

the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 660: Sleep Together



Brandon's whole body tensed up instantly. Seeing this, the smile on Janet's face became even brighter. She tilted her head to look at him in a somewhat innocent-like manner, to which Brandon tightened his jaw and pursed his thin lips.

"What's the matter? You look flustered. Brandon, you were never like this in bed before."

Janet continued to banter with him.

Brandon himself once admitted that he was wild in bed.

So why was he so shy now? Janet found it oddly amusing.

Upon hearing her, Brandon's steps became unsteady subconsciously.

Was she telling him the truth? In his memory, he had never slept with a woman.

Moreover, Janet was nothing but a stranger to him now.

How on earth could she know what he was like in bed? Seeing the hesitant and uncertain look on

Brandon's face, Janet suddenly wanted to keep on teasing him.

She pulled his suit jacket and led him into the master bedroom.

"Why don't you come inside and look around? After all, we used to sleep here together."

Brandon clung to the doorknob subconsciously.

Having no reason to refuse her, he walked into the room slowly, as if he was about to face a formidable

enemy.

Looking at how cautious he looked, Janet was amused. She covered her mouth and said gently, "Well, get settled. I'll take a shower first..."

The sound of running water from the bathroom brought Brandon back to his senses.

For some reason, he felt nervous.

However, he shook his head and chastised himself.

Janet was just a woman.

What could she do to him? After stepping out of the shower, Janet saw that Brandon hadn't left. He was

sitting quietly on the sofa, reading a magazine. He had taken off his suit jacket and carefully laid it on the sofa.

The top two buttons of his white shirt were unbuttoned, exposing his sharp collarbone and pectoral muscles. He looked extremely sexy.

Wiping her wet hair, Janet sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Aren't you going to take a shower before going to bed?"

"Well, I was waiting for you to finish."

Brandon looked up at the woman in front of him.

Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and his voice was a little hoarse for reasons he couldn't explain. He had flipped through the magazine in his hand twice or thrice now, but nothing seemed to register in his mind. He couldn't seem to concentrate at all. Brandon braced himself, stood up, and then walked to the bathroom. He was at a complete loss as to what

to do, which was a rare feeling for him. Just now, Janet was standing in front of him half-naked, as though she was deliberately trying to seduce him. And it worked. His mind went blank and he stayed in the bathroom for a long time before coming out. He walked out wrapped in a bathrobe. The bedroom was now dimly lit, with only a bedside table lamp illuminating the room in a warm orange glow. The quilt bulged slightly in the middle. Janet slept on her stomach, taking up most of the bed. Brandon walked over, lifted a corner of the quilt, and quietly lay down, careful not to wake the woman up. He turned his back to Janet, took a deep breath, and then closed his eyes. Janet quietly peeled her eyes open.

Seeing how stiff and tense Brandon's back was, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. In the past, Brandon had always been demanding sexually, but now, he was like a nervous husband on his wedding night. She really couldn't figure out what made him like this.

"Brandon..."

Thinking of the past, Janet stretched out her hand subconsciously. However, just as her fingertips brushed against his bathrobe, Brandon sat up from the bed abruptly.

Oo Narrowing his eyes at her, Brandon asked warily, "What are you doing?"

He had retreated to the edge of the bed. It seemed that he would fall down at any time. In a daze, Janet's eyes landed on his reddened earlobes.

☐ ☐ ☐