

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 321

Chapter 321 Ask Brandon Out For Dinner

Gerda clicked her tongue unhappily. "Everyone knows they're using Luna as a scapegoat. She's just an ordinary employee. How on earth could she manage to do all of this? Lester Silk Fabric is really heartless." The other designers had also seen the video circulating the Internet. They began to discuss in hushed voices, but the general consensus was that Lester Silk Fabric was a cold blooded company. Janet pulled her chair and sat down. There was no point in dwelling on it now that things had been settled. "I can't say I'm surprised. Now that Luna has taken the blame, we can't do anything to Lester Silk Fabric." "And what about those designs? Are they really not gonna put them back on the show?" Gerda puffed out her chest indignantly Janet smiled at her colleague gently. "It doesn't matter. Look on the bright side. I have gained considerable fame because of everything that's happened. Now, all eyes are on my work." In the end, Luna was put behind bars. And Janet had become an online celebrity. Many people now knew her name and saw her designs. Some even paid for it. When the dust settled, Janet poured all her energy into her work. She had been so busy with this matter the past few days, so now she could finally focus on other things. "By the way, Lind, I've been meaning to ask you something. How'd you get the evidence?" Gerda was talking about the videos that Janet had posted on the Internet, which had amassed more than a million views. Janet froze. After a few seconds, she broke into a smile and waved her hand dismissively. "A very capable friend helped me get them." Gerda nudged her arm and asked curiously, "What friend? A boyfriend perhaps?" Janet's eyes twinkled. "It's a secret. Gerda, is it just me or do you have a lot of time on your hands? Have you finished your design for this month? Don't come running to me again when the deadline approaches." "Ah! My God! I still have thirty-four drawings to finish!" Gerda scratched her head and hurried back to her desk. Janet couldn't help but chuckle. Suddenly, she thought of the tall and straight back of Brandon. Now that she thought about it, she realized that Lester Silk Fabric had gone through all this trouble just to set her up. It must have cost Brandon a lot to get his hands on the evidence. Janet couldn't help but feel a little strange. Brandon had helped her countless times, but she hadn't really ever met him in person.

She owed Brandon too much and she doubted she could ever repay him. After thinking about it for a long time, Janet finally plucked up the courage to send a message to Brandon. "Mr. Larson, would you be willing to let me treat you to dinner? You've helped me a lot and I'd like to express my gratitude somehow." 2 After hitting send, Janet put down her phone and wrung her hands nervously. The chairman of the Larson Group had probably tasted all the splendid dishes this world had to offer. But it was a token of her appreciation.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 322

Chapter 322 A Warning

At the CEO's office of the Larson Group. The Larson Group's stock price had fluctuated

over the past few days. Now that the situation was favorable for the Larson Group and its stock price had more than recovered, Ethan decided to seize the opportunity to put more pressure on the Lester Silk Fabric.

Garrett hadn't slept properly in the past three days, dealing with the bad press: He was yawning sleepily when Ethan's phone pinged. "Someone texted you." When he saw the name on Ethan's phone's screen, Garrett snickered. "It seems your wife's missing you." Ethan smacked Garrett on the back of the head and grabbed the phone. Instantly, his expression darkened when he read the text.

"What is it? Why's your face like that?" Garrett asked seriously, the smile wiped from his face.

"Janet's asking Brandon out for dinner." Ethan put his phone down and sighed. "If I refuse, she'll be very disappointed."

Garrett leaned back with his hands clasped behind his head. "Yeah. You can't have dinner with Janet without her seeing your face. Last time, when you and Janet went to the company's masquerade ball, you almost exposed yourself. It'd be unwise to take such a risk again. It's not good for my heart either," he sighed.

Ethan frowned and started typing out a brisk reply.

"Thank you, but there's no need for you to treat me to dinner. You're an employee of the Larson Group. I helped you to protect the reputation of the company." Janet read his message and quickly replied, "But Mr. Larson, you could've just dismissed me." "If I dismiss any employee when something like this comes up, how will we keep the talented ones? Keep up the good work. That's thanks enough, Miss Lind," Ethan replied politely, keeping things professional. 1

He had deliberately distanced Brandon from her ever since what happened last time. He didn't want her to suspect him of anything. Reading his reply, Janet had no choice but to give up. Ethan put down his phone, kicked the sofa Garrett was lying down on, and said, "I want you to relocate the one who had tried to force Janet to resign. Transfer her to a subsidiary company. Then, bring Charis here."

Garrett was just about to take a nap. Hearing Ethan's orders, he helplessly peeled his eyes open and stood up from the sofa. He muttered under his breath, "This job will definitely be the death of me."

Charis had expected that Ethan would want to have a talk with her, but when she received the notice, her heart still skipped a beat. "Why did you want to dismiss Janet?" Ethan asked in a low voice. He shoved his hands into the pocket of his slacks, and the light from the window elongated his shadow on the floor. "I just wanted to protect the company name," Charis answered defensively.

Ethan narrowed his eyes at her coldly. "From now on, I'll take care of all matters related to Janet. No one other than me. Understood?"

Ethan's cold voice sent a shiver down Charis's spine. She winced and smiled bitterly, as though she had been

wronged. "I see how it is. You don't trust me now? Brandon, I don't have any ulterior motives, I swear.

Ethan had already noticed that something was wrong with Charis. He never brought it up before because he didn't

want her to look bad. She and her family had always valued their image. "I'm just warning you not to act against Janet. Otherwise, don't blame me if I disregard our long term friendship."

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 323

Chapter 323 A Long Forgotten Name

After a moment's silence, Charis said in a low voice, "I see."

Charis was a dignified woman. Before Ethan could say anything more, she turned around and walked out of his office,

As soon as the door closed behind her, tears welled up in her eyes.. Ever since they first met, Brandon had never said such harsh words to her before, nor had he looked at her with such cold eyes.

She hadn't cried in years. The last time was when she said goodbye to Brandon before going abroad. She had been reluctant to leave him. But now, she felt bad about Brandon's attitude towards her.

She and Brandon had worked together for years. They had shared the company's ups and downs. But all of a sudden, with Janet now in the picture, Brandon suddenly was ruthless towards her.

Tears rolled down Charis's cheeks as she realized just how important Janet was to Brandon. The hot tears dripped from her chin to the carpeted floor.

"I met Brandon first," Charis muttered through gritted teeth.

Charis didn't like to be candid with her shrewdness. The reason why she had tried to fire Janet was to win Brandon's heart.

In Charis's eyes, Janet wasn't good enough for him. But now that Brandon had taken a liking to her, Charis figured he would deeply fall in love with her and she would eventually lose him for good.

Thinking of this, Charis was more determined than ever to separate Janet and Brandon..

But she couldn't act as overtly as before. Brandon had just warned her not to interfere with Janet's work ever again. She had to be more careful now. On the other side... After Janet got off work, she went home, only to find that Ethan had come home early today. "Oh, the workaholic is back! I'm surprised you still remember the way home!" Janet's voice dripped with sarcasm. Looking at the man who was busy cooking in the kitchen, she was not happy. After all, she hadn't seen Ethan for two or three days. That was because Ethan had been busy dealing with the plagiarism issue the past few days. But he couldn't tell her this. While cracking the eggs into a bowl, he found an excuse. "When I crossed Ritchie's path, he made a lot of trouble. The manager of the shop at work fired me. I've been working part time the past few days while looking for a stable job." Then, he paused and said sincerely, "I'm sorry that I haven't been here for you these days." In fact, there was some truth to his story. Ritchie had indeed caused him a lot trouble after all. Hearing this, Janet's heart immediately softened. She walked over to help him with the vegetables. "So, what happened? You didn't tell me the truth. I was worried something bad happened to you." "The problem's been solved. Don't worry," Ethan said with a reassuring smile. That much was true. Ethan had really solved the problem that

had been plaguing them the past few days. "Your brother is really hard to deal with." Janet pouted like a child. After transferring the egg into the pan, Ethan turned and his eyes landed on Janet's earlobe. His Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he gulped. "How about having dinner and then a little bit of exercise to unwind?" "What kind of exercise?" Janet looked up at Ethan curiously. Almost immediately, she saw the lust in his eyes. His face was so beautiful. It was as though God had chiseled his face to perfection. His eyes stared deep into hers, filled with burning desire. Janet's face turned as red as a tomato. She quickly lowered her head and said shyly, "You're so naughty!" Then she focused on chopping the vegetables. Amused, Ethan patted her on the head affectionately. He really liked it when she blushed. He could feel that she liked him, but she always pretended to refuse him. He had to admit it really turned him on. But the romantic atmosphere was instantly soiled by the sound of the phone ringing. "Keep an eye on the eggs, okay? Don't let them burn." Ethan stroked Janet's hair. Then, he took off his apron and walked to the living room to pick up his phone. A long forgotten name appeared on the screen. It was Patrick Lester.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 324

Chapter 324 Nora's Birthday

Ethan pursed his lips. He glanced back at the kitchen at Janet, then opened the glass door to step out onto the balcony

He was a little surprised to see that Patrick was calling him.

