

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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Upon noticing that Brandon was locked in a silent gaze towards her, Janet drew the conclusion that he was still perturbed.

An added layer of sympathy for him grew within her heart. Gently draping her arms around his neck, her voice a calming whisper, she assured him, "The world of medical science has reached such great heights today.

Even if we're plagued by physical issues, as long as we seek timely and effective treatment, the possibility of having a child is still within our reach." Only then did Brandon grasp the misunderstanding.

Janet had mistakenly believed the physical issue to be his, thus explaining her attempts to reassure him that the prospect of having a child wasn't as vital as his well-being. Comprehending Janet's well-intentioned misinterpretation, Brandon seized the opportunity to lightly tease her, "And what if, hypothetically, even medical science can't rectify this issue, yet I still yearn for a child?"

Taking his jest to heart, Janet weighed her thoughts for a moment before tentatively voicing her solution, "If a child is truly what you desire, we can relish our years as a pair, and then perhaps we could look into adopting from an orphanage. Maybe we could adopt two children."

As he beheld the warmth and concern mirrored in Janet's eyes, Brandon's heart softened.

"Or..." he teased, lifting her in his arms like a princess, "how about we try to tackle the issue with renewed effort?"

Caught off guard, Janet let out a startled gasp.

In the face of Brandon's assertive gaze, her cheeks flushed a deep shade of red as she nodded in agreement. The night was brimming with fervor and enchantment. The following morning, Brandon was roused from his slumber by an inviting aroma wafting from the kitchen.

After the ardent exertions of the previous night, even Brandon, a man typically brimming with energy, was left feeling somewhat fatigued and peckish. Janet, despite her own fatigue, rose early to whip up a sumptuous breakfast for Brandon, her intent being to nurse him back to his lively self. Brandon's joy was boundless when he descended to the sight of all his favorite dishes arranged on the table.

Even amidst his happiness, Brandon couldn't resist the urge to playfully jest at Janet, "You've still got the energy to prepare breakfast. It seems I didn't exert myself enough last night."

Flustered, Janet retorted and playfully chided Brandon, "Stop talking nonsense! Will you eat, or shall I pour it all away?"

In mock surrender, Brandon lifted his hands, saying, "No, no, no! I won't let my dear wife's lovingly prepared breakfast go to waste. I promise to finish it all."

Savoring every bite, Brandon was awash with contentment.

Janet's thoughtfulness did not end at breakfast.

As they prepared to leave, she assisted him in perfecting his tie. Her tender action nearly dissolved Brandon's heart. Grateful for the misunderstanding that had brought them even closer, he found himself wishing for a few more such miscommunications.

As they journeyed from their home to Janet's studio, their affection for each other was palpable.

"Honey, would you like some fruit?"

Janet presented a platter of pre-cut fruit and lovingly fed Brandon.

"Is it tasty?" she inquired with a beaming smile.

Immersed in bliss, Brandon replied, "Everything my wife serves me is delectable."

Post their fruity treat, they cuddled close.

Relishing Janet's warmth and softness, Brandon felt a sweetness akin to when they first fell in love.

In that moment, he began to fathom why some couples Given a choice for childlessness.between his adored partner and an unborn child, his decision would unequivocally favor Janet.

The absence of children bearing.

It did not affect his unflinching love for Janet.He was certain Janet shared his sentiments.

At that juncture, not only were they physically intertwined, their hearts too were deeply fused.

Their love swelled like an ocean tide, fortifying their bond to a degree of indestructibility.

On witnessing the boss and his wife's sweet exchange via the rearview mirror, Sean was nearly moved to tears.

Guess breakfast could be skipped, he mused, feeling sated merely by observing their affectionate antics."Honey, would you like some fruit?"

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