

## **THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE:**

### **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1369**

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1369

Jeremy found Suzanne's upbeat attitude refreshing.

"What is the outcome of the pre-bid conference? We only stand a chance of getting close to Brandon if your bid succeeds and you establish a long-term partnership with Larson Group. There's no room for error."

Wearing a satisfied grin, Suzanne reassured him, "Don't worry. I believe our advertising pitch will impress Larson Group."

Jeremy's eyebrows shot up.

"You're that sure of yourself, are you?" Suzanne, inspecting her freshly done nails, responded confidently, "Absolutely. Our Star Entertainment promotion team is the best in Barnes. To secure the bid, I even dropped our rates. The Marketing Director at Larson Group seemed pleased with our team and price point. Winning the bid should be a breeze."

Following her statement, Suzanne gave a shrug, looking slightly defeated.

"However, Brandon is another matter. He's tough to charm, and even if I attempted to lure him in, it would backfire. Not to mention getting pregnant."

Jeremy swirled his wine in silence, opting not to respond.

Suzanne remained unruffled by his silence and continued, "If all else fails, I could always drug him and make him sleep with me. Perhaps I could even snap some compromising photos for leverage."

Jeremy scoffed, "And you think Brandon's bodyguards are just going to stand by?"

Suzanne sighed in disappointment.

"Then what's the plan? Brandon won't let me lay a finger on him. How am I going to get pregnant?"

Jeremy took a measured sip of his wine and smirked knowingly.

“That won’t be an issue. I will ensure you bear his child.”

With uncertainty flickering in her eyes, Suzanne queried, “Will you make Brandon accept me? Or are you going to drug him yourself?” Jeremy chuckled, draining his wine glass, remaining silent in response to Suzanne’s questions.

Over at the Larson family’s villa, as morning rolled in, sunlight streamed through the glass windows, casting a warm glow on Janet’s sleeping form, making her skin glow as if she were a princess from a fairytale. As the sun grew stronger, Janet stirred awake, blinking her eyes open. The first sight that met her eyes was a familiar face hunched over a laptop, a crease of concentration on his forehead. Sensing her wakefulness, he turned towards her, his stern countenance softening instantly.

Setting the laptop aside, he leaned in to plant a kiss on Janet’s forehead.

“Did you sleep well?” he asked gently. His handsome face bathed in sunlight held a soft warmth.

Despite seeing this face countless times, Janet felt her heart skip a beat every time. She truly was captivated by him.

“What’s on your mind?” Brandon asked, playfully flicking her forehead.

Janet winced, covering her forehead.

“That hurt.”

Immediately concerned, Brandon gently moved her hands away and started rubbing her forehead, apologizing, “Did that hurt? I didn’t mean to hit you so hard. I’m sorry.”

Seeing his worry, Janet couldn’t help but burst into laughter. She wrapped her arms around his neck and teased, “Gotcha, I was just pulling your leg.”

“Janet!”

Brandon shook his head, a fond, exasperated expression on his face.

Drawing her close, he asked in a hushed tone, "Are you feeling hungry? Breakfast is ready."

His warm breath tingled her ear, causing her cheeks to flush.

"Yeah... I'm hungry," she responded, swallowing and turning her head away, her heart pounding.

Brandon was too irresistible to her.