

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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Endless debates took place, with no accord to show for it.

For days, Frank had combed through every conceivable medical solution for congenital uterine abnormalities, but Brandon met each with rejection. As night fell, Brandon made his way back to the house. The gentle glow of the garden lights blanketed everything in a comforting warmth, a sensation that always washed over him as he returned home.

The day's trials faded into the background, replaced by a welcoming serenity.

As customary, he shook off his unease, reaching for the door. Inside, Janet had settled into the living room.

Hearing the front door open, she glanced up, eyes meeting Brandon's. "Made it home?"

Standing, she approached him, accepting his coat and briefcase with ease.

"You're late today. I've had the housekeeper warm your dinner; would you like some?" Her words, tinged with concern, acted like a balm on Brandon's days' worth of frustration.

His tension eased as he took a seat next to Janet.

"No need, I've grabbed dinner. How's the studio faring?" Janet answered, smiling, "No trouble now. In this era of rapid-fire news, the online crowd's gaze quickly shifts. Those misguided by the rumor spreaders have long since dismissed my studio. Given time, the loyal ones who appreciate and support me will return."

Cradling her close, Brandon murmured, "I regret what you've had to endure." "But you've faced hardships too."

Janet nestled into his strong, comforting presence. She had a litany of questions poised for Brandon, yet witnessing his exhaustion, she lost the

nerve. She shelved them for later. With an inward sigh, Janet gently nudged Brandon.

“I’ve asked the help to prepare a bath. Could that help you unwind?” Brandon’s brows furrowed in surprise. He’d expected her to confront him about his recent distance, but instead, she stood there, her eyes brimming with care, with no mention of his aloofness. Gazing into her eyes, Brandon felt a tenderness wash over him.

He leaned in, planting a soft kiss on her forehead, whispering, “Thank you, Janet.”

His gentle kiss evaporated Janet’s anxiety. Her smile reappeared.

“No thanks needed. Go freshen up.” Left alone, Janet sank into the couch, a troubled look weighing on her features.

Observing their interactions, it was clear that there was nothing wrong with their relationship.

With no betrayal and no noticeable cooling of their affection, only one explanation remained for Brandon’s recent detachment.

As the thought formed, a wave of uneasiness stirred within her. It had been some time since their hospital visit for pregnancy test, yet curiously, no reports had surfaced.

This lack of feedback was at odds with Frank’s usual efficiency. he couldn’t ... “Jannat whispered, her fist clenching tightly.”

Is there a problem with our test result? If the news was of a medical nature, Perhaps impeding normal conceptions, With one or both needing treatment, It might explain the aloof behavior.

She struggled to find another plausible reason for Brandon’s shift.

Shaking of her worries, Jannat reached for his phone, preparing to call Frank.

But her fingers paused over the dial button, A direct inquiry to Frank would likely yield nothing.

If Brandon was keeping secrets, he had likely insured Franks complicity, Not only would her direct approach fail, it might make Brandon more guarded.

After a moment's hesitation, Janet dialed a different number, The line connected quickly and Elizabeth's voice rang out, "Hello, Jannat , What can I do for you? Its out of the blue."

Following a brief chat with Elizabeth, Janet adopted a casual tune and asked,"Oh, By the way , how are things going with and Frank? Has he been swamped lately?"