

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 709: The Little Thief

• • •

Brandon's body visibly stiffened. Hearing the psychologist's pointed question, he panicked. How he regretted not being cautious enough! He forgot to ask Frank to deal with his medical records and ended up giving the psychologist genuine information.

And of course, he saw that Brandon had been prescribed a lot of painkillers. Now he had no choice but to come clean.

"I've seen several doctors before, but none of their prescriptions worked. Gradually, I felt even worse. Every time I tried to recall the past, I would have a splitting headache that would only be relieved by painkillers. But don't worry. I'm not addicted or anything. In fact, I'm reducing the dosage now."

"Didn't my father introduce you to a doctor?" Janet asked in disbelief, unable to believe what she had heard.

"I thought you were getting better..."

After all, Brandon had never even mentioned anything about his splitting headaches to her at all.

Seeing her so worried, Brandon reached for her hand and patted it comfortingly.

"That doctor said that there's no way to cure me."

The more Janet thought about it, the more distraught she became. She shook off his hand and demanded,

"How come you didn't tell me sooner?

Brandon, some balls you have!"

Brandon pursed his lips and fell silent for a while. Then he said in a low voice, "I just didn't want you to worry too much."

Janet was so angry that she couldn't even look at him. She didn't say a single word all throughout the consultation.

When it was over, they went home together in silence. Brandon knew that she was still seething. After putting down their things, he walked up to her and asked, "Honey, do you want to go to the supermarket? We can cook up a nice meal together."

Janet shot him a murderous glare and sneered angrily.

"No, thanks. I'm not eating tonight. I'm already full—of anger."

She wanted to run upstairs, but Brandon stopped her.

"What do you want?"

Janet asked through gritted teeth, hand poised to slap him.

Flinching, Brandon immediately let go of her to cover his face.

"Anywhere but the face!" Janet sighed.

She was just bluffing. How could she really slap him? Anyway, she was free now. She turned around and went upstairs.

"I'm going to bed. Don't wake me."

She ran inside the room and slammed the door behind her.

Brandon stood alone at the staircase, feeling depressed.

Damn it! Not only was that psychotherapy session useless, it even worsened the relationship between them! With a heavy heart, Brandon busied himself in the kitchen alone. The food he cooked smelled really divine. He had even prepared some dessert.

All of the food was carefully laid out on the table. He knocked on the bedroom door and called Janet softly.

"Honey, it's time for dinner. You can go back to sleep after eating. I'll wait for you downstairs."

Soon, Janet opened the door and looked out.

The delicious smell of the food wafted over to her nose. Her mouth watered, but she refused to give in.

"I said, I'm not eating. Eat by yourself. Stop disturbing me!"

She was obviously still angry with him. Truth be told, the smell of the food made her really hungry, but she refused to eat with him. She had already said that she wouldn't eat.

If she went downstairs for dinner now, Brandon would only laugh at her. However, Janet tossed and turned in bed restlessly, her stomach grumbling nonstop.

In the end, her willpower was defeated by her hungry stomach. She was so hungry that she couldn't sleep a wink.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, she found that it was already one o'clock in the morning. She reasoned that Brandon must've fallen asleep by then. She could go downstairs and grab a quick bite.

Brandon didn't have to know.

After coming up with a plan, Janet made up her mind. She climbed out of bed, put on her robe, and rushed downstairs.

The food had been stored in the refrigerator with a plastic wrap.

Janet took out the food, opened the plastic wrap, and picked up a meatball before stuffing it into her mouth.

With the sound of a click, the lights in the kitchen went on in an instant.

The sudden light stunned Janet. She squinted, waiting for her eyes to adjust, and then she saw a tall man.

Brandon was standing in front of her with his arms crossed. He raised his eyebrows, glanced at the meatballs in her hand, and then looked at her bulging cheeks.

"Does it taste good, you little thief?"

• • •