

FLASH MARRIAGE: HE IS A WIFE-PAMPERING ADDICT

16 Do you not want to?

“Well, you should buckle your seat belt!”

As Wen Ran moved to fasten her own seat belt after sitting in the driver’s seat, she noticed the man beside her, his eyes closed as if he wasn’t planning to buckle up. After some thought, she decided to remind him.

“You should do it for me.”

Mo Xiuchen didn’t open his closed eyes, his deep voice ringing out, slightly tinged with a lazy sensuality. The sound caught Wen Ran off guard, a surprise flooding her clear eyes.

After uttering those words, he lifted a hand and rubbed his temples lightly, his actions silently indicating to her that he was very tired.

Wen Ran hesitated for a few seconds. Recalling the morning’s incident, she wouldn’t have managed to keep those disloyal executives in their place if he hadn’t helped.

Seeing the faint exhaustion on his face, she softly agreed with an “Okay”, and leaned towards him to fasten his seat belt.

Being so close, the air she breathed in was suddenly filled with his cool, mature, masculine scent. His stunning face was just inches away, causing Wen Ran's heartbeat to suddenly skip a beat.

Mo Xiuchen opened his closed eyes, taking in her radiating fair beauty. Her breath smelt of a fragrant, elegant bath soap, which soothed his mood.

"Have you ever helped a man buckle his seat belt before?"

With her head lowered to fasten his seat belt, the warm breath by her ear made her heart shudder. As Wen Ran instinctively raised her head, Mo Xiuchen leaned forward from his seat. She felt a warmth brush across her forehead. By the time she realized what it was, her face turned red.

Mo Xiuchen was taken aback as well. He hadn't expected her to suddenly lift her head, resulting in his lips touching her forehead.

Even though the kiss was brief, the soft touch deepened his gaze.

The temperature in the car seemed to instantly rise.

The intimate moment turned the atmosphere in the car subtly tense.

Wen Ran dared not meet his penetrating gaze, and moved to retreat back to her own seat. Yet, she was suddenly held back by his hand gripping her wrist.

"You haven't answered my question yet!"

Mo Xiuchen looked at her, his eyes deep. His long, clean palm with clearly defined knuckles grasping her wrist compared to her tender skin; his fingertips were somewhat rough, their inadvertent rub causing her heart to throb.

Whether it was because of that unexpected kiss or the warmth from his fingertips seeping into her skin and permeating her heart, Wen Ran's heartbeat, following that shiver, was beating at a frantic pace, unable to settle down.

"No!"

Her voice was soft, like a gentle breeze brushing against an ear, quickly disappearing in the tense atmosphere of the car.

"Then from now on, you should be responsible for fastening my seat belt."

Mo Xiuchen's words left Wen Ran in stunned silence. In her understanding, it was always the opposite – boyfriends fasten seat belts for their girlfriends, husbands for their wives. Why did he want her to fasten his seat belt?

"Don't you want to?"

Mo Xiuchen looked at her surprised eyes, his formidable eyebrows slightly furrowed.

"I do, I do!"

Wen Ran nodded repeatedly, thinking to herself that it might be due to his physical condition that he made such a request. After all, it wasn't an unreasonable request, it was just fastening a seat belt. Why would she mind?

“Drive!”

He relaxed his furrowed brows upon receiving her commitment, a trace of smile spreading across his lips, adding a subtle charm to his elegant face.

Ignoring his enchanting smile, Wen Ran took a deep breath, fastened her own seat belt, and started the car.