

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 481: Overworked

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In Seacisco, the Larson Group building. Et han had just finished his video conference. He glanced at the clock on his desk and dialed Janet's number. When the call connected, however, his face instantly darkened.

"Honey, can you tell me why I'm greeted by your palm instead of your pretty face? What's going on? I've been dying to see you."

"I'm right here, Honey, just a little busy. I'll call you back in a while, okay? Mr. Wesley sent back my designs for further modifications." Janet pulled back and glanced at her phone once before focusing back on her computer screen. Ethan's tone grew somber.

"Honey, don't you realize that you've been working on these designs for more than a week? You're working every single time I called you."

As a matter of fact, Janet had only been having four to five hours of sleep each day the past week. And it showed. Even the beauty filter of her camera couldn't hide the dark circles under her eyes. She looked exhausted.

Janet nodded lightly to acknowledge Ethan's words, but her hand didn't stop moving, and her eyes never strayed from her computer, either. If he didn't know any better, he would have thought she had gone mad over her passion project. Et han sighed heavily.

"Well, since you're so busy, I won't be keeping you. Sorry to disturb you." That seemed to jolt her back to her senses. Janet dropped her digital pen and snatched her phone in a hurry.

"Oh, Honey. I'm so grateful you called. I wouldn't have realized I was overworked if you hadn't pointed it out. But you know what? I'm always amazed by Mr. Wesley's criticisms. They are surprisingly constructive, and he spots a lot of problematic details that I wouldn't even have thought about. I feel like a new world has opened up before me, and that I'm welcome to learn new things without fear of judgment." Ethan stared at her and saw how her eyes lit up with excitement as she talked. He could tell that she was having the time of her life at work.

"I would never stop you from pursuing your dreams," he said sincerely.

“You know that, right? I just can’t help thinking that your boss is being too hard on you, and I say that objectively. Even the busiest department here at Larson Group wouldn’t force their staff to work overtime for seven days straight.” Janet gave him a sweet smile.

“I’m all right. I’m willing to put in extra hours for my dreams.” Ethan sighed again. He could only shake his head and smile bitterly. What else could he say at this point? Janet was her own person, with her own free will. He had known the moment he let her go to Barnes that it wouldn’t be easy getting her back home.

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Johanna had just got home from her morning run and was making breakfast in the kitchen.

After hearing some rustling noises in the living room, she poked her head out of the kitchen and saw Janet. Johanna quickly wiped her hands and dashed over.

“Where are you going? You haven’t even had breakfast yet.” Janet was already in the entryway, putting her shoes on.

“I spent last night revising my all design drafts. Mr. Wesley is going to look them over today, and hopefully approve them.”

Johanna huffed worriedly.

“I can see that you are busy, but you still need to eat something!” Her heart ached at the memory of her daughter dragging her feet home so late at night, and as if that wasn’t enough, Janet left so early in the morning, too.

“Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll grab a bite on my way there.”

All of Janet’s attention was focused on her designs. Even now, she was only thinking about what Draco Wesley would say about her revisions.

In the end, Johanna had no choice but to watch her daughter go. It shouldn’t be surprising that Draco was a strict and demanding boss—he wouldn’t be standing at the pinnacle of success otherwise. Perhaps, with him as her mentor, Janet would make rapid progress in the fashion industry.

As soon as Janet arrived at the studio, she made a beeline for Draco’s office and handed him her portfolio.

She had lost count of the times she had altered the designs until she was finally satisfied with them. Draco’s face was calm and unreadable as he took the folder and went over the drafts.

