

Mogul 181

[Chapter 181 Have You Offended Anyone Lately](#)

Fiona had hired a criminal last time to rape Janet. However, her plan was exposed and ruined. Since then, she couldn't find a chance to vent her anger. Later, after a lot of thinking, she devised this scheme. She was determined to take revenge this time.

The Lind family had raised Janet. But now, the dog was going to ride on its master. She couldn't let that happen.

However, the previous experience had taught her a lesson. Fiona restrained her emotions now. She had others to execute the plan now and was sure no one would find out she was the mastermind.

When Fiona heard the news that the fraudsters had caused trouble in Janet's company, she was ecstatic. After all, the men were dangerous people. They were all experienced enforcers who would go to any extent for money.

Even if the crisis couldn't destroy Janet, it would definitely ruin her life and reputation.

Fiona hated how Janet had her way with everything by putting on an innocent face. She felt the woman was a master at faking innocence. She behaved as if she were on a mission to let the entire world know that the Lind family had ill-treated her.

'Now, everyone could see through her pretense. This conniving bitch would lose her foothold in the Larson Group. That's for sure.'

A triumphant smile emerged on Fiona's face as she thought her plan had succeeded this time. She didn't want to contact the fraudsters. The less she got involved in the matter, the better.

One day, she saw the news on TV that the police had launched a crackdown on several fraud groups. Although Fiona was not sure if it included the fraud group she had hired, dread and unease settled in the pit of her stomach. The fear was eating her up.

All of a sudden, Fiona recalled what had happened to the last man she hired. She broke into a cold sweat and began squirming with fear.

Fiona abandoned her previous plan and called the fraud group.

The phone rang, but no one answered. Finally, she sensed something was wrong and slumped on the sofa helplessly.

Bernie flipped the pages of the newspaper and muttered, "The fraud groups are rampant now. They deserve it," he said, looking at Fiona.

Seeing the dread on her pallid face, he arched an eyebrow and asked, "Did you do anything wrong again?"

As soon as Bernie finished speaking, his phone rang.

"Hello. What can I do for you?" Bernie asked respectfully. After all, he was talking to a powerful man.

A shiver ran down Fiona's spine as she looked at Bernie.

"What? No. But everything went on well. Why have you decided to withdraw the investment? We reached an agreement before, didn't we?" Bernie licked his lips and wiped the sweat on his face. Then, he put down the newspaper and leaned back on the sofa.

Bernie had worked so hard to reach the refinancing agreement. With this money, he could reopen the abandoned plastic factory and hopefully gradually get the family business back on track.

He heard a soft sigh from the other end of the line. "Anyway, we haven't signed the contract yet. You better take care of your business. Please don't come to us again in the future."

With that, the man hung up the phone.

Judging from his resolute tone, Bernie understood the man had made up his mind.

Bernie was pacing back and forth in the living room when his phone rang again.

Another company had also called to cancel their partnership.

Bernie could tell that they were all in a hurry to cut ties with his company. His stomach churned with anxiety. The relentless phone calls turned his throat dry, but all his efforts were in vain. He couldn't convince them.

The phone calls continued; Bernie grew anxious and worried with every passing moment. The partnering companies were willing to even pay a high penalty fee to distance themselves from the Lind family.

Bernie's face turned ashen pale as he continued to wipe his sweat in despair.

Bernie had been a part of the business circle for several years. His father had laid the foundation for the company in the early years. Now, the technological advancement and change in trends worsened the situation of his company. However, Bernie was sure that wasn't the reason why his partners had chosen to abandon him.

"We've been friends for so many years. Can you at least tell me what happened?" Bernie's voice trembled.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. He is a powerful man. But I don't understand. You two are not supposed to have any interaction. Well, I suggest you reflect on your actions. Have you offended anyone lately?" said the man on the phone.

Bernie couldn't think of anyone except for a few influential families that would ruin the lives of the people who rubbed them the wrong way. But Bernie didn't remember offending any one of them.

Chapter 182 Arrested

Bernie looked dejected after hanging up the phone.

Judging from the phone calls and his expressions, Fiona understood the Lind family's company was in trouble, just like last time.

