

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 25

After leaving the hospital, Janet immediately called Bernie and Fiona.

But neither of them answered, She had no choice but to go to the Lind family's house again.

"Are you insane? Why are you constantly ringing the doorbell?"

Minutes later, the maid opened the door and yawned. She seemed annoyed that Janet had disturbed her sleep.

"Let me in! I'm looking for Bernie and Fiona!"

"The entire family is on a vacation to the Maldives. They're not at home."

"When will they come back?" Janet asked anxiously.

Fiona said she didn't have the money to pay the agreed money. How could they go on vacation to the Maldives?

"I don't know. Go ask them!" The maid slammed the door.

Janet stared at the door and kicked it. Her body trembled with rage.

"You lying bastards! All of you will rot in hell!"

The Lind family had gone to the Maldives.

Regardless of whether it was true or not, Janet couldn't get in touch with them. She had to think of a way to pay Hannah's medical bills.

Perhaps God had sensed that Janet needed money.

As soon as Janet opened her browser, she saw an advertisement about a hospital looking for volunteers for clinical trials to come up with tumor drugs.

They were paying the subjects a thousand dollars for staying in the hospital for a few days and trying out the medicines.

In case the drug had repercussions on the subject's body, they would get about ten to forty thousand dollars as compensation, depending on the seriousness of the problem. It seemed like the perfect opportunity for Janet.

She was young and healthy.

Even if the medicines had any side effects, they wouldn't harm her that much.

Janet went to the hospital, filled out the registration form, and went straight to get a physical examination. She planned to try the medicines the next week.

Delicious smell of food wafted in the air as soon as Ethan entered the house.

"Why did you come back early today?"

Janet cast a sidelong glance at him and continued to toss the spaghetti in the pan.

The apron accentuated her alluring figure.

One could grasp her slender waist with one hand.

Her curvy bum bobbed as she moved around.

The bowtie on her back seemed to tease Ethan — as if hinting at him to open it and peek at the tempting gift inside.

Ethan's eyes darkened as he felt hot in his throat.

He unbuttoned his collar and went to the fridge to get a bottle of water.

"I was off duty earlier today," he said after gulping down the water. He looked at her floral apron and tugged at the hem.

"Is this an apron? It's pink. It can't even cover your thighs."

It was more like a sexy lingerie.

"Stop pulling my apron. I got it at a discount. Pink is a beautiful color, is it not? Take the spaghetti to the table. I'll make some salad."

Janet glared at him and continued to cut the vegetables without uttering a word. Ethan grinned and put the spaghetti bowl on the dining table.

Several design sketches were scattered on the table.

Just as Ethan sorted the papers and was about to keep them aside, a piece of paper fell from his hands.

It was the physical examination report. Ethan looked at it and felt something was wrong. He couldn't understand why there was a nicotine test.

Janet put the salad on the table and realized that Ethan didn't seem to be interested in the food tonight. "You don't like the food?"

"No, I was thinking about something."

The fork in Ethan's hand sulked, he turned to look at her met his piercing gaze.

"What's it?" she asked.

"Have you volunteer to do drug trials?" he asked coldly.

Janet's hand trembled, and her fork fell. She didn't know why she was flustered, but she tried to remain calm.

"Yes. The hospital conducts regular trials like these. Moreover, the trial is legal. Don't look at me as if I have done something horrific."

Ethan put down his fork, pursed his lips, and looked at her.

"Don't go. Don't you know that the drug trial could cause serious side effects?"

The expression on Ethan's face frightened Janet. Her heart leaped to her throat.

She took a piece of tissue and wiped her lips, pretending to be calm.

"Why are you stopping me?"

"I'm in urgent need of money now, I have no other choice."

Ethan's eyes smoldered with anger.

"How much money do you want? I'm your husband. If you're going through any problems, why can't you tell me? Why would you do something like that?"

Janet had been short of money ever since she was a child.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She took a deep breath and looked at him.

"We are husband and wife only to the outside world. You have already said that we shouldn't interfere in each other's business. What makes you think I'd share my problems with you and even ask for money?"

Her words silenced Ethan.

He rubbed his brows, and his chest tightened with unease. He stood up and looked at her.

"Let's calm down first and then solve this problem."

Ethan closed the door and went out.

The cold summer breeze and the chirping of cicadas filled the air.

Ethan took a deep breath, and the sweet scent of roses filled his nostrils.

Janet had planted them on the balcony.

Ethan leaned against the door as the moonlight kissed his soft features.

Ethan realized that he had crossed the line tonight.

Before they got married, he never liked Janet and didn't intend to be her husband.

However, his impression of her changed. He seemed to like her more with every passing day.

Ethan ran a hand through his hair and let out a weary sigh. He couldn't understand when he had started caring about her so much. He rubbed his temples and closed his eyes, trying to suppress his incomprehensible emotions.

Janet stood at the table and picked up the tableware.

Just then, the door flew open, and Ethan walked toward her and took the tableware from her hand.

"I'm going to wash them."

"Why did you come back?" Janet thought he wouldn't come back, so she grabbed the plates and held them tightly in her arms in a fit of pique.

The oil from the vessels had stained her clothes.

“You don’t need to wash them. I’m afraid you will only break them,” she said.

“Why did I come back? You want me to let you cry here alone?”

Seeing her bloodshot eyes, Ethan’s eyes darkened. He raised his hand to touch her cheek.

“Don’t touch me! I’m not crying!”

Shocked, Janet stepped back. Her eyes were red and puffy. She stared at Ethan fearlessly.

Ethan felt dejected.

Janet was like a delicate flower that would wither if he forced her.

Ethan put his arms on the table, trapping her in place. He leaned closer and stared into her eyes.

“Don’t do the drug trial. Maybe you will get other income soon. Please listen to me,” he said softly,
“What will you do if I don’t listen to you?”

Janet sneered at him.

Ethan’s brows furrowed, and his eyes looked frightening.

“There are several ways to deal with women,” he hissed through his teeth.

“Anyway, I’m a gangster. I’m not afraid of anything.”

He inched toward her and reached out his hand to unzip her dress.

“I know. I won’t do the trial.”

Janet hugged herself as her voice trembled, Ethan let go of her and stood aside.

Biting her lower lip.

Janet ignored him and walked to the sink with the plates. She turned on the tap and began to wash the dishes.

She didn’t want to disagree with him.

Anyway, Ethan was busy with his business every day and didn’t have time to care about her.

She could still do the trial next week without letting him know.

The next day, as soon as Janet went to the company, several messages popped up on her computer.

She opened the e-mail and found that a client had contacted her about a design gig for a high payment.