It was winter and the cold wind was unforgiving. Ethan stood on the balcony, letting the wind blow his hair.

"Why on earth are you answering the phone outside? Isn't it cold out there?" Janet's voice broke the silence. Ethan was lost in his thoughts and didn't notice when Janet slid the door open and poked her head out. Narrowing her eyes at him suspiciously, she looked at the phone in Ethan's hand. He was answering the phone out on the balcony again. Was it Charis calling again?

"It's Patrick Lester." Amused by the quirky expression on her face, he pulled her into his arms and finally answered the phone. "Ethan, why the hell did you keep me waiting?" Patrick's irritated voice came from the other end of the line.

"I was busy just now," Ethan simply replied. Patrick didn't give a damn about whatever Ethan was up to. There was something he needed to talk about with Ethan, so he went straight to the point. "Your grandma's birthday is coming up and we're throwing her a party. She wants you and your wife here."

Without waiting for Ethan's response, he hung up abruptly.

Janet had overheard Patrick's loud voice. She looked up at Ethan and asked hesitantly, "So are we going?" Ethan held her tighter and sighed. "We are. Patrick seldom summons me. There'll be nothing but trouble if we disobey him. Besides, I haven't seen my grandma in a very long time. It's only right that I be there on her birthday."

Janet smiled at him sweetly. "I can tell that you're fond of her."

It was true that Ethan's expression softened when he spoke of his grandmother. Nora Lester, Ethan's grandma, was a distant relative of the Larson family. She had known Ethan's mother when she was a girl. Although she didn't approve of what Patrick had done, she couldn't do anything about her son's decisions.

She had always felt sorry for Ethan and used to secretly send him money.

She was the only Lester who ever cared about Ethan.

Thinking of this, Ethan rested his chin on the top of Janet's head. "She's a kind lady," he said calmly.

It had been a long time since they last met-too long.

"Let's not talk here. It's so cold!" Janet whined, her teeth chattering.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to her. She shouted, "The eggs! I forgot all about them!"

She broke free from Ethan's embrace and ran to the kitchen in a hurry. Ethan followed behind her. He stared at Janet, who was extremely flustered, and he couldn't help but smile. "You silly girl! I told you to keep an eye on the eggs!" Shaking his head, he gently pulled her to the side while he cleaned up the mess himself in the kitchen. Twiddling her thumbs, Janet stood in the corner, restlessly watching Ethan clean up after her. "I'm sorry. I thought you were talking to Charis, so I rushed to you and forgot I was cooking."

Ethan had guessed this. After drying his freshly washed hands, he raised his eyes to look at Janet seriously. "It's my fault. I didn't give you enough sense of security." After saying that, he spread out his arms and said gently, "Come here." Janet obeyed and leaned her face against his chest, blushing slightly. Then, thinking about the invitation from Patrick, she murmured, "The Lesters treat you badly, especially Ritchie. He hates you and I just got him into trouble. He probably has a huge grudge against us. Won't something bad happen if we just go there?"

Chapter 325 Being A Couple

Ethan smiled at her dotingly and raised his hand to rub the tip of Janet's nose. "You're a smart girl."

After he mulled it over for a while, his expression became unreadable. "I'm sure my grandmother's birthday isn't the sole reason why Patrick's summoning me. He must have something else up his sleeve." + After all, the Lester family must've heard about the so-called plagiarism issue.

They probably would've been really happy if Janet's reputation was ruined in the process, but in the end, it was Ritchie who marred his own name by his own doing. Janet could feel that Ethan was a little unhappy. So she softened her voice and said with a small smile, "Then we'd better not go, right?"

She was thinking that if avoiding all this potential conflict was an option, she'd take it. A simple and happy life with Ethan was all she wanted. •

Hearing this, Ethan chuckled. He gently tucked Janet's hair behind her ear, revealing her beautiful, fair face. After looking into her clear eyes for a long time, he finally said, "I don't want to go either. But because Ritchie has stirred up trouble for us, I can't ignore the Lester family any longer and neither can they." He could hide for a while, and he couldn't hide forever. Even if he refused to go this time, the Lester family would look for other opportunities to make life difficult for him.

Besides, Ethan wasn't the kind of man who would let someone push him around. Disappointed and depressed, Janet lowered her long eyelashes and mulled over things for a while. "Well, I guess you're right. We can't keep avoiding the Lester family forever. Now that they've come to us, we have to face them."

Janet looked down as she spoke, which worried Ethan. "Is there something else on your mind? Are you upset?" Janet shook her head, absent-minded. "No, no." Ethan's expression immediately darkened. Without warning, he scooped Janet up and made her sit on the kitchen counter. Before the woman could respond, he grabbed her chin and stuck his tongue into her mouth, his fingers moving restlessly towards her crotch.

"Hmm... Ethan!" Janet tried to push Ethan away, but it was useless. She could only let him do whatever he wanted with her. It wasn't until he felt that her body was trembling did he finally pull away. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Tell me the truth." Janet's fingers reached for his shirt. Her face was scarlet as a tomato. Pouting, she finally relented. "Fine. I feel a little upset."

With his hands on her waist, Ethan lowered his head and rested his forehead on her shoulder. With remorse, he murmured, "It's my fault. This conflict was supposed to stay between me and the Lester family, but you got caught in the crossfire simply because you married me." He paused for a few seconds and then continued seriously, "But Janet, now that you're with me, I won't let you suffer. I'll avenge you." Blushing, Janet shook her head and didn't seem to notice that there was a hint of viciousness in the man's voice. She reached out her arms and wrapped them around his neck. "We're a couple. Of course we're going to have to face problems together."

Ethan didn't say anything. After a long time of silence, he quietly nodded and lowered his head to plant a kiss on Janet's neck. His kiss was very light yet possessive. His lips gradually made its way to the woman's lips and the two kissed each other passionately again. It was not until Janet noticed that Ethan was on the verge of losing control that she pulled away shyly. "Calm down."

09.03

Ethan smiled at her dotingly and raised his hand to rub the tip of Janet's nose. "You're a smart girl."

After he mulled it over for a while, his expression became unreadable. "I'm sure my grandmother's birthday isn't the sole reason why Patrick's summoning me. He must have something else up his sleeve"

After all, the Lester family must've heard about the so-called plagiarism issue, They probably would've been really happy if Janet's reputation was ruined in the process, but in the end, it was Ritchie who marred his own name by his own doing Janet could feel that Ethan was a little unhappy. So she softened her voice and said with a small smile, "Then we'd better not go, right?". She was thinking that if avoiding all this potential conflict was an option, she'd take it. A simple and happy life with Ethan was all she wanted. Hearing this, Ethan chuckled. He gently tucked Janet's hair behind her ear, revealing her beautiful, fair face. After looking into her clear eyes for a long time, he finally said, "I don't want to go either. But because Ritchie has stirred up trouble for us, I can't ignore the Lester family any longer and neither can they." He could hide for a while, and he couldn't hide forever. Even if he refused to go this time, the Lester family would look for other opportunities to make life difficult for him. Besides, Ethan

wasn't the kind of man who would let someone push him around. Disappointed and depressed, Janet lowered her long eyelashes and mulled over things for a while. "Well, I guess you're right. We can't keep avoiding the Lester family forever. Now that they've come to us, we have to face them." Janet looked down as she spoke, which worried Ethan. "Is there something else on your mind? Are you upset?" Janet shook her head, absent-minded. "No, no." Ethan's expression immediately darkened. Without warning, he scooped Janet up and made her sit on the kitchen counter. Before the woman could respond, he grabbed her chin and stuck his tongue into her mouth, his fingers moving restlessly towards her crotch. "Hmm... Ethan!" Janet tried to push Ethan away, but it was useless. She could only let him do whatever he wanted with her. It wasn't until he felt that her body was trembling did he finally pull away. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Tell me the truth."

