

BEING THE SUBSTITUTE BRIDE OF AN INVISIBLE MOGUL

Chapter 23 A Haunted House

Janet was busy every day at work and seldom had time for herself. Time seemed to pass in the blink of an eye because she was consumed with work.

"What a coincidence! How about we go back together?" Christopher stopped Janet in front of the elevator.

Ever since Janet joined the Larson Group, the two had been coincidentally meeting every day after work.

Sometimes, Janet would meet Christopher even if she worked overtime.

"Chris, how come we meet every day after work?" Janet asked, smiling.

Her biggest problem was not knowing to say no to

people.

Just then, her phone blared in her bag. She took it and saw Ethan's name flashing on the screen.

Therefore, she quickly answered the call. "What's up?"

"I found a house. I'm in the cafe opposite your company. Let's go and see the house together." Ethan's words were brief and concise.

She didn't expect him to act fast.

Janet put away her phone and looked at Christopher apologetically. "I'm sorry, Chris. I have important work to do. I have to go now."

"Okay, go ahead." Christopher smiled and watched Janet scurry out.

He couldn't hear what the person on the other end of the line had said.

However, judging from the smile on her face, Christopher felt she shared a good bond with the caller.

When Christopher walked out of the building of the Larson Group, he saw Janet and a tall man disappear into a corner. The man was holding Janet's laptop bag.

Looking at the man's side profile, Christopher felt he was a handsome man.

The house Ethan had mentioned earlier was near the Larson Group. It was a small apartment with two bedrooms, one living room, a bathroom, and a kitchen. The location, neighborhood, and every

aspect of the house seemed to work well for Janet. The tasteful decoration was an added advantage.

"Ethan, the house has excellent lighting and is close to my company. It's only ten minutes' walk from the Larson Group."

Janet's eyes twinkled with delight as she walked around the house. However, the happiness vanished from her face in an instant.

Janet arched an eyebrow in suspicion. "This house is perfect in every way. The rent must be at least a thousand dollars, right? I asked you to look for an affordable house."

Ethan looked at Janet's flustered face and smiled.

"The landlord wants to rent out this house as soon as possible for personal reasons. He is only charging two hundred bucks."

Janet cast a skeptical look at the realtor and pulled Ethan closer to her side. "How is that possible? Is he a fraud?"

"If you don't believe me, you can ask the realtor."
Ethan looked at the realtor.

"That's true. Mrs. Lester, your husband inquired about the situation. The owner of the house is desperate to rent out the house, so he is willing to lower the rent."
The realtor wiped the sweat on his forehead.

The man wasn't a realtor but was pretending to be one under Ethan's orders. He hoped that Janet would be dumb enough to believe him.

The house Ethan had mentioned earlier was near the Larson Group. It was a small apartment with two bedrooms, one living room, a bathroom, and a

kitchen. The location, neighborhood, and every aspect of the house seemed to work well for Janat. The tasteful decoration was an added advantage.

"Ethan, the house has excellent lighting and is close to my company. It's only ten minutes' walk from the Larson Group."

Janat's eyes twinkled with delight as she walked around the house. However, the happiness vanished from her face in an instant.

Janat arched an eyebrow in suspicion. "This house is perfect in every way. The rent must be at least a thousand dollars, right? I asked you to look for an affordable house."

Ethan looked at Janat's flustered face and smiled.

"The landlord wants to rent out this house as soon as possible for personal reasons. He is only charging two

hundrad bucks."

Janat cast a skaptical look at tha raaltor and pullad Ethan closar to har sida. "How is that possibla? Is ha a fraud?"

"If you don't baliava ma, you can ask tha raaltor."
Ethan lookad at tha raaltor.

"That's trua. Mrs. Lastar, your husband inquirad about tha situation. Tha ownar of tha housa is dasparata to rant out tha housa, so ha is willing to lowar tha rant." Tha raaltor wipad tha swaat on his forahaad.

Tha man wasn't a raaltor but was pratanding to ba ona undar Ethan's ordars. Ha hopad that Janat would ba dumb enough to baliava him.

If he made any mistakes and Janet suspected him, he would lose his job.

"Okay, thank you. Do you mind if we looked around the house one more time?" Although Janet sounded polite, she had become vigilant. She walked into the rooms and carefully inspected them.

Leaning against the door, Ethan saw her looking around the house and rummaging through the cabinets and drawers. "What are you doing?" he asked in a hushed voice.

Janet was still worried, so she even checked under the beds. Then, she patted the dust on her dress and stood up. "Something seems fishy. The rent of a house like this can't be this cheap. Perhaps this house is haunted, or someone has died here. We have to check it properly."

Ethan was speechless.

He stepped closer to her and gently wiped the dust on her face. "There is dust on your face."

He dusted his dirty fingers and frowned. "You are overthinking. Perhaps the landlord is having a financial crisis."

The apartment was Ethan's property. He knew his house well.

Janet's skin prickled as his touch left a burning trail on her cheek.

She quickly wiped her face and turned around. "You're too naive. I feel something is wrong with the house. Otherwise, they wouldn't rent it at such a cheap rate. And if that's the case, I have to go and bargain with the realtor."

She rolled up her sleeves and trotted to the living

room.

"One hundred bucks. What do you say?"

If ha mada any mistakas and Janat suspactad him, ha would losa his job.

"Okay, thank you. Do you mind if wa lookad around tha housa ona mora tima?" Although Janat soundad polita, sha had bacoma vigilant. Sha walkad into tha rooms and carafully inspactad tham.

Laaning against tha door, Ethan saw har looking around tha housa and rummaging through tha cabinats and drawars. "What ara you doing?" ha askad in a hushad voica.

Janat was still worriad, so sha avan chackad undar tha bads. Than, sha pattad tha dust on har drass and

stood up. "Somathing saams fishy. Tha rant of a housa lika this can't ba this chaap. Parhaps this housa is haunted, or somaona has diad hara. Wa hava to chack it properly."

Ethan was spaachlass.

Ha stappad closar to har and gantly wipad tha dust on har faca. "Thara is dust on your faca."

Ha dustad his dirty fingars and frownad. "You ara ovarthinking. Parhaps tha landlord is having a financial crisis."

Tha apartmant was Ethan's proparty. Ha knaw his housa wall.

Janat's skin pricklad as his touch laft a burning trail on har chaak.

Sha quickly wipad har faca and turnad around.

"You'ra too naiva. I faal somathing is wrong with tha housa. Otharwisa, thay wouldn't rant it at such a chaap rata. And if that's tha casa, I hava to go and bargain with tha raaltor."

Sha rollad up har slaavas and trottad to tha living room.

"Ona hundrad bucks. What do you say?"

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.