

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 442: A Honeymoon Trip

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It was already bright outside when Janet woke up the next morning, She was sore all over, and her limbs felt like they might fall apart any second. When did she fall asleep last night?

The last thing she remembered was Ethan on top of her

The man was an absolute beast in bed.

“Oh!” Janet blushed as memories of their lovemaking flashed in her head. She burrowed back under the sheets.

But then the door opened, and she couldn't help but peek over the edge of the quilt. Ethan sauntered in carrying a breakfast tray. He was clad in black pajama bottoms and nothing else.

Janet's eyes immediately went to his broad shoulders and his muscular torso. She could almost feel the warmth of his strong, hard chest under her fingertips. Ethan set the tray down on the table and padded over to the bed. He leaned over Janet and

gently swept his thumb over her brow. “Hello, Mrs. Larson. Do you need more sleep?

It's already well past noon. If you want to

keep sleeping, we can take our private plane later.” He had booked flights to Europe for their honeymoon trip.

She perked up at his teasing words, and poked his arm jokingly.

“It's all your fault. You're the reason why I'm so exhausted.”

They shared a chuckle and cuddled for a moment before she asked, “Don't you need to go to the company? Won't the Larson Group fall without your supervision?”

In fact, she hadn't expected a honeymoon trip. “I took a week off,” Ethan said, looking unbothered as he pulled her closer and rubbed her shoulders.

Hearing this, Janet shot up in bed and grinned.

“Then, I'll go pack and get ready right away.” She had always wanted to travel with Ethan, but they never found the time.

he whispered and nipped her earlobe. She probably had no idea how irresistible she looked when she just woke up. It only took

a single taste to get addicted to something, but once you reached that point, the matter of restraint became a constant battle.

With that said, Ethan and Janet stayed in the bathroom for two hours. Sure enough, they ended up taking their private jet and

arrived in Europe at nine o'clock that evening. The night sky over Paris was still a light shade of blue despite the hour, and the

lights of the Eiffel Tower glimmered in the surface of the River Seine. It truly was the most romantic city on earth.

By the boulevard, a tall, striking man was busy snapping pictures of a smiling woman across the pavement. Her eyes were clear and bright, lending a youthful charm to her petite frame.

“Aren’t you done yet, Ethan?” Janet complained. She was growing tired of smiling for the camera.

Her husband, bless his heart, seemed to be enjoying his new gadget. He looked rather adorable in his knitted wool hat and his black wool overcoat as he fiddled with the lens. Ethan had never taken photos of other people before, much less a woman. He never had any reason to. And so, he was understandably uneasy about this particular activity. Fortunately, Janet appeared to be pleased with the pictures when he showed them to her.

“Oh, is that the Louvre?” Janet had turned toward the southern bank of the Seine, her eyes filled with awe as she stared at the magnificent building in the distance.

Back when she had been studying painting, her biggest dream was to explore this historical site.

Ethan silently watched her bask in wonder; then he brought her chilly fingers to his lips and kissed them.

“Let’s go over there and have a look,” he said softly

The winter wind was cold, and Janet shivered despite the layers she wore. Ethan reached out an arm around her shoulder and tucked her under his coat, and the two of them walked down the streets, talking and laughing.

Janet was still in high spirits when they retired for the night. She lay back in bed with her arms spread as she recounted

everything she had seen at the Louvre with unmistakable fondness.

“I thought the Mona Lisa would be bigger. Her smile didn’t look as mysterious as the Internet hyped it to be.”

Ethan emerged from the shower and found her wriggling on the bed. Her slender and even legs were kicking randomly in the air, and her plump chest was heaving slightly, which was like a silent temptation.

His mouth suddenly felt dry, and he had to swallow a lump in his throat. All the blood in his body surged downward. Ethan gritted his teeth.

“There you are, honey.” Janet said, flashing him an inviting smile. “Come here, let’s look at the photos we took together.”

But Ethan wasn’t interested in the photos at all.

