

## The Luckiest Bride by Roana Chapter 8

### Chapter 8: Asking For Money

The taxi stopped outside the Lind family's villa. Janet hurried out and rang the doorbell.

Now that she had married Ethan as promised, she decided to ask her adoptive parents for money.

After all, she did all this only to pay Hannah's medical expenses. Fiona was sitting on the sofa, sipping a cup of coffee. She looked up at Janet and smiled faintly.

"How are you getting along with Ethan? You just got married yesterday. What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at your house? Did something happen? Tell me now."

She didn't utter a word about the money as if they had never made a deal.

Janet looked at her sternly.

"I'm here to get the money. You promised me that you would give me the money as soon as I married Ethan."

Fiona placed the coffee cup on the table and smiled gently. She didn't plan on giving Janet the money.

It was just a tactic to persuade Janet. It had only been an oral agreement.

And Janet and Ethan were married now.

Janet wouldn't be able to do anything even if they went back on their word.

"Don't be anxious, Janet. I'll give you the money. I'm sure you are aware of our family situation. Your dad has invested in a new business recently. But it turned out to be a shell company. The owner of the company ran away with the money and his mistress, leaving all the problems and burden on your dad's shoulders. Doing business isn't easy. Look, your dad's hair is already grey. Our family has been going through a hard time. We are having trouble with the cash flow and can't afford such a large sum of money for the time being. Janet, please try to understand."

Fiona held Janet's hand, trying to look pitiful.

Janet's body trembled with rage.

Fiona was pure evil.

Even a small piece of jewelry she possessed was worth more than Hannah's medical expenses. She was lying about not being able to afford the promised money.

Bernie frowned.

Fiona had gone too far this time, and he felt sorry for Janet.

"Actually, it's no big deal. We can still afford..."

"What did you say, Bernie? Don't we have to make ends meet? Jocelyn is going to study abroad soon. Don't we need money? The money we have now is my savings over the years after cutting down my expenses. Have you forgotten what I've done for our family? But you don't care about us, do you?"

Wiping her fake tears, Fiona glared at her husband.

Bernie was rendered speechless. He didn't dare to utter another word.

"You promised me that you would give me the money as soon as possible."

Janet was unhappy, but she couldn't do anything.

After all, it had only been a verbal agreement. She couldn't demand the money if they really refused to pay.

Wiping her eyes, Fiona smiled.

"All right. All right. Dad and Mom will give you the money as soon as we get it. I still have a few thousand dollars. I'll give that to you first."

She tried stalling Janet.

After all, once the old maid died, Janet would have no reason to ask them for money.

'How could a few thousand dollars be enough?' Biting her lower lip, Janet was about to say something. However, Jocelyn interrupted her.

She descended the stairs and shot a disgusted look at Janet.

"Why are you back? And why isn't your husband with you? Does he loathe you?" Jocelyn's lip curled up into a smirk as she walked toward Janet.

"I married him on your behalf. You have such a bad reputation. If he loathes his wife, it means he loathes you," Janet snapped coldly.

Jocelyn always thought highly of herself.

Hearing the humiliation, she grew furious.

Jocelyn picked up the glass of water and poured it on Janet, who was sitting calmly on the sofa.

Janet skillfully dodged the attack. She had expected Jocelyn to do something like that.

When they were children, Jocelyn liked beating people up when she was mad at them.

“Get out! This is my home!”

Jocelyn barked, pointing at the door.

Janet’s calmness infuriated her.

“I wouldn’t have come here if you didn’t owe me money,” Janet sneered.

Seeing that her own daughter was bullied, Fiona lost her cool.

How could you talk to your family like this? I don’t have a daughter like you.

“Get out!”

Janet’s heart sank with disappointment.

Arguing with them was pointless, so she dejectedly stood up to leave.

The moment she opened the door, she saw Ethan standing outside in a jacket.

Behind him stood a man, gasping for breath, holding several bags in his hand.