you would be sent to jail?”

“Don’t worry your pretty head over such things. None of it will ever happen. I won’t go to jail,” Ethan responded in a calm voice

The next second, his eyes darkened and he held her more tightly. “Besides, why are you afraid of Ike? He’s just a nobody who has a big mouth!”

“Uh-huh. I hear you. Anyway, why were you also in the hotel?”

Janet’s mind drifted to the women she had seen in the private dining room a while ago. She couldn’t help but wonder if Ethan was also there to hook up with other women.

Insecurity set in and caused the gleam in her eyes to change suddenly.

Garrett was a philanderer. He changed women as if he was changing his underwear. Tonight, he had taken Ethan to such a messy place to have fun. It seemed like he wanted to introduce him to his bad ways.

“Nothing much. My boss just invited me to have dinner with him.”

“Oh,” Janet muttered. Whenever people affixed the two words, ‘nothing much’ to their response there was a high chance that they had done the exact opposite. She began to worry again. She pursed her lips and buried her face in his chest silently.

As soon as they arrived at the apartment, Janet rushed into the bathroom.

The disgusting smell of the cigarettes and alcohol was kicking up her gag reflex. It reminded her of Ike’s ugly face. She wanted to take a bath to get rid of all the traces of that disgusting man.

Immediately she turned on the shower, hot water flowed to her head and went down to her body. Her sight soon became blurry. The glass became misty. The mixed scent of her shower gel and the steam soothed her tensed nerves.

Janet scrubbed her body as if she had fallen into a muddy ditch. When she was done, she began to look for clothes to wear. It suddenly occurred to her that she had rushed to the bathroom absentmindedly. She hadn't brought anything to change into. Her original clothes were already wet.

Biting her lower lip hard, she gave herself a knock on the head. She felt too stupid at the moment.

She wrapped her body with a bath towel. It was so short that it barely covered her cleavage down to her thighs.

Out of frustration, she held her head and squatted on the floor. She couldn't go out like this, nor could she ask Ethan to help her fetch her clothes. It would be so embarrassing. Her underwear was in the same drawer as the pajamas. She didn't want a man to see her private clothes.

Janet pressed her ear against the bathroom door and listened carefully. No sound came from outside. After listening carefully for a while, she slowly opened the door and poked her head out.

There was no one in the living room.

It seemed that Ethan was in his room.

With her heart beating fast, Janet placed her hand on her bosom to prevent the towel from falling. She then walked out of the bathroom, intending to sneak back into her room.

She had calculated that she would make it to her bedroom without Ethan seeing her.

Unfortunately, she had only taken two steps on her tiptoes when the knob of Ethan's bedroom door was suddenly turned. The door swung open in a trice.

## **Chapter 40**

Just as Ethan was about to walk out of the bedroom, Janet, wearing nothing but a bath towel, came out of the bathroom and met his gaze.

The two looked at each other wordlessly for a moment. Ethan then slipped one hand into his trouser pocket, while the other hand was holding a mug.

Nobody spoke for what seemed like an eternity.

Ethan, truth be told, was stunned speechless. His Adam's apple bobbed as he gulped excitedly.

He was much taller than Janet, so he could clearly see her cleavage peeking from above the bath towel.

When Janet realized what he was looking at, she blushed a bright red and tried to rush into her room, intending to pretend that nothing had happened.

But the corridor wasn't that big. It only took Ethan two steps to grab her by the wrist and pull her into his arms from behind.

The woman's skin was smooth and supple, subconsciously making him want to caress it.



“Honey, you shouldn’t dress like this and walk around,” He teased in a low voice, deliberately poking fun of her.

Janet opened her mouth to say something, but soon found that she was at a loss for words.

“Wh-what are you talking about? I just forgot to bring my clothes into the bathroom. Let go of me!” Covering her chest with one hand, Janet looked up at him stubbornly.

Ethan did the opposite and pulled her even closer to him. She could feel his breath on the back of her neck.

He took in her scent. She smelled like fresh body wash, similar to how her room smelled.

“Don’t worry. I won’t bite. Let me just walk with you, okay?” Ethan pinched her gently on the waist and asked, “Why are you shaking? Are you cold?”

Biting her lower lip, Janet almost cried out when he pinched her. His behavior gave her goose bumps.

Ethan’s warm breath tickled the back of her ear.

She tightly clenched the bath towel that was wrapped around her.

Stammering, she realized she was still scared of Ethan. “It... It’s improper for a man to touch a woman like this. Just let me go, Ethan. Stop teasing me.”

“What’re you talking about? We’re married. It’s only right for us to be intimate like this.” With a serious look on his face, Ethan suddenly loosened his grip so that he could look Janet up and down to see if there were any bruises on her body. “Are you really okay?”

Janet blushed, thinking that he was ogling her. She held her arms over her chest protectively, blocking Ethan’s view of her cleavage. “I’m fine,” she said hurriedly. “Just let me go back to my room.”

She struggled, trying to squirm out of Ethan’s arms.

But if she kept struggling like this, her bath towel would definitely unravel and fall to the ground.

“We’ve kissed each other already. Why are you still so shy?” The corners of Ethan’s mouth twitched. He was flirting with her on purpose. Pinching her cheek, he suddenly grew serious. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson. You’re young and beautiful. Quite an easy target. I can’t guarantee I’ll be there to save you all the time.”

When Ethan came back, the image of Janet crying silently kept replaying in his mind.

He frowned slightly, thinking that he shouldn’t have let that lecherous man off the hook so easily. He should’ve beaten him until he could never stand up again.

Her doe-like eyes widened and she nodded obediently. All of a sudden, she found herself smiling. She couldn’t help but feel flattered by his compliment about her beauty.

“Okay, okay. Can you let me go now?” Janet’s pouted, albeit red-faced.

The bath towel was in a precarious position. She could feel it loosening around her body.

Ethan hesitated for a few seconds. His eyes were fixed on her blushed face and he stole a glance at her charming chest. He was, in a word, captivated by her.

His eyes clouded over and he couldn't think straight. In a hoarse voice, he whispered, "Do you want me to come inside with you?"

Janet shrieked and pushed him away. "No! You bastard! Haven't you heard a word I've said?"

Without waiting for a response, Janet rushed into her room and slammed the door.

Ethan didn't dare to stop her. He stood there, stunned, as the bath towel fluttered to the ground in front of the closed door.

He saw something he shouldn't have seen just now.

He cursed, feeling hot all over. Leaning against the wall heavily, he pulled at his collar as though it was choking him.