

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE:

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1362

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As the clock struck six in the twilight, Brandon, weary from a long day at work, nudged the door open and entered his abode.

On the brink of illuminating the room with a flick of the switch, a curled-up shape on the sofa flashed at the edge of his vision. Janet sat there, a terrified creature trapped within her own emotions, quaking in the corner of the sofa.

It seemed as though a shadow of immense sorrow had swept over her.

Her delicate frame trembled subtly and the faint echoes of her sobs hung in the room. This was the premiere act of her silent sorrow and despair he had ever witnessed. A surge of anguish twisted his heart.

With brisk strides, he closed the distance between them, his hands landing gently on her shoulders, and his voice rang with urgency.

“Janet, what’s the matter? What happened?” Slowly, like the lifting of a tragic mask, Janet raised her face, cheeks glistening with the tracks of her tears. With a brave heart, she attempted to shield Brandon from her distress.

She stifled a snuffle and contorted her features into an awkward grin, managing to utter, “I’m alright...” Witnessing her forced sense of maturity, Brandon’s heart shattered even more. He crouched down, cupping her tear-stained cheeks, his thumb tracing the wet trails away as he softly interrogated, “Can you confide in me about your tears? Have you been harassed, or are you unwell? Why didn’t you alert me?”

Inundated by Brandon’s flurry of inquiries, Janet felt slightly overwhelmed.

But the palpable concern laced in his questions stirred warmth within her. “I promise, I’m okay.”

Janet burrowed herself into Brandon’s comforting embrace, nuzzling affectionately into his chest.

“You must be starving, right? Shall I whip up something for you?” Her attempt to distract him was transparent to Brandon, a seasoned businessman.

He gently disengaged from her, locking his gaze on hers, his tone growing grave.

“Tell me the truth; why the waterfall of tears? Who dared to torment you?” Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she teased, “Why don’t you try guessing?” Irritated, Brandon pinched Janet’s cherubic face, retorting somewhat harshly, “How am I expected to play detective?” “Assume someone did torment me, how would you react?”

Janet tilted her head upward, silently anticipating Brandon’s response.

Wouldn’t that be easier, if someone else were to blame? Unfortunately, destiny was the devious antagonist she found herself unable to counter. Brandon’s gaze hardened, his eyes glinting ominously.

“I can’t stomach the thought of harming my own lady love.

If anyone dares to hurt you, they will rue the day they were born.” The intensity of his vow drew a chuckle from Janet, her face finally brightening with a genuine smile. Beholding her enchanting smile, a surge of adoration flooded Brandon’s heart, compelling him to lean in and plant a tender kiss on her lips. Between breathless kisses, he murmured in a husky undertone, “Your smile is the most beautiful sight to behold.”

Although the shared kiss left him gratified, Brandon couldn’t quell the lingering concern for Janet’s unspoken tears. He guided Janet to sit upright, his resolute gaze signaling that he wouldn’t rest until he was privy to her secret.

“Will you share the truth with me now? What made you cry?”

To drive his point home, he reiterated sternly, “Speak the truth; don’t try to conceal it from me!”

Janet cocked her head and offered him a teasing smile.

“Do you really wish to know?”

Impatient, Brandon playfully tapped Janet’s forehead, his brow furrowed.

“Out with it, don’t leave me hanging.”

Janet playfully stuck out her tongue.