

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1347 - 1351

Chapter 1347

A week swept past before anyone realised it. In the quietude of the evening, Lexi rapped lightly on Janet's office door. "Enter." Janet's response, a tired whisper, wafted from within. Lexi swung the door open a fraction, her head peeking through. "Mrs.Larson, we're wrapping up for the day.Will you be heading out with us?" Cradling her phone, Janet seemed lost in thought.Her voice wavered as she glanced at Lexi, managing a weary smile. "You all have been diligent; head home. I have some matters to attend to." Lexi's eyes widened in concern; it was the first time she saw Janet so dispirited. "Mrs.Larson, are you alright? The slew of cancelled orders isn't weighing you down, is it? Don't stress..." "I'm okay." Janet cut Lexi off mid-sentence with a comforting smile. "We have enough orders to keep us afloat.I'm not troubled about that.Go on, don't worry." Janet fell silent for a moment, studying Lexi as if she wanted to pose a question. Lexi looked puzzled. "Mrs.Larson, is there something you want to ask?" After a moment's hesitation, Janet managed to mumble, "I have a friend.Her relationship with her boyfriend has been a bit rocky recently.Any idea what could be the cause?" Rubbing her chin in thought, Lexi suggested, "Maybe he's having an affair?" Janet felt a jolt of fear at the response, her voice trembling as she asked, "Why would you say that" Scratching her head with a grin, Lexi's eyes sparkled with the thrill of gossip. "Isn't that how it goes in TV

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dramas? Love never fades; it merely shifts.” Janet was left dumbfounded. Brushing off the awkwardness, she urged, “Never mind. You should get going.” Lexi wanted to probe further, but the sight of Janet’s deflated demeanor stopped her. She bid her boss goodbye and exited the room. With Lexi’s departure, the studio fell into an eerie quiet, save for the distant honks and murmurs of the outside world. The setting sun streamed through the glass, casting elongated shadows of Janet across the room. She stared at her phone, the chat history from the day before igniting a pang of loneliness. For the first time, she had gone a full day without hearing from Brandon. Their last conversation ended abruptly the day before. Brandon’s final message had been a promise to pick her up after work that day. And then, radio silence. Janet gnawed at her lower lip, itching to send Brandon a message. But after some hesitation, she set her phone aside. Given Brandon’s icy demeanor of late, she was at a loss about what message to send, not to mention whether reaching out might disrupt him further. In reality, the upheaval following Vivi’s death didn’t weigh heavily on Janet. She had experienced the superficiality of the celebrity world but had also managed to discern genuine friends and those clients who truly appreciated her designs. In her view, this was far from being a setback.

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Chapter 1348

With Janet lingered in the office for half an hour until darkness had fully settled. It was already past the usual hour when Brandon would come to pick her up, but there was still no message from him. Finally, unable to contain her anxiety, she bit her lower lip and sent him a message. "Have you made it home yet?" Brandon replied swiftly, "Not yet. I have something to take care of." His tepid response left Janet a touch frustrated as she put down her phone. Almost immediately, however, Brandon sent another message. "Aren't you home yet?" The unexpected concern lifted her spirits. "No. I just finished work. Are you coming to get me?" Brandon replied with an indifferent tone, "I don't have the time. I'll send Sean to pick you up." His cool response extinguished her budding excitement once more. Sean arrived shortly, ensuring Janet's wait was brief. Observing the familiar car pull up to the curb, Janet felt no happiness. She greeted Sean and climbed into the vehicle. Sean, having served Brandon for a significant period, had developed a knack for reading people's moods. The moment Janet entered the car, he noticed her expression was quite troubled. His heart gave a tiny lurch. Just as he was about to feign obliviousness by turning his head, his gaze locked with Janet's. Janet lifted her eyes to Sean, asking quietly, "Has the Larson Group received a major order recently?" Sean shook his head. "No." "Has the Larson Group run into any problems lately?" After careful consideration, Sean shook his head again. "No, the company's trajectory is smooth, with no new expansions planned. Mrs. Larson,

