

## THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

### CHAPTER 772 IT TASTES DIFFERENT

But Brandon couldn't understand why Janet still wanted to go after Jorge.

In his eyes, she should've been thankful that the matter was resolved now that her name was cleared. It would be a waste of time and energy to look for Jorge.

Unless... She want to help someone in particular. Was it Draco?

Brandon stared at the slice of pecan pie on the table expressionlessly. He suddenly had no appetite for the dessert.

Janet had told him that she had dinner with her colleague tonight—could it have been Draco?

Thinking of this, Brandon pursed his lips in dissatisfaction.

He didn't want Janet to get too chummy with her boss, especially outside of work.

But he didn't want Janet to know about his jealousy.

"Finish the pie. Let's talk about finding Jorge later. I still have some work to do in the study." Brandon lightly pushed his untouched plate of food away and headed upstairs in a huff.

Janet tilted her head to the side in confusion. Brandon used to love pecan pies very much. Could his memory loss have affected his eating habits?

And why did he seem angry all of a sudden?

After mulling over it for a while, Janet decided not to give up. She picked up the slice of pecan pie and went to the study.

"You're really not going to eat it? I brought it home specially for you. You should at least take one bite." She set the plate down in front of him, looking somewhat aggrieved. It seemed that she wouldn't leave until he tasted it.

Brandon looked into her puppy eyes and found them hard to resist. With a heavy sigh, he put down the documents he was holding, scooped up a small spoonful of the pie, and stuffed it into his mouth reluctantly.

But unexpectedly, he frowned and put down the spoon. "It tastes different."

Janet's eyes widened in surprise. "How's that

possible?" she murmured, taking a spoonful for herself.

It tasted really good. In fact, it was so delicious that she had several more spoonfuls.

After swallowing, Janet said gloomily, "It tastes really good."

The pecan pie tasted sensational. Which meant that Brandon was just making a scene. Feeling a little helpless, she picked up the plate and was about to leave, but her wrist was suddenly grabbed by Brandon.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"You said you didn't like it, so I'm going to throw it away." Janet shot Brandon a stern look.

Brandon was in a bad mood, but when he saw the crumbs on her lips, he couldn't help but chuckle lightly.

"Don't waste it." As he spoke, he picked up a piece of tissue from his desk and wiped the corner of her mouth clean.

"Elizabeth paid for the pie to thank you for your help. You used to love pecan pies. When did you start hating it?" Janet asked in a huff.

"You had dinner with Elizabeth?" Brandon was stunned.

"Who else would I have had dinner with?" Janet snapped, still indignant.

Brandon breathed a sigh of relief. "The investigation did reveal that the leak could've had had something to

do with Elizabeth. Is that why you want to find Jorge?"

Janet frowned. Brandon was supposed to be a smart man. Wasn't it obvious? Did he really have to ask?

"Duh!" She rolled her eyes. "Elizabeth is my friend."

Brandon was suddenly enlightened. He cleared his throat and said, "I can help you, but on one condition: skip work tomorrow and come with me."

Janet was a little curious about where he wanted to take her.

But since Brandon had agreed to help, there was no reason for her to refuse. Her anger dissipated instantly and she smiled. "No problem."

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