

the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 651 Keep It From Her



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Brandon walked into the reception room.

He was a tall man, and the well-tailored grey suit complemented his figure perfectly.

However, his eyes were devoid of warmth as he surveyed the people in the room.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting.

I was in an important meeting just now.”

Brandon nodded and sat opposite Janet.

He leaned against the backrest of the chair, looking indifferent and aloof.

Janet stared at him in astonishment.

She instantly felt that the man in front of her was completely different.

If he didn't have the same facial features, figure, and even voice as that of Brandon, she would have thought that the man standing in front of her was a total stranger.

"Are you feeling better now?" Clutching the armrest of her chair tightly, Janet tried desperately to calm herself down.

"Much better. Thank you for your concern." Brandon put on a polite smile, but it only alienated him further.

Feeling uncomfortable under his cold gaze, Janet ventured, "I heard that you fainted during the search.

What happened? Brandon, you seem... different." What was that supposed to mean? Brandon narrowed his eyes at the woman before him.

But even after studying her face for a long time, he still felt nothing.

Unfortunately, he just didn't remember anything about her.

Today, Janet had come with her parents. There was no way Brandon would let her know that he had lost his memory, let alone her parents.

He wasn't sure whether he could trust the White family with his secret.

What if they leaked the news about his memory loss? Besides, his marriage with Janet was just for business.

1 And Charis had told Brandon that Janet was obsessed with him.

He, on the other hand, had zero interest in her and had only married her to fulfill his late mother's wish.

"I'm fine. I was just confined to the hospital the past few days and was discharge only yesterday.

I don't see anything different about myself." Brandon's tone was flat and lifeless, as though he had no

interest in prolonging the conversation.

After all, he couldn't remember how he got along with Janet before.

But he had to keep a distance from her so that she wouldn't find out that he had lost his memory.

He needed to keep it a secret from her until he was sure that he could trust her.

Janet didn't buy it at all and wanted to question him further.

However, Brandon's phone started to ring.

Upon glancing at the caller ID, he excused himself.

"Sorry, I have to take this." He stood up and walked to the French window with his back to Janet and the White couple.

Brandon spoke on the phone briefly and then put it down.

He turned around and looked at Janet again.

“I’m sorry. I have an overseas video conference to attend.

If you need anything else, you can talk to my assistant.” As soon as he finished speaking, he left without

waiting for Janet’s response.

His assistant stayed on and asked them politely, “How can I help you today?”

Flabbergasted by Brandon’s cold and indifferent behavior, Janet felt as though she was on the verge of breaking down.

The Whites were also stunned and were at a loss as to what to do.

After a while, Brandon’s words finally registered in their minds.

Johanna was furious.

She looked at his assistant with a sneer and said, "Call him back.

We have to talk to him and him alone!" The assistant didn't know what to do.

"Mrs. White, I am just Mr. Larson's assistant He tells me what to do and not the other way around..." Beal also looked grim.

He had never been so angry before in his life.

"I had no idea Brandon was so arrogant! Does he even take us seriously? How dare he blow us off like that!"

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