

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 58

“Do you have the flower shop’s phone number? Ask if the flowers can be returned.”

After clearing the petals on the floor, Janet laid a pile of flowers on the dining table.

Ethan painstakingly removed all the candles from the floor and made a call to have his men take the flowers away.

It was already midnight by the time they finished cleaning.

Exhausted, Janet leaned against the sofa.

“I was able to get this much back from the flower shop.”

With one hand in his pocket, Ethan walked over to Janet and put a wad of cash next to her.

“Why are you giving it to me? It’s your money.”

Janet looked tired, but her tone was as cold as it was that morning.

As she spoke, she dumped the money on the coffee table and then got up to walk to her room.

Before closing the door behind her, she stole one last glance at the man.

Truth be told, she was delighted to have received flowers from Ethan. She had never seen so many flowers before, let alone the fact that they were from Ethan.

But the most important thing for two people to get along was to trust each other.

Ethan didn’t trust her enough, and that was what made her mad. She couldn’t let go of it so soon.

Breathing a long sigh, Janet threw herself to the bed dejectedly.

Just outside her door, Ethan was seething with rage.

He gritted his teeth and walked to the balcony to call Garrett.

“So how did it go? Have you won her heart yet?” Garrett asked bluntly, his voice riddled with amusement.

Ethan sneered.

His eyes clouded over, even darker than the night sky.

“Thanks to you, I haven’t rested since sundown,” he hissed.

“Oh, my God! You’re amazing! It’s been almost four hours! Good job, buddy!”

Unfortunately, Garrett didn’t seem to sense anything wrong.

He continued excitedly, “I told you it’d work! Since I’ve helped you with something so important, would you consider giving me some time off?”

Ethan was so angry that he almost burst into laughter.

Glancing at Janet's door, he cursed in a low voice, "You're fucking useless! Your shitty idea didn't work at all. She called me a big spender and asked me to return the flowers. I even had to get rid of all the petals on the floor. I just finished cleaning! And you say you deserve a vacation? Garrett, you're working in the office this month-with no weekends off."

If Ethan was in a bad mood, it meant that not only Garrett was in trouble.

The entire Larson Group was about to face a storm.

"Wait! Don't hang up!"

Garrett shouted in a hurry.

Pressing his phone against his ear tightly, he quickly lifted the quilt and got out of bed.

His girlfriend was in the bathroom, taking a shower.

But Garrett was in no mood to peak at her beautiful naked body.

He went straight to the balcony, wine bottle in tow, and said, "Mr. Lester, calm down, Flowers worked every time for me. But I already told you that your wife's different. How about I give you a few of my girlfriend's books? They're all manuals on love. You might find some good ideas in there."

Ethan snorted coldly and hung up the phone without another word.

It was rare for him to be so emotional.

Such an uncontrollable mood couldn't be good.

The next morning, in the Larson Group, Garrett slapped a paper bag of books onto Ethan's desk.

Smiling brightly, he declared, "These are all good. I guarantee that by tonight, you'll get to cuddle with your wife."

Ethan glanced at him emotionlessly but decided to finish up his work before opening the bag.

Finally, he put down the document in his hand and picked up the paper bag.

"My Bossy CEO Boyfriend"...

"Pregnant Wife Runs Away"...

"Mysterious CEO, Gentle Lover"...

What the hell was all of this bullshit?! Ethan's nose wrinkled with disgust.

He had half a mind to throw the books into the garbage can, but after a moment of hesitation, he picked one up and read it.

His knitted brows didn't loosen until he put it down. The content of the books were even more shocking than their titles.

Ethan felt the need to wash his eyes after reading it.

But perhaps the books weren't completely useless.

There was common theme in all these books.

Whenever the hero and the heroine quarreled, they would solve the problem by making passionate love.

The hero would always push the heroine down forcefully and kiss her, and things would escalate until they had made it to their bed.

Then all their problems would be solved.

Ethan frowned slightly, wondering if he should also give it a try.