

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

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.

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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?"