"Bernie, what's going on?" Fiona walked to him and held the handle of the carved sandalwood chair with a trembling hand.

Hearing that, Bernie glared at Fiona and slammed his fist on the wooden table beside him. "Did you do something again?" he growled. "They're saying we have offended someone powerful. All the partnering companies have called me to terminate the collaboration with us."

Fiona didn't dare to tell the truth. Bernie's attitude toward her had changed greatly ever since he found out that she had hired a criminal to rape Janet. He had become cold and distant. Fiona couldn't tell him that she had hired people to harm Janet again.

"Why are you always blaming me when something bad happens? I've been staying at home all day long. I would never do anything reckless under your watch. Maybe you've offended someone during one of your business deals," Fiona explained in an aggrieved voice. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the chair to hold back her fear and guilt.

Bernie believed Fiona's words. He had been watching her closely so he believed she didn't do anything reckless again.

However, little did he know that Fiona was more cunning and vindictive than he had imagined. She had ways to execute her plans right under his watch without garnering his suspicion.

"All right. I'll apologize to the partners and find a way to deal with the issue." Bernie was burning with rage. He picked up his coat on the chair and stood up to leave. "Stay at home. Don't make any trouble again."

Fiona picked up her bag and followed him. "Bernie, I'll come with you. How can I let you endure all the hardships yourself? We are a couple, and we'll face it together," she said, holding his arm.

The Lind family's company was in a miserable position because all the partners had cut ties with them.

Some of the factories had collapsed due to a lack of funds. Bernie and Fiona had been dealing with the chaotic situation for the past three days.

Bernie was exhausted. He was even debating on declaring bankruptcy. But the business was all they had now -- it was an ancestral asset. He didn't want the family business to collapse under his administration.

"Don't worry. Our Lind family's business stood for years. I'm sure we'll make a comeback after the crisis ends," Fiona comforted him.

Even she couldn't figure out why all the companies had terminated the partnership with their company overnight.

'Who on earth is behind all this?'

Fiona wondered. Unfortunately, she didn't have the time to figure it out.

The day after the couple finally dealt with the problems of the Lind family's company and returned home, the police came looking for Fiona.

"Mrs. Lind, you're the suspect of multiple crimes. We have received the evidence and are here to take you for investigation."

"What's going on, sir? I think it's a misunderstanding. My wife wouldn't commit a crime." Bernie tried stopping the police.

However, his voice faltered. He regretted marrying Fiona at the moment. The woman was pure evil -- she got into trouble and dragged him into the mess.

But Bernie couldn't leave her alone. If Fiona got arrested, it would be a disgrace to the Lind family.

"Your wife is suspected of bribery, attempted murder, illegal business transaction, and several other crimes. If you want to know further, we can discuss it in the station." The policeman walked over and handcuffed Fiona who was staring at him with wide eyes.

As the cold handcuffs touched her skin, Fiona began to scream and thrash. Her legs grew wobbly, and she could barely stand on her own. "No... I didn't do anything," she mumbled as her head began to spin.

The past flashed before her eyes. She had taken advantage of the Lind family's power and secretly indulged in illegal activities. Fiona had been hiding the secret all these years, and she almost forgot all about her tainted past.

The memories came gushing as the police mentioned the crimes one after the other. Fiona broke into a cold sweat. After all, she was in a deep mess now.

[Chapter 183 The End Of The Lind Family](#)

"I'm innocent! I didn't do any of it! Let go of me! Bernie, help me!" Fiona panicked. Her hairpin fell to the ground, leaving her hair in disarray as she struggled to break free from the handcuffs.

Two policemen had to hold Fiona in place as she continued to scream and thrash. "We have to take her away now."

Bernie lowered his eyes and remained silent. He didn't know how to defend Fiona.

Bernie was more shocked than anyone else when he learned what had happened. He had lost all trust in Fiona. The charges made him wonder if he had married a devil.

Bernie's stomach churned with unease. He didn't know whether he hated Fiona or not. "I have nothing to say," he finally said, waving his hand.

"Bernie, let me explain! They are accusing me of a crime I didn't commit. Think about all the things I have done for this family. I'm Jocelyn's mother, for God's sake!" Fiona shouted hysterically. Tears flowed through her thick foundation, leaving a black streak.

