

the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 650 Go To See Brandon



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Sean was just Brandon's Assistant who arranged matters that weren't work-related. How could he possibly know what was going on in the company? ~ "I really have no idea, Mrs. Larson.

I wasn't there with them.

Besides, I'm just his assistant.

I don't dare to ask Mr. Larson any questions regarding that." Flustered, Sean scratched the back of his head.

Unable to sit still any longer, Janet lifted the blanket and got out of bed.

“Since you don’t know, I’ll ask him myself.”

Johanna hurried to stand in front of Janet.

“The doctor didn’t say that you can leave the hospital yet.

Don’t worry.

Why don’t you try calling Brandon first?”

Janet bit her lip anxiously and practically snatched the phone

from Johanna’s hands.

She dialed Brandon’s number and held her breath.

Seconds passed.

The phone kept ringing for what felt like an eternity, but no one answered it.

“He didn’t even pick up.” Tears welled up in Janet’s eyes.

She was growing restless.

Now, she was sure that something terrible had happened to Brandon.

Otherwise, he would never have treated her like this! 1

Holding back her tears, Janet gritted her teeth and said firmly, "I'm going back to Seacisco now.

Dad, Mom, please understand.

I have to find out what happened to my husband." Seeing the fierce determination in her eyes, the Whites

didn't have the heart to stop her anymore.

After packing up her things, Beal draped a coat over Janet's shoulders and said resolutely, "We're coming with you.

Brandon didn't visit you in the hospital.

He didn't even answer our calls.

We deserve an explanation!" Brandon's behavior was indeed too strange.

They couldn't let things go on like this.

Together, the family of three headed to Seacisco.

The Larson Group's building stood in the center of the business district, standing so tall it nearly pierced the sky.

It was the dream of countless young people to have the privilege of working in such a prestigious company.

Janet and her parents walked straight into the Larson Group building.

Just as they were about to enter the elevator, a security guard stopped them.

The security guard held an electric baton in his hand and asked warily, "Excuse me, miss, but are you an

employee of Larson Group? You can't just come in like that." Janet looked at the

security guard and said

matter-of-factly, "I'm Brandon Larson's wife."

This whole encounter felt strange, so she couldn't help but ask, "Are you new here? I don't remember seeing you before?" Tapet used to work in the Larson Group.

She clearly remembered every one of the security guards and the cleaners.

The security guard squinted at Janet suspiciously.

"Yes, I'm new..." He had never seen their CEO's wife, but he couldn't just take this woman's words at face value.

In his eyes, if the boss's wife came to the company, there should've been someone high up to receive her.

The security guard stopped Janet and said firmly, "Mr. Larson is in an important meeting.

No one is allowed to disturb him." Janet pursed her lips helplessly.

“I said, I’m his wife.

You can ask the employees here about it. They all know me.” The security guard insisted on his way.

“Then wait in the reception room.

After the meeting is finished, I’ll go and ask Mr. Larson if he wants to see you.” As he spoke, the security guard ushered the three of them into the reception room.

Occasionally, some employees would pass by the glass walls of the reception room.

It wasn’t until then that Janet noticed that many junior employees had been replaced, including the cleaners.

This realization made Janet feel more and more uneasy.

Brandon wasn’t someone who would make such random decisions.

Why would so many grassroots employees be replaced for no reason? Did it indicate that there was a change of power in Larson Group? Johanna and Beal were highly respected in Barnes, and no one dared to ignore them.

But now, they were forced to wait in a reception room for Brandon for over two hours.

The amiable smile on Beal's face gradually faded away as they waited.

However, he didn't want to cause a stir, which might make his daughter even unhappier, so he just pulled a long face and kept silent.

Johanna, on the other hand, cleared her throat and tried to ease the atmosphere.

"Brandon must be terribly busy.

He doesn't even have the time to see us!" Janet pursed her lips and lowered her head, her heart racing in her chest.

She was a little angry.

In the past, no matter how busy Brandon was, he wouldn't have done something so rude.

Another ten minutes passed.

Finally, footsteps came from outside the reception room.

The door swung open and Brandon strode in.

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