Janet's fingers reached for his shirt. Her face was scarlet as a tomato. Pouting, she finally relented. "Fine. I feel a little upset."

With his hands on her waist, Ethan lowered his head and rested his forehead on her shoulder. With remorse, he murmured, "It's my fault. This conflict was supposed to stay between me and the Lester family, but you got caught in the crossfire simply because you married me." He paused for a few seconds and then continued seriously, "But Janet, now that you're with me, I won't let you suffer. I'll avenge you." Blushing, Janet shook her head and didn't seem to notice that there was a hint of viciousness in the man's voice. She reached out her arms and wrapped them around his neck. "We're a couple. Of course we're going to have to face problems together." Ethan didn't say anything. After a long time of silence, he quietly nodded and lowered his head to plant a kiss on Janet's neck. His kiss was very light yet possessive. His lips gradually made its way to the woman's lips and the two kissed each other passionately again. It was not until Janet noticed that Ethan was on the verge of losing control that she pulled away shyly. "Cam I'm on my period." a

Ethan's fingers brushed against a sanitary pad and he closed his eyes, his expression darkening instantly. "I've restrained myself for so long." Flustered, Janet covered her face with her hands. This was not what she wanted either. In an attempt to alleviate her shame, she changed the topic. "How about we go shopping? We can buy some gift for your grandmother!" Rubbing the spot between his eyebrows, Ethan sighed and nodded helplessly.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 325

Chapter 325 Being A Couple

Ethan smiled at her dotingly and raised his hand to rub the tip of Janet's nose. "You're a smart girl."

After he mulled it over for a while, his expression became unreadable. "I'm sure my grandmother's birthday isn't the sole reason why Patrick's summoning me. He must have something else up his sleeve." + After all, the Lester family must've heard about the so-called plagiarism issue.

They probably would've been really happy if Janet's reputation was ruined in the process, but in the end, it was Ritchie who marred his own name by his own doing. Janet could feel that Ethan was a little unhappy. So she softened her voice and said

with a small smile, "Then we'd better not go, right?"

She was thinking that if avoiding all this potential conflict was an option, she'd take it. A simple and happy life with Ethan was all she wanted. •

Hearing this, Ethan chuckled. He gently tucked Janet's hair behind her ear, revealing her beautiful, fair face. After looking into her clear eyes for a long time, he finally said, "I don't want to go either. But because Ritchie has stirred up trouble for us, I can't ignore the Lester family any longer and neither can they." He could hide for a while, and he couldn't hide forever. Even if he refused to go this time, the Lester family would look for other opportunities to make life difficult for him.

Besides, Ethan wasn't the kind of man who would let someone push him around.

Disappointed and depressed, Janet lowered her long eyelashes and mulled over things for a while. "Well, I guess you're right. We can't keep avoiding the Lester family forever. Now that they've come to us, we have to face them."

Janet looked down as she spoke, which worried Ethan. "Is there something else on your mind? Are you upset?" Janet shook her head, absent-minded. "No, no." Ethan's expression immediately darkened. Without warning, he scooped Janet up and made her sit on the kitchen counter. Before the woman could respond, he grabbed her chin and stuck his tongue into her mouth, his fingers moving restlessly towards her crotch.

"Hmm... Ethan!" Janet tried to push Ethan away, but it was useless. She could only let him do whatever he wanted with her. It wasn't until he felt that her body was trembling did he finally pull away. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Tell me the truth." Janet's fingers reached for his shirt. Her face was scarlet as a tomato. Pouting, she finally relented.

"Fine. I feel a little upset."

With his hands on her waist, Ethan lowered his head and rested his forehead on her shoulder. With remorse, he murmured, "It's my fault. This conflict was supposed to stay between me and the Lester family, but you got caught in the crossfire simply because you married me." He paused for a few seconds and then continued seriously, "But Janet, now that you're with me, I won't let you suffer. I'll avenge you." Blushing, Janet shook her head and didn't seem to notice that there was a hint of viciousness in the man's voice. She reached out her arms and wrapped them around his neck. "We're a couple. Of course we're going to have to face problems together."

Ethan didn't say anything. After a long time of silence, he quietly nodded and lowered his head to plant a kiss on Janet's neck. His kiss was very light yet possessive. His lips gradually made its way to the woman's lips and the two kissed each other passionately again. It was not until Janet noticed that Ethan was on the verge of losing control that she pulled away shyly. "Calm down.

09.03

Ethan smiled at her dotingly and raised his hand to rub the tip of Janet's nose. "You're a smart girl."

After he mulled it over for a while, his expression became unreadable. "I'm sure my grandmother's birthday isn't the sole reason why Patrick's summoning me. He must have something else up his sleeve"

After all, the Lester family must've heard about the so-called plagiarism issue, They probably would've been really happy if Janet's reputation was ruined in the process, but in the end, it was Ritchie who marred his own name by his own doing

Janet could feel that Ethan was a little unhappy. So she softened her voice and said with a small smile, "Then we'd better not go, right?". She was thinking that if avoiding all this potential conflict was an option, she'd take it. A simple and happy life with Ethan was all she wanted. Hearing this, Ethan chuckled. He gently tucked Janet's hair behind her ear, revealing her beautiful, fair face. After looking into her clear eyes for a long time, he finally said, "I don't want to go either. But because Ritchie has stirred up trouble for us, I can't ignore the Lester family any longer and neither can they." He could hide for a while, and he couldn't hide forever. Even if he refused to go this time, the Lester family would look for other opportunities to make life difficult for him. Besides, Ethan wasn't the kind of man who would let someone push him around. Disappointed and depressed, Janet lowered her long eyelashes and mulled over things for a while. "Well, I guess you're right. We can't keep avoiding the Lester family forever. Now that they've come to us, we have to face them." Janet looked down as she spoke, which worried Ethan. "Is there something else on your mind? Are you upset?" Janet shook her head, absent-minded. "No, no." Ethan's expression immediately darkened. Without warning, he scooped Janet up and made her sit on the kitchen counter. Before the woman could respond, he grabbed her chin and stuck his tongue into her mouth, his fingers moving restlessly towards her crotch. "Hmm... Ethan!" Janet tried to push Ethan away, but it was useless. She could only let him do whatever he wanted with her. It wasn't until he felt that her body was trembling did he finally pull away. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Tell me the truth." Janet's fingers reached for his shirt. Her face was scarlet as a tomato. Pouting, she finally relented. "Fine. I feel a little upset." With his hands on her waist, Ethan lowered his head and rested his forehead on her shoulder. With remorse, he murmured, "It's my fault. This conflict was supposed to stay between me and the Lester family, but you got caught in the crossfire simply because you married me." He paused for a few seconds and then continued seriously, "But Janet, now that you're with me, I won't let you suffer. I'll avenge you." Blushing, Janet shook her head and didn't seem to notice that there was a hint of viciousness in the man's voice. She reached out her arms and wrapped them around his neck. "We're a couple. Of course we're going to have to face problems together." Ethan didn't say anything. After a long time of silence, he quietly nodded and lowered his head to plant a kiss on Janet's neck. His kiss was very light yet possessive. His lips gradually made its way to the woman's lips and the two kissed each other passionately again. It was not until Janet noticed that Ethan was on the verge of losing control that she pulled away shyly. "Cam I'm on my period." a Ethan's fingers brushed against a sanitary pad and he closed his eyes, his expression darkening instantly. "I've restrained myself for so long." Flustered, Janet covered her face with her hands. This was not what she wanted either. In an attempt to alleviate her shame, she changed the topic. "How about we go shopping? We can buy some gift for your grandmother!" Rubbing the spot between his eyebrows, Ethan sighed and nodded helplessly.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 326

Chapter 326 Test The Water

The Lester family lived in a luxurious mansion built at the foot of a mountain. The trees were dense. Flowers and shrubs were trimmed and sculpted into various shapes in the garden. A plump woman in her forties was directing servants as they decorated the living room. She was wearing a tight black velvet dress. Nora's 80th birthday was in two days. Patrick had invited many guests from rich and powerful families in Seacisco and was planning to go all out for his mother's birthday party. "Replace all the flowers with peonies. Nora likes peonies. And the tablecloth here must be bright red-dark red or scarlet are forbidden." Elissa then looked at the curtain and frowned again. She had a pretty face, and with some makeup, she could look even more dignified. However, there was a small black mole under her lip, which made her look a little mean.

