

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 294: A Sudden Storm

"What do you think?" Janet asked timidly.

If she had to be honest, she wasn't really confident about the painting.

The last time she had painted with nature as the subject was when she was still a student. She had been drawing fashion designs so much that she had started to feel the rest of her drawing repertoire slipping.

As for what she had just made, she'd just pulled it mostly out of her imagination.

Janet wasn't sure if Ethan would like it; it certainly looked flat to her.

Ethan's face was unreadable as he reached out to run his fingers across the drawing board.

For one long moment, he said nothing and just stared at it.

Janet grew flustered soon enough. She tugged at his sleeve, her lips pursed.

"Ethan, is everything okay?"

Instead of answering her, he just bent down and kissed her again.

Janet was so nervous that her palms were sticky with sweat, but she still grabbed his shirt and pulled him close. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to fall into his passionate assault, even as her heart thundered inside her chest.

Their kiss deepened, their tongues dancing wildly against each other.

The sound of the crashing waves faded into the background, and all they could hear was their labored breathing and the occasional moan of pleasure.

"Wait, Ethan," Janet panted as she pulled back and turned her head sideways to avoid another kiss.

"You haven't said anything about my painting yet." Her face was flushed, and her lips were swollen.

Undeterred, Ethan pressed a soft kiss on her cheek and pressed her slender waist against his body. He gave the drawing board a short, tender glance before trailing more kisses down her throat. His lips wandered to the back of her ear.

"It's good, babe," he whispered, his voice tight.

"It looks really good. There, can I do it now?"

Ethan was burning with desire.

Janet finally looked up at him, only to lower her eyes again. Her mind was slowly turning into mush. She didn't even know what to say.

The truth was that she wanted him just as much as he wanted her, if not more.

Ethan's eyes darkened.

Before she could utter a word, he swooped down and mischievously licked her lips, nipping and sucking the soft flesh between her teeth.

Soon enough, neither could contain their raging lust any longer. Ethan picked Janet up and carried her into the tent.

The next thing she knew, he had already set her down on the thick bedding, trapping her with his large frame. He rubbed his body against hers, eliciting a slow moan that sent currents running down his veins.

Ethan kissed her gently on the neck, prompting Janet to grab his collar in a death grip.

For some reason, that single, innocent kiss was more profound than the more torrid ones they had just shared. Her long legs instinctively wrapped around his waist.

The air inside the tent grew hot and heavy.

"Ethan..."

Janet trembled, all at once excited and scared. She could feel every inch of his hands as they roamed her body, and wherever they touched, her skin ignited.

"I'm here," Ethan rasped.

With one swift movement, he sat back on his hunches and took his shirt off, revealing his broad chest.

He looked like a beast raring to devour its prey.

A drop of sweat fell from his hair and slid down his toned abs before disappearing under his trousers.

Janet closed her eyes in anticipation.

She heard the sound of a zipper ripping open, and then finally, she felt it-hot, hard, and pulsating, pressing against her pelvis. Just when they were about to get to the best part, there was a bright flash of light, followed by the cracking sound of thunder.

Heavy rain began pouring in the next second, beating down on the tent and causing its roof to cave in slightly. Ethan propped himself up on his elbow and swept the tent's curtain aside.

When he saw the storm raging outside, his eyes narrowed dangerously. He had made sure to check the weather forecast before they had even come here.

Apparently, the sea was so capricious that the weather in nearby areas could never be predicted for certain.

The thought had barely crossed his mind when the winds suddenly picked up.

They blew violently against the tent, while the heavy rain kept pelting its thin fabric.

It might be a high end product of excellent quality, but it stood no chance against a tempest by the sea.

Even now, the damn thing was shaking around them.