

the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 658: Marital Obligations



Janet had a fierce, almost aggressive air about her as she spoke. It surprised Brandon enough that he unconsciously squared his shoulders. Johanna didn't expect her daughter to straight-up ask for a divorce. But it wasn't an entirely bad idea, seeing as how indifferent Brandon was to her. At his current state, the man didn't deserve Janet at all.

"This time, it's all your fault," Johanna commented.

"You've been ignoring your wife all this time. She has a perfectly healthy husband, but she is forced to live

the life of a widow. Let me make things clear for you, Brandon. If you and my daughter get a divorce, the Larson Group will be regarded as an enemy of the White family. The decision is yours. I suggest you think about it very carefully."

"Janet," Beal interjected in a quiet but serious tone, "if you really want a divorce, I'll call our family lawyer over. He can be here by tomorrow."

Brandon lowered his eyes.

With Beal's words, he could tell that the couple were willing to support Janet's pursuit of a divorce. It was no mere threat.

However, the White family was a formidable force in Barnes.

If he went up against them in any way, it would damage the interests of his company.

Notwithstanding the losses he might incur, he also had to answer to the tens of thousands of employees under the Larson Group. He might be able to shoulder most of the burden, but he couldn't take the risk of endangering the livelihood of his people.

"What do you want me to do?" Brandon asked, his voice sounding deeper than usual. Janet took out a folder and tossed it on the table in front of him.

"This contract stipulates all the marital obligations you need to carry out as a husband. This is the least you can do for me. We are getting divorced otherwise."

She had a cold and distant expression as she leaned back on the sofa and stared at Brandon.

Johanna sighed to herself in relief. Her daughter had looked so distraught these past few days as she pined for her absent husband.

Johanna had suspected that Janet might never give up on Brandon to her own detriment. She was glad to see her daughter holding up her own during this confrontation.

The White family had more properties than they could care for.

If Janet somehow ended up divorcing Brandon, she could just take over the family business. She was smart and talented, and could definitely live a better life.

The more Johanna thought about it, the more convinced she was that a divorce would be the best course of action.

Brandon wordlessly picked up the documents and leafed through the pages.

According to the contract, he needed to spend the night at home for at least five days a week, and had to

stay at least one day for the weekend.

On holidays, he had to make time to accompany Janet to whatever event she was hosting or attending. He

would also have to come home and tend to her whenever she was sick or injured.

There were many more similar instances cited on the paper, but none of them were excessive.

"Mr. Larson, I'm assuming that you already know what to do. The terms I've laid down are nothing more

than the barest duties a husband must attend to. If you can't even accomplish these, then there is no need

to continue this marriage." Janet spoke slowly.

Her voice rang out clearly in the room, and her calm tone only served to make her more intimidating.

Brandon rubbed the paper between his thumb and forefinger as he considered his options.

Then he looked up and met Janet's eyes.

"Your requirements are well within reason. All right, let us proceed with this contract." Janet raised her chin and smiled.

"Good. Then we will follow the terms as stipulated."

She stood up and added, "By the way, I expect you to come home tonight."

Janet and her parents then walked out of the Larson Group building and got into their car.

Johanna peered at her daughter for a while before saying, "My dear, what if Brandon refused to agree to your terms? Were you really going to divorce him?"

A playful smile was dancing on Janet's lips. She turned to her mother and said firmly, "I have never considered divorcing him, not even for a second."