The servants could only listen to her demands and changed everything to her liking. After a while, a young man went downstairs, yawning. Still in pajamas, he scratched the back of his head and said impatiently, "What the hell are you doing? I had just fallen asleep when you woke me up!" When she saw her dear son coming downstairs, Elissa looked to the servants gloomily and said, "Alright, you can leave first. Finish this after dinner." Then she looked at Ritchie and warned, "You'd better behave yourself. You didn't get up until dinner is almost ready. Be

careful or else your father will scold you again." Ritchie stretched and yawned lazily. Then, he picked up an apple from the fruit bowl and grumbled, "I'm just pissed off by the Larson Group. They're the reason why my sleeping schedule is messed up. By the way, I went to see Ethan a few days ago. What the hell! I set up a trap for Janet as well as caused Ethan a lot of trouble. But the guy had taken care of everything!" Ritchie didn't even know how Ethan had made it. Thinking of this, he suddenly looked at Elissa and narrowed his eyes. "Mom, did Ethan do well while I was abroad?" Ritchie was starting to suspect that Ethan was no longer the loser he could bully and trample on. Hearing her son's question, Elissa snorted arrogantly, "I don't have the time to even think about that loser. Nor do I really care. Besides, how could he do a good job in anything? The Lester family cut him off, didn't we?" "Don't you know that old saying, that we should look at others with new eyes after some time has passed?" And a few years had passed. Now, it was hard for Ritchie to see through Ethan. "Hmm..." Elissa thought about it for a while. All of a sudden, she felt that she had to be on her guard. She had been afraid of Ethan before, and now it seemed she had good reason to be scared. "Then we have to pay closer attention to Ethan. Nora's birthday is coming. A few days ago, she said that she hadn't seen Ethan in a long time and wanted to invite him to the birthday party. I've already told your father to tell Ethan. We can use this party as an opportunity to test the water." Ritchie touched his chin and smiled. "That's good. I've been thinking about teaching that brat a lesson. Mom, let's humiliate that bastard at the birthday party and see how he'll react."

Elissa sneered but said nothing. She hadn't seen the illegitimate son of the Lester family in a long time.

Chapter 327 The Birthday Party

Nora's birthday finally rolled around. As the matriarch of the Lester family, Nora naturally had a prominent social standing in Seacisco, and her eightiet! birthday

garnered the attendance of high-profile personalities in the city. In addition to the younger generation of the Lester family, practically half of the entire upper crust had come to wish her well.

Ethan was invited, too, and he decided to take Janet with him. They drove to the outskirts of the city and through winding roads that led to a manor sitting at the foot of a mountain. Already, a long line of luxury cars snaked from the entrance of the venue and past the driveway.

It was a shocking sight for Janet. For a brief moment, she expected to step out of the car and onto a red carpet leading inside the manor. It finally dawned on her just why everyone looked up to the Lester family. Based on what she had seen so far, they might very well be a prestigious clan from legends of old. "Watch your steps now," Ethan said, offering his hand to Janet as he helped her out of the car. He was dressed in a sleek, all-black suit that complimented his elegant bearing perfectly. Janet held on to Ethan's arm as they glided into the manor. A huge chandelier hung over the main hall, its countless crystals glimmering in the bright light. All around, people garbed in exquisite evening attire loitered and engaged in light conversations. As they waded their way through the hall, Janet realized that dozens of sharp eyes were fixed on her. No, to be exact, they were fixed on Ethan, following his every move.

Elissa and Ritchie were standing in a far corner of the room, their disdainful gazes also locked on Ethan.

SO

om

Soon, the guests began whispering among themselves, though they didn't really bother to keep their voices hushed. "Isn't he the illegitimate son?" "Oh, the son of that dead woman from the Larson family?" When Janet heard these words, she sneaked a sideways glance at Ethan. To her relief, he didn't appear to care about the chatter. If anything, he ignored everyone else and ushered her in another direction. Taking his cue from him, Janet mustered her courage and did her best to hold her head high. Ethan led her to an inner room, where a radiant old woman was sitting on a wheelchair.

"Grandma," Ethan greeted with a polite smile. "Hmm, it's good to see that you are here." Nora nodded briefly at him before turning her attention to Janet.

Ethan put an arm around Janet's shoulders and pulled her forward. "This is my wife, Janet."

Janet acknowledged the old woman by calling her Grandma, then offered her well wishes.

"You look so beautiful," Nora crooned, seemingly in high spirits. She nodded wistfully and sighed. "You got married in the blink of an eye, huh? That's good. I'm relieved." Elissa watched the interaction from a distance. Not wanting Ethan to steal any limelight that wasn't meant for him, she signaled at Ritchie. "Grandma," Ritchie called as he ambled toward them. "It's been so long since I've seen Ethan. Can you give us some time to talk in private?" He slung an arm over Ethan's shoulder and grinned at him, as though they were close brothers who had been apart for quite some time. Nora shot Ethan a tentative look and said nothing.

"I'll come and talk to you again later, Grandma," Ethan said in a cold, clipped voice. He followed Ritchie to the side, his face darkening with every step he took.

Ethan was invited, too, and he decided to take Janet with him. They drove to the

outskirts of the city and through winding roads that led to a manor sitting at the foot of a mountain. Already, a long line of luxury cars snaked from the entrance of the venue and past the driveway. It was a shocking sight for Janet. For a brief moment, she expected to step out of the car and onto a red carpet leading inside the manor. It finally dawned on her just why everyone looked up to the Lester family. Based on what she had seen so far, they might very well be a prestigious clan from legends of old. "Watch your steps now," Ethan said, offering his hand to Janet as he helped her out of the car. He was dressed in a sleek, all-black suit that complimented his elegant bearing perfectly. Janet held on to Ethan's arm as they glided into the manor. A huge chandelier hung over the main hall, its countless crystals glimmering in the bright light. All around, people garbed in exquisite evening attire loitered and engaged in light conversations.

As they waded their way through the hall, Janet realized that dozens of sharp eyes were fixed on her. No, to be exact, they were fixed on Ethan, following his every move. Elissa and Ritchie were standing in a far corner of the room, their disdainful gazes also locked on Ethan. Soon, the guests began whispering among themselves, though they didn't really bother to keep their voices hushed. "Isn't he the illegitimate son?"

"Oh, the son of that dead woman from the Larson family?"

When Janet heard these words, she sneaked a sideways glance at Ethan. To her relief, he didn't appear to care about the chatter. If anything, he ignored everyone else and ushered her in another direction. Taking his cue from him, Janet mustered her courage and did her best to hold her head high. Ethan led her to an inner room, where a radiant old woman was sitting on a wheelchair. "Grandma," Ethan greeted with a polite smile.

"Hmm, it's good to see that you are here." Nora nodded briefly at him before turning her attention to Janet. Ethan put an arm around Janet's shoulders and pulled her forward.

"This is my wife, Janet." Janet acknowledged the old woman by calling her Grandma, then offered her well wishes. "You look so beautiful," Nora crooned, seemingly in high spirits. She nodded wistfully and sighed. "You got married in the blink of an eye, huh? That's good. I'm relieved." Elissa watched the interaction from a distance. Not wanting Ethan to steal any limelight that wasn't meant for him, she signaled at Ritchie.

