

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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With Janet lingered in the office for half an hour until darkness had fully settled.

It was already past the usual hour when Brandon would come to pick her up, but there was still no message from him. Finally, unable to contain her anxiety, she bit her lower lip and sent him a message.

“Have you made it home yet?” Brandon replied swiftly, “Not yet. I have something to take care of.”

His tepid response left Janet a touch frustrated as she put down her phone.

Almost immediately, however, Brandon sent another message.

“Aren’t you home yet?” The unexpected concern lifted her spirits.

“No. I just finished work. Are you coming to get me?”

Brandon replied with an indifferent tone, “I don’t have the time. I’ll send Sean to pick you up.”

His cool response extinguished her budding excitement once more.

Sean arrived shortly, ensuring Janet’s wait was brief.

Observing the familiar car pull up to the curb, Janet felt no happiness.

She greeted Sean and climbed into the vehicle. Sean, having served Brandon for a significant period, had developed a knack for reading people’s moods.

The moment Janet entered the car, he noticed her expression was quite troubled. His heart gave a tiny lurch.

Just as he was about to feign obliviousness by turning his head, his gaze locked with Janet’s. Janet lifted her eyes to Sean, asking quietly, “Has the Larson Group received a major order recently?” Sean shook his head.

“No.”

“Has the Larson Group run into any problems lately?”

After careful consideration, Sean shook his head again.

“No, the company’s trajectory is smooth, with no new expansions planned. Mrs. Larson, may I ask why you asked that specific question?”

“Nothing in particular.”

Janet looked out of the window, taking in the rapidly passing scenery.

If it wasn’t work that kept Brandon so busy lately that he barely had time to get in touch with her, what could it be? Was it as Lexi had suggested? Had Brandon taken a mistress? The thought sent a pang through her heart.

The notion of Brandon caressing and kissing another woman was unbearable.

Such a reality would devastate her.

But would Brandon stoop that low? All kinds of thoughts whirled in her mind.

Janet tried to reassure herself not to overthink, but the ominous notions had taken root, sending her into a state of panic. What if it was true? What if Brandon really had taken a mistress? The mere thought forced her hand to her chest, a sharp ache resonating in her heart.

Sean had been covertly studying Janet.

Seeing the pallor of her face he sighed inwardly. He’s aware that his boss had been neglecting Janet recently, but the reason eluded him, So, even though he wanted to console Janet, He was at a loss for words.

Having escorted Janet home with utmost care, seeing promptly dialed Brandon & relayed their entire conversation.

Meanwhile in a clandestine club, Brandon let out a soft sigh upon hearing Sean’s report.

“It’s okay. I’ll comfort her when I get back.”

After ending the call, Brandon massaged his temples wearily.

Seated across from him, Frank arched his eyebrows and quipped, “who’s managed to ruffle your feathers? Janet?”

“Sean mentioned she was in low spirits, ” admitted Brandon.

Frank, in a teasing tone, asked, “what’s the matter? Did you upset her by not getting home on time?”