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may I ask why you asked that specific question?” “Nothing in particular.” Janet looked out of the window, taking in the rapidly passing scenery. If it wasn’t work that kept Brandon so busy lately that he barely had time to get in touch with her, what could it be? Was it as Lexi had suggested? Had Brandon taken a mistress? The thought sent a pang through her heart. The notion of Brandon caressing and kissing another woman was unbearable. Such a reality would devastate her. But would Brandon stoop that low? All kinds of thoughts whirled in her mind. Janet tried to reassure herself not to overthink, but the ominous notions had taken root, sending her into a state of panic. What if it was true? What if Brandon really had taken a mistress? The mere thought forced her hand to her chest, a sharp ache resonating in her heart. Sean had been covertly studying Janet. Seeing the pallor of her face he sighed inwardly. He’s aware that his boss had been neglecting Janet recently, but the reason eluded him. So, even though he wanted to console Janet, He was at a loss for words. Having escorted Janet home with utmost care, seeing promptly dialed Brandon & relayed their entire conversation. Meanwhile in a clandestine club, Brandon let out a soft sigh upon hearing Sean’s report. “It’s okay. I’ll comfort her when I get back.” After ending the call, Brandon massaged his temples wearily. Seated across from him, Frank arched his eyebrows and quipped, “who’s managed to ruffle your feathers? Janet?” “Sean mentioned she was in low spirits, ” admitted Brandon. Frank, in a teasing tone, asked, “what’s the matter? Did you upset her by not getting home on time?”

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Chapter 1349

“Shut up,” Brandon snapped, rubbing his temples wearily. With a stern gaze, he warned Frank in a cold tone, “Just get it done quickly. I don’t want Janet to find out about it.” Upon hearing this, Frank’s expression turned to one of embarrassment. “As you know, I’m not an obstetrician, so I don’t know much about conception. How about I introduce you to a few experts I know?” A dark look immediately appeared on Brandon’s face as he quickly dismissed the suggestion. “No.” “Why not?” Frank asked, with a puzzled frown. A glint of coldness flickered in Brandon’s eyes as he replied in a chilling tone, “I’ve already told you that we can’t let Janet or the White family find out about it. If you go against this instruction, be prepared to face the consequences.” Sensing Brandon’s unwavering determination and ferocity, Frank let out a sigh of resignation. “Understood. I’ll keep it a secret, but I must admit that it’ll be difficult to find a solution.” It turned out that when Brandon took Janet to the hospital for a pregnancy check-up, he had already secretly told Frank that if there were something wrong with either of them that would affect Janet’s pregnancy, Frank was not to tell Janet, but rather, inform him first. Initially, he had made those preparations as a precautionary measure, not expecting the worst-case scenario to actually unfold. The results of the exam came out a week ago. With a grave expression, Frank delivered the news, “Unfortunately, there is a physical condition that prevents Janet from conceiving.” Seeing the solemn expression on Frank’s face, Brandon, who had always been able to maintain his

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composure, couldn't hide his concern. "Whose physical condition is it? Janet's or mine?" "It's Janet," Frank replied hesitantly, his lips pressed together. Immediately, Brandon leaned back on the sofa and took a deep breath, processing what he had just heard. Then, in a serious tone, he asked, "What's wrong with her?" Frank handed the report to Brandon, pointing to the technical terms on it and explaining them to him, "According to the test results, the chances of Janet getting pregnant is only 1 in 10000, due to an abnormality in her uterus. In addition to that, this condition makes it impossible for her to even have a test tube baby." Brandon's heart trembled violently. He stared at the report filled with strange technical terms in disbelief, feeling as though he were living in a nightmare. "How can this be? Is it that bad?" Frank replied, "It's difficult to pinpoint the exact cause of the condition. It could be a congenital disease or a developmental disorder that occurred later in life. It's extremely complicated, and as someone who's not an obstetrician, I won't be able to provide a clear explanation on it for a while." Brandon clenched his fists, bearing a cold look in his eyes. After a few seconds, he calmed down and asked in a deep tone, "Is there any way to cure the disease or improve her condition?" After pondering over it for a while, Frank said, "Based on current medical research, even the best obstetrician in the world can't guarantee a cure for uterus abnormalities. Even in cases where some patients were cured, the treatment process was very long and complex. It would be best for you to go back and have a discussion with Janet. If she decides to pursue treatment, it'll be essential for both of you to be mentally and physically prepared for the challenges