Just as the police were about to take Fiona away, a woman strutted into the house. Sounds of heels clicking on the floor reverberated across the room. The woman reeked of alcohol, smoke, and perfume.

"What did my mother do? Why are you arresting her?"

Jocelyn asked, switching her gaze between Fiona and the police. She had no clue about the problems the Lind family had been enduring.

The police ignored her and dragged Fiona into the car.

Confused, Jocelyn ran to Bernie, who had collapsed on the sofa. His face had turned pale. "Dad, what's going on? Why have the police arrested Mom?"

Bernie stared into the distance as his heart sank with dejection. "That's it," he croaked. "This is the end of the Lind family."

Just then, the wall clock blared loudly. Jocelyn's heart trembled. It seemed like a warning from God, stating the day of reckoning had finally arrived.

Jocelyn sat down with Bernie and listened to the problems they had been facing for the past few days.

"What? How is that possible?" She felt as if her entire world had collapsed. She threw her bag down on the floor and slumped on the carpet. The energy in her body drained in an instant. "So our family is broke?"

Jocelyn wasn't worried that her mother was arrested. She only cared about money.

Jocelyn needed money to live a luxurious, carefree life.

She raked her eyes across the house and all the expensive things they had bought over the years. Jocelyn couldn't imagine that she had to part with her possessions. It felt like she was living her nightmare.

"It is not as bad as you think. You can find a job. We can manage but surely can't live a luxurious life anymore," Bernie comforted her.

The Lind family didn't have any money left. After paying the salary of the employees in his factory, Bernie would have to find a job himself.

'What? Find a job?'

Jocelyn's eyes widened in horror. She had been happily working in her father's company, where people did her biddings. Now, she couldn't imagine working for someone else. The sudden twist in fate frightened her.

[Chapter 184 Be A Mistress](#)

"Dad, don't worry. I'm with you." Jocelyn took a deep breath and stood up. "I'll find a way out." She held Bernie's hand and sat beside him.

"Jocelyn, your mother has set a bad example. I don't want you to follow in her footsteps. Money isn't everything. We can still live a peaceful life. Once you find a stable job, you can find an honest, trustworthy man to marry. You can have children and live happily." The relentless problems had taught Bernie a great lesson in life. He began looking at the bright side instead of putting too much pressure on Jocelyn. After all, he just wanted the best for his daughter.

However, Jocelyn didn't want to marry an honest, trustworthy man.

She couldn't even imagine living an ordinary life.

"Dad, that's not what I want," Jocelyn said firmly. She was sure about what she wanted and didn't want to waste time arguing with her father.

She stood up and went upstairs with her bag.

She couldn't sit and pray for her life to get better. After all, women wouldn't be young and pretty for too long. Jocelyn always wanted to live a wealthy life and decided to pursue it herself this time.

She took deep breaths to calm down.

Jocelyn had been going to parties every day for the past few days and met several wealthy men there. However, the eligible bachelors didn't seem to like her. They all just disappeared after sleeping with her. No one was ready for a stable relationship with her.

However, one of them seemed interested.

She opened her bag and took out his business card. The name 'Luke Turner' was printed in bold letters.

He was the head of the Turner family.

Jocelyn's brows furrowed. She had never thought of getting into a relationship with the man.

Luke was an average-looking man in his fifties. Besides, he was married and had a son. Jocelyn never wanted to be a mistress. Although she had a string of boyfriends in the past, her goal was to marry into a wealthy family and live a luxurious life. Luke, however, was a married man and not her type or age. Besides, Jocelyn went after good-looking men. She wanted her man to look dashing. The idea of being with a middle-aged fat married man disgusted her. Although the Turner family held a significant position in the city and was one of the wealthiest families, she didn't consider being in a relationship with Luke.

But she was desperate to find a wealthy partner now.

Jocelyn bit her lower lip and mulled it over. She didn't expect the Lind family would go bankrupt one day.

Jocelyn decided to let go of her pride and think about the future. Being poor and struggling to make ends meet seemed far worse than being with a middle-aged married man. She had to rely on a wealthy man to live a sophisticated life, and Luke was the ideal choice.

