

## **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1362 - 1366**

### **Chapter 1362**

As the clock struck six in the twilight, Brandon, weary from a long day at work, nudged the door open and entered his abode. On the brink of illuminating the room with a flick of the switch, a curled-up shape on the sofa flashed at the edge of his vision. Janet sat there, a terrified creature trapped within her own emotions, quaking in the corner of the sofa. It seemed as though a shadow of immense sorrow had swept over her. Her delicate frame trembled subtly and the faint echoes of her sobs hung in the room. This was the premiere act of her silent sorrow and despair he had ever witnessed. A surge of anguish twisted his heart.

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With brisk strides, he closed the distance between them, his hands landing gently on her shoulders, and his voice rang with urgency. “Janet, what’s the matter? What happened?” Slowly, like the lifting of a tragic mask, Janet raised her face, cheeks glistening with the tracks of her tears. With a brave heart, she attempted to shield Brandon from her distress. She stifled a sniffle and contorted her features into an awkward grin, managing to utter, “I’m alright...” Witnessing her forced sense of maturity, Brandon’s heart shattered even more. He crouched down, cupping her tearstained cheeks, his thumb tracing the wet trails away as he softly interrogated, “Can you confide in me about your tears? Have you been harassed, or are you unwell? Why didn’t you alert me?” Inundated by Brandon’s flurry of inquiries, Janet felt slightly overwhelmed.

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But the palpable concern laced in his questions stirred warmth within her. “I

promise, I’m okay.”

Janet burrowed herself into Brandon’s comforting embrace, nuzzling

affectionately into his chest.

“You must be starving, right? Shall I whip up something for you?”

Her attempt

to distract him was transparent to Brandon, a seasoned businessman.

He gently disengaged from her, locking his gaze on hers, his tone growing

grave.

“Tell me the truth; why the waterfall of tears? Who dared to torment you?” Her

eyes twinkled mischievously as she teased, “Why don’t you try guessing?”

Irritated, Brandon pinched Janet’s cherubic face, retorting somewhat harshly,

“How am I expected to play detective?” “Assume someone did torment me,

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how would you react?”

Janet tilted her head upward, silently anticipating Brandon’s response.

Wouldn’t that be easier, if someone else were to blame?

Unfortunately,

destiny was the devious antagonist she found herself unable to counter.

Brandon’s gaze hardened, his eyes glinting ominously.

“I can’t stomach the thought of harming my own lady love.

If anyone dares to hurt you, they will rue the day they were born.”

The

intensity of his vow drew a chuckle from Janet, her face finally brightening with

a genuine smile. Beholding her enchanting smile, a surge of adoration flooded

Brandon’s heart, compelling him to lean in and plant a tender kiss on her lips.

Between breathless kisses, he murmured in a husky undertone,

“Your smile is

the most beautiful sight to behold.”

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Although the shared kiss left him gratified, Brandon couldn't quell the lingering concern for Janet's unspoken tears. He guided Janet to sit upright, his resolute gaze signaling that he wouldn't rest until he was privy to her secret.

"Will you share the truth with me now? What made you cry?" To drive his point home, he reiterated sternly, "Speak the truth; don't try to conceal it from me!"

Janet cocked her head and offered him a teasing smile.

"Do you really wish to know?"

Impatient, Brandon playfully tapped Janet's forehead, his brow furrowed.

"Out with it, don't leave me hanging."

Janet playfully stuck out her tongue.

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### **Chapter 1363**

Faced with his wife's probing questions, even Brandon, the unflappable and level-headed CEO of the Larson Group, couldn't help feeling a twinge of guilt and unease. Indeed, he had concealed something from Janet. That secret was the result of his medical check-up. It wasn't that he didn't want to share it with Janet; he simply didn't wish to sadden her. A girl as radiant as her deserved to lead a joyful life, unburdened by such matters. Unless he could find a foolproof treatment, he intended to keep this to himself. So, after a momentary panic, Brandon regained his composure, quietly pondering over whether Janet could have possibly unearthed this secret. Since receiving the examination results, he had carefully guarded this information.

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He'd not only erased the medical records but had also repeatedly cautioned

Frank to maintain the confidentiality.

Whenever they convened to strategize, he always chose highly private

venues. Consequently, the likelihood of Janet discovering the truth without his

knowledge was slim.

It seemed probable that her present inquiry was merely a test. After ensuring

he hadn't left any clues unattended, Brandon adopted a convincingly innocent

expression, responding with a hint of perplexity, "Darling, I'm at a loss. Why

would I ever hide anything from you?"

