

# **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

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Janet neared the hospital, her turmoil grew.

She was torn about whether to message Brandon, and if so, what to say. "What should I do?"

She stared at her phone screen, the chat page with Brandon open, and rubbed her temples in frustration. Seeing Janet's troubled expression, Johanna chuckled and advised, "Just say what's on your mind. What can't be shared between husband and wife?"

Resting her head on Johanna's shoulder, Janet murmured, "I'm just scared..."

Shaking her head, Johanna smiled and took the phone from Janet's hands. "Mom, what are you doing?"

Janet jumped up, alarmed that Johanna might message Brandon without her consent.

She lunged for her phone. Johanna evaded her grasp and shook her head with a gentle chide.

"Silly girl, if you can't find the words, then just wait. Staring at your phone and overthinking will only increase your anxiety."

Soon, the car pulled up to a private hospital. Despite being steps away from her destination, Janet felt frozen, reluctant to exit the car and torn with indecision. "Maybe... we can do this another day?"

Janet suggested hesitantly. Sighing, Johanna gently prodded her, "I'm not pressuring you.

I just want you to know about your health status.

You can't run away from this forever.

It's something you'll have to confront eventually."

Her mother's words of concern stirred Janet to action.

"You're right, Mom.

I shouldn't contemplate escape." Johanna offered a supportive smile.

"That's my girl.

Don't fret about your examination.

I've arranged an appointment with a top specialist.

Even if there's an issue, they'll find a solution." Johanna's team of specialists was extremely professional, and Janet quickly completed her checkup.

Now, she sat anxiously in the hospital's VIP room awaiting the results. The suspense of waiting was torturous for Janet.

She paced the room nervously, her mind spiraling into an abyss of fear and apprehension. What if... what if she was infertile? What if they could never have their own child? Brandon had often spoken about wanting a family.

Clearly, he loved children.

If she couldn't provide him with one, would he be devastated? Would he leave her? The mere thought of it threatened to unravel Janet's composure, her fear so potent she could taste the salt of imminent tears. Witnessing Janet's pallor deepen, Johanna felt a pang of sadness.

Her heart ached for her daughter.

She took Janet's hand and guided her gently onto the sofa, her voice a comforting whisper.

"The results aren't here yet.

Don't torment yourself with 'what ifs'.

And remember, no matter what the outcome, your dad and I will be there.

We won't let you face it alone."

Janet bit her lip and absent-mindedly nodded, a mere acquiescence to Johanna's comforting efforts. Johanna could see the storm raging in Janet's mind, but she also knew that acceptance had to come from within Janet herself.

No amount of external persuasion would make a difference unless Janet was ready to accept the possibility.

Suddenly, Janet clutched Johanna's sleeve, her tears cascading down like broken pearls, as she sobbed fearfully, "Mom, if... if the issue is indeed with me, should I... should let Brandon go? He loves children so much... I don't want him to live with regret..."

Her voice gradually faded into a whisper, leaving only the soft echo of her sobs within the confines of the VIP room.

Just as Johanna was grappling with her own heartbreak and struggling to find words of comfort for Janet, the ringing of Janet's phone punctuated the poignant silence. Despite her internal anguish, Janet maintained her professional diligence, afraid to miss any update from her studio.

She unlocked her phone.

The message that greeted her left her utterly flabbergasted.