

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

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“Is there a cure?” Johanna asked with urgency.

“Just tell me, no matter the cost, as long as it can heal my daughter.” The doctor heaved another heavy sigh.

“The probability of successfully treating this condition is relatively low, and it necessitates a lengthy course of treatment.

You should brace yourselves for this.”

Upon hearing the doctor’s words, a buzzing filled Janet’s ears and her mind went blank.

For a moment, she felt as though she had lost her ability to hear. A congenital abnormality in uterine development? Complicating her ability to conceive? Why did these words, individually familiar, sound so foreign when strung together? So ridiculous? Why had this happened to her? Clutching tightly to the test report that felt akin to a death sentence, Janet’s face held a vacant expression.

It was as though all her energy had been sucked away, leaving her to lean heavily on the armrest of her chair to prevent herself from collapsing.

Johanna, too, was deeply afflicted, but as a mother, she knew she had to muster strength for her daughter, to stand by her. She firmly grasped Janet’s hand and calmly inquired, “What’s the recommended treatment for my daughter’s condition? What are the success rates for pregnancy post-treatment? Most importantly, will the treatment inflict much pain on her?” Johanna was nearing fifty when she was reunited with her sole biological daughter.

During the two decades of their separation, Johanna never ceased thinking about the child they had lost. When she finally located her daughter, Janet, and discovered the hardships she’d endured, she was heartbroken. She felt a profound sense of guilt and wished she could bestow upon Janet all the good

in the world. Just as she dared to dream that everything was falling into place, this diagnosis swooped in. The prospect of a long, drawn-out treatment was one thing, but the possibility of it causing her daughter constant pain and suffering was unbearable. Having spent years in elite social circles, Johanna had witnessed many affluent wives endure great sacrifices to bear children.

They would suffer immense hardship, consume medications that led to weight gain, and undergo multiple, unsuccessful IVF attempts, leaving their bodies ravaged. The fortunate ones would ultimately rejoice at the birth of their child, but the unlucky ones would spend years undergoing treatment without any results, only to be callously abandoned by their husbands. She would never subject her daughter to such torment in exchange for a child. What was so wrong about not having a child? Even if Janet desired a child, they could always adopt.

And if Brandon wasn't willing to adopt, the Whites had the means to support their daughter and grandchild comfortably. Janet perceived the intent behind her mother's words, gripping Johanna's hand in response, deeply touched by her reassuring words.

Johanna gazed at Janet, asserting gently yet firmly, "Fear not, my dear.

As long as I'm with you, I won't let the prospect of having a child cause you distress." Janet nodded, comforted significantly by the warmth emanating from Johanna's words.

"Please, don't tread lightly around the issue.

I need to know what lies ahead.

I am prepared to face whatever news you have."

Having witnessed numerous patients crumble in despair upon receiving unfavorable test results, the doctor was struck by Janet's fortitude.

His tone mellowed as he addressed her, "Although your condition isn't the most promising, there still exists a glimmer of hope for a cure, albeit through a complex process.

Johanna, still anxious, interjected, "Hope is secondary.

What matters is whether my daughter will have to endure pain throughout the treatment.”

The doctor replied with a sense of resignation, “I can’t promise that, I’m afraid.”

A slight frown creased Johanna’s forehead.

She was about to voice her concerns further, but Janet gently squeezed her hand and shook her head, signaling her to refrain.

Johanna recognized her daughter’s steadfast independence, her dislike of others meddling in her life or decisions.

And so, even with worry gnawing at her, she swallowed her words, abiding by her daughter’s wish.

Apologizing to the doctor, Janet said, “I’m sorry, my mother gets a bit intense when she’s worried.

Her urgency might come off a little strong, I hope you don’t take it to heart.”

The doctor returned her smile, replying, “I understand.

Please, Mrs.White, don’t worry.

While I can’t guarantee a painless treatment process for Miss White, I will do my utmost to mitigate it.

In the initial phase, we’ll administer medication, and then adjust the treatment plan according to her recovery progress.

However, bear in mind that the treatment period will be lengthy.

Prepare yourselves for an extended battle.”