"Grandma," Ritchie called as he ambled toward them. "It's been so long since I've seen Ethan. Can you give us some time to talk in private?" He slung an arm over Ethan's shoulder and grinned at him, as though they were close brothers who had been apart for quite some time. Nora shot Ethan a tentative look and said nothing. "I'll come and talk to you again later, Grandma," Ethan said in a cold, clipped voice. He followed Ritchie to the side, his face darkening with every step he took. The Lester had an extensive family tree, and most of the younger generation were present in the event. The moment they saw Ritchie pull Ethan aside, they flocked to them, bombarding Ethan with inane greetings that ranged from tepid pleasantries to sarcastic comments. "Ethan, long time no see!" "Say, what do you do now?" "How is your life, huh? Do you have a job? Or perhaps, would you like me to recommend you for a job opening somewhere?" Someone even reached out and tugged at Ethan's suit. "Where the hell did you get this? Wow, the fabric feels as cheap as it looks. Didn't you know that these synthetic fibers are bound to harm your skin?"

The thing was, although Ethan looked decent enough for high society, he still stuck out like a sore thumb among the other guests who had lived their lives in endless luxury.

Chapter 328 Kaya Confronts Janet

“What are they doing?” Nora said indignantly, “Didn’t I already tell them not to pick on Ethan? Why didn’t they listen to me?” Elissa immediately made her way up to Nora and blocked her line of sight. “I’m sure they are only catching up. There’s nothing wrong with that, right? Would you like to see some of your gifts? There’s a painting and I’m sure you’d love it. It took Patrick a great deal of effort to find it.” As she said this, she exchanged glances with Ritchie, grabbed hold of Nora’s wheelchair, and was about to take her up the stairs. Seeing that Ethan was flanked on all sides by a group of men in suits and leather shoes and that the men were doing everything in their power to humiliate him, Janet was pissed off. She pursed her lips tightly, wanting to stand up for Ethan

Just as she was about to walk to Ethan’s side, her wrist was grabbed tightly by someone. “Janet! What are you doing here?”

Janet turned around and discovered that it was Kaya. Kaya was wearing a Chanel dress, with her short hair braided and a pearl hairband on her head. She seemed to have some work done recently. Janet observed that her eyelids, which used to be single-folded and unique, were now double-folded. She decked out from head to toe in luxury brands, like any wealthy lady. If it weren’t for the way she addressed her, which sounded gentle but tinged with sarcasm, Janet would have trouble realizing it was her. “What’s wrong?” Glancing over in Ethan’s direction, Janet didn’t have time to make small talk with her. Now it dawned on Janet that after Kaya ruined her works by “accidentally” pouring coffee on her computer, she was completely disgusted by Tiffany and repulsed by all their colleagues. After that, she didn’t think she could continue being employed under the Larson Group, which was why she resigned. Janet had no idea why Kaya was here. Kaya let go of her hand and crossed her arms in a proud manner. “I’m a part of the Lester family now so why shouldn’t I be here?” Janet asked impatiently, “Are you the help here?” “What? No! Who the hell are you calling the help? I happened to marry into the Lester family not too long ago, to Mrs. Nora Lester’s niece’s son. His name is...” Janet kept on watching Ethan and didn’t pay attention to Kaya’s words. She could recall that Kaya came from an ordinary family. How in the world did she manage to marry into the Lester family?

Kaya discovered that Janet was not listening to what she was saying at all. She looked in the direction of her gaze, sneered, and lifted her chin in an arrogant manner. “Is that your husband?” Janet nodded. She, in fact, wanted to go find Ethan, but Kaya had gotten in her way. Finally, she stared Kaya down and said in a cold voice, “What on earth do you want?” Kaya was now very smug. She kept right on talking, “Why did you decide to marry that bastard? I heard that he’s actually poor and that he can’t even get a decent job. Life must be very hard for you. No wonder you have to work so hard. If you don’t, you might even starve. That’s why I think every woman should marry a rich man. See? Work is a thing of the past for me.”

Chapter 329 Ask You To Pack Up

“It’s really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people’s business!”

Kaya’s words were harsh but

Janet knew it wasn’t the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible.

But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? “Hey, don’t leave now! I’m right, aren’t I?” It’s apparent that you don’t in fact live a good life, Janet,” Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving.

Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanee-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, “Waiter, have this cleaned up.”

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, “Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!”

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder.

Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, “Mr. Lester, let this go.”

After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan’s veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, “The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That’s right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor.” “Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!” the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn’t move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, “Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?” 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, “Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom.”

Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him.

Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle.

After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, “Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant.”

Everyone made way for Curt.

“This way, Mr. Benton,” Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt.

Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie’s direction and said, “Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?”

The color drained from Ritchie’s face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the

jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to

celebrate Nora’s birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently clicked his

"It's really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!" Kaya's words were harsh but Janet knew it wasn't the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible, But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? "Hey, don't leave now! I'm right, aren't I?" It's apparent that you don't in fact live a good life, Janet," Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving. Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanée-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, "Waiter, have this cleaned up."

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, "Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!"

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder. Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, "Mr. Lester, let this go." After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan's veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, "The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That's right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor." "Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!" the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn't move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, "Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?" 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, "Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom." Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him. Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle. After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant." Everyone made way for Curt. "This way, Mr. Benton," Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt. Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie's direction and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?" The color drained from Ritchie's face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to celebrate Nora's birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation

with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently Cucked in tongue at Ethan. "Ethan, do you want me to teach you a lesson before you clean up this mess?" Ritchie's loud tone attracted Curt's attention. Ethan?

Curt turned to look at the tall, well-postured man who Ritchie had addressed and was dumbstruck. He then smiled at Ethan and said, "You brat, what are you doing here?"

Chapter 330 They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago. At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital. Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common. Needless to say, they had become very good friends. Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson. He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private. 1 Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend. "I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes." Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions. "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan.

"Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit." The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager. Ethan couldn't help but chuckle. "All right, all right. Let's sit over there and catch up." It was all the encouragement Curt needed. He grabbed the younger man's hand and guided him over to a nearby table. Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing. They couldn't do anything about it, though; they didn't want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light. Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often. After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt's acquaintance. Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man? "What the hell is going

on here?" Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth. "Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?"

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else. "I know, right? And they seem to be close, too." Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head. "I see that, you idiot. I'm not blind! I'm asking you how it came about!" Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side. She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers. "Your husband knows Mr. Benton?" "I'm not entirely sure..." Janet said tentatively. Though she looked calm, she was also confused. She didn't really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody's reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important. In any case, this was probably for the best. Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore. Kaya's jaw dropped. She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party. She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet's hand like it was a lump of hot coal. The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be seated. One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served.

Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side. The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet's hand under the table. Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat. Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street. They occasionally switched to French, to Janet's utter surprise. From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language.

The rest of their dialogue didn't concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 327

Chapter 327 The Birthday Party

Nora's birthday finally rolled around. As the matriarch of the Lester family, Nora naturally had a prominent social standing in Seacisco, and her eightiet! birthday garnered the attendance of high-profile personalities in the city. In addition to the younger generation of the Lester family, practically half of the entire upper crust had come to wish her well.

Ethan was invited, too, and he decided to take Janet with him. They drove to the outskirts of the city and through winding roads that led to a manor sitting at the foot of a mountain. Already, a long line of luxury cars snaked from the entrance of the venue and past the driveway.

It was a shocking sight for Janet. For a brief moment, she expected to step out of the car and onto a red carpet leading inside the manor. It finally dawned on her just why everyone looked up to the Lester family. Based on what she had seen so far, they might very well be a prestigious clan from legends of old. "Watch your steps now," Ethan said, offering his hand to Janet as he helped her out of the car. He was dressed in a sleek, all-black suit that complimented his elegant bearing perfectly. Janet held on to Ethan's arm as they glided into the manor. A huge chandelier hung over the main hall, its countless crystals glimmering in the bright light. All around, people garbed in exquisite

evening attire loitered and engaged in light conversations. As they waded their way through the hall, Janet realized that dozens of sharp eyes were fixed on her. No, to be exact, they were fixed on Ethan, following his every move.

Elissa and Ritchie were standing in a far corner of the room, their disdainful gazes also locked on Ethan.

SO

om

Soon, the guests began whispering among themselves, though they didn't really bother to keep their voices hushed. "Isn't he the illegitimate son?" "Oh, the son of that dead woman from the Larson family?" When Janet heard these words, she sneaked a sideways glance at Ethan. To her relief, he didn't appear to care about the chatter. If anything, he ignored everyone else and ushered her in another direction. Taking his cue from him, Janet mustered her courage and did her best to hold her head high. Ethan led her to an inner room, where a radiant old woman was sitting on a wheelchair.