Jocelyn decided to forget everything and just go for it.

She called Luke and asked him out for dinner.

Luke liked Jocelyn because she was young and beautiful. After all, old men loved pretty young women.

He accepted her invitation without hesitation. Dinner was just an excuse to get in her pants. He had been waiting for a long time to sleep with a sultry woman like her.

To his surprise, Jocelyn, who had rejected him when they first met, seemed excited to meet him now.

"It seems like you've been going through a hard time lately, Miss Lind," Luke said, taking a sip of wine.

He was shrewd. After all, the man was the reason for the Turner family's success. He could sense that Jocelyn was going through a hard time.

"You're a smart man, Mr. Turner." Jocelyn smiled. Fiona had taught her how to seduce men. Besides, she had to work harder to be his mistress. Otherwise, the man would toss her away like trash after one night's pleasure.

Luke wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush. He smiled and slid a room card toward her. "Miss Lind, if you have any problem, you can come to this room to see me. I've booked this room for an entire year."

Jocelyn chuckled and rubbed her foot against his shins.

And, just like that, the two began using each other to fulfill their respective needs.

[Chapter 185 Transfer](#)

Janet saw the morning news and found that Fiona was arrested.

The Lind Group was a bit famous in Seacisco.

Just then, Hannah came out of the kitchen to call Janet for breakfast. Seeing her staring at the TV absentmindedly, Hannah followed her gaze and saw the news. "They should have arrested her a long time ago! Without old Mr. Lind, the family and its business have been falling apart with every passing day."

"But, Hannah, the company has been running without Grandpa all these years." Janet turned and smiled at her, not bothering to pay attention to the TV anymore.

Hannah scoffed. "The Linds have done a lot of bad deeds over the years. I think it's time for retribution."

Janet grabbed Hannah's shoulder and stood up. "Well, stop thinking about it. After all, we have nothing to do with the Lind family anymore. It's all over."

She had decided to let go of the past after severing all ties with the Lind family.

However, Hannah was old, so she couldn't stop nagging Janet. She sat down and continued to watch the news. "I wonder who did it."

Janet took a sip of milk and shook her head. "I don't have a clue. Fiona has done a lot of bad things, so I'm not surprised. Besides, the Lind family was already on the brink of downfall. It was just a matter of time before they went bankrupt."

Janet wasn't in the mood to discuss their misfortune, so she ate quickly. After all, she had nothing to do with the Lind family and didn't care about them anymore.

Seeing that Janet was about to leave for work, Hannah stopped her. "Janet?" She cleared her throat and

said, "Now that the debt is settled, I think it's time for me to go back. I prefer living in the village; city life isn't for me."

She didn't like the mundane city life where people lived like robots. The neighbors used to invite Hannah home, and they would dance together. But considering she was a slow learner, they had stopped calling her. The life in the countryside seemed happy and peaceful. She could grow vegetables and breed chickens and ducks to kill time.

Janet held the coat and looked at Hannah. "Can't you stay with me for a couple more days? Living in the countryside on your own isn't easy. I have planned to buy a house nearby once I save up money. You would move in with me, won't you?"

"Well, there is no one to take care of my vegetables. I have to go back. Otherwise, they will rot in the field." Hannah didn't want to leave Janet, either. But going back to her house seemed right because she didn't want to disturb the young couple. Besides, she could never get used to the busy city life.

Janet sighed and nodded. "Fine, I'll book a taxi to drop you home after work."

It was almost eleven in the evening when Janet returned home after dropping Hannah at her place.

As soon as she opened the door, strong hands held her waist from behind. Before Janet could react, she was pinned against the wall.

Ethan pressed his body against hers and began unbuttoning her shirt. His breathing came out in pants, and his body was hot with desire. "Let's go to my room. I want you."

"Ethan, I'm a little tired." Janet was exhausted after the long journey. Ethan's passionate kisses made her scalp tingle. She didn't even have the time to turn the light on; Ethan had trapped her in his tight embrace.

He slowly opened his eyes and rubbed his heaving chest against hers. "Just lie down. I will do all the work." His voice was thick with lust.

