

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 57

There was a woman nestled in Garrett's arms. He squinted sleepily and spoke in a voice that didn't sound completely sober.

"You can't do this to me. It's seven o'clock in the morning. Even servants should have time to rest."

"I'm not joking. Hurry up and find a way to help me. I can't sleep until this problem is solved."

As he spoke, Ethan sullenly stared at the scenery framed by the window.

"Okay, okay. Just give me a minute, will you?"

Garret struggled to climb out of bed and lumbered to the bathroom to splash his face with cold water.

Then, when he was fully awake, he returned and said, "Buddy, I can tell from just a glance that your wife's a little tricky. I've seen her a couple of times. She looked gentle and easy-going, but I could never tell what was on her mind."

Ethan sneered with disdain.

"Don't talk about her like that. Do you want to die, Garret?"

Garrett smiled sheepishly.

"Well, anyway, my point is since money doesn't work, then you need to change tactics. Try wooing her romantically. Girls like flowers, especially roses, lilies, and tulips. A popular trend before was to surprise a girl by leaving flowers in the fridge for her to find when she least expects it. Oh, I know! What if you fill your house to the brim with flowers? She'll be so touched!"

Garret puffed out his chest confidently, despite Ethan's dubious silence.

Ethan shook his head and walked out to the balcony, leaning on the railing pensively.

"Have you tried something like that before?"

"Trust me, I'm a pro at this,"

Garrett solemnly swore.

Although, truth be told, he never put in that much effort for a woman. He usually just took them to his bed. But he could tell that Janet was a conservative woman.

It'd take a lot of effort to get her in bed.

Later that evening, Janet finally came home from work.

When she pushed the door open, the strong and sweet fragrance of flowers wafted over to her nose.

To her surprise, she found the apartment crowded with countless beautiful red roses illuminated by candlelight.

Even the floor was covered with rose petals.

There was no place for her to step.

Gripping the doorknob tightly, Janet's gaze swept over the apartment, too stunned to speak.

Ethan was standing in the living room. His handsome features were perfectly highlighted by the candlelight. He slowly strode towards Janet.

Judging from her blank stare, at first, he thought she was too pleasantly surprised to say anything. But then, upon a closer look, he realized he was wrong.

Janet leaned against the door as though her soul had left her body.

She asked weakly, "How much did you spend on all of these flowers?"

But she already had a rough estimate in mind.

There were at least one thousand flowers here.

If one flower cost ten dollars... She felt as though she wasn't looking at flowers, but lost money.

"F... five thousand," Ethan answered falteringly.

The truth was, he had spent twice as much as that, but he didn't dare say so.

He could see that Janet's face had gone pale as a ghost.

"How could you spend that much?!" Janet gasped in shock.

But on second thought, she realized she had no right to scold Ethan for his spending habits.

After all, she was just his nominal wife.

In the end, she could only throw her arms in the air helplessly and say, "You don't earn that much, Ethan. You should be wise with your money."

As Janet spoke, she walked into the room and began to survey the damage.

"Some of these flowers still look good. Maybe we can return them to the flower shop to get some money back!"

Seeing that Ethan was stuck in a trance, Janet tugged at the hem of his shirt.

"What're you doing? Am I supposed to put them away by myself? Go and get some bags. I wonder if we can still make it to the flower shop at this rate. Please don't do something so meaningless yet expensive again. I can't stand wastage."

Ethan scratched his head embarrassedly. He felt as though he had been struck by lightning.

Finally, he managed to say, "I'll put them away. Go to your room and get some rest."

"We're kind of housemates. I can't let you do all of this alone," Janet protested.

Ethan's expression darkened as mixed emotions surged within him.

He squatted on the floor and began to clear the flowers, silently cursing Garrett and vowing he'd tear that useless guy into pieces the next time he saw him.