What he wanted to do right there and then was to rip off her clothes and keep her in bed for hours on end.

Without another thought, he walked to the bed and straddled her, pinning her down with his body.

“You’re too heavy.” Janet said innocently, though a knowing smile was dancing on her lips.

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Chapter 443: To Get Rid Of Ethan

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The Lester family broke into an uproar.

Brandon had invited all the influential, wealthy people in Seacisco to his wedding, except the Lester family.

When Elissa went to play cards with her friends, her fellow wealthy ladies mocked her, saying the Larson Group didn't respect the Lester family.

Although Lester Silk Fabric and the Larson Group were rivals, Patrick still wanted to make peace and ensure the development of the two companies. If Lester Silk Fabric and the Larson Group joined hands, they would undoubtedly monopolize the economic lifeline of Seacisco.

However, Brandon's enigmatic personality irked him. Although the Lester family belonged to the wealthiest strata of society, they never interacted with Brandon. They didn't even know what he looked like.

"How come Brandon got married all of a sudden? I haven't even heard of him being in love with anyone before." Elisa grunted angrily and took a sip of the tea. Her nose scrunched up with disgust as the horrible taste spread in her mouth.

Ritchie slept all morning and finally woke up in the afternoon. He went downstairs, yawning, and turned on the TV in the living room.

"Why do you care about Brandon? Our Lester family is in no way inferior to him. His invitation means nothing to us."

Ritchie scoffed disdainfully as he sat on the sofa, cross-legged.

"You don't understand. Brandon has invited all the famous people in Seacisco except our Lester family. You have no idea how those bitches insulted me while playing cards. They want to defeat me in everything, so those ladies took the opportunity to mock me by talking about his wedding the whole time. It was horrible!" Elissa was fuming with rage.

She glanced at the entertainment news on the TV. Suddenly, her face turned pale, and her eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

Seeing the horror in his mother's eyes, Ritchie also turned to look at the TV.

"Mom? What happened? Damn it!"

They were broadcasting Brandon's wedding on TV. However, the couple getting married was the coward Ethan and his humble

wife. Just then, Patrick came downstairs. He was equally shocked. He stared at the TV with wide eyes.

"Oh my God! It's Ethan." Patrick couldn't believe his eyes. He repeated the words over and over again as he stared at the TV.

No two people in the world would look this alike. Brandon was none other than Ethan.

No one would have thought that a loser like Ethan would establish a business empire like the Larson Group, which was as

powerful as the Lester family, and become a successful CEO. Nobody had a clue about his secret life. Elissa couldn't deal with

the shock. She didn't know what to do. Unfortunately, Patrick was here; she couldn't even show her resentment. She turned around and winked at her son, secretly expressing her feelings. Patrick picked up the newspaper on the table and unfolded it. A slow smile emerged on his face.

"This boy amazes me."

Looking at Ethan's achievements, Patrick realized he was more smart and outstanding than his eldest son, Seth

Lester, who was in charge of a branch company of the Lester family in a different city, Patrick regretted kicking Ethan out of the

family. It had been a hasty decision. If he had known Ethan's potential, he would have never asked him to leave.

Elissa's heart sank when she saw the smile on Patrick's face.

She should have killed that boy when she still could. Ethan was wealthier and more influential than the Lester family now. He

wouldn't bother acquiring their property, for his assets surpassed theirs. She couldn't bear to watch him, an illegitimate child, grow right before her eyes.

"Damn it!" Ritchie angrily stomped his foot.

He threw the remote and stormed out of the room. Elissa followed him out to the garden.

"Things have gotten out of hand. We should get rid of Ethan!" Ritchie's head throbbed. He looked at Elissa and scoffed.

"Do you think he is still a loser whom we could mess around and get away with it? He is now Brandon Larson — the CEO of the Larson Group!"

"So what? Just because Ethan has another identity, doesn't mean we should just give up. The Larson Group and the Lester family are enemies. The only solution is to get rid of Ethan." Elissa fisted her palms as anger coursed through her veins.

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