

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 50

"It's no big deal. My parents owe me a lot of money. After I fell out with them, they refused to pay me back. It's a family matter. I can handle it. There's no need for you to get involved."

Janet's tone was relaxed even though she deliberately omitted the most important part.

Ethan glanced at her from the corner of his eye and sighed.

It was true that he didn't know that much about the Lind family, but since Janet was being stubborn about it, he respected her decision.

"Fine. But if you need any help, just tell me."

Janet nodded obediently and lowered her gaze.

"Okay," she said softly.

Ethan pinched her cheek and warned in a low voice, "And from now on, you have to tell others that you're married."

"Okay, okay, okay. Do you want me to wear a sign with the word 'married' on it?"

Janet raised her head and glared at him, pouting like a spoiled child.

"It's for your own good. It's obvious that Christopher guy had ulterior motives. Trust me. His intentions were written all over his face."

As he spoke, Ethan pulled Janet closer to him.

"What? In that case, why couldn't I see it? Christ has helped me before. Don't be so quick to judge him." Janet rolled her eyes helplessly.

"Are you kidding me? It's all over his face that he wants to fuck you," Ethan snorted, his eyes darkening dangerously.

How could he say that? Janet looked at him indignantly.

Ethan was always such a jerk.

"Can you, for once, act like a normal guy? Not everyone thinks like you."

"True. I guess he's different from me. I'm legal to do you, he isn't."

Ethan raised his eyebrows in a relaxed way.

At a loss, Janet pushed him away and scurried on ahead, her ears burning red.

Even after they got home, Janet still gave Ethan the cold shoulder.

After knocking on her door to announce his presence, the man walked into her room carrying a glass of warm milk.

“Are you planning to ignore me forever, Miss Lind?”

Without so much as glancing at him, Janet continued to draw.

Suddenly, Ethan took her hand and stuffed something cold onto her palm.

Startled, Janet looked at the item in her hand.

It was an old platinum ring inlaid with an emerald.

The edges already had a light layer of patina.

The ring seemed to carry a long history with it.

“What’s the meaning of this?”

“My mother left it for me. Put it on. That way, people will know that you’re a married woman.”

Ethan leaned against her desk, looking at the ring on her hand with a slight smile.

Turning the ring over, Janet shrugged and slipped it onto her left ring finger.

The dark-colored emerald shone dimly on her fair slender finger.

It looked good on her, but the ring was one size too big.

Holding her hand up, she tried to hold back a smile.

“It’s very beautiful. Thank you,” she said stiffly.

That weekend, Janet took the things she got from the Lind family to a second-hand shop.

But the shop assistant offered a price far lower than she had expected.

“How could all of this be worth only twenty thousand? The bag alone is worth more than that!”

Janet was so angry that she felt she was about to explode.

It was painfully obvious that the shop assistant was taking advantage of her.

“Any second-hand good is priced at ten percent of its original price.”

The shop assistant sneered at Janet complacently.

Then, after punching a couple of numbers into the calculator, she snapped, “Get out if you’re not planning to sell your things. There’s a line behind you.”

“All of these are authentic!”

Janet stubbornly continued to bargain.

Twenty thousand dollars barely covered Hannah’s hospitalization.

“Surely you can offer me something higher!”

“I don’t care if it’s real or fake.They’re all second hand.Plus, they’re all old models from more than a decade ago.Only this Hermes is worth something.Do you think this is a charity? I can add five thousand for the bag, but that’s the best I can do.If you still think it’s too low, take your things somewhere else.”

The shop assistant could tell that Janet was in urgent need of money and deliberately used this to her advantage.

Feeling helpless, Janet accepted the money even though she was getting the short end of the stick.

Just as she turned around to leave, a woman in her early thirties stopped her.

Janet saw from her name tag that she was the shop manager.

“Miss, why the long face? Were you not able to sell your goods at an ideal price? If you still lack money, perhaps you’d be willing to sell the ring on your finger.We can give you a good price for it!”

The shop manager smiled, staring at the emerald ring on Janet’s finger, her eyes shining greedily.