

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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When Elizabeth received Janet's phone call, she was buried in overtime work.

Elizabeth sighed wearily when asked about Frank.

"I've been swamped recently, working round the clock. I haven't seen Frank often, let alone had much contact with him." Hearing this, Janet's brow furrowed, her mind plunging into deep thought. Was she overthinking things? Could it be that the situation wasn't as dire as she suspected? Recognizing Janet's silence, Elizabeth quickly added, fearing that Janet might be worried, "Don't stress. Mr. Wesley informed me that W Marks studio won't serve any customers who've canceled orders with you. I've been putting in extra hours because W Marks studio is currently short-staffed as some designers have resigned." Janet laughed softly.

"What are you imagining? I couldn't care less if my former clients go to W Marks. I called you simply to ask if Frank has been particularly busy recently." Realizing something was amiss, Elizabeth was unsure why Janet was probing into Frank's affairs.

Nevertheless, she answered honestly, "Frank does appear to be rather busy of late. I sent him a message last night, but he was so occupied that he didn't reply until ten o'clock in the evening."

Janet's heart fluttered. It was precisely at ten o'clock last night when Brandon returned home.

Was this merely a coincidence? Elizabeth, feeling uneasy due to the silence at the other end, asked, "What's the matter, Janet? Is there something wrong with Frank?"

Regaining her composure, Janet forced a smile and replied, "There's nothing wrong with Frank. I was just asking out of curiosity. I won't keep you any longer. I'll hang up now."

After ending the call, Janet sat motionless on the sofa, her mind a whirlwind of thoughts. She was now fairly certain that Brandon's recent coldness was related to their previous medical examination. Was there something wrong with his health? A thought flashed through her mind—Brandon had once been drugged by Charis and suffered temporary memory loss.

There was no guarantee that such potent medication hadn't left behind any side effects. Could it be that he was grappling with some lingering effects from the drugs, and chose not to disclose it to her? At this thought, Janet was caught in a mix of distress and irritation. She felt sympathy for Brandon, who seemed to be bearing this burden alone, and resentment at him for keeping such a significant matter hidden from her. Janet remained on the sofa, entangled in her thoughts, oblivious to Brandon's emergence from the bathroom after his shower., "What's up honey, ? "

Brandon queried, sitting next to Janet as he towel-dried his hair, "What's on your mind.

"Lifting her gaze to meet him, Janet stared at Brandon without blinking, not uttering a word. Despite feeling nervous, Brandon maintained an air of puzzlement.

"Why are you starring at me like that? Did something happen?"

With a huff, Janet rose to her feet & begin to towel-dried his hairs.

Despite her own demeanor, Brandon couldn't shake off a sense of unease.

He attempt to grab the towel & dry his hair himself several times, But each attempt was swiftly thwarted by Janet.

Finally, the disquieting silence became unbearable for Brandon.

Rising to his feet, he took hold of Janet's wrist & pleaded, "Honey, What's the matter? Have I done something wrong? Just tell me, and I will rectify it, ok "? Looking into his eyes Janet scoff, "

Do you really have no clue what you have done.?"

A rush of guilt surged through Brandon, turning his anxiety up a notch upon hearing Janet's accusatory tune.

Had Janet figured something out?.

Even though he was internally panicking, Brandon managed to maintain an outward facade of calm..”I have no idea what you are referring to ,” he responded.