He took Janet's hands into his, uttering softly, yet persuasively,

"You've been

under immense stress lately, causing you to overthink. I cherish you deeply. Rest assured that I'll inform and consult with you on any issue."

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Brandon's tranquil demeanor and his ability to spin a web of lies on the spot

made Janet's lips twitch in exasperation.

True to his role as the CEO of the Larson Group, managing thousands of

individuals, his psychological mettle was impressive. He didn't so much as

blink while fabricating his stories. However, Janet wasn't one to be easily

manipulated.

Since Brandon had decided to hide this from her, she had her countermove

ready. Janet smiled nonchalantly and said, "Mother visited me today. She

learned about our hospital visit for the check-up, which made her quite

anxious. She recommended a seasoned specialist for you and urged that you

schedule an appointment at the earliest. An early diagnosis could lead to a

quicker recovery."

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For a brief moment, Brandon's handsome features froze. Although fleeting, Janet, with her sharp instincts, detected that slight stiffening, eliciting a smug, inward smirk. Adopting a sympathetic expression, she took his hands and said, "Brandon, don't misinterpret this as me pushing you. Such matters shouldn't be put off. If it continues this way, everyone will assume you're..."

Impotent. Janet refrained from voicing the final word, yet her implication was crystal clear. "What?!"

Brandon was so taken aback that he nearly choked. His face turned an unhealthy shade of pale. But he would rather endure the world's misunderstanding about his virility than see Janet upset. Hence, he quickly regained his composure, even managing a strained smile.

"You... You are right."

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Grasping Janet's delicate hands, Brandon replied, with an uncomfortable smile, "Which hospital did your mother suggest? Who's the doctor? I'll go there tomorrow."

Witnessing Brandon's willingness to tolerate the humiliation of being misconstrued as infertile, just to spare her distress, left Janet entirely disarmed.

Her resentment towards Brandon for keeping the truth from her had significantly subsided in the face of his concession.

She understood that Brandon had acted with her best interests at heart.

She recognized how challenging it must have been for Brandon to find a cure for her, given the immense demands on his time as the sole head of the sprawling Larson Group.

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Let alone the difficulty of keeping the secret even from Sean, taking all responsibilities upon himself. Janet was well aware of these aspects, and this understanding only intensified her sympathy for the man standing before her, who looked somewhat worn out.

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## **Chapter 1364**

Brandon noted Janet's silence and his heart rate quickened. Had Janet discovered something amiss? Was she probing him now? Brandon's mind was whirling with conjectures. Even though he was the CEO of Larson Group in the professional sphere, at home he was simply a man in love with his wife. Consequently, harboring a secret made it near impossible not to panic in the face of his wife's abrupt quietude. "Do you recall which hospital it is? I'll ask Sean to clear some time in the afternoon and schedule a check-up for tomorrow," Brandon tentatively proposed. He caressed Janet's face, offering soft reassurances, "Don't fret. I'll comply with the treatment protocol and recover as soon as possible." Hearing these words, Janet could no longer contain the flood of emotions

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within her, and she rushed into his arms. She wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her face tightly against his chest. The sound of his heartbeat and his familiar scent brought her immeasurable relief and joy. The corners of Janet's mouth lifted into a contented smile, yet she felt on the verge of tears. Having such a devoted husband, she felt no regrets, even if she were to remain childless for life. Caught off guard for a few seconds, Brandon cautiously encircled her in his arms, gently patting her back. Observing Janet's reaction, he had a hunch. It appeared the scenario he dreaded the most had indeed unfolded. After a moment, Brandon asked softly, "Did your mom take you for a check-up today?" Janet responded with a muted affirmation, nuzzling his chest. She was too

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overcome to articulate her feelings, fearful that speaking would  
unleash her  
tears. Hearing Janet's confirmation, despite his earlier hunch,  
Brandon's heart  
ached as if pierced by a sharp blade, and he found it difficult to  
breathe. He  
could not fathom the level of despair Janet must have felt upon  
receiving the  
news, nor how she managed to spend the subsequent lonely hours  
alone a  
home No wonder... No wonder she appeared so downcast.  
Janet must have been crying all afternoon before he arrived home.  
The guilt  
was all his.  
He had failed to shield her, leaving her to confront this dreadful  
revelation  
alone. For a moment, self-reproach surged like a tide, threatening to  
engulf  
the man who had always remained composed. Brandon gently  
cupped her

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beautiful face, softly brushed away the tears trickling down her cheeks with his lips, and whispered, "I'm sorry, I should not have kept this from you. I just didn't want to see you upset." Janet sobbed, her eyes brimming with fresh tears.

