

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1291

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1291

“Laney actually sent over the divorce papers?” Janet blurted out, incredulous.

She had initially assumed their dispute was a mere conflict, with Laney’s demand for divorce born from a moment of anger. She never expected Laney to actually deliver the papers. It seemed Laney was determined to end the marriage.

Suddenly, Janet recalled not seeing a ring on Laney’s finger during their recent video call.

Had Laney made up her mind then?

This revelation only deepened Janet’s confusion.

Throughout their conversation, she had sensed Laney’s lingering love for Garrett. How could she rush into divorce so hastily? Garrett, intent on drowning his sorrows, discovered his bottle was empty. He beckoned the waiter to bring more.

This time, Janet didn’t intervene. Perhaps, for Garrett, alcohol was the best balm for his wounds. “I thought setting her free would bring her back when she realized her true desires, (ninjanovel.com content)” Garrett murmured. His bloodshot eyes stared into the bottle before taking a hefty swig. “I never imagined she’d leave and never return. I regret it. I shouldn’t have let her go!” Witnessing his friend’s agony, Brandon empathized and joined him in a drink. “Why not seek her out and get some clarity? It might not be as dire as you think.”

Garrett shook his head, disheartened. “I considered that. I planned to find her last night, but... I couldn’t face her. I fear the loathing in her eyes, the possibility that she no longer loves me...” As his words trailed off, Garrett’s gaze grew distant and tears welled up. He lifted the bottle and drank deeply. Men seldom wept so openly.

Janet’s heart ached witnessing Garrett’s despair.

She had seen their journey from acquaintances to lovers and everything in between. Never had she anticipated this outcome, with their relationship disintegrating so completely.

Brandon, unable to tolerate his friend's desolation, challenged him with a steely tone, "Can you truly let go of Laney and your newborn daughter? If you can't, then fight for them! Moping here, drowning in alcohol and tears won't solve a thing."

Garrett froze for a moment before slamming the bottle onto the table. "You're right! I won't surrender so easily! I'll win her back! Laney belongs to me, and only me!"

Meanwhile, Janet took a more thoughtful stance. Having seen the hardships

Laney faced within the Harding family, she cautioned, "Even if you manage to win Laney back now, if you can't ensure she's free to pursue her desires, you'll inevitably part ways again." Though heavily inebriated, (ninjanovel.com content) Garrett sobered up slightly at Janet's words. With earnest resolve, he declared, "I've come to understand that love means supporting her wholeheartedly. If Laney returns, no matter her aspirations, even if she aspires to the presidency, I'll back her."

Janet's eyes gleamed with amusement. "Really? Didn't you say that you marry her out of pity?"

"Ridiculous!" Garrett slammed the table, his voice escalating. "I love her! There are countless pitiable souls in the world; why wouldn't I pity and love them too? I love only Laney! I love her!" Ultimately, Garrett slurred "I love Laney" several times before collapsing onto Brandon's shoulder.

Brandon, repulsed, shoved Garrett away and turned to Janet, impatience clear in his voice. "Are you done interrogating him? Did Laney catch all of that?"

Janet chuckled and held up her phone, revealing a call with Laney in progress. "How did you know I was phoning Laney?" she inquired. It turned out that shortly after entering the private room, Janet had covertly dialed Laney and left the phone aside, deliberately allowing Garrett an opportunity to bare his soul.

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Shaking his head helplessly, Brandon said, "Your call was hard to miss. Only someone as drunk as Garrett wouldn't have seen it." Since her trick was exposed, Janet stuck out her tongue in embarrassment and asked Laney over the phone, "You heard everything Garrett said. Tell me, what do you think?"

"I..." Laney didn't know what to say. "I don't know..." she murmured.

With a heavy sigh, Janet said, "A drunk mind speaks a sober heart. You should be able to see that he has repented. Can't you give him another chance?"

Even Laney couldn't deny that she was indeed deeply moved by what Garrett said.

Besides, she had also been thinking of him and sometimes, she would wonder if he had fallen in love with someone else while they were separated.

Now, after hearing his confession, her heart was swayed once again. The love she had been concealing in her heart made it impossible for her to deny that she could not forget about Garrett.