"Grandma," Ethan greeted with a polite smile. "Hmm, it's good to see that you are here."

Nora nodded briefly at him before turning her attention to Janet.

Ethan put an arm around Janet's shoulders and pulled her forward. "This is my wife, Janet."

Janet acknowledged the old woman by calling her Grandma, then offered her well wishes.

"You look so beautiful," Nora crooned, seemingly in high spirits. She nodded wistfully and sighed. "You got married in the blink of an eye, huh? That's good. I'm relieved."

Elissa watched the interaction from a distance. Not wanting Ethan to steal any limelight that wasn't meant for him, she signaled at Ritchie. "Grandma," Ritchie called as he ambled toward them. "It's been so long since I've seen Ethan. Can you give us some time to talk in private?" He slung an arm over Ethan's shoulder and grinned at him, as though they were close brothers who had been apart for quite some time. Nora shot Ethan a tentative look and said nothing.

"I'll come and talk to you again later, Grandma," Ethan said in a cold, clipped voice. He followed Ritchie to the side, his face darkening with every step he took.

Ethan was invited, too, and he decided to take Janet with him. They drove to the outskirts of the city and through winding roads that led to a manor sitting at the foot of a mountain. Already, a long line of luxury cars snaked from the entrance of the venue and past the driveway. It was a shocking sight for Janet. For a brief moment, she expected to step out of the car and onto a red carpet leading inside the manor. It finally dawned on her just why everyone looked up to the Lester family. Based on what she had seen so far, they might very well be a prestigious clan from legends of old. "Watch your steps now," Ethan said, offering his hand to Janet as he helped her out of the car. He was dressed in a sleek, all-black suit that complimented his elegant bearing perfectly. Janet held on to Ethan's arm as they glided into the manor. A huge chandelier hung over the main hall, its countless crystals glimmering in the bright light. All around, people garbed in exquisite evening attire loitered and engaged in light conversations.

As they waded their way through the hall, Janet realized that dozens of sharp eyes were fixed on her. No, to be exact, they were fixed on Ethan, following his every move. Elissa and Ritchie were standing in a far corner of the room, their disdainful gazes also locked on Ethan. Soon, the guests began whispering among themselves, though they didn't

really bother to keep their voices hushed. "Isn't he the illegitimate son?"

"Oh, the son of that dead woman from the Larson family?"

When Janet heard these words, she sneaked a sideways glance at Ethan. To her relief, he didn't appear to care about the chatter. If anything, he ignored everyone else and ushered her in another direction. Taking his cue from him, Janet mustered her courage and did her best to hold her head high. Ethan led her to an inner room, where a radiant old woman was sitting on a wheelchair. "Grandma," Ethan greeted with a polite smile.

"Hmm, it's good to see that you are here." Nora nodded briefly at him before turning her attention to Janet. Ethan put an arm around Janet's shoulders and pulled her forward.

"This is my wife, Janet." Janet acknowledged the old woman by calling her Grandma, then offered her well wishes. "You look so beautiful," Nora crooned, seemingly in high spirits. She nodded wistfully and sighed. "You got married in the blink of an eye, huh? That's good. I'm relieved." Elissa watched the interaction from a distance. Not wanting Ethan to steal any limelight that wasn't meant for him, she signaled at Ritchie.

"Grandma," Ritchie called as he ambled toward them. "It's been so long since I've seen Ethan. Can you give us some time to talk in private?" He slung an arm over Ethan's shoulder and grinned at him, as though they were close brothers who had been apart for quite some time. Nora shot Ethan a tentative look and said nothing. "I'll come and talk to you again later, Grandma," Ethan said in a cold, clipped voice. He followed Ritchie to the side, his face darkening with every step he took. The Lester had an extensive family tree, and most of the younger generation were present in the event. The moment they saw Ritchie pull Ethan aside, they flocked to them, bombarding Ethan with inane greetings that ranged from tepid pleasantries to sarcastic comments. "Ethan, long time no see!" "Say, what do you do now?" "How is your life, huh? Do you have a job? Or perhaps, would you like me to recommend you for a job opening somewhere?" Someone even reached out and tugged at Ethan's suit. "Where the hell did you get this? Wow, the fabric feels as cheap as it looks. Didn't you know that these synthetic fibers are bound to harm your skin?"

The thing was, although Ethan looked decent enough for high society, he still stuck out like a sore thumb among the other guests who had lived their lives in endless luxury.

Chapter 328 Kaya Confronts Janet

"What are they doing?" Nora said indignantly, "Didn't I already tell them not to pick on Ethan? Why didn't they listen to me?" Elissa immediately made her way up to Nora and blocked her line of sight. "I'm sure they are only catching up. There's nothing wrong with that, right? Would you like to see some of your gifts? There's a painting and I'm sure you'd love it. It took Patrick a great deal of effort to find it." As she said this, she exchanged glances with Ritchie, grabbed hold of Nora's wheelchair, and was about to take her up the stairs. Seeing that Ethan was flanked on all sides by a group of men in suits and leather shoes and that the men were doing everything in their power to humiliate him, Janet was pissed off. She pursed her lips tightly, wanting to stand up for Ethan

Just as she was about to walk to Ethan's side, her wrist was grabbed tightly by someone. "Janet! What are you doing here?"

Janet turned around and discovered that it was Kaya. Kaya was wearing a Chanel dress, with her short hair braided and a pearl hairband on her head. She seemed to

have some work done recently. Janet observed that her eyelids, which used to be single-folded and unique, were now double-folded. She decked out from head to toe in luxury brands, like any wealthy lady. If it weren't for the way she addressed her, which sounded gentle but tinged with sarcasm, Janet would have trouble realizing it was her. "What's wrong?" Glancing over in Ethan's direction, Janet didn't have time to make small talk with her. Now it dawned on Janet that after Kaya ruined her works by "accidentally" pouring coffee on her computer, she was completely disgusted by Tiffany and repulsed by all their colleagues. After that, she didn't think she could continue being employed under the Larson Group, which was why she resigned. Janet had no idea why Kaya was here. Kaya let go of her hand and crossed her arms in a proud manner. "I'm a part of the Lester family now so why shouldn't I be here?" Janet asked impatiently, "Are you the help here?" "What? No! Who the hell are you calling the help? I happened to marry into the Lester family not too long ago, to Mrs. Nora Lester's niece's son. His name is..." Janet kept on watching Ethan and didn't pay attention to Kaya's words. She could recall that Kaya came from an ordinary family. How in the world did she manage to marry into the Lester family?

Kaya discovered that Janet was not listening to what she was saying at all. She looked in the direction of her gaze, sneered, and lifted her chin in an arrogant manner. "Is that your husband?" Janet nodded. She, in fact, wanted to go find Ethan, but Kaya had gotten in her way. Finally, she stared Kaya down and said in a cold voice, "What on earth do you want?" Kaya was now very smug. She kept right on talking, "Why did you decide to marry that bastard? I heard that he's actually poor and that he can't even get a decent job. Life must be very hard for you. No wonder you have to work so hard. If you don't, you might even starve. That's why I think every woman should marry a rich man. See? Work is a thing of the past for me."

Chapter 329 Ask You To Pack Up

"It's really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!"

Kaya's words were harsh but

Janet knew it wasn't the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible.

But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now?

"Hey, don't leave now! I'm right, aren't I?" It's apparent that you don't in fact live a good life, Janet," Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving.

Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanee-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, "Waiter, have this cleaned up."

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, "Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!"

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder.

Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, "Mr. Lester, let this go."

After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan's veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, "The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That's right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor." "Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!" the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn't move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, "Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?" 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, "Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom."

Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him.

Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle.

After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant."

Everyone made way for Curt.

"This way, Mr. Benton," Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt.

Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie's direction and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?"

The color drained from Ritchie's face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the

jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to

celebrate Nora's birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently clicked his

"It's really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!"

Kaya's words were harsh but Janet knew it wasn't the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible, But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? "Hey, don't leave now! I'm right, aren't I?" It's apparent that you don't in fact live a good life, Janet," Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving. Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanée-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, "Waiter, have this cleaned up."

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, "Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!"

