

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 269: Missed Call

It was well past midnight, but the building of the Larson Group was still lit up on all fours Up in the CEO's Office, the fragrant aroma of broth permeated the room.

Charis slowly wiped her lips and told the servant, "You may take this back now."

She then turned to Ethan and smiled.

"I'm sorry, about that. I guess I'm just used to it."

"It's fine," Ethan replied as he continued to type on his keyboard.

"Take a look at this and see if the plan is feasible after the modifications I made."

He ignored Charis' comment about her habits, and all but shut down her attempt to intimate at their shared past.

Back when they had just started their own business, Charis did like to drink some soup whenever they had to work overtime.

To her credit, she would also ask her servants to prepare a decent midnight snack for the rest of the staff. She was quite finicky like that, but it never affected her work.

Besides, Charis was already much better than most rich ladies. She leaned over and read his revised plan over his shoulder. She made a point of being meticulous about it, and was pleased to find that it was perfect, down to the finest detail.

Charis glanced at the clock in the bottom right corner of his laptop screen. It was just two in the morning.

This was surprising, since she hadn't expected him to finish the revisions so quickly. She turned to Ethan and grinned.

"You're still an ace at your job! You managed to itemize the problems and their corresponding solutions in just a few hours. If it were Garrett, it would probably take him until morning."

Ethan began the process of shutting down his computer and methodically packed up his briefcase.

When he spoke, his tone was cool and business-like.

"Since there is no problem, I will be handing the new plans over to our tech guys as well as the financial department so that they can start working right away."

He paused then, as a thought occurred to him.

"But Charis," he said, his eyes narrowed.

"These are all very simple loopholes. We've encountered things like this in the past, some even trickier. You used to solve them in less than two hours. You should have been able to take care of this easily without my help." Charis faltered under his piercing gaze.

She took a second to compose herself before answering.

"Well... I've been learning a lot about the domestic market recently. I suppose I was overwhelmed by so much work all at

once. Come on, Brandon. Surely, I'm allowed to take a break every now and then."

Ethan considered this for a brief moment. She had a point, so he decided to drop the matter and said nothing more.

He grabbed his briefcase and suit jacket. He was done for the night.

Ethan hadn't even risen from the couch when the door to the office suddenly burst open.

Garrett rushed inside, his forehead beaded with sweat, his eyes wide with panic.

"Ethan! Janet got into a car accident. The taxi she was in was hit by another car and fell over the bridge. The rescue team is still on the river. We have no way of knowing whether Janet survived or not."

"What did you say?" Ethan jumped to his feet.

All the color drained from his face.

He snatched his phone, intending to call his people to lead the search, but then he saw the notification on the screen. He had missed a call from Janet.

Ethan frowned and tried to put the pieces together.

The only time he had been away from his phone was when he had gone to the bathroom.

Janet must have called then.

A heavy, suffocating silence fell into the room.

Garrett recognized the fury brewing in the other man's eyes, and he instinctively stepped back.

"What is it, Ethan? Don't just stand there. We have to do something!"

But Ethan whirled around to glare at Charis.

He held up his phone to her face and demanded, "Why didn't you inform me that my wife called?"