"It's already late. I have to go to work tomorrow. Now that Hannah's gone, I'll move back to my room." Janet turned around and pushed him away. "How about next time? I really am exhausted now."

Ethan's relationship with Brandon still bothered Janet. She now suspected that Ethan was gay or at least bisexual, and she just couldn't give herself to him knowing her boyfriend had another boyfriend.

However, Ethan didn't know what was on Janet's mind. He just wanted to consummate their relationship by making love to her. He wanted their first time to be special and memorable. However, Janet was right. It was better to save it for another time when both were free and up for it.

Ethan bit her earlobe and mumbled, "All right. I'll let you go this time, but you better sleep in my room."

Before Janet could respond, he cupped her cheeks and kissed her passionately.

He was desperate to make love to her.

The news about the fraudsters and their arrest became viral on the Internet.

Thereby, all the rumors about Janet were cleared.

The next morning, when Janet went to work, she bumped into Christopher in the elevator. He was holding an enormous box in his hands.

"Chris, are you quitting?" Janet asked in surprise.

Christopher shook his head and smiled bitterly. "I'm transferred to our branch in Snape. They've appointed me as the new department director."

[Chapter 186 Masquerade Ball](#)

It took half a day to take a bullet train from Snape to Seacisco. Snape was a prominent city that was still under construction, so property prices were much lower than that of Seacisco. In a word, Snape had promise in terms of development. It'd be good if Christopher worked as a department director of the company in Snape.

Although it meant that he couldn't work in the company headquarters, it was still a promotion. Janet sincerely thought this was a good thing. In her eyes, the Larson Group was giving him a chance to achieve his full potential.

"It's all so sudden. I didn't know it was coming at all. The HR department told me just yesterday that Mr. Larson himself gave the order." Scratching the back of his head, Christopher looked down at Janet anxiously. It seemed like he wanted to say something but stopped on second thought.

"What? Really?" As soon as Janet heard that Brandon was behind this, she pricked up her ears.

Christopher nodded. To his surprise, Janet frowned deeply, as though she was thinking about something.

Janet wasn't completely certain, but there were just too many coincidences between Ethan and Brandon.

Otherwise, why else was Christopher suddenly being transferred to a remote office all of a sudden?

She knew better than anyone else that Ethan wanted to put as much distance between Christopher and her as possible. Janet suspected that perhaps Ethan asked Brandon to do this.

If Ethan could persuade Brandon to transfer the employee of the Larson Group, what did that say about the relationship between the two men? Could Brandon value Ethan enough to follow his requests?

"Honestly, I'm not too happy about the promotion. I don't want to move to another city." Christopher tightened his grip around the carton in his hand. He stared at Janet for a long time with complicated emotions.

When he first learned about his transfer, his knee-jerk reaction was to refuse. But after calming down and weighing the pros and cons, he decided to take the promotion. He figured that it would be better this way. He had no future with Janet anyway.

If he stayed away from her long enough, maybe one day his infatuation with her would die down.

"Snape isn't that different from Seacisco. It'll take some getting used to, but I'm sure I'll be fine." Unable to find the words to respond, Janet pretended to ignore what he said. "Chris, let me see you off."

Janet still kept Ethan's warning in mind. Now that she couldn't invite Christopher to dinner, she could only say goodbye to him.

She accompanied Christopher until he hailed a taxi. As she walked back to her desk, she mulled over the relationship between Ethan and Brandon once again.

The more convinced she was of her theory, the more she wanted to find some evidence to prove it.

But even if it turned out to be true, she didn't know what to do.

When she arrived at her desk, only then did she realize that the entire design department was in a state of chaos. Everyone was talking about something excitedly.

When Gerda saw her colleague's questioning look, she excitedly showed Janet the notice in the chat group. "Lind! Look at the notice!"

It turned out that the Larson Group was going to hold a masquerade ball as a reward to the employees. What caught Janet's attention was that Brandon was also attending the party.

This was the perfect opportunity!

If Janet could take Ethan with her to the ball, that'd put the two men in the same room. That way, she might get a chance to figure out their relationship.

[Chapter 187 Dual Identity](#)

Janet returned home and invited Ethan to join the ball with her.