Her long eyelashes were adorned with droplets, making her look quite pitiful.

Brandon, who had always been tender towards Janet, felt his heart wrench.

Seeing her cry so desolately, he wished he could shoulder her sorrow.

"Please don't cry... This is my fault."

Holding Janet's hand, Brandon guided it to his face, effectively slapping himself.

"You can hit me or scold me as you please. Just stop crying, okay?"

Her eyes full of tears and concern, Janet hastily withdrew her hand and

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asked, “Did that hurt? Brandon kissed her palm, gazed at her fondly, and

murmured in a soft voice, “As long as you’re not upset, I won’t feel a thing,

even if you were to hit me hard.”

Faced with his tender gaze, Janet felt a warmth in her heart even as fresh

tears trickled down her cheeks.

“Why are you so foolish?” she asked, gently patting his chest.

Her voice choked with emotion, she continued, “Why did you shoulder this all

by yourself? I’m your wife; I have every right to bear these burdens with you.”

Brandon enveloped her in a tight embrace, offering soothing words and

apologies until she gradually regained her composure and adjusted her mood.

“It won’t happen again,”

Brandon pledged, planting a kiss on her cheek.

“I’ll hold you to that,”

Janet responded, playfully poking his nose.

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Suddenly recalling something, she clapped her hands and announced, “By the way, I have something to tell you.”

She still had news? Upon hearing this, Brandon couldn’t help but feel a surge of anxiety.

Amused by his earnest expression, Janet chuckled and relayed to Brandon the details of her medical check-up and the customized medication.

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## **Chapter 1365**

“Customized medication with strong effects?”

Upon hearing Janet’s description, a frown appeared on Brandon’s face—he

was deep in thought as he held her in his arms. A touch of uneasiness

gradually began to take root in his heart.

When he first heard about the medication and its promising effects, he also

felt a surge of excitement.

As he thought about how the two previous terrible incidents had also been

related to “medication”, however, his enthusiasm immediately waned. He

couldn’t help thinking of the mystery pharmacist. Despite the extensive

resources and connections that enabled him to find anyone and investigate

anything in Barnes, Brandon’s search for the pharmacist had proven futile.

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Whoever they were, they seemed to have disappeared into thin air, leaving behind no traces or leads to follow. Vivi's recent car accident, however, gave him a strong feeling that the pharmacist might make a return. He had planned on using that opportunity to find out exactly who they were, however, the trail of clues came to a dead end when it got to Star Entertainment. Clearly, the pharmacist wasn't an easy target. They hid themselves well and made it impossible to predict their next move. Was this customized medication also their doing? A myriad of thoughts crowded Brandon's mind, but when he looked into Janet's expectant eyes, he couldn't bring himself to voice his concerns and dampen her spirits. He didn't want to shatter her hopes.

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After contemplating on it for a while, Brandon caressed her tender face and said gently, "I'll have someone check on the medication tomorrow. If it truly possesses such remarkable effects, I'll accompany you to explore treatment options as soon as possible. We'll get the treatment and try to recover as soon as possible."

Upon hearing Brandon's response, a wave of relief washed over Janet, dispelling the nervousness that had enveloped her throughout the day. She curled up in his warm arms and fell asleep shortly after. Caressing her hair gently, Brandon gazed affectionately at the quiet, sleeping face of the woman in his arms.

His heart swelled with intense emotions. No matter what happened, he would always protect her, the woman he loved the most. As he was lost in his

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thoughts, Brandon noticed the slight movement of the woman in his arms.

She frowned and readjusted herself, as though the “bed” underneath her

wasn't soft enough. He chuckled and shook his head.

Carefully, he hoisted Janet in his arms and carried her to the bed, making

sure that she was comfortable.

He then grabbed a towel and gently wiped away the tears on her face before

tucking her in snugly. After finishing all of that, Brandon leaned down and

placed a tender kiss on Janet's forehead before leaving the room quietly. He

had more pressing matters to attend to now. As soon as he returned to the

study, he made a phone call to Frank.

Frank's groggy voice came through the phone.

“Dude, why're you calling so late? Can't it wait till morning?”

After repeating what Janet had said, Brandon issued instructions in a hushed

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tone, “Investigate the pharmacist who collaborated with the hospital and gather all the information you can on the customized medication that they mentioned. Do it as quickly as possible.”

