

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 797 ALL HE WANTED

The night grew late, and the moon was hidden behind the clouds.

Brandon donned his pajamas and carried Janet to the sofa before changing the sheets.

The indent of his muscles were visible even under the clothes. He turned his head and stared down at Janet, who looked utterly spent and exhausted.

Brandon caressed her cheek lovingly. "You haven't had dinner yet," he said in a gentle voice. "Would you like me to go downstairs and whip something up for you?"

Janet's eyes were already growing heavy. She yawned and clutched at one of the throw pillows

around her. "No, thank you. I just wanna sleep..."

With a faint smile, Brandon fetched some tissues and diligently wiped her off.

Once he was done with the bed, he gathered her in his arms and placed put her back under the covers.

She was so tired that she almost fell asleep as soon as she hit the mattress. Janet felt Brandon snuggle behind her, and then she heard him ask, "Would you like me to help you take a shower?"

She shook her head, her eyes already tightly shut. She didn't want to risk the possibility of dozing off in the bathroom.

Brandon braced himself up on his elbow to look down at her. "Do you like boys, or would you prefer girls?" he asked, his eyes glittering in the dim light of the

room.

Janet was barely capable of forming an entire sentence at this point, so she only let out a soft hum.

"I hope it's a girl," he whispered in her ear as he pulled her into a tight embrace. "She'll look just as adorable as you, and I'll spoil her like a princess."

Janet's eyes popped open then. "What if she has the same personality as you?"

What if... their daughter turned out to be an introvert who didn't like to mingle with other people? She might get isolated from society.

A wistful smile appeared on Brandon's face. He pulled her even tighter. "That's not so bad," he said softly. "Don't worry. I won't let anyone bully our future daughter."

Janet rolled over and returned his smile. "It doesn't matter. As long as the baby is healthy, I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl."

He pressed an affectionate kiss against her forehead. "I'll do my best to be a good father. I'll make sure our children are happy and content. We will have our own little family very soon."

They would have a warm home with a strong father, a kind mother, and lovely children. It was all that Brandon had always wanted in life.

Feeling a lump in her throat, Janet bit her lower lip and burrowed into the cocoon of his arms.

She wanted to give him that, too.

It was a night in the early spring when Barnes had its first rain of the season.

In a deserted road, a man was limping hurriedly under the pouring rain. He risked a backward glance, only to find a dozen men brandishing knives and baseball bats as they chased after him.

Jorge was so terrified that his knees almost gave out, but his desperation urged him to move forward.

He couldn't walk properly as it was, let alone run.

In the end, they cornered him in a dark corner of the street.

"Why are you after me? I have no quarrel with you!"
Jorge's voice was hoarse and strained, and he looked like a mangy dog that had been wandering the streets

for days.

He stared at the tall, burly men in front of him and decided that his best option was to beg for mercy.

"Please let me go, I beg you! I did nothing to you, you have no reason to come after me!"

The leader of the gang stepped forward and grabbed Jorge's hair without warning, forcing him to look up.

"We received orders from Mr. Larson to hunt down a man called Jorge Anderson. That man is you, isn't it?"

Jorge narrowed his eyes as beads of rain fell on his face. "No," he lied. "That's not me. I don't know who that man is, but you've got the wrong person!"

The man loosened his grip slightly. He whirled around to his men and barked, "Did you find the wrong person?"

"Hang on, Boss!" one of the goons stuttered. "Let me check the photos." He scrambled for his phone in a panic, afraid of the consequences of a possible blunder. He unlocked the screen and immediately browsed through his gallery.

Seeing that they were distracted, Jorge slipped out of the leader's hold and darted into the nearest alley.

He could still hear the muffled conversation of the men he escaped.

"It's him, all right, Boss. He looks exactly like the man in the photos. Mr. Larson offered a million dollars for his head!"

"Well, what are you waiting for? After him!"

Jorge mustered all the strength he had left and ran without looking back. Rage and anxiety took over his

heart. He had no idea what he had done to offend Brandon Larson.

Given his physical state and his anguished mind, he soon found himself losing his balance and falling face first on the ground.

Hurried footsteps thundered behind him.