

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

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 eightieth 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.

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.

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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.