

# the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 659: A Familiar Stranger



"Mom, I haven't even figured out what's wrong with Brandon yet. I can't let our marriage end just like that. If we get divorced, Charis will have gotten exactly what she wanted. I have to figure out what on earth is going on first. Since Brandon doesn't want to tell me the truth, I'll have to find it out myself."

As she spoke, Janet's voice was soft but firm. "I'm only worried that you'll get hurt, Janet. Brandon's attitude toward you is very clear now. He just wants you to be his wife on paper."

Johanna sighed heavily. Janet lowered her head, trying to hide the sadness in her eyes. "Mom, I know where you're coming from. It's true. Brandon doesn't love me anymore. And I don't know

why. But given the circumstances, no matter how hard I try to get close to him, it just doesn't work. I have to be cold and negotiate with him directly, showing him the advantages and disadvantages of being with me. Maybe that way, Brandon will pay more attention to our relationship. As long as I can spend more time with him, I am confident that I can bring the previous Brandon back."

Johanna knew she wouldn't be able to change her daughter's mind.

Since Janet was her precious daughter, she could only support whatever Janet wanted to do.

Finally, she snorted and said seriously, "If Brandon makes you cry again, I won't let him or the Larson Group go."

"Thanks, Mom. I know you're the best!" Tears welled up in Janet's eyes again. She couldn't help but throw herself into her mother's arms, acting like a spoiled child.

Johanna held her tightly and said helplessly, "You were always a smooth talker when you need something from your mother."

Beal burst into laughter.

"Well, you can't blame her. You know what? Janet's temper is just like yours when you were young. She got her stubbornness from you!"

That night, Janet didn't go back to the hotel with Johanna and Beal.

Instead, she moved back to the villa she and Brandon had lived in before.

This villa was quite close to the Larson Group headquarters.

Not long after she stepped foot inside the house, she heard the sound of engine coming from the gate of the villa.

When Janet turned around, she saw a handsome but indifferent man standing at the door.

Janet immediately stiffened.

Brandon was still as good-looking as before, but his cold attitude toward her was extremely off-putting. He

was now the most familiar stranger to Janet.

She closed her eyes for a few seconds to gather her bearings and then looked around the almost empty

living room. Her voice was a little sad.

"Brandon, I got into an accident only two weeks ago, but it seems you've been in such a hurry to clear out all my stuff. Any trace of my life in this villa has disappeared, and even our photos are gone..."

Brandon looked around the house and found that it was indeed bare.

"I haven't been back to Seacisco for a long time. Charis was the one who sent people to clean the place up."

He seemed to be explaining himself.

Janet walked to the sofa and sat down.

Stroking the spotless sofa, she sneered in disdain, "Don't you think that Charis has interfered too much?"

Isn't she just an employee of your company? Why is she responsible for your private affairs now?"

Truth be told, even Brandon felt that Charis had crossed the line.

A matter like arranging people to clean Brandon's house was supposed to be his personal assistant's job.

With Charis's status, she shouldn't have been in charge of such trivial things.

After a long silence, Brandon replied perfunctorily, "I didn't take it too seriously. I just recovered from a serious illness. I thought she did it because she was worried about me."

He knew that Charis had feelings for him. It seemed reasonable for her to help him with these trifles.

Janet felt a little stuffy in her chest, but she knew that she couldn't lose her temper now. She took a deep breath and suppressed her anger.

Brandon went upstairs as soon as he finished talking, followed by a sulky Janet.

This was just the beginning. She couldn't admit defeat so easily! Instead of entering the master bedroom, Brandon had planned to stay in the guest room.

As he walked, he asked casually though, "What're our sleeping arrangements? Shall I take the guest room?"

Janet couldn't help but snigger.

When she looked at Brandon, a sly smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

"We are a couple. Of course we sleep in the same bed."

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