Recognizing the gravity of the situation from the seriousness in Brandon’s tone, Frank responded promptly, his drowsiness dissipating, “Don’t worry. I’ll get right on it.”

After ending the call, Brandon rubbed his temples, feeling a mix of determination and concern. He then ordered his men to locate the mysterious pharmacist by any means necessary.

Furthermore, to ensure Janet’s safety, he had increased her security detail to

the highest level of protection, leaving no room for compromise.

By the time he finished with all these tasks, it was late at night. He wasn’t

sleepy at all, however, with his mind wandering as he gazed at a photo of

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Janet smiling on his desk. He couldn't sleep or eat well, knowing that the

mysterious pharmacist was yet to be found.

In addition to that, Janet now had a health problem.

Brandon himself was fine with it, but what if the pharmacist tend to seize the

opportunity to do something to Janet? It was a terrifying prospect. He couldn't

protect her twenty-four hours each day, so his only choice was to find out who

the mysterious pharmacist was as soon as possible.

Tonight was definitely going to be a sleepless night.

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## **Chapter 1366**

At an exclusive club nestled in the heart of Barnes, Suzanne leisurely drained the last drops of her vintage wine, her glass meeting the table with an assertive thud.

Across the table, Jeremy's eyebrows perked up in surprise, a playful chuckle escaping him.

"Why the hostility?" Suzanne's grip tightened around the glass, fury igniting her features.

Her muscles bulged subtly under her delicate skin.

"Is Brandon even a man? I've practically waved the 'I'm interested' flag, yet he's blind to it; he never even glanced in my direction!"

This all started a few days back when she had visited Larson Group for a prebid conference. She had gone to the extent of mirroring Janet's style, investing her time and effort to charm Brandon. But the irony was, Brandon was

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nowhere to be seen at the conference.

Through the grapevine of Larson Group's employees, she discovered that

Brandon found such bidding events beneath him.

Just when Suzanne, seething with frustration, was on her way out, there was

Brandon, right at the doorway.

This was the chance of a lifetime, and she wasn't about to let it slip away.

Once she was sure her outfit and makeup were impeccable, she approached

Brandon, feigning surprise, saying, "Mr.Larson, what a serendipity!"

Her face

lit up, her voice dripping with faux amazement.

"I didn't see you at the conference. Just when I thought I wouldn't catch a

glimpse of you, here you are at the door. Such a surprise!" But

Brandon was

visibly indifferent.

"Do I know you?" Her smile faltered momentarily, but she regained her

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composure.

“Forgotten me already? I’m Suzanne Duncan, the CEO of Star Entertainment.” Brandon’s stony expression remained unchanged, showing no recognition. Exhaling deeply, Suzanne patiently elaborated, “I’m Vivi’s boss.”

At that point, Brandon seemed to recall her existence.

His response, however, remained frosty.

“What’s your point?”

Suzanne had to swallow her nosing anger at Brandon’s icy demeanor.

Keeping Jeremy’s strategy in mind, she pasted on a smile and advanced, the curve of her bosom emphasized deliberately. “Mr.Larson, am I unworthy of a mere greeting when I’m not asking for favors?”

Her voice was seductive, and her body nearly brushed against Brandon’s

when she stumbled. Brandon recoiled, his face a mask of disgust, and walked

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away without a second glance. As his dismissive figure receded, Suzanne's foot hit the floor in frustration. She had often found success with her seductive maneuvers, but shockingly, Brandon didn't bat an eyelid. As Suzanne narrated her encounter, Jeremy scrutinized her, a trace of contempt in his gaze. Despite the leaps in plastic surgery, and Suzanne's commendable results, her beauty wasn't organic. It lacked a certain natural charm. Having been around a myriad of stunning women, it was no surprise Brandon turned his nose up at artificial beauties like Suzanne. But now, the tide was turning. With a smug smile on his lips, Jeremy's fingers drummed on the table. "Recently, Janet was diagnosed with an infertility problem." Suzanne blinked, her eyes sparkling with newfound hope. "Truly? She's barren?"

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A wicked grin adorned Jeremy's face as he nodded.

"This is our golden ticket. If you can bear Brandon's child, you will have a clear path to the wealth and status you desire. The child could potentially drive a wedge between him and the Whites too, killing two birds with one stone."

Moreover, he could exploit the situation to incite turmoil within the Larson Group.

Once Brandon's sway diminished, he could swoop in and claim the CEO title.

As for the child... Naturally, he wouldn't spare Brandon's offspring. The child would serve as his guinea pig, enduring agonizing tests daily until they begged for mercy!

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