

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 750

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Chapter 750: The Truth Of Being Haunted

"You have no idea. I did a good friend a favor today. Of course I'm happy" Janet said mysteriously.

She truly hoped that Laney should be honest with the man she loved and told him how she really felt. She didn't want them to fall

out of love just because of some rectifiable misunderstandings.

Even if Laney and Garrett came from two different worlds, it didn't change the fact that they loved each other.

From the moment she met Laney today, she felt that her friend was not herself.

She just hoped that Laney and Garrett would have a heart to heart talk and soothe the creases in their relationship.

With her bodyguard close by, Janet went back home.

As soon as she stepped foot inside the house, the smell of freshly-cooked food wafted over from the kitchen.

Brandon was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Janet put down her bag and coat and snuck into the kitchen on tip-toe.

"Little Thief, what're you trying to steal this time?"  
Brandon didn't even need to turn around to sense that Janet was behind him. His sharp ears had picked up to the sound of light

footsteps as soon as she entered.

Janet had wanted to prank him, but when she was discovered, she pouted dejectedly.

"You're no fun at all!"

She walked over to Brandon to see what he was cooking and saw a boiling hot pot of fish soup. She picked up a spoon, scooped

up a spoonful of soup, blew on it, and tasted it.

"Wow, you're getting good at this, Chef Larson!"

Janet gave him two thumbs- up.

Brandon raised his eyebrows and smiled.

As he was cracking an egg on the frying pan, he suddenly asked, "What happened earlier? I heard that a mysterious woman

fought with Laney and escaped."

Janet lowered her eyes guiltily and pretended to focus on the fish soup.

"It was nothing. Nobody got hurt."

Brandon kept silent for a while and didn't say anything more.

Just when Janet thought he would drop the subject, he suddenly asked, "Honey, are you hiding something from me?"

Janet's heart leaped to her throat. She now regretted coming to the kitchen in the first place.

Before she could sneak away, Brandon grabbed her wrist and asked, "Where do you think you're going? Tell me, did you look for someone related to Charis to find the antidote?"

Although he had lost two years of memory, it didn't affect his deduction skills at all.

Frustrated, Janet had no choice but to come clean.

"Alright, alright. I met with her former assistant Allie and I made a deal with her, hoping that I'd get some information out of her."

She lowered her head and looked pitiful.

"But I got unlucky. Not only did I fail to find the antidote, but there have been awful things popping up in my computer. And I've been receiving prank calls from someone pretending to be Charis's ghost. If I wasn't brave, I would've broken down by now."

Brandon chuckled and pinched her cheek.

"You silly girl, you should've told me sooner."

"How could I? You would've scolded me!"

Janet protested.

"Besides, you told me not to do anything. But I couldn't just sit still and wait!"

Brandon sighed heavily.

"I said I'd find a way, didn't I?"

He put down everything in his hands and reached out to hold her.

"Allie must've planted a virus in your computer. She's using it to monitor and scare you. That's why they created Charis's 'ghost' as an excuse!"

"Oh, God. I didn't know she was cunning enough to do such a thing."

Janet's eyes widened.

She had underestimated her enemy.

It turned out that it was just a computer virus... And she had been toyed with.

"You silly girl, you must've been scared out of your wits. Give me your laptop. I'll ask the technical staff to track down whoever did this. We'll soon find out whether Allie's the mastermind or if there's someone else behind the curtain."

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