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ahead.” Brandon, however, firmly rejected the suggestion. “We can’t let Janet know about it.” Growing even more despondent from Brandon’s bullishness, Frank remarked helplessly, “But how can we proceed with the treatment without letting Janet know about her condition?” Brandon gently caressed the exam report, deep in thought. “There must be a solution. We just need to think it through...” he murmured. In the following week, Brandon became increasingly secretive in his activities. He attended to business affairs at the office during the day, and whenever he had free time, he brainstormed possible solutions with Frank. To ensure that Janet wouldn’t suspect anything unusual, he kept his distance from her and adopted a cold demeanor. He would leave before she woke up in the morning, and only return home after she had fallen asleep at night. By limiting their time together, he hoped to minimize any chances of her discovering his worries and concerns. Due to their close bond and deep understanding of each other, Brandon was acutely aware that even the smallest details and subtle expressions could potentially give away his secret. Every interaction with Janet became a delicate dance for him, filled with caution and guilt. He constantly feared that she would notice that something was amiss. However, his intentional avoidance of their encounters became quite obvious. His sudden lack of attention towards Janet and the busy discussions with Frank only served to make his behavior even more suspicious. It was a far cry from the way they used to get along with each other. In Janet’s eye the sudden change in his behavior was the result of a cooling of their once-passionate relationship. Brandon had even gone a whole day

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without contacting her for no apparent reason. Any other person would've felt disheartened and suspicious about such a drastic change. If it weren't for that fact that Janet trusted Brandon's morals and was confident in their relationship, she might have resorted to hiring a private detective to investigate his alleged affairs. Despite the unintended consequences of his actions, Brandon felt it was necessary to protect Janet from the truth. He couldn't bear the truth. He couldn't bear the thought of her blaming herself for their inability to conceive a child. In his mind, shielding her from this devastating revelation was the best alternative, even if it meant enduring her suspicion. Right now, he was in no less pain and distress than Janet. At same time, Frank also noticed that Brandon was dealing with a dilemma. Despite his desire to help, he couldn't do much besides let out a heavy sigh in solidarity.

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Chapter 1350

Endless debates took place, with no accord to show for it. For days, Frank had combed through every conceivable medical solution for congenital uterine abnormalities, but Brandon met each with rejection. As night fell, Brandon made his way back to the house. The gentle glow of the garden lights blanketed everything in a comforting warmth, a sensation that always washed over him as he returned home. The day's trials faded into the background, replaced by a welcoming serenity. As customary, he shook off his unease, reaching for the door. Inside, Janet had settled into the living room. Hearing the front door open, she glanced up, eyes meeting Brandon's. "Made it home?" Standing, she approached him, accepting his coat and briefcase with ease. "You're late today. I've had the housekeeper warm your dinner; would you like some?" Her words, tinged with concern, acted like a balm on Brandon's days' worth of frustration. His tension eased as he took a seat next to Janet. "No need, I've grabbed dinner. How's the studio faring?" Janet answered, smiling, "No trouble now. In this era of rapid-fire news, the online crowd's gaze quickly shifts. Those misguided by the rumor spreaders have long since dismissed my studio. Given time, the loyal ones who appreciate and support me will return." Cradling her close, Brandon murmured, "I regret what you've had to endure." "But you've faced hardships too." Janet nestled into his strong, comforting presence. She had a litany of questions poised for Brandon, yet witnessing his exhaustion, she lost the nerve. She shelved them for later. With an inward sigh, Janet

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gently nudged Brandon. "I've asked the help to prepare a bath. Could that help you unwind?" Brandon's brows furrowed in surprise. He'd expected her to confront him about his recent distance, but instead, she stood there, her eyes brimming with care, with no mention of his aloofness. Gazing into her eyes, Brandon felt a tenderness wash over him. He leaned in, planting a soft kiss on her forehead, whispering, "Thank you, Janet." His gentle kiss evaporated Janet's anxiety. Her smile reappeared. "No thanks needed. Go freshen up." Left alone, Janet sank into the couch, a troubled look weighing on her features. Observing their interactions, it was clear that there was nothing wrong with their relationship. With no betrayal and no noticeable cooling of their affection, only one explanation remained for Brandon's recent detachment. As the thought formed, a wave of uneasiness stirred within her. It had been some time since their hospital visit for pregnancy test, yet curiously, no reports had surfaced. This lack of feedback was at odds with Frank's usual efficiency. he couldn't ... "Jannat whispered, her fist clenching tightly." Is there a problem with our test result? If the news was of a medical nature, Perhaps impeding normal conceptions, With one or both needing treatment, It might explain the aloof behavior. She struggled to find another plausible reason for Brandon's shift. Shaking of her worries, Jannat reached for his phone, preparing to call Frank. But her fingers paused over the dial button, A direct inquiry to Frank would likely yield nothing. If Brandon was keeping secrets, he had likely insured Franks complicity, Not only would her direct approach fail, it might make Brandon more guarded. After a moment's hesitation, Janet dialed a different number,

