

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1250

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1250

The air in the reception room crackled with tension, drawing the worried gazes of the receptionist and assistant just outside.

Peeking in, the assistant hesitantly offered, "Mr. and Mrs. Larson, allow us to handle this."

The receptionist, who had been quietly observing the unfolding drama, also chimed in nervously, "Yes, we'll clean up. Please, take a break."

Neither wanted to witness their boss clash with his wife, fearing potential fallout.

Brandon glanced at them, icily commanding, "You may leave for the day." Relieved, the receptionist and assistant bid their farewells and hastily exited.

Janet's fury flared as she watched them leave.

Through gritted teeth, she spat, "Brandon! They're my employees. Why do they obey you so willingly?"

With a raised eyebrow, he replied, "I've paid them a portion of their salaries in advance."

Janet was momentarily speechless. "You..."

Fearing her anger, Brandon added, "If it truly bothers you, you can repay me once the studio turns a profit."

Unexpectedly, this only fueled Janet's anger.

She seethed with anger at Brandon's unilateral decision-making, feeling as if he wanted to control her life.

She then stormed out without a backward glance.

Brandon could only sigh and helplessly followed her.

As she fumed, Janet remembered she hadn't changed the address on the social platform. Pulling out her phone, she angrily updated it on the go.

She refused to use the shop Brandon had secured as her studio!

Absorbed in her task, Janet was startled by a car horn and heard a man shouting, "Get out of the way! Move!"

Perplexed, Janet lifted her head. In a heartbeat, her eyes widened with terror as she found herself staring into the path of an oncoming motorcycle.

Although she yearned to evade the imminent danger, the sight of the speeding motorcycle left her paralyzed.

Fear consumed her, stealing away any chance to react in time.

Just as the motorcycle was about to collide with Janet, a strong grip yanked her back.

She found herself enveloped by Brandon's arms.

His sturdy chest shielded her as they tumbled to the ground, followed by a muffled groan beneath her.

"Are you okay?" Brandon asked, concern lacing his voice. "Did you get hurt?"

Suddenly lucid, tears welled in Janet's eyes. Scrambling to her feet, she anxiously inspected him for injuries. "I'm fine. Are you hurt?"

"Ouch!" Brandon winced, raising his left hand. "My hand hurts. I think it's dislocated."

Janet flew into a panic. She choked back tears. "We need to get to a hospital."

Gently extending his right hand, Brandon wiped away Janet's tears. "It's not a problem. Let's head home; we have a family doctor."

"Okay..." Nodding through sobs, Janet gingerly supported him. "Be careful. Don't touch your left hand."

Seeing her concern, Brandon's heart softened.

She was so endearing.

Upon arriving home, Janet rushed to find the doctor.

“Honey, wait.”

Her hand was suddenly caught by Brandon.

Puzzled, she turned to see him holding her with his supposedly injured left hand.

He tricked her!

Realizing she'd been deceived, Janet tried to wrench free and flee.

But in the next instant, she found herself swept into Brandon's arms as he carried her toward the bedroom.