"A masquerade ball?" Ethan asked breathlessly. Ethan was doing pushups on the balcony. He did a dozen more pushups before standing up. Then, he grabbed a bottle of water, gulped it down, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "When?"

Janet raked her eyes across the chiseled muscles on his waist. A blush flamed her cheeks, so she quickly averted her gaze and looked at the towering buildings in the distance. "Saturday... Saturday night."

With a pensive look on his face, Ethan thought for a while. Then, he threw the empty bottle into the trashcan, walked over to Janet, and stroked her hair. "I'm on night shift in the convenience store that day. I can pick you up after the party ends though."

That night, Ethan was going to attend the party as Brandon, so of course he couldn't go with Janet as Ethan.

Several veterans and big shots would be attending the party. It would be respectable only if Brandon Larson himself attended the party and received them.

"Can't you trade your shift with someone else? All my colleagues will bring their partners along." Janet leaned against the glass door, blocking Ethan's way.

Ethan's response seemed to increase her suspicion. "Then, I won't go either. Everyone at the ball will have a partner. I'll feel left out." Then Janet's eyes widened as she turned to look at Ethan as if she had come up with a great idea. "Or I can ask if any of my male colleagues can accompany me."

A frown lined Ethan's forehead. He saw Janet running toward the sofa to grab her phone. It looked like she was sending a message to someone.

He quickly put on the black T-shirt lying on the sofa and sat beside her. "I didn't say I can't ask for leave that day," he said, taking the phone from her.

"Your expression told me that you don't want to come with me." Janet looked at him with big innocent doe eyes.

Ethan wiped the sweat off his face and smiled helplessly. "Well, what can I say? You'll really be the death of me." He smiled and returned the phone to her.

However, that wasn't the answer Janet expected to hear. "Will you be joining me or not?"

Ethan picked up his phone and waved it at her. "I'm calling the convenience store now to ask for leave."

Going to the ball with Janet seemed more important to him now. Ethan decided to switch between his two identities. That way, he could hit two birds with one stone. After all, he didn't have to show up as Brandon for too long.

On the evening of the party.

Ethan and Janet arrived at the venue hand in hand. Everyone was wearing a mask.

In addition to its own employees, the Larson Group had also invited some of its partners in the entertainment circle. Fashion models from Fashion Week and female soap opera stars also graced the event.

However, the light in the banquet hall was dim, and they all had masks on their faces. Recognizing even the most well-known people seemed like a difficult task.

Janet strolled around the dance floor. She wanted to find Brandon.

"I need to go to the bathroom." Ethan let go of her wrist and broke out of the crowd.

Janet nodded and secretly followed him to the bathroom.

The light was brighter here. Janet's eyes were fixed on Ethan, so she didn't notice the woman walking toward her. The woman bumped against Janet, almost spilling the wine on her beautiful, long dress.

"Ah! Are you blind? Don't you have eyes?" The woman bellowed in rage.

"I'm sorry. I'm looking for someone," Janet said as her eyes continued to search for Ethan.

The woman was also wearing a mask, but she still looked like a regal beauty. She was wearing an elegant dress, and her assistant accompanied her, so Janet concluded the woman was a celebrity.

However, her eyes widened when she saw the woman's light green silk dress.

They both were wearing almost the same outfit.

[Chapter 188 Cheap Imitation](#)

The woman turned to look at Janet as well. She froze for a brief second, then her eyes narrowed into slits.

'Is she a celebrity, too?'

Janet was a gorgeous woman, but not in the way that most women in showbiz were. She wasn't the type to turn heads at first glance, but her charms never failed to make a lasting impression on everyone she met. Needless to say, this quality of hers attracted jealousy from other women inasmuch as it inspired admiration in most men.

Emani Gomez shot Janet a look of displeasure, which only darkened when she realized that they were wearing an almost identical evening dress as hers—the same style, in the exact same color. And it looked far more beautiful on Janet.

Emani glanced at her assistant pointedly.

The girl understood the message at once, and she proceeded to point a finger at Janet. "Hey, you!" she snapped in an arrogant tone. "Who the hell do you think you are? You almost bumped into Miss Gomez just now. Hurry and apologize."