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The line connected quickly and Elizabeth's voice rang out, "Hello, Jannat , What can I do for you? Its out of the blue." Following a brief chat with Elizabeth, Janet adopted a casual tune and asked,"Oh, By the way , how are things going with and Frank? Has he been swamped lately?"

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Chapter 1351

When Elizabeth received Janet's phone call, she was buried in overtime work. Elizabeth sighed wearily when asked about Frank. "I've been swamped recently, working round the clock. I haven't seen Frank often, let alone had much contact with him." Hearing this, Janet's brow furrowed, her mind plunging into deep thought. Was she overthinking things? Could it be that the situation wasn't as dire as she suspected? Recognizing Janet's silence, Elizabeth quickly added, fearing that Janet might be worried, "Don't stress. Mr. Wesley informed me that W Marks studio won't serve any customers who've canceled orders with you. I've been putting in extra hours because W Marks studio is currently short-staffed as some designers have resigned." Janet laughed softly. "What are you imagining? I couldn't care less if my former clients go to W Marks. I called you simply to ask if Frank has been particularly busy recently." Realizing something was amiss, Elizabeth was unsure why Janet was probing into Frank's affairs. Nevertheless, she answered honestly, "Frank does appear to be rather busy of late. I sent him a message last night, but he was so occupied that he didn't reply until ten o'clock in the evening." Janet's heart fluttered. It was precisely at ten o'clock last night when Brandon returned home. Was this merely a coincidence? Elizabeth, feeling uneasy due to the silence at the other end, asked, "What's the matter, Janet? Is there something wrong with Frank?" Regaining her composure, Janet forced a smile and replied, "There's nothing wrong with Frank. I was just asking out of curiosity. I won't keep you any

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longer. I'll hang up now." After ending the call, Janet sat motionless on the sofa, her mind a whirlwind of thoughts. She was now fairly certain that Brandon's recent coldness was related to their previous medical examination. Was there something wrong with his health? A thought flashed through her mind—Brandon had once been drugged by Charis and suffered temporary memory loss. There was no guarantee that such potent medication hadn't left behind any side effects. Could it be that he was grappling with some lingering effects from the drugs, and chose not to disclose it to her? At this thought, Janet was caught in a mix of distress and irritation. She felt sympathy for Brandon, who seemed to be bearing this burden alone, and resentment at him for keeping such a significant matter hidden from her. Janet remained on the sofa, entangled in her thoughts, oblivious to Brandon's emergence from the bathroom after his shower. "What's up honey, ?" Brandon queried, sitting next to Janet as he towel-dried his hair. "What's on your mind." Lifting her gaze to meet him, Janet stared at Brandon without blinking, not uttering a word. Despite feeling nervous, Brandon maintained an air of puzzlement. "Why are you starring at me like that? Did something happen?" With a huff, Janet rose to her feet & began to towel-dry his hair. Despite her own demeanor, Brandon couldn't shake off a sense of unease. He attempt to grab the towel & dry his hair himself several times, But each attempt was swiftly thwarted by Janet. Finally, the disquieting silence became unbearable for Brandon. Rising to his feet, he took hold of Janet's wrist & pleaded, "Honey, What's the matter? Have I done something wrong? Just tell me, and I will rectify it, ok "?

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Looking into his eyes Janet scoff, “ Do you really have no clue what you have done.?” A rush of guilt surged through Brandon, turning his anxiety up a notch upon hearing Janet’s accusatory tune. Had Janet figured something out?. Even though he was internally panicking, Brandon managed to maintain an outward facade of calm..”I have no idea what you are referring to ,” he responded.

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