

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 94

Ethan put down his phone and lay on the sofa. He was lost in thought for a long time before he dozed off.

The sound of cooking utensils clunking together in the kitchen woke him up the next morning. He stood up and stretched his body.

While yawning, he looked at the kitchen with misty eyes.

A woman was standing there in a thin and long white dress that covered her legs down to her ankles.

He stared at her in a daze for a long time.

“Ethan, don’t stand here. You’re in my way,” Janet said in a lukewarm tone, blinking her big watery eyes.

Ethan cleared his throat and made way for her.

Scratching his head, he asked, “Do you need my help with anything?”

“No, I don’t need any help. I’m not making breakfast for you. If you are hungry, you can eat out,” she replied with a poker face.

‘Humph! You have no feelings for me, but you have been eating all the delicious breakfast I made. I’m not your maid, so don’t expect any more meals from me!’ she thought to herself.

Janet walked to the fridge and took out two eggs.

The oil sizzled in the pan as she cracked the eggs.

Shortly after she drizzled some black pepper on her fried eggs, a pleasant aroma filled the kitchen.

Ethan took a deep breath and his shoulders slouched.

Without uttering a word, he sulkily went to the bathroom to freshen up.

He was naturally not a romantic man, so he didn’t know the sweet words to say or the best gift to get her.

‘She’s still angry with me. What do I do now?’ he pondered while brushing his teeth.

An idea suddenly popped up in his head when he spat out the foam in his mouth.

He smiled faintly, staring at his image in the mirror.

When he returned to the living room, he saw that Janet was eating breakfast slowly. She didn’t even look up at him, as if he was invisible.

“Are you free this weekend? There’s a part-time job that pays this much. Are you interested?”

As Ethan spoke, he pulled out the chair beside her and sat down slowly.

Janet swallowed the bread in her mouth quickly when she saw him open up all five fingers of his right hand.

With her eyes opened wide, she asked, "Five grand?"

Since they had been married for some time, Ethan knew a little about her. She loved making money.

A job offer that paid that much was something she could never refuse.

Sure enough, Janet set aside the displeasure she felt about his actions last night.

She wiped her mouth quickly.

Although her expression was still indifferent, her face wasn't as cold as before.

"What kind of part-time job is it?" she finally asked.

A smile tugged at the corners of Ethan's mouth after he heard her response. He picked up a piece of toast from her plate and took a bite.

"Well, it's a painting job. The owner of the convenience store where I work is decorating his new house. He needs a wall painting. I saw your works before, so I thought you would be perfect for the job."

Ethan had seen Janet's paintings.

Although she majored in fashion design, painting was one of her foundational courses.

Her artistic skills were also very good.

It was at this moment that Janet finally noticed that he had been taking big bites off her toast.

She frowned and queried him angrily, "Ethan, I said I didn't make breakfast for you. Why are you eating my toast?"

"Chill, it's no big deal. Just take this as a reward for telling you about the job. Besides, you are my wife. Sharing is caring!"

Ethan stuffed the last quarter of the toast into his mouth and smiled at her playfully.

Janet's heart skipped a beat when she saw his handsome smile. She wanted to draw the line between them, but he only got closer to her with every effort she made.

"Do you have any copies of your previous work? Give me some of them so I can show my boss at work today."

Pouting her lips, she went to her room. She brought back her previous paintings a few seconds later.

"Here you go. This is the collection of my works. Hope this will do?"

"Yeah, it will. I need to head to work now."

Ethan picked up the collection and scanned through the paintings.

He then stood up and put on his black jacket while staring at her with a playful glint in his black eyes.

Later in the afternoon, Janet received a call from him.

“What’s the matter? I’m still at work,” she whispered directly into the speaker and glanced at her colleagues.

“Well, I just called to give you feedback. My boss likes your paintings. Instead of an artistic piece, he wants you to paint his wall this coming weekend. The price is double the one I told you about this morning. Would you be free this weekend?”

Ethan’s calm voice wafted into her ear from the other end of the line.

‘Ten thousand dollars just to paint a wall? That’s huge. I would be a fool if I turned down such an offer!’ she thought quickly.

“Yes, I can do it this Sunday,” she replied without hesitation.