Janet's brows furrowed. "You said 'almost', so I haven't really done anything to her, have I? Why should I apologize?"

The assistant sputtered, obviously taken aback. "How dare you—Where are your manners? Well, whatever! Go and change your clothes. Don't you see that you're wearing the same dress as Miss Gomez?"

Janet cocked her head to the side, wondering what the fuss was all about. She didn't think it was a big deal at all. Granted, the woman was a star, so it was understandable that she wouldn't be keen on having anyone wear the same outfit to the same event. If only they had asked her nicely, then Janet would have gladly obliged.

Unfortunately for them, she wasn't the type to tolerate rude and presumptuous people.

"Why should I change?" Janet countered. With that, she turned on her heel, intending to continue her search for Ethan.

But the assistant suddenly grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her back forcefully. "Which company are you from, you ungrateful bitch? Do you have any idea who she is? She is the Emani Gomez! You can never afford to offend her, not even in your dreams!"

Janet glanced sideways at the actress.

She was tall and slender, with dark and shiny curls framing her delicate features.

Janet was all too aware of Emani's identity. In addition to being a popular star of their age, she was also the new face for the Larson Group's clothing business.

Emani wore a butterfly-shaped mask which covered half her face, so Janet didn't recognize her just now. She didn't look half as pretty nor sexy as she did on the screen. Maybe it was because of her heavy makeup, but she was looking particularly tacky.

Janet shook off the assistant's hold and stared straight at Emani. "I am not an actress, but a designer for the Larson Group. And I am not changing my clothes. I can wear whatever I want; you have no right to

give me orders. If you're so bothered by the similarity, then you can go and change yourself."

The assistant huffed, and she began to roll her sleeves up, ready to teach Janet a lesson. "You! You're just another employee of the company; how dare you act so arrogant? Don't blame me for punishing you, since you brought this upon yourself!"

The air around them crackled with tension.

Emani instantly stepped between them. "Watch yourself," she chided her assistant. "We must not ruin Mr. Larson's party on account of this nobody. Let it go."

She gripped the girl's hand and gave Janet a sneer. "My assistant was being impulsive just now. Let me put it bluntly. Your dress is just a knockoff, right? The details are very different from the ones on mine. It wouldn't be good for you to wear such a cheap imitation to this kind of party. I'm afraid you will only embarrass yourself if you insist on wearing it for the rest of the event."

[Chapter 189 Limited Edition](#)

Janet looked down at her dress. It was one of the articles of clothing that Brandon had asked her to keep.

"I'm not wearing a knock-off," she argued. She knew that Brandon would never give her something fake.

Emani sighed heavily, as though she felt sorry for the poor Janet. She straightened the bead drops on Janet's evening dress for her and smiled. "Then show me the label on the collar of your dress. I'm good friends with the designer of this dress, so I've seen it before. The logo on the label should be embroidered in gold thread."

Without hesitation, Janet showed her the label. Sure enough, the thread was not golden, but purple and silver.

The assistant took one glance at it and burst into peals of laughter. "See? And you had the audacity to argue with me! You said that your dress isn't a fake, but look at the evidence. You'd better change into another dress, sweetheart. You're just a regular employee. How on earth did you expect me to believe you could afford a dress worth hundreds of thousands of dollars?"

There were other female guests who were headed to the ladies' room. When they heard the quarrel, they couldn't help but prick their ears.

"Oh, look! It's Janet!" The women exchanged glances and smiled. They were all keen to see Janet make a fool of herself.

After what had happened with Janet's foster parents and the usury lenders, Janet had become a hot topic in the Larson Group lately.

Just then, ladies' room's door swung open and Tiffany strode out. She was wiping her fingers carefully with a tissue in her hand. When she saw the label on Janet's clothes, she looked surprised. Her eyes wide with awe, she asked, "Lind, is this the limited edition spring dress Power released?"

Janet was confused by Tiffany's question. Truth be told, she had no idea what brand this dress was.

"Is... Is it expensive?" When she heard the words "limited edition", she knew the dress must've cost a fortune.

She didn't expect Brandon to be so generous to her.

