

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1274

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1274

A dreamy breath came from Hannah over the phone.

“I had never imagined that I would find my face on the pages of a magazine.

I can’t thank you enough.”

Her excitement was contagious—floating over the air and giving a joyful ring.

Janet found herself smiling despite the small pang of sadness in her chest.

“You should give yourself more credit. It was you who brought those designs to life. I had nothing to do with it.”

Hannah smiled and argued, “But I would have never worn those clothes without your hard work, to begin with!”

Memories of her life as Hannah raised her came to the surface, bringing out bittersweet feelings of regret and gratitude.

Janet felt her throat tighten but forced herself to speak.

“Without you, Hannah, I wouldn’t be where I am as a designer.”

“And I would have done everything again in a heartbeat. You know that. Now, enough of this sad nonsense. The present is a much better time to live in,”

Hannah answered.

Janet thought she had hidden it well, but the slight quiver in her voice did not escape the other woman.

Hannah quickly shifted the conversation to something else.

“Oh, have I told you? These days, some journalists have been asking me questions about our past. I didn’t say anything that could stir up trouble, but you should also be careful.”

Not again.

A frown crossed Janet's face.

Ever since the incident with Clyde, Janet had a newfound animosity toward the press.

It was only getting worse with the news from Hannah.

"Are you alright, Hannah?" she asked with concern.

"Just tell me if they're bothering you too much." A fond smile appeared on Hannah's face.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me. I'm just a little worried. They can be pretty relentless, and if they keep digging around, they might harm you. Since you've been taken back to the Whites and married Brandon, a big part of your life has also changed. There are bigger things at stake, so it would be better to leave the past behind."

Janet instinctively nodded, even though she knew Hannah couldn't see her.

"Don't Worry. I'll be careful. You should also take care of yourself. Call me if anything happens. I'm here, and I've grown up too, so don't shoulder everything on your own."

At that moment, Brandon greeted Hannah as well, "Good evening, Hannah. Please don't worry about Janet. I promise I'll take good care of her. I'll deal with the reporters bothering you too. Just leave everything to me."

Brandon's reassurance lifted some of Hannah's worries.

With a laugh, she said, "That's great. You guys keep busy. I won't disturb you two lovebirds any longer."

The call had ended, but Janet's frown stayed.

"This is my fault," she said guiltily.

"I should have thought things through. Now even Hannah's troubled because of my studio, and I hate it."

She knew all too well how brazen and relentless those reporters could be.

They were worse than rats when it came to digging up stories.

Hannah didn't say much about it, but Janet was certain they had been going after her nonstop.

Strong arms wrapped around her in a protective hold.

"Don't worry."

Brandon's voice came to her ears.

"I'll take care of this. But..."

There was a moment's pause before he continued, a mischievous smile curving on his lips, "I think Hannah's biggest wish would be to see us have a baby of our own.

What do you think? Should we try not to let her down?"

Janet's face flamed.

"I guess we should."

Her cheeks were hot as she wrapped her arms around Brandon's neck.

"But I find something a bit strange," she said.

The slow flames creeping across his body burned at her touch.

Brandon pressed himself more against Janet, his hands starting to wander.

"What's so strange about it?" As he spoke, one hand had reached between her legs.

A soft gasp escaped Janet before she answered, "We've already tried many times, but there aren't any results yet."

"Then we just need to work harder,"

Brandon said before swooping down to steal her lips.

He swallowed her moans, and she surrendered, letting him lead her to another realm of pure ecstasy.