

Janet was startled. "If I'm not Jocelyn Lind, who else do you think I am? It's such a lame question," she said jokingly.

Janet had married Ethan as Jocelyn Lind. If she messed up the plan, Fiona would not give her the money. Hannah was still at the hospital, waiting for the money to get her surgery done.

Ethan frowned -- something seemed out of place. Someone who had previously investigated the daughter of the Lind family told him that Jocelyn was an arrogant, willful, vain, brainless woman who liked seducing wealthy men for personal gain.

Therefore, he pretended to be a penniless loser in front of Janet, thinking she was Jocelyn so that she would take the initiative to ask for a divorce because

the woman despised the poor.

However, the woman in front of him seemed surprisingly accepting of his financial position, as well as his humble abode.

Besides, her nervousness seemed apparent even though she tried her best to remain calm.

Ethan felt the woman in front of her was kind and sweet. She seemed interesting to him.

But it didn't matter whether she was the real Jocelyn or not. He married Jocelyn only because this was his mother's last wish on her deathbed.

All he had to do was marry her.

"It was a casual question. Forget about it." Ethan picked up the suit jacket and stepped back. "I have

finished saying what I want to say. Do you have anything else to add?"

Janet felt relieved. "No."

She shook her head and looked around. There was only one bedroom and a tiny sofa in the living room. 'Do I have to sleep on the same bed with Ethan?' she thought.

Ethan turned around and was about to go to the bathroom when he saw the concern in her eyes. He remembered there was only one bed in the house. The house had been unoccupied for a long time; he only asked the servants to clean it every month.

"There's only one bed here. I'll sleep on the sofa tonight. You can sleep in the bedroom," Ethan said, casually unbuttoning his cuffs.

Janet looked at him in surprise. 'Does he know how to read people's minds? How does he know what I was thinking?' she thought.

Although Janet wanted him to sleep in the living room and was overjoyed that he offered before she asked, she pretended to be embarrassed. "Is t

hat okay? It is our wedding night. Don't you think it is inappropriate for you to sleep on the sofa? Besides, you are big and tall. How can you sleep comfortably on the small sofa?"

"It is indeed uncomfortable. But there is only one bed here. If I want to sleep comfortably, I might have to sleep here on the same bed with you." Ethan lowered his head and leaned closer to her. His eyes darkened as their gaze met. "I'll join you after taking a shower," he whispered into her ear.

"You... you've misunderstood me. I didn't mean that." Janet's eyes widened. She braced herself as a blush flamed her cheeks. She lowered her eyes, trying to escape. But there was nowhere to hide. She was forced to retreat to the wooden table.

Seeing that she was about to hit the corner of the table, Ethan reached out and held her tightly in his arms.

"Then, what did you mean?" Ethan asked, cocking his head to the side with a playful glint in his eyes.

Janet blinked at him, looking like a trapped animal.

Her heart was pounding in her chest. She could feel Ethan's warm breath blowing against her neck. The man's body heat cloaked her. She had the urge to run

away.

"I just want to sleep alone. And you just said that we only needed to be a nominal couple."

"Well, I can change my mind. Being a real couple seems like a good option. After all, it looks like you want to consummate the wedding." Ethan withdrew his hand from her waist and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

"No, I don't!" Janet hissed through her teeth. Her face turned red, looking like an angry kitten.

"Well, it looks like it. You are inviting a man to sleep on the same bed with you," Ethan said indifferently.

Janet pushed him away, rushed into the bedroom, closed the door behind her, and locked it.

Seeing her reaction, Ethan chuckled outside.

Leaning against the door, Janet panted for breath. Her heart was beating faster than normal. Her face burned as if she had a fever.

As her racing heart gradually slowed down, she made up her mind to hit Ethan with the lamp on the bedside table if he tried coming anywhere near her.

Janet then cautiously sat on the bed, her gaze fixed on the closed door. She couldn't fall asleep until it was very late.

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