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder. Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, "Mr. Lester, let this go." After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan's veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, "The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That's right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor." "Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!" the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn't move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, "Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?" Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, "Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom." Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him. Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle. After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant." Everyone made way for Curt. "This way, Mr. Benton," Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt. Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie's direction and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?" The color drained from Ritchie's face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to celebrate Nora's birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently cucked in tongue at Ethan. "Ethan, do you want me to teach you a lesson before you clean up this mess?" Ritchie's loud tone attracted Curt's attention. Ethan?

Curt turned to look at the tall, well-postured man who Ritchie had addressed and was dumbstruck. He then smiled at Ethan and said, "You brat, what are you doing here?"

Chapter 330 They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago. At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital. Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common. Needless to say, they had become very good

friends. Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson. He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private. 1 Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend. "I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes." Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions. "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan.

"Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit." The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager. Ethan couldn't help but chuckle. "All right, all right. Let's sit over there and catch up." It was all the encouragement Curt needed. He grabbed the younger man's hand and guided him over to a nearby table. Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing. They couldn't do anything about it, though; they didn't want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light. Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often. After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt's acquaintance. Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man? "What the hell is going on here?" Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth. "Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?"

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else. "I know, right? And they seem to be close, too." Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head. "I see that, you idiot. I'm not blind! I'm asking you how it came about!" Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side. She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers. "Your husband knows Mr. Benton?" "I'm not entirely sure..." Janet said tentatively. Though she looked calm, she was also confused. She didn't really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody's reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important. In any case, this was probably for the best. Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore. Kaya's jaw dropped. She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party. She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet's hand like it was a lump of hot coal. The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be

seated. One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served. Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side. The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet's hand under the table. Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat. Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street. They occasionally switched to French, to Janet's utter surprise. From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language. The rest of their dialogue didn't concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 328

Chapter 328 Kaya Confronts Janet

"What are they doing?" Nora said indignantly, "Didn't I already tell them not to pick on Ethan? Why didn't they listen to me?" Elissa immediately made her way up to Nora and blocked her line of sight. "I'm sure they are only catching up. There's nothing wrong with that, right? Would you like to see some of your gifts? There's a painting and I'm sure you'd love it. It took Patrick a great deal of effort to find it." As she said this, she exchanged glances with Ritchie, grabbed hold of Nora's wheelchair, and was about to take her up the stairs. Seeing that Ethan was flanked on all sides by a group of men in suits and leather shoes and that the men were doing everything in their power to humiliate him, Janet was pissed off. She pursed her lips tightly, wanting to stand up for Ethan

Just as she was about to walk to Ethan's side, her wrist was grabbed tightly by someone. "Janet! What are you doing here?"

Janet turned around and discovered that it was Kaya. Kaya was wearing a Chanel dress, with her short hair braided and a pearl hairband on her head. She seemed to have some work done recently. Janet observed that her eyelids, which used to be single-folded and unique, were now double-folded. She decked out from head to toe in luxury brands, like any wealthy lady. If it weren't for the way she addressed her, which sounded gentle but tinged with sarcasm, Janet would have trouble realizing it was her. "What's wrong?" Glancing over in Ethan's direction, Janet didn't have time to make small talk with her. Now it dawned on Janet that after Kaya ruined her works by "accidentally" pouring coffee on her computer, she was completely disgusted by Tiffany and repulsed by all their colleagues. After that, she didn't think she could continue being employed under the Larson Group, which was why she resigned. Janet had no idea why Kaya was here. Kaya let go of her hand and crossed her arms in a proud manner. "I'm a part of the Lester family now so why shouldn't I be here?" Janet asked impatiently, "Are you the help here?" "What? No! Who the hell are you calling the help? I happened to marry into the Lester family not too long ago, to Mrs. Nora Lester's niece's son. His name is..." Janet kept on watching Ethan and didn't pay attention to Kaya's words. She could recall that Kaya came from an ordinary family. How in the world did she manage to marry into the Lester family?

Kaya discovered that Janet was not listening to what she was saying at all. She looked in the direction of her gaze, sneered, and lifted her chin in an arrogant manner. "Is that

your husband?" Janet nodded. She, in fact, wanted to go find Ethan, but Kaya had gotten in her way. Finally, she stared Kaya down and said in a cold voice, "What on earth do you want?" Kaya was now very smug. She kept right on talking, "Why did you decide to marry that bastard? I heard that he's actually poor and that he can't even get a decent job. Life must be very hard for you. No wonder you have to work so hard. If you don't, you might even starve. That's why I think every woman should marry a rich man. See? Work is a thing of the past for me."

Chapter 329 Ask You To Pack Up

"It's really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!"

Kaya's words were harsh but

Janet knew it wasn't the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible.

But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now?

"Hey, don't leave now! I'm right, aren't I?" It's apparent that you don't in fact live a good life, Janet," Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving.

Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanee-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, "Waiter, have this cleaned up."

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, "Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!"

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder.

Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, "Mr. Lester, let this go."

After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan's veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, "The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That's right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor." "Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!" the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn't move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, "Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?" 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, "Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom."

Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him.

Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle.

After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make

way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant.”

Everyone made way for Curt.

“This way, Mr. Benton,” Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt.

Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie’s direction and said, “Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?”

The color drained from Ritchie’s face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the

jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to

celebrate Nora’s birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn’t afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt’s comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently clicked his

“It’s really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people’s business!”

Kaya’s words were harsh but Janet knew it wasn’t the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible, But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? “Hey, don’t leave now! I’m right, aren’t I?” It’s apparent that you don’t in fact live a good life, Janet,” Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving. Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanée-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, “Waiter, have this cleaned up.”

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, “Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!”

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder. Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, “Mr. Lester, let this go.” After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan’s veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, “The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That’s right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor.” “Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!” the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn’t move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, “Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?” 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, “Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom.” Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his

face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him. Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle. After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant." Everyone made way for Curt. "This way, Mr. Benton," Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt. Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie's direction and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?" The color drained from Ritchie's face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to celebrate Nora's birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently Cucked in tongue at Ethan. "Ethan, do you want me to teach you a lesson before you clean up this mess?" Ritchie's loud tone attracted Curt's attention. Ethan?

Curt turned to look at the tall, well-postured man who Ritchie had addressed and was dumbstruck. He then smiled at Ethan and said, "You brat, what are you doing here?"

Chapter 330 They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago. At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital. Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common. Needless to say, they had become very good friends. Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson. He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private. 1 Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend. "I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes." Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions. "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan.

“Let’s go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven’t spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I’m too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit.” The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager. Ethan couldn’t help but chuckle. “All right, all right. Let’s sit over there and catch up.” It was all the encouragement Curt needed. He grabbed the younger man’s hand and guided him over to a nearby table. Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing. They couldn’t do anything about it, though; they didn’t want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light. Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often. After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt’s acquaintance. Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man? “What the hell is going on here?” Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth. “Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?”

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else. “I know, right? And they seem to be close, too.” Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head. “I see that, you idiot. I’m not blind! I’m asking you how it came about!” Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side. She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers. “Your husband knows Mr. Benton?” “I’m not entirely sure...” Janet said tentatively. Though she looked calm, she was also confused. She didn’t really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody’s reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important. In any case, this was probably for the best. Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore. Kaya’s jaw dropped. She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party. She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet’s hand like it was a lump of hot coal. The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be seated. One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served.

Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side. The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet’s hand under the table. Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat. Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street. They occasionally switched to French, to Janet’s utter surprise. From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language.

The rest of their dialogue didn’t concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 329

Chapter 329 Ask You To Pack Up

“It’s really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people’s business!”

Kaya’s words were harsh but

Janet knew it wasn’t the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible.

But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? “Hey, don’t leave now! I’m right, aren’t I?” It’s apparent that you don’t in fact live a good life, Janet,” Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving.

Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanee-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, “Waiter, have this cleaned up.”

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, “Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!”

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder.

Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, “Mr. Lester, let this go.”

After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan’s veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, “The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That’s right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor.” “Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!” the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn’t move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, “Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?” 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, “Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom.”

Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him.

Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle.

After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, “Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant.”

Everyone made way for Curt.

“This way, Mr. Benton,” Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt.

Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie’s direction and said, “Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?”