"Of course it's expensive! Most importantly, even if you had the money, you might not be able to get your hands on one," Tiffany chuckled, her eyes twinkling.

Then she turned to look at Emani, who was standing in front of her, and tossed her crumpled-up tissue into the trash can. "Miss Gomez, what a coincidence to see you here! Is that a basic you're wearing? Honey, you're a star. You shouldn't be wearing something so basic. What? You couldn't borrow a high-end dress? You should've asked me for help. You know I'm on good terms with Power's designers."

Emani had fallen silent ever since Tiffany showed up. Tiffany was famous in the designing industry. Nobody dared to offend her—not even Emani though she was the brand spokesperson of the Larson Group.

Hearing what Tiffany said, Emani looked very embarrassed and lowered her head. She feebly tried to change the topic and said, "Ms. Fisher, it's nice to see you again."

"Yes, it's been so long." Tiffany said dryly. Then she smiled and turned to look at Janet. "Lind, you're a designer and you're supposed to know what you wear. You should keep learning at least the works of famous brands. The piece you're wearing is authentic. Because it's a limited edition, the fabric and style have been upgraded. There are only five of these in existence, and they're worth a ton of money and are only available to the top VIP customers."

[Chapter 190 Brandon Came](#)

On the surface, Tiffany was just explaining the facts to Janet, but in fact, she was deliberately putting Emani in her place. She had worked with Emani before, and she didn't like her from the very beginning. In her eyes, she was too arrogant. How could she just stand by and watch as Emani bully her co-worker?

Both Emani and her assistant were stunned speechless.

So was Janet.

She took a deep breath to calm down. She had no idea that Brandon had given her such expensive clothes.

Emani was so embarrassed that the thick layer of foundation on her face couldn't cover her reddened cheeks. Without saying another word, she turned around to leave.

But before she could storm off, Tiffany stopped her. "Where are you going, honey? I heard that dress' designer is coming tonight. I thought you were friends with her? How about we go to her and have a chat?"

Emani's heart leaped to her throat. She was just bluffing earlier. She couldn't even borrow a decent dress for the party, so how could she know the designer?"

"No, thanks. Something urgent came up." Emani forced a smile and turned around once more. She had to get out of here.

But before leaving, she stole one last glance at Janet. Emani hadn't recognized Janet at first and had thought that she was just a nobody that she could bully. But now, it seemed she had made a mistake.

Seeing that the onlookers around had already left, Tiffany decided to let Emani go. "Okay then. By the way, Emani, a word of advice—take off that basic dress. You're a celebrity. Don't you think you should dress better than Janet, a 'regular employee' as you said?

"Okay. Thanks for the advice, Ms. Fisher." Emani was secretly furious, but she couldn't deny how expensive Janet's dress was. Perhaps Janet wasn't just the ordinary employee she thought she was. Not daring to say anything more, she could only leave, sulking, with her assistant and change her clothes in one of the stalls.

She gritted her teeth angrily. She hated Janet for this.

"What're you looking for?" Tiffany eyed Janet questioningly, who seemed to be looking for something.

"Nothing... Anyway, thank you for your help, Ms. Fisher," Janet said gratefully.

Tiffany shrugged nonchalantly and gave her a small smile before leaving.

Janet stayed where she was and continued to wait outside the men's room. Ethan had been in the men's room for a while now.

Just as she considered calling him, on the other end of the hall, the lights suddenly went out. Only a glaringly white spotlight lit up the stage.

The audience applauded, and everyone turned to focus on the tall man onstage.

Janet could tell from the man's figure that he was Brandon. He was wearing a black mask and a suit. Facing the audience, he gave a simple opening speech.

"Last but not least, enjoy the night." As soon as he finished his speech, the lights went out again. Brandon descended from the stage and disappeared behind the black curtain.

Intrigued, Janet wanted to know where he went and whether he would stay for the ball later. But there was no way of knowing his plans.

Now that Brandon was gone, she withdrew her gaze from the stage and turned to face the door to the men's room. Ethan still hadn't come out.

She paced back and forth outside the bathroom. After waiting for a few minutes, she finally got impatient. She anxiously called Ethan, who answered the phone after several rings.

"Ethan, are you okay? Why haven't you come out yet?"