

## **Mogul 561**

### [Chapter 561 Her Heart Stopped](#)

"Janet!" Seeing Janet unconscious on the ground, Elizabeth hurried back to help her up.

Only then did she realize just how pale Janet's face had become.

She anxiously wiped the sweat off Janet's forehead and said, "Answer me if you can hear me, Janet!"

But Janet didn't respond. In a panic, Elizabeth held Janet's wrist to feel her pulse. She even unbuttoned Janet's shirt and lowered her head to listen for a heartbeat.

"What on earth..." Elizabeth was scared out of her wits. Her eyes were full of shock and all the color drained from her face.

She couldn't feel a pulse, nor could she hear Janet's heartbeat!

She stood up and looked around in a panic.

It was already the wee hours of the morning. Most of the other colleagues had already gone home. The whole office was dark, save for Draco's office.

"Mr. Wesley, are you there?" Elizabeth shouted urgently. "Janet has fainted. We have to take her to the hospital right now!"

As soon as Draco opened the door, he saw Janet on the ground. Eyes widened, he ran to her side, asking Elizabeth, "What happened?"

"I don't know exactly." Elizabeth shook her head. "She was fine one second, and the next, she passed out."

"Let's see if we can revive her. Maybe it's because she has been working non-stop." Although Draco had never studied medicine, he had received training on CPR before, so he immediately began to treat Janet.

He grabbed a cushion from the nearest chair and put it under Janet's head. Then he lay her body flat on the ground. Disregarding everything, he unbuttoned Janet's shirt, crossed his hands over her chest and tried to revive her.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Elizabeth said falteringly, "Mr. Wesley, do you think I should do it?"

Draco didn't answer. He was too focused on giving Janet CPR. Without pausing to look at Elizabeth, he said, "This is not the time to worry about social conduct. Go get the office building's AED equipment and call 911. If this doesn't work, we'll have no choice but to wait for the ambulance."

Just now, Draco couldn't hear Janet's heartbeat. It seemed that she was in a temporary coma. The only thing he could do now was to give her CPR as best as he could.

Elizabeth was usually a calm and collected woman, but right now, she was in a state of sheer panic. Without saying anything, she ran downstairs to get the AED and handed it to Draco. Then she called 911.

Draco switched on the AED and stared at Janet's bra hesitantly. After weighing his options, he took off her bra for her. He had to.

Holding his breath, he concentrated on the procedure and quickly pressed the two paddles against Janet's chest. "1, 2, 3... Clear!"

But seconds passed and Janet still wasn't breathing and her lips started to turn a deathly shade of blue.

Sweat started to form on his forehead. Draco gritted his teeth and repeated the procedure.

This time, he finally got results.

Janet's heart started and she gasped for breath. While her life wasn't in fatal danger anymore, she was still unconscious.

Draco's clothes were soaked in cold sweat.

Fortunately, about ten minutes later, the ambulance arrived.

Draco hoisted Janet up and helped her get on the ambulance.

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At the headquarters of the Larson Group's Barnes branch.

It was already past midnight when Ethan's meeting ended. He was about to go home when he received a call.

"Mr. Larson, you have to come to the hospital. Janet's in critical danger." Ethan instantly recognized Draco's voice.

"I'll be right there."

Without a minute to lose, Ethan rushed to the hospital Draco mentioned.

When he arrived, there was already a small crowd of people standing by the door to the emergency room. Beal and Johanna had also rushed there as soon as Draco called.

## Chapter 562 History Of Heart Disease

"What's going on? Is Janet okay? Draco Wesley, we demand an explanation right this instant!" Beal wasn't as gentle and collected as he usually was. His eyes were cold and dead serious. "We let our daughter work in your studio for experience—not for her to end up in a hospital!"

Both Beal and Johanna knew that Janet had been working overtime these past few days.

With his eyes lowered, Draco felt a little guilty. When he was about to speak, the doctor came out of the emergency room and interrupted him.

"This is a hospital. Please mind your manners. Plus, this young man here actually did a great job. You should be thanking him. If he hadn't given your daughter first aid in time, she wouldn't have made it here alive. There are very few cases in which people who suffer from a cardiac arrest are successfully revived. If he had given her CPR immediately, she would've died." The doctor glanced at Beal and explained the situation.

Johanna didn't care about the trivialities in that moment. She rushed to the doctor and asked, "How is she now? Is she going to make it?"

"She's undergoing a few tests right now, but we do know that her heart stopped because of over-palpitation. We've hooked her onto an IV line, so she should recover in a while. You can see her later." The doctor smiled and shook his head wryly. "She came close, but you don't have to worry anymore. She's going to make it. But I must ask—does your daughter have a history of heart complications? She had to pay more attention to her health. She shouldn't work overtime too often. Although this kind of thing rarely happens twice, it would be even more dangerous if it does happen again. Please be careful."

Hearing this, Ethan couldn't help but frown tightly. "She has no history of heart disease. If she had, she would've told me."

The doctor was confused for a few seconds. "How about her family? Do you two or any of her relatives suffer from a heart condition?"

Johanna shook her head adamantly. "We're all healthy. I've never heard of anyone in my family who had a heart condition."

The doctor frowned and mulled over this new bit of information. "Maybe it's because your daughter worked too hard and her heart stopped because of excessive fatigue. I'll check on her again. If she really has no heart problem, then there's no need for any further treatment. She just needs more rest and less stress."

Then, having answered all their questions, the doctor left.

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In the ward, when Janet finally peeled her eyes open, she saw everyone staring at her.

Confused, her mind went blank.

"What's going on?"

Seeing her wake up, Johanna and Beal breathed a sigh of relief.

"You promised me you wouldn't work overtime anymore and would pay more attention to your health. You broke your promise!" As Johanna spoke, her voice broke and she burst into tears. "You worked too hard and fainted at the studio. The doctor said that you were lucky you received CPR in time, or you would've died. You should thank Draco for saving your life."

Janet's face was still a little pale. She turned to look at Draco with difficulty. "Thank you, Mr. Wesley."

Draco shook his head briefly. "It's nothing."

Johanna wiped her tears away and put on a brave smile. "I'm sorry about what we said just now, Mr. Wesley. Please forgive us. We're just too worried about our daughter. After Janet is discharged from the hospital, we'd love to have you over for dinner."

Taking a glance at Janet, who was looking back at him encouragingly, Draco didn't refuse.

Now that Janet was awake and out of danger, everyone felt as though a huge burden had been lifted off of their shoulders.

Janet didn't know why she had fainted out of the blue. Although she was still a little weak, she actually felt better now. She thought that maybe it was just hypoglycemia. She would be fine if she paced herself at work in the future.

Only Ethan kept silent the whole time. Sitting on the sofa, he looked so gloomy that nobody dared to approach him. He stared straight at Janet, and nobody knew what he was thinking.

### [Chapter 563 Poisoned](#)

"Ethan, what's on your mind?" Janet looked at her gloomy husband questioningly.

Ethan was sitting quietly on the sofa with furrowed brows and a deep-set frown.

"Anything wrong?" Janet pursed her lips worriedly.

"Nothing. It's just work. I rushed here straight from work when I heard you were in the hospital," Ethan answered perfunctorily.

"You should go back then. I'll be fine here." Janet smiled.

Just then, the door to the ward swung open.

"Janet! Are you feeling better?" Garrett strode in with several bags of tonics. Seeing so many people in the ward, he stopped in his tracks and said sorry.

Bearing gifts, he walked over to Ethan on the sofa.

Garrett's sharp eyes picked up on Ethan's gloominess instantly. He lowered his voice and asked, "What's wrong?"

He glanced at Janet, who was in bed, and then looked back at Ethan. "Janet's fine. What's with the long face?"

Ethan didn't answer. His cold eyes swept across the people in the ward. In a low voice, he said to Garrett, "Let's talk outside."

As he spoke, he stood up and headed for the door. Once outside, he took out his phone and called Frank.

"You haven't contacted me in months. I thought you've forgotten all about me." Frank's tone was flat and blunt. Perhaps he was still angry that Garrett and Ethan hadn't called him since they moved to Barnes.

"I'll ask my assistant to book you a flight. I need you to come to Barnes right away." Without saying anything more, he hung up before Frank could respond.

Overhearing Ethan's conversation just now, Garrett realized the gravity of the situation. "Is Janet sick?"

"No." Ethan shook his head. His eyes were as dark and cloudy as the night sky. "The murderer from twenty years ago has resurfaced."

After saying that, he went back to the ward and gave some instructions to the attending medical staff. "Please draw some of her blood and save it for testing."

Everyone looked at Ethan in confusion.

Janet also frowned and asked, "Why? What's wrong?"

Ethan didn't go into any details. He simply walked over to her bedside and stroked her hair gently. "There's something I just want to check."

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Frank landed in Barnes around midnight, and Ethan came to pick him up personally.

"What's up? You sounded really serious on the phone earlier," Frank asked.

Ethan handed Janet's blood sample to him and said, "Check if there's anything suspicious. I can get you any test equipment you need."

Frank took the blood sample, confused, but didn't ask more questions.

A few days later, Frank called Ethan with the results. His voice sounded surprised. "Whose blood did you give me? There are trace amounts of poison in it. Whoever owns this blood was poisoned."

When Ethan received Frank's phone call, he was at home with Janet. When he heard what Frank had to say, his expression hardened.

"Wait," he said to Frank in a low voice.

Ever since Janet was discharged from the hospital, she had been given a short holiday so that she could properly recuperate at home.

Janet didn't think there was anything seriously wrong with her. Still, she was glad to have some time off to keep Ethan company.

"Stay put in bed, honey," Ethan said to Janet gently. "I'll be right back." After tucking her in, Ethan stood up and left the room, making sure to close the door behind him. He went downstairs and continued his conversation with Frank on the phone.

"What kind of poison are we talking about?"

#### [Chapter 564 Murderer Resurfaced](#)

"It's a very dangerous and rare kind of poison that can cause heart palpitation, which later leads to a sudden cardiac arrest," Frank answered seriously. "It takes time for it to take effect, with an incubation period of around one or two days once it enters the human body."

Ethan's expression darkened. Frank didn't know what was on his mind because Ethan kept silent.

"Who owns the blood?" Frank asked again. "If it's someone close to you, you'd better have a few more tests done. If the poison is still in their system, their life may still be in danger."

"Keep the sample and the test results safe," Ethan said in a dangerously low voice.

Frank didn't ask any more questions. Judging from Ethan's slightly trembling voice, he realized the gravity of the situation and fell silent. He hadn't seen Ethan like this in a long time.

Ethan hung up the phone without another word.

Just then, he heard footsteps coming from the stairs. Janet came downstairs wrapped in a blanket.

Just now, she saw how Ethan's expression changed after receiving the phone call. She was a little worried, so she came out to check on him.

After hanging up, Ethan stood there motionlessly, his eyes as dark as night. Janet looked at him worriedly, not knowing what was going on in his mind.

"Honey, what's wrong?" she asked with concern.

Just now, she had heard the word "poison" from Ethan's mouth.

Ethan's eyes widened as he slowly looked up at Janet by the stairs. He put on a faint smile and calmly walked over to her. He wrapped the blanket around her more tightly and said in a gentle voice, "Let's go to the hospital later so that they can run more tests."

"But I'm perfectly healthy," Janet protested. "Can you tell me what's going on? Why'd you ask the doctor to take my blood sample?"

Ethan looked at her and sighed. "I asked Frank to run tests on your blood. My mother died from a sudden cardiac arrest, and she had no prior history of heart disease. Before she died, she told me to be wary of Elissa. At the time, we were regarded as Elissa's enemies. Although I was young back then, even I knew that she wanted to have me and my mother killed. One day, my mother was working outside when my neighbor suddenly rushed in to tell me that she had died on the street. The forensic experts and police did not find anything suspicious about her death and chalked it up to natural causes."

"Do you think Elissa was behind your mother's sudden death?"

Ethan nodded grimly. "Yes. I've been secretly investigating the truth about my mother's death all these years. So when I heard what the doctor said about your condition, I suspected that someone was trying to murder you and immediately called Frank over to have him test your blood. Sure enough, he told me that you had been poisoned."

His tone grew more and more grave.

"All these years, I had done everything in my power to find out how Elissa had my mother killed, but I never came close. I didn't expect that someone had poisoned her to cause her sudden cardiac arrest. Nor did I expect that Elissa would try to do the exact same thing again after so many years."

#### [Chapter 565 The Way Execute A Poisoning](#)

Even in her wildest dreams, Janet had never expected to find out that Elissa was so cruel and merciless.

"So according to you, Elissa is the one responsible for poisoning me? But what motive did she have to do that? I barely know that woman at all. Killing me wouldn't benefit her in any way." Janet was wholly taken aback by what she had been told. At the same time, however, she felt that it would be highly unusual for Elissa to have any desire to poison her.

All it would have done was expose her, which, in all honesty, was somewhat stupid in the grand scheme of things.

Ethan said with absolute certainty, "I think that I must have been her prime target. Perhaps you became the victim purely by accident."

In the past, Elissa had tried to murder him on numerous occasions. However, she was yet to succeed. She probably just wanted to take another shot at it now.

However, he was no longer the Ethan he used to be.

After that, Ethan took Janet to the hospital for two more thorough check-ups. They didn't leave until Ethan was absolutely certain and convinced that she was fine.

Janet sat in the car, watching the passing scenery flash by, when she asked, "Ethan, do you remember we went to a Michelin star restaurant for dinner a few days ago? We haven't had a chance to have dinner together lately, except for that night. Do you think that was when I was poisoned? She wanted to poison you. I could have eaten the food that was originally meant for you by mistake, so I inadvertently became victim."

The Michelin star restaurant left a long-lasting and deep impression on Janet. It had an amazing ambience, delicately balanced cuisine and delicious wine.

When Ethan heard her words, the restaurant also popped into his mind.

Recently, Janet had become very busy with her work, so they seldom spent time together. During that time, Sean was the person who was responsible for bringing Ethan his food to his office. Sean was his right-hand man so he was certain that the safety and quality of the food he brought him was guaranteed. If anyone did want to poison Ethan, they would have to take the chance while he was out eating at a restaurant.

Last time Ethan ate out, he had dined with Janet at that three star Michelin restaurant.

"True. It must have happened at the restaurant," he conceded after some thought. His sixth sense told him that something was amiss. He immediately instructed the driver, "Take us straight to Iris."

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Outside the Iris restaurant, Janet got out of the car and saw the 'closed' sign on the door of the



restaurant. She had an even more peculiar feeling about the place. "I passed by here yesterday and it was still open. Why did they suddenly close for no reason?"

Ethan snorted and called the security of the Larson Group.

After a while, three minibuses arrived at the door of the restaurant. More than a dozen bodyguards got out of the minibuses and waited for Ethan's order.

"Break down the door." Ethan then took Janet back into the car and waited leisurely.

The restaurant was now closed. This was a clear indication that something was indeed wrong.

A dozen of bodyguards smashed the door of the restaurant in a few minutes, and then found the restaurant manager.

One of the bodyguards grabbed the manager by the collar and dragged him to Ethan. The startled manager asked in a trembling voice, "Sir, what can I do for you? Let's be civil and talk it out, shall we?"

Ethan didn't like people playing dumb with him. He raised his chin slightly and said, "Get all your waiters here."

Ethan remembered the waiter who brought them the complimentary drinks that day.

The manager didn't dare to refuse his request, so he summoned all the employees to the front.

Ethan soon recognized two familiar faces among the crowd. He made a beckoning gesture with his finger, and the bodyguards immediately understood his command. They directly took the two waiters away.

In less than a day, the two waiters fessed up. They had received a woman's money and put something in Ethan's glass that day.

#### [Chapter 566 The Truth About Sylvia's Death](#)

After the collapse of the cinema in Barnes, Patrick warned Elissa and took away most of her power over Lester Silk Fabric. She dared not to act rashly and had been lying low since then.

But Elissa was so anxious to get Ethan out of the picture.

He was a huge threat to her, and the sooner she could get rid of him, the better.

Ethan had been a threat to her ever since he was born, like his mother, whom Elissa had viewed as her arch enemy.

And she knew that if Ethan found out that she was behind this, he wouldn't let her go.

She couldn't just sit still any longer, waiting for Ethan to take his revenge. She had to do something.

From that day on, Elissa had been spending all her time thinking about how to eliminate Ethan once and for all.

It wasn't until Ritchie mentioned it in passing that an idea finally occurred to her.

"How did Ethan's mom die anyway? From some kind of heart condition, right? Maybe Ethan has it, too. I heard that heart conditions are genetic."

"You idiot, Sylvia didn't have—" Just as Elissa was about to roll her eyes, she abruptly fell silent and her eyes lit up.

She knew exactly how Sylvia died.

Twenty years ago, she got her hands on a newly developed poison by chance. When ingested by a human, the poison could cause palpitation and consequently, sudden cardiac arrest after two or three days. Moreover, it was difficult to trace and therefore made for the best murder weapon.

And this is the very poison she used to murder Sylvia. As expected, her death was chalked up to natural causes, and nobody suspected foul play.

Recalling this, Elissa wondered if she could use the same trick on Ethan.

Because of the heavy workload these days, there had been many cases of cardiac arrest caused by stress. As the CEO of the flourishing Larson Group, Ethan was always neck deep in work. Elissa was sure that if he suddenly died from cardiac arrest, no one would suspect it was a murder.

Thinking of this, Elissa bought another vial of the very same poison she used to kill Sylvia.

Although Elissa had lost her power over the family business, she still had a lot of money of her own. So she hired someone to follow Ethan. When she found out that he had made a reservation in a restaurant, she bribed two waiters to spike his wine.

When everything was set in place, Elissa returned to Seacisco. She waited confidently for the news of Ethan's death. Unexpectedly, that news never came; instead, it was Janet who suffered from a sudden cardiac arrest—and she had survived, nonetheless!

How could this have happened?

Hearing the news, Elissa grew increasingly flustered.

Since Ethan was alive, it meant that he would definitely look into this incident.

Moreover, his mother had died from a similar instance. He might get suspicious and eventually trace it back to her.

Elissa immediately contacted the owner of the restaurant and managed to get him to agree to suspend their business for a few days.

At least, she had to do something to cover her tracks.

Despite all her effort, Elissa wasn't able to get rid of the waiters that had been bought off by her. When she rushed over to Barnes, she was too late. The two waiters had been taken away by Ethan.

Worried that she'd be caught, Elissa flew back to Seacisco right away. She didn't know how things went, but Ethan was a resourceful man. Now that he had the witnesses, Elissa knew he'd find a lot of evidence that'd point to her.

Elissa was so flustered that she didn't dare to leave her home for the next few days.

One day, a servant knocked on the door urgently. "Mrs. Lester, we have received an indictment for you."

#### [Chapter 567 Two Cases](#)

Ethan had been very busy these days. Seeing him go out so early and come back so late every day, Janet started to wonder what he was up to exactly.

Ethan was indeed very busy, but he didn't tell Janet why right away.

When he found the evidence that Janet was poisoned, he hired the best private detective in Seacisco.

"What? A twenty-year-old case? The streets have been torn down and rebuilt and houses have been demolished and reconstructed; the world has changed a lot. This is going to be complicated, to say the least." This private detective used to be a journalist for Seacisco's famous Gossip Weekly. He was well-informed and resourceful.

"Be that as it may, I believe in you." Ethan pulled out a newspaper from that year and slid it across the table. "I want the information of everyone who had had contact with this woman and Elissa Lester."

He had to dig deeper into the death of his mother. This had to be a lead.

Time passed. It took the detective a lot of effort and resources to find the people related to the case Ethan brought up.

Most of the witnesses had either aged or died over the years, while the rest had moved away. However, there was still a glimmer of hope. Most of the people who had had contact with Elissa still lived in

Seacisco. They relied on the Lester family to make a living.

Everyone covered up for Elissa, trying hard to conceal the truth. It probably never crossed their mind that Sylvia's death would be investigated again after twenty years.

The detective gathered all the information he could find and passed it on to Ethan, who then found the man who had sold Elissa the poison.

Now that the evidence was stacked up against Elissa, Ethan sued her under two charges: murder and attempted murder. Afraid that things might go awry, he put the best lawyers of the Larson Group in charge of the case.

The indictment instantly became a sensation. Two major cases, the poisoning of Janet and the death of Sylvia, was enough to draw in the attention of the public.

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It didn't take long before the news reached Patrick's ears.

It wasn't the first time Elissa had humiliated him. He felt both shocked and angry, but at the same time, he began to worry about the stock price of Lester Silk Fabric. Although Ethan was his bastard son, he still carried the Lester family name. He didn't think it was right for Ethan to humiliate the whole family just because he hated Elissa.

Patrick was so angry that he personally went to Barnes to see Ethan on the day he found out about the news.

"Ethan Lester! You really have the gall, don't you?" Patrick spat aggressively.

"Your wife killed my mother, and now, in trying to kill me, she almost killed my wife," Ethan said calmly. "Let's settle the old and new grudges together. I'm telling you—I won't give her the chance to get away with her crimes."

Patrick's eyes went as wide as saucers.

He knew about Sylvia's sudden death, but he didn't think too much about it. After all, Sylvia was just some woman he had a one night stand with.

Moreover, he needed Elissa and her family's support, so he had to turn a blind eye to the fact that Elissa hated Sylvia to the core. Now that he thought about it, he found it highly possible that Elissa had killed Sylvia.

And he also knew that Elissa wanted to kill Ethan, too. After all, she had already tried once.

Ethan had enough evidence to prove it. The man was no longer the loser he used to be. He had the Larson Group, and Patrick couldn't do anything about it.

Seeing the hesitation in Patrick's eyes, Ethan sneered coldly. "Since you have nothing else to say, get out. Now!"

Patrick clenched his fists and stormed off angrily.

He had already warned that damned woman, but Elissa didn't take him seriously at all.

### [Chapter 568 The Police](#)

In the Lester family home, Seacisco.

Elissa was so anxious that she kept smoking non-stop. The whole living room was shrouded in a cloud of smoke.

When Ritchie heard the news, he called Elissa and tried to comfort her. "Mom, don't worry. Ethan's just a lowly bastard. What could he possibly do to us?"

"Grow up, Ritchie! We're not facing Ethan Lester now. We're facing Brandon Larson, the CEO of the Larson Group. He could destroy us with a snap of his fingers!" Elissa cried.

Ritchie still didn't think it was a big deal. "We have dad on our side, remember? He'll help us."

Speaking of the devil, Patrick arrived.

Elissa overheard the servant answering the door and greeting respectfully, "Mr. Lester."

"I have to go. Your father's back." Elissa immediately put the phone away. Quickly extinguishing the cigarette in her hand, she stuffed the butt under the sofa cushion.

She quickly calmed herself down and put on a calm smile. She walked over to take Patrick's coat and asked gently, "Have you had dinner yet?"

Patrick cast a glance at her and shrugged off his coat. There was no trace of anger on his face.

Elissa took the heavy coat and sighed with relief. Just when she thought she had dodged a bullet, Patrick suddenly slapped her across the face hard.

The blow made Elissa scream and fall to her knees.

Patrick undid the cuffs on his sleeves, his chest heaving violently. His face livid, he demanded, "What the hell have you done?"

Elissa was in a panic. She cradled her swollen cheek and glared at Patrick defiantly. "What have I done? Patrick Lester! How many times have you hit me now?"

"You're still going to try to hide it from me?" Patrick roared angrily. "Ethan has sued you! He has enough evidence to put you behind bars for good!"

Elissa gnashed her teeth and glared at Patrick ferociously. Knowing that she couldn't deny it anymore, she let it all out in howls. "I did it for you and the Lester family! Ethan hates us and has always been our enemy! I wanted to get rid of him for the sake of the whole family!"

"You're still trying to make excuses for your unforgivable actions?!" Patrick was so angry that his face contorted and turned purple. He wanted to beat the life out of this vicious woman. "I warned you not to do anything to him again. I gave you one more chance and you went behind my back! Now that he has evidence against you, I can't help you. I refuse to help you!"

Elissa was shell-shocked. She looked at Patrick in disbelief, and struggled to stand on her feet. "What was that supposed to mean? Are you saying you're going to abandon me? Patrick, have you forgotten how my family has helped you? You owe me!"

Patrick looked down at her coldly. "I refuse to have a murderer as a wife. I want a divorce. You brought this upon yourself."

At the mention of the word "divorce", all the color drained from Elissa's face. She fell to the ground as if she had been struck by lightning.

Without an ounce of sympathy, Patrick left her lying on the ground. A few minutes later, a servant suddenly rushed over and screamed, "Ma'am! The police are at the door!"

Elissa wanted to run away, but she couldn't. She could do nothing but burst into tears. At last, two policemen took her away.

### [Chapter 569 Seth Returned](#)

Ritchie was away on a business trip to another city. Since his last phone call with his mother, he had put the matter out of his mind. He thought it was not a big deal and nothing would happen.

However, when he finally returned home, he looked around the place but didn't see Elissa. He asked the servant curiously, "Where is my mother? She should be playing cards with the other wealthy ladies at home at this time."

The servant faltered, "Mrs. Lester... She was arrested by the police two days ago."

"Does my dad know about this?" Ritchie was flabbergasted. "Didn't he stop them?"

The servant didn't know the details and simply said, "Sir, you will have to ask Mr. Lester yourself. I don't have the answers."

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Ritchie rushed to Patrick, who was busy in the middle of a meeting. His secretary and assistant tried to stop Ritchie from barging in. In a fit of rage, he pushed them aside and stormed into the board room.

"Dad, aren't you going to do something about Mom? You just stood there and watched Ethan put her in jail?" Ritchie said, enraged.

Patrick's face darkened. He had made up his mind and wouldn't falter in his resolve. He said, "There is no room for discussion about this. If you don't want me to get angry, you better get out of my sight right this instant."

Ritchie clenched his teeth in fury. When he was just about to say something, Patrick's secretary entered the office and whispered something covertly in Patrick's ear. "Sir, Mr. Seth Lester has returned. He is waiting for you in your office."

Ritchie managed to overhear the whisper and was quite pleasantly surprised by the information. "Seth has returned?"

Seth would be much helpful than him. Patrick had always held Seth in much higher regard than him.

Upon hearing this, Patrick's face darkened. He announced the end of the meeting and went back to his office.

At that moment, there was a man in a smart brown suit sitting in Patrick's office.

The man was in his thirties and looked like he belonged to the circle of the business elite. Like a refined gentleman, he smiled at the assistant who brought him coffee and thanked her with a certain sort of charm.

After the assistant left, he picked up the cup of coffee and raised his gaze. He saw Patrick, who came in with Ritchie behind him.

"Dad, Ritchie." Seth put down the cup, crossed his legs and observed them carefully.

Seth had lived in Sugden for many years. Since he got married, he had seldom come back to Seacisco for anything.

"Did you come back for your Mom?" Patrick got straight to the point and took a seat on the couch next to him.

Seth's relationship with Elissa was not as close as that of Ritchie's. However, no matter what, Elissa was still his mother and he couldn't sit back and do nothing about her imprisonment.

However, he knew that Patrick was a cold and ruthless man. Under such circumstances, he knew there was nothing he could say to change Patrick's mind. He and Ritchie had to help their mother out of jail by themselves.

"No, Dad. I always respect your decisions. I came back mainly to see you. I haven't seen you for a long time. I thought we should have a small get together." Seth remained calm. He didn't make any mention about Elissa.

"I'm busy these days. I'm divorcing your mother, and I need to go to the lawyer's office later," Patrick unbuttoned his suit buttons and looked exhausted. "I have a meeting scheduled to start quite soon. You two catch up."

After saying that, Patrick left.

Seeing that Patrick had left, Ritchie became anxious. "Seth, why didn't you say anything about Mom? If you don't care about her at all, why did you even bother coming back here?"

Seth signaled his brother to calm down and said, "Don't worry. Dad doesn't intend to do anything, but it seems he won't stop us from trying to get Mom out of jail."

As he played with the ring on his ring finger, Seth's eyes turned cold. He frowned and said, "Before I came back, I investigated the matter in great detail. Ethan has collected all the evidence he needs to convict Mom. The Larson Group is equally as powerful as the Lester Group. He has all the evidence and we don't even have Dad's support. The odds are against us so this might be tricky."

#### [Chapter 570 Avenged Your Mother](#)

In the courthouse of Seacisco.

It didn't take long before the jury came to a conclusion.

The evidence given by Ethan was clear, concise, and in a word, damning. Because the two families involved were equally powerful, the case could only be presented with evidence. In the end, the judge confirmed the authenticity of the evidence Ethan had put out.

Ethan won the trial. Elissa was rendered guilty of the two charges, the intentional homicide twenty years ago and the recent attempted murder.

When the verdict was announced, Seth raised his eyebrows and looked at Ethan.

They hadn't seen each other in years, and in Seth's eyes, Ethan had changed a lot.



Ethan noticed the man's gaze and turned to look straight at him. The two locked eyes.

Seth smiled politely at him, but the smile was somewhat unfathomable. He nodded at Ethan, turned around, and then left.

The second he walked out of the courthouse, Ritchie couldn't hold it in any longer and exploded. "Fuck!"

His nostrils flared as he roared, "Dad really didn't help! Mom stayed loyal to him for years and she only tried to get rid of Ethan for our family's sake. If Dad did something, things might've turned out differently!"

"Calm down. Someone could hear you." Seth put his hand on Ritchie's shoulder and warned him in a low voice.

Ritchie had always had a bad temper, ever since he was a child.

Ritchie had no choice but to clamp his mouth shut.

Seth talked to the lawyer in a hushed voice for a while. He was still calm. He had never seen Ethan as a threat and never understood why Elissa was so wary of him.

Even if he did view Ethan as a threat, he never would've resorted to murder. Killing someone was such a despicable way to deal with them. As a businessman, he always defeated his enemies by means of business.

Now that Elissa's crimes had been exposed, she had to face the consequences.

But now, Seth finally saw Ethan in a different light.

Over the years, while living in Sugden, he had heard stories of the legendary Brandon Larson, but he had never met him in person.

So it came as a complete shock when he found out that Brandon Larson was actually Ethan. Seth was older than Ritchie and Ethan, so he went to a different school. He had only remembered seeing Ethan twice when he was still a young schoolboy. At the time, he had thought Ethan was just a shy introvert. It seemed that he had severely underestimated his youngest brother.

This was the first time that Seth really saw what Ethan was capable of.

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On the day the verdict came out, Ethan took the verdict to Sylvia's grave.

The cemetery was overgrown with thick grass, and it was quiet. The air was thick with the scent of

flowers and pine trees.

Ethan stood in front of his mother's grave solemnly. All of a sudden, he pulled out his lighter, lit the document in his hand, and burned it to dust.

He didn't say a word until the paper was nothing but ashes, floating with the wind.

Standing next to him, Janet didn't know what to say to comfort him. She put her hand on his back and said gently, "You've finally avenged your mother."

Ethan ran his fingers over the words engraved on the tombstone, and his eyes landed on the black and white photo on the tombstone.

He withdrew his gaze from the gentle woman in the photo and looked into the distance silently. After a long time, he said, "I'm not done yet."