

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 707: I Want A Child

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"Janet! You bloody bitch! I'll drag you down to the depths of hell with me!"

Like a ferocious apparition, Charis stretched out her hands and grasped Janet's neck with hatred and the clear intention of throttling her.

Janet struggled desperately against the attack.

Just when she felt like she could no longer breathe at all and was about to pass out, Charis suddenly disappeared.

Janet opened her eyes and woke up in a state of completely frantic fright. She was drenched from head to toe in perspiration. She touched her neck and gasped for breath. It turned out to be a nightmare.

Janet lay back on the bed, exhausted from the struggle in the dream, which had felt so real. She couldn't remember how many nightmares she had during this period of time.

"Did you have a nightmare again?"

Brandon opened the door and walked into the bedroom.

When he heard the commotion, he immediately came to inspect what had happened.

"I'm fine," Janet said with a forced smile.

"Things can't go on like this. I have arranged for you to see a psychologist," he said.

Brandon made his way over to her bed and sat down. He moved her wet bangs aside to touch her forehead to check her temperature. His eyes were full of tender compassion. "You have to see her," he added imploringly.

These days, Janet didn't go to work at W Marks. She had taken annual leave and planned to take a good rest.

Since Charis died, Janet had been tortured by nightmares every night, without fail. The unrecognizable face of Charis in the heavy snow always flashed before her mind's eye, tormenting her.

"Alright, I will go see her."

Janet smiled wearily. She had never in her life felt as helpless as she did now. Brandon

held her in his arms. He put his forehead against hers and whispered, "Listen, it's not your fault."

Charis had been the person who had orchestrated harm to come to Janet for a long time.

In the end, she fell to her miserable death from the twentieth floor in front of Janet's very eyes. He was

worried that witnessing such a traumatizing incident would cause psychological problems for Janet.

That afternoon, Janet had an appointment with the psychologist.

"Just treat me as a friend. Don't be nervous."

The psychologist was highly amicable in nature.

After chatting with Janet for a while, she figured out the source of those frequent nightmares. She also

knew that part of Janet's psychological pressure was actually from Brandon.

"How is Mr. Larson now?"

After careful consideration, the psychologist said gently, "If his condition hasn't been alleviated, I suggest that both of you have treatment together."

"Could that help Brandon regain his memory?"

Janet was overjoyed as the prospect.

The psychologist said honestly, "Some memory loss may be caused by psychological reasons."

Janet felt a glimmer of hope.

The reason why Brandon had lost his memory was not clear yet.

In the circumstances, what did he have to lose by trying psychotherapy? © Perhaps this would prove to be a fruitful method to employ.

When Janet returned home, she proposed the idea to him.

Brandon was instantly annoyed, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on with a sharp high-heel shoe.

"I don't need it. As long as she can cure you, that's enough. Don't worry about me."

"Brandon, why are you so resistant to psychotherapy?"

Janet felt his forthright aversion to psychotherapy to be highly unusual. Indeed, Brandon was no fan of psychotherapy. He had been depressed after his mother's death.

At that time, he had received psychotherapy to deal with it. However, it was not a pleasant experience and it left a bad impression on him.

The psychological treatment hadn't been beneficial to him.

On the contrary, it had actually caused him more suffering.

That was why he had suggested Janet take active psychotherapy, but wasn't keen to undergo the treatment again himself.

Janet didn't insist. She knew him well. It was difficult to force him to accept something he had already formed a view about.

Fortunately, she had Plan B up her sleeve.

In the evening, Janet cooked a rich, decadent dinner.

Brandon was about to go to his study. He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the dining table laden with numerous delicious dishes.

Janet said warmly, "Come and have dinner. What are you waiting for?"

Brandon hesitated for a while. He could tell that Janet had a purpose for making such a sumptuous meal.

But somehow, he took his seat anyway. He wanted to enjoy the wonderful dinner with her.

With a smile, Janet dished up some food for him and said, "I feel like we are back to the time when we just got married."

Upon hearing that, Brandon had lost his appetite. He didn't remember those things she was mentioning now.

Noticing the bitterness in Brandon's eyes, Janet said, "Brandon, can you go to see the psychologist with me? We have experienced too much these days. I want to have a break. I also want to..."

She pursed her lips and stared at the man in front of her with bright eyes.

"I also want to have a child. Didn't you like children very much before?"

Janet held Brandon's warm palm tenderly.

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