The color drained from Ritchie’s face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the

jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to

celebrate Nora’s birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently clicked his

"It's really none of your business. Stop sticking your nose in other people's business!" Kaya's words were harsh but Janet knew it wasn't the right time to argue with her. She planned on getting rid of Kaya away as soon as possible, But how could Kaya let go of Janet so easily? Kaya still held a deep-seated grudge against her. How could she let go of such a great opportunity to get back at Janet now? "Hey, don't leave now! I'm right, aren't I?" It's apparent that you don't in fact live a good life, Janet," Kaya said, continuing to pester her and grabbing her wrist to stop her from leaving. Meanwhile, several well-dressed playboys still surrounded Ethan and mocked him ruthlessly. One insult after another flowed freely.

Suddenly, a passing guest accidentally broke a bottle of La Romanée-Conti wine. The guest looked around and ordered, "Waiter, have this cleaned up."

Ritchie shoved Ethan aggressively and said, "Are you deaf or something? He told you to clean up, waiter!"

Ethan shot a frigid glance at Ritchie. His sharp and threatening look made all the young men around shudder. Another person stepped forward to diffuse the situation. In a persuasive voice, he said, "Mr. Lester, let this go." After all, the blood of the Lester family ran through Ethan's veins. Although he was well aware that Ethan was an illegitimate child, how could they let him work as a lowly servant? Ritchie turned a deaf ear to the persuasive words and remarked with a wry smirk, "The work Ethan does on a regular basis is quite similar to this in any case. I heard that his job was unloading goods in a convenience store. That's right! Ethan is well suited for this kind of cheap, physical labor." "Hahaha, Ritchie has hit the nail on the head! He calls a spade a spade!" the others echoed and burst into laughter with renewed vigor. When Ritchie noticed that Ethan didn't move, he pushed him roughly on the shoulder and shouted, "Hey! Ethan, I ordered you to clean this mess up. Are you really ignoring my instruction?" 1 Just then, an old man donned in a tunic came over with his walking stick in hand. With a cough, he said, "Excuse me, boys. Please give way for me to pass. I have to go to the bathroom." Ritchie was overcome by rage because someone had the audacity to interrupt him. He turned his head with a dark, forbidding expression on his face, and was astounded to see that it was none other than Curt Benton who had the gall to interrupt him. Curt was a distinguished guest invited by the Lester family. He was a key person in the business circle. After a momentary pause, Ritchie nodded respectfully, and said to the others, "Make way for Mr. Benton. And who put this couch right here to block the way? Move it this instant." Everyone made way for Curt. "This way, Mr. Benton," Ritchie said. It was clear that he wanted to assist Curt. Curt, however, managed to dodge his help at the right moment. He threw a cursory glance of displeasure in Ritchie's direction and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lester. But you are the noble young master from a strong family. How can I bother you?" The color drained from Ritchie's face and he looked frighteningly furious. The business area into which the Lester family had recently decided they wanted to expand fell under the jurisdiction of Curt. The reason they had specifically invited Curt this time was not only because they wanted to celebrate Nora's birthday but also because they wanted to obtain cooperation

with Curt.

Accordingly, they couldn't afford to offend Curt the slightest bit. Ritchie could clearly hear the sarcastic undertone in Curt's comment but all he could do was bottle up his anger. He nodded and bowed reverentially. He looked at the huge pool of red wine before him and impatiently Cucked in tongue at Ethan. "Ethan, do you want me to teach you a lesson before you clean up this mess?" Ritchie's loud tone attracted Curt's attention. Ethan?

Curt turned to look at the tall, well-postured man who Ritchie had addressed and was dumbstruck. He then smiled at Ethan and said, "You brat, what are you doing here?"

Chapter 330 They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago. At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital. Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common. Needless to say, they had become very good friends. Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson. He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private. 1 Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend. "I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes." Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions. "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan.

"Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit." The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager. Ethan couldn't help but chuckle. "All right, all right. Let's sit over there and catch up." It was all the encouragement Curt needed. He grabbed the younger man's hand and guided him over to a nearby table. Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing. They couldn't do anything about it, though; they didn't want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light. Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often. After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt's acquaintance. Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man? "What the hell is going

on here?" Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth. "Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?"

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else. "I know, right? And they seem to be close, too." Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head. "I see that, you idiot. I'm not blind! I'm asking you how it came about!" Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side. She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers. "Your husband knows Mr. Benton?" "I'm not entirely sure..." Janet said tentatively. Though she looked calm, she was also confused. She didn't really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody's reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important. In any case, this was probably for the best. Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore. Kaya's jaw dropped. She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party. She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet's hand like it was a lump of hot coal. The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be seated. One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served.

Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side. The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet's hand under the table. Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat. Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street. They occasionally switched to French, to Janet's utter surprise. From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language.

The rest of their dialogue didn't concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.

The Mysterious Wife Chapter 330

Chapter 330 They Were Good Friends

Ethan had met Curt Benton on a hike five years ago. At the time, Curt had a sudden stroke halfway up the mountain, and it was Ethan who carried him down the trail and drove him to the nearest hospital. Since then, the two had kept in touch, and soon realized that they had a lot in common. Needless to say, they had become very good friends. Curt was also among the few who knew Ethan's real identity as Brandon Larson. He had been doing business for decades, after all, and was quite well-informed about the business of his peers, both public and private. 1 Ethan reached out and shook hands with his old friend. "I'm here for my grandmother's birthday party." He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes."

Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm He winked at Curt then, silently telling the latter not to say anything regarding Brandon

Larson. Being a shrewd man, Curt instantly understood the subtle message. He refrained from asking more questions and just said, "I haven't seen you for a long time, you brat!" He hobbled closer to Ethan and glanced at the wine spilled on the floor. "Find a servant to clean this up, or it might ruin Mr. Lester's shoes." Curt's assistant nodded and waved a staff over to relay the instructions. "Now," Curt said, turning to Ethan. "Let's go and talk about the good old days. You brat, did you ever realize we haven't spoken in over half a year? Are you avoiding me because I'm too old to be doing what you cool young ones are into these days? Anyway, do you remember those stocks that you said had huge potential? Well, I bought a bunch and ended up making a lot of profit." The man who was always aloof and distant to others was now gushing like a teenager. Ethan couldn't help but chuckle. "All right, all right. Let's sit over there and catch up." It was all the encouragement Curt needed. He grabbed the younger man's hand and guided him over to a nearby table. Ritchie and his goons watched it all unfold, dumbfounded at what they were seeing. They couldn't do anything about it, though; they didn't want to make a fuss and paint themselves in a bad light. Still, they would pause and stare at Curt and Ethan every so often. After all, a good number of the guests had come for a chance opportunity to make Curt's acquaintance. Who would have thought that Ethan was actually good friends with the man? "What the hell is going on here?" Ritchie asked his assistant through gritted teeth. "Why would that punk know someone like Curt Benton?"

But his employee was just as clueless as everyone else. "I know, right? And they seem to be close, too." Ritchie whacked him at the back of the head. "I see that, you idiot. I'm not blind! I'm asking you how it came about!" Meanwhile, Kaya was still pestering Janet and was about to say something when she caught sight of Ethan and Curt chatting jovially to one side. She gasped, her eyes wide as saucers. "Your husband knows Mr. Benton?" "I'm not entirely sure..." Janet said tentatively. Though she looked calm, she was also confused. She didn't really know who Curt Benton was, but judging by everybody's reaction, she surmised that he must be someone important. In any case, this was probably for the best. Surely, with Curt Benton on their side, no one would dare to bully them anymore. Kaya's jaw dropped. She had just mocked Janet for marrying a loser, yet that exact same man was now speaking with the most prestigious guest at the party. She flushed with embarrassment and let go of Janet's hand like it was a lump of hot coal. The event officially began shortly after, and the guests were asked to be seated. One by one, delectable dishes were brought out and served.

Janet sat next to Ethan, of course, with Curt on his other side. The two men were still deep in conversation, though Ethan made a point of holding Janet's hand under the table. Left with nothing better to do, Janet began to eat. Now and then, she would catch words about their discussion, which seemed to revolve around stocks and the stock market. Once or twice, she heard mention of the Wall Street. They occasionally switched to French, to Janet's utter surprise. From what she could tell, Ethan was very fluent at the language.

The rest of their dialogue didn't concern Janet, so she decided to focus on her dinner and let them do their thing.