

Luckiest Bride

Chapter 83

Janet didn't answer her.

Instead, she calmly opened the envelope, pulled out the invitation, and held it up in between her slender fingers

"Here. See for yourself."

To Jocelyn's surprise, her name was on the invitation.

"What the hell?! How can this be—?!"

How did Janet get an invitation in her name? Jocelyn was shocked and green with envy.

Janet had married Ethan under her name.

Of course it was Jocelyn's name on the invitation.

But the question still stood: how did Janet get an invitation to such an important occasion? Yes, she was an employee of the Larson Group, but she was a newbie and held no special position.

How could a new employee be qualified to attend such a dinner party? Exasperated and at a loss, Jocelyn could do nothing but look at Janet in disbelief.

Janet looked back at Jocelyn calmly.

"There. Satisfied? We'll go inside now."

Jocelyn watched in silent rage as Janet and Ethan walked inside the venue.

She was so angry that she stomped her high heel on the marble floor.

The sound of heels clacking echoed across the hotel hall.

Hearing this, Janet turned around and sneered, "Why are you still here? Did you want to stay and get a glimpse of what you can't have?"

Janet smiled smugly. She gave Jocelyn a taste of her own medicine.

Jocelyn's eyes were raging with anger. She glared at Janet murderously, as though she would attack Janet at any moment.

The dinner party was about to begin, but Jocelyn was still standing outside, the cold wind blowing at her. She couldn't let Janet get away with this.

No matter what, she needed to get inside the banquet hall.

More and more people streamed into the dinner party.

A limousine slowly pulled to a stop outside the private hotel.

A paunchy rich businessman who seemed to be at his fifties or sixties got off the car, supported by a female companion in her twenties. It looked like a little kind-hearted girl was helping her frail grandfather cross the road.

“Mr. Sherman, you’re here!”

With a bright, flirtatious smile on her face, Jocelyn sauntered over to the elderly businessman. He had tried to hook up with Jocelyn before, but she had rejected his advances because he was old and fat.

But now, she had to put her hopes on him to get inside the venue.

“Jocelyn!”

The man was stunned when he saw who had called his name. Then he broke into a wrinkly smile.

“Didn’t I give you my number last time? Why didn’t you call me?”

As he spoke, his eyes roamed over her body hungrily.

When she saw that she still had a chance, Jocelyn walked to his side and slipped her arm into his.

“Mr. Sherman, I’m sorry. I wanted to call you, but I lost your card.”

Nobody cared that she was lying. The man smiled knowingly and put his wrinkled hand on Jocelyn’s waist. He had been interested in Jocelyn ever since the beginning. His gaze landed on her bulging cleavage, lust filling his eyes.

“Why haven’t you gone inside yet?”

“My friend couldn’t make it and give me her invitation, but the staff didn’t let me in.”

Jocelyn stuck out her lower lip, batting her eyelashes at the old man coquettishly

“In that case, you can come in with me. But you have to be with me tonight.”

The man’s eyes stared into hers hungrily.

While he didn’t think that Jocelyn was that pretty, he couldn’t get over her because he hadn’t gotten her yet.

Then, he looked at his young female companion and said in a low voice, “You can go now. I’ll have my secretary transfer the money to your account.”

Hearing this, the girl glanced at Jocelyn indifferently. She didn’t know why Jocelyn was so eager to have this old man.

Oh well, life was difficult for everyone, the girl supposed. It didn’t matter.

Anyway, she’d still get the money, and that was all that mattered. With a smile, the girl nodded and left.

The man brought Jocelyn to the dinner party as his plus one.

When they entered the banquet hall, Jocelyn heard glasses clinking everywhere.

The magnificent hall was brightly illuminated, while the sound of saxophones and pianos playing stimulated her senses.

The Larson Group wasn't playing around.

The dinner party reeked of extreme luxury.

There were even gambling tables and billiard tables by the side, for when guests got bored.

Jocelyn studied the crowd seemingly nonchalantly, keeping an eye open for her prey tonight.