

# **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

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Janet's frame rigidified as Johanna led her away.

Right as Johanna reached for the office door, Janet was jolted from her trance, her steps suddenly ceasing. Johanna, puzzled, swiveled around to find Janet frozen.

"Janet, what's keeping you? Let's not dawdle; perhaps the doctor can quickly rectify this." "Ease up, Mom."

Janet clung to Johanna, straining to regain her composure, and posed her question with an edge of doubt, "How did you come to know about my alleged infertility?" Johanna's anxious demeanor and the firmness in her voice suggested a trustworthy informant.

Yet, hadn't Brandon's demeanor the previous evening suggested that he was the one with the fertility issue? Janet rapidly replayed her recent interaction with Brandon, \_ scrutinizing his every understated gesture. After some time, she understood that Brandon had never directly acknowledged the origin of the issue.

She had prematurely assumed that Brandon was suffering a side effect from being drugged by Charis that could impact fertility.

Could she be the one grappling with fertility issue? This notion led to Janet's knees buckling, and she tottered backward a few steps. "Watch your step!"

Johanna, fortunately, was swift enough to catch her before she tumbled.

"It's me..."

Janet trembled, her voice a bare whisper.

"I am the one who's flawed..."

Noticing Janet's pallor, Johanna gently guided her to sit on the couch, her voice laced with worry.

“Janet, are you feeling alright?” Janet had the vacant look of a puppet, her gaze unseeing, locked onto some distant point. A lengthy stretch passed before she could gather herself.

“Mom, I’m alright.”

Not wanting to add to Johanna’s worries, Janet mustered a smile that looked more painful than soothing and queried, “How did you stumble upon this?” Having been framed several times, Janet’s instinctual radar was up; she detected an oddity in Johanna’s information source. The fact that she was oblivious to her condition until now spoke volumes about Brandon’s skill in concealing it. Johanna’s brows furrowed as she dredged up her memory.

“A couple of days ago, an anonymous individual reached out to me, claiming your womb was defective, rendering you infertile.

He offered a cure, but demanded an astronomical nine-figure fee for treatment.”

On hearing this, Janet’s suspicions were piqued.

“Who’s this enigmatic individual? Did you dig into it?” Johanna shook her head, voicing her mystification, “Post the call, I promptly set someone on it, yet the number turned out to be unregistered.

Our people drew a blank.”

7 Janet’s brows crinkled.

“The origin of the call remains a mystery? You didn’t fall for his claims, did you?” Johanna was quick to retort, “I wouldn’t readily accept a stranger’s call as truth.

My initial thought was that he was a scammer, trying to defraud us with false claims of a cure.

However, given it concerned you, I ensured our people looked into it post-haste.

It appears that Frank has indeed been delving into infertility cases lately.” As she relayed the findings, Johanna noted Janet’s distressed visage.

“As of then, there was still no definitive proof that you’re the one with the issue, but last night our people unearthed some intriguing details.

Brandon and Frank have been convening in secret.

Uncovering this required a fair bit of sleuthing.

Furthermore, a couple of experts Frank engaged were only accessible through the Larson Group’s network.”

The fact that Brandon was personally devoting so much time and energy into investigating fertility issues was intriguing in itself.

Even as Janet wrestled with denial, she had to concede that these converging lines of evidence were far from happenstance.

Janet’s spirits plummeted.

Her lips clenched as she tried to dam the tears welling up in her eyes, yet they defied her, tracing wet trails down her cheeks.

At this juncture, there was little left for her to misconstrue.

It was she.

She was indeed the one grappling with this ailment.