"I need time to think," Laney said. Noticing a hint of wavering in her words, Janet and Brandon were relieved.

"So you sent the divorce papers and the ring to Garrett to make him realize his true feelings?" Janet teased.

"What divorce papers? I didn't send him anything of the sort. All I did was take off my ring and stop wearing it. I was wondering why he was reacting so strangely!" Laney exclaimed.

With her eyes wide open in surprise, Janet asked, "What's going on then? Garrett said he received the divorce papers and the wedding ring you sent him.

He thought you really wanted to separate from him for good, and that's why he was so upset today."

Laney suddenly thought of something and went to see if her ring was still there, and was shocked to find that it was missing. Frowning deeply, she said,

“I don’t know what’s going on, but I will find out who sent those things to him in my name.” Concerned, Janet said, “You have to be careful. Since that person managed to steal your wedding ring without you even noticing it, they have to be dangerous. Who knows what they might do to you.”

Laney agreed in a serious tone, “Don’t worry, I’ll be careful. As for Garrett...”

After a moment’s hesitation, she softened her voice and continued, “Let him say the same things to me when he is sober. Right now, I don’t trust a drunk man’s words.”

Janet couldn’t help but laugh. “As long as you two love birds can work it out, nothing else matters. Alright, I won’t disturb you any longer. We need to help Garrett get home. He’s passed out drunk.” “Okay, be careful,” Laney said, slightly worried about Garrett. She then added a few more instructions before hanging up.

Janet and Brandon lost their appetite after the call, so they helped Garrett go home.

On their way, Garrett kept yelling, “Laney, I love you!” He would then burst into

tears and cry out, “I don’t want a divorce!” His behavior was so exasperating to

Brandon that he even considered dropping him off on the side of the road.

Even Janet, who was usually very patient, was drained from Garrett’s behavior.

After finally reaching Garrett’s home, Brandon was about to escort him to the master bedroom when the servant suddenly stopped him and said, “Let me help

Mr. Harding. He has been sleeping in the nursery for a while now.”

After finally reaching Garrett’s home, Brandon was about to escort him to the master bedroom when the servant suddenly stopped him and said, “Let me help Mr. Harding. He has been sleeping in the nursery for a while now.”

“The nursery?”

Taken by surprise, Janet asked, “Why?”

Supporting Garrett, the servant explained, “Well, ever since Mrs. Harding and their daughter left, Mr. Harding has been sleeping in the nursery. He suffers from insomnia if he tries to sleep elsewhere.”

Brandon furrowed his brows slightly and asked, “Insomnia? Is it serious?” answered

With a firm nod, the servant answered, “Yes, and his condition has been getting worse. He has even started to find it difficult to fall asleep in the nursery now. He’s been relying on sleeping pills, yet he can only sleep for a few hours at night.”

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Upon discovering that Laney’s departure had taken a toll on Garrett, leaving him tormented by insomnia and reliant on sleeping pills, Janet couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt in her chest.

She pondered, had she not aided Laney in her departure, could Garrett and

Laney have reconciled sooner? Perhaps, then, Garrett wouldn’t be steeped in such misery.

Witnessing his friend’s anguish, Brandon’s heart ached, but his sharp tongue remained. With an icy countenance, he retorted, “He brought this upon himself.

He deserves it. Now he’s filled with regret. But what did he do when Laney was hurt before?” Janet elbowed Brandon subtly, urging him to refrain from berating

Garrett in his current state.

Reluctantly, Brandon fell silent. After assisting the servant with settling Garrett, he returned to the villa with Janet.

As Janet prepared to relax on the sofa, she found herself swept up in Brandon's arms, enveloped in a tight embrace. "What are you doing?" she protested, pushing against his chest to maintain distance. "I'm exhausted from everything that happened today." Brandon gently held her hand, his voice low and sultry. "What transpired in the reception room earlier remains unfinished, and I long to continue..." A flush crept across Janet's cheeks, and she averted her gaze from Brandon's intense stare. "I don't know what you're talking about. I need to shower." Brandon grasped her chin, compelling her to meet his eