

When She Unveils Identities Novel Chapter 20 -

Chapter 20 – Fascinated by You

Jane didn't expect that Shirley, who was bullied by her, would fight back. She was so angry that she cursed. "You shameless woman, you don't even take a mirror to see what you like. You are a

disaster. How can you be worthy of my brother? How dare you have the nerve to refuse the

divorce?"

"Do you think it's useful to procrastinate? Amelie is pregnant. It is a certainty that she will marry my brother. It's not up to you to decide whether to divorce."

Shirley said, "It's not up to you whether I should divorce or not."

"It doesn't matter if she is pregnant. As long as your brother and I don't divorce for a day, I will be your sister-in-law, she will be the mistress, and the child in her belly will be a bastard."

Amelie was hurt by her words, and she could not vent her anger, so she could only say, "Miss Wilson, if you want to beat or scold, just come at me. Don't insult my child!"

"What do I insult your child? I'm just stating the facts. Everyone knows that the child born to a

mistress is a bastard."

"I..."

Amelie was so stunned that she was speechless, so she could only continue to pretend to be

innocent. "Braden and I love each other. The one who is not loved is the mistress."

"Amelie, don't talk to her anymore!"

"To deal with this kind of shameless person, just beat her up!"

Jane gritted her teeth and yelled, reaching out to slap Shirley on the face.

Before her slap fell, however, her hand was caught in mid-air by a strong force.

"Damn, who is so..."

Jane was scolding, and when she saw who was coming, she shut up and became quiet.

“Mr. Parker.”

Ewan was wearing a white dress, elegant and dignified, like Prince Charming in a novel, so charming that people couldn't take their eyes off him.

“Miss Miller, why are you so angry?”

Ewan looked at Jane. Although he smiled, his eyes were sharp and dangerous. “Do you know what the consequences will be if you dare to mess around in the Parker family's place?”

“What consequences?”

Jane had been in love with Ewan for many years, but at the moment she was shy and scared and did not dare to look Ewan in the eyes.

“Those who talk nonsense, I will cut off their tongues!”

“Those who beat people, I will chop their hands!”

“What... What?!”

When Jane heard that, her face turned pale with fright, her legs went limp, and she fell straight

down.

“Miss Miller, you are from a famous family. You should pay more attention to your words and deeds. Don't lose the face of your Miller family!”

After Ewan finished speaking, he slammed Jane's hand away.

Jane, ashamed and angry, was anxious to defend herself. “Mr. Parker, you don't know. It's because she is too vicious. My brother doesn't want her anymore, and she still stalks my brother and won't let him go. She still wants to use the Stewart family!”

“The most disgusting thing is that Amelie is pregnant with my brother's child, and she calls the child a bastard. What's wrong with it if I teach her a lesson?!”

Ewan's eyes turned cold little by little, and he said, “Those who talk nonsense, I will cut off their

tongues! Miss Miller, do you think I'm joking?”

Jane took two steps back, too frightened to say anything.

Although the Parker family ranked at the end of the eight major families in Seattle City, its strength should not be underestimated.

The industry and power of the Parker family were in a gray area, so their rules of cutting tongues and hands were by no means just kidding.

Amelie said, "Mr. Parker, don't be angry. It's all a misunderstanding."

"We didn't have any conflict with Miss Wilson. We just saw her being stopped outside the venue, dressed too casually. I was worried that she wouldn't be invited, so I came here to know the situation!"

"She doesn't need to be invited."

Ewan sneered and said, "The Parker family owns the hotel. As long as she wants to go in, she can go

in even wearing pajamas and slippers."

"It's you guys... If you keep messing around like this, just leave now!"

"Well..."

Amelie wanted to take the opportunity to humiliate Shirley, but in the end, she was so frustrated that she couldn't even say anything.

"Stop making trouble. Go in!"

Shirley leaned on Ewan, indicating that it was enough.

"Okay."

Ewan nodded.

He entered the venue together with Shirley.

"I'm pissed off! I'm so pissed off!"

Until Shirley and Ewan walked far away, Jane couldn't hold back, stomped her feet, and cursed. "When did she know Ewan and their relationship were still so good?!"

"I know what she can do. She is good at seducing men. She is so shameless!"

Her boyfriend Blaine stepped forward to comfort her. "Baby, don't be angry. You still have me!"

"You have no use at all. How can you compete with Ewan? You are such a waste!"

Blaine was not angry either, and said, "Tonight, I have prepared a surprise for you, and I will make you the most dignified woman in the entire charity dinner!"

Shirley and Ewan walked side by side to the banquet hall.

Just now, Ewan had been a noble, domineering man from a wealthy family outside, but now he was a submissive man with a smile on his face and Shirley in his eyes.

"The people from the Stewart family dared to bully you. If they dare do it next time, I will not let them go!"

Shirley smiled and teased. "You seem to be cynic, but when you are serious, you look so frightened. I was even scared of you."

"Of course, I am Ewan Parker!"

Although Ewan said so, he still looked obedient.

He looked Shirley up and down, and said, "But Shirley, would you dress too conservatively and casually?"

"Call me sister."

Shirley corrected him.

"Why can my sister call you Shirley?"

Ewan was like a boy, and said, "I don't care. I will never call you boss or sister again. I'll call you

Shirley."

"No!"

Shirley said, "You don't call me sister... What do you want to do?"

Ewan did not evade and admitted. "You are divorced. What's wrong with me being fascinated by you?"

He had waited all these years for Shirley to get divorced, and it had happened. He didn't want to be his younger brother forever.

Shirley smiled and didn't respond.

As she was about to arrive at the banquet hall, she unbuttoned her windbreaker, took it off, threw it aside, and let down her tied hair.

She opened the red lipstick, applied it to her lips, and pursed her lips.

"Shirley, you..."

Ewan was stunned.

The people in the banquet hall also cast their eyes on them, and they were all amazed...

Shirley wore a rose-red tube top long dress, showing a perfect figure, bright and moving, yet noble

and elegant.

The hollow design at the waist made her thin white waist loom, revealing a wild beauty of flamboyance and extreme sex appeal.

She seemed to have her own spotlight, and her whole body was shining, attracting everyone's

attention.

Someone in the crowd shouted, "No, why does she look a little like Ms. Stewart?"

Everyone was discussing. Dressed like a king in a high-end black tailored suit, Braden descended the spiral staircase with dignity and grace.

He had just finished discussing something with Johnson, the host of the charity dinner.

His cold gaze was attracted by the red color at the entrance.

In his deep and cold eyes, a touch of amazement first rose, and then it was replaced by displeasure.

He thought, "Damn woman, what does she want to do?"

With a grim face, Braden walked up to Shirley and, as if to declare his sovereignty, he put his arm around her slender waist.

"You are here so soon. I'm going to pick you up!"

Although there was a smile on his perfect face, it gave people a feeling of chilling danger.

They thought, "She is Ms. Stewart!"

Everyone was shocked.

The lecherous men who would have fixed their eyes on Shirley's bosom, her waist, and her legs.

were busy averting their gaze for the moment.

Those women who scolded Shirley also shut up one by one, and did not dare to speak nonsense.

"Come with me!"

Braden didn't care about his demeanor and brought Shirley to a private rest area under the watchful eyes of the public.

"Mr. Stewart, what do you mean?"

Shirley tucked her drooping hair behind her ears and asked.

"How dare you ask it?"

With a calm and handsome face, Braden looked at her sexy chest, and he asked, "Didn't I prepare a dress for you? What are you wearing now?"

"The ones you prepared are conservative, as if they were worn by nuns. I don't like them."

Shirley answered.

"You!"

The words almost made Braden angry.

He thought, "That dress was created by the chief designer of Gucci. How many rich ladies have not been able to get that gown, no matter how hard they tried. She even said it was prepared for nuns?!"

"But... it is indeed too conservative."

"Or, Mr. Stewart, do you think that my figure is not worth showing off for everyone to appreciate?" Shirley looked at him and asked.

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