

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 690

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Chapter 690 Enemies

Suddenly, Charis threw her head back and burst into hysterical laughter. Everyone present was startled by his sudden hysteria and subconsciously backed away.

Then, as abruptly as he started to laugh, he stopped. His eyes swept the crowd, his expression unusually calm and disconcerting.

“Well, get back to work, everyone.”

Brandon said lightly.

“I’m going to see a psychologist.” She then picked up her bag and quietly left.

Brandon frowned. He watched Charis go, deep in thought. It was that something was wrong with her, but she couldn't say what. However, he was grateful that she had finally agreed to seek professional help.

The two had been friends for many years after all. He didn't enjoy seeing her like this. Janet also fixed her eyes on Charis as she left, wondering what she was doing. Still, she was relieved that she had finally driven this dangerous woman away.

Without Charis, The Larson Group had become much calmer. The gossiping employees talked about her from time to time, as a funny joke.

For the next few weeks, Janet didn't hear any news about Charis. Time passed quickly. Charis's name was not mentioned. again, autumn had long since come to an end.

Brandon and Janet were having lunch at a restaurant when Brandon suddenly brought up the subject.

“The psychologist I introduced Charis to told me that she has been receiving regular treatment and is getting better and better.”

Janet’s eyebrow shot up in surprise. “That’s good. If he can bounce back and get back to his normal self even after what happened, then he’s a tough cookie.”

Brandon nodded nonchalantly. She then poured some food onto Janet’s plate and said, “It’s her life. He’s getting better for his own good.”

Janet took a bite of her food and chewed thoughtfully. In fact, he was a little hungry now. If nothing had happened between her and Charis, I would have admired her.

It was a shame that Charis became an eternal enemy of Janet

The snow was getting heavier and heavier outside.

A man in a gray coat and black knit hat entered the restaurant. The man took off his hat, brushed off snowflakes, and blew on his cold hands. He then turned around and walked into a private room.

Watching him arrive, Brandon smiled.

“You’re late, so you have to pay the bill.”

Garrett laughed. “Maybe it was because of his new haircut, but Garrett somehow seemed more mature

now. “It’s only been a few months, Mr.

Harding. Why does he look so much older?”

Janet joked.

Previously, from what Charis had told Brandon about Garrett, Brandon had been on his guard against him.

Later, Janet told her that these were all lies and she stopped believing Charis's stories. Janet had even promised her that Garrett was one of her closest and steadiest friends. Since then, Brandon had gradually regained his trust in Garrett.

Garrett smiled wryly and took a glass of wine. "Yes, yes, I know I'm late. I am sorry".

Janet and Brandon exchanged worried glances. Obviously, there was something on Garrett's mind that was bothering him. Brandon turned to look deeply into his friend's eyes.

"What's happening?"

"The same as always, the same as always. I want to get married, but my family doesn't agree." Garrett rubbed his forehead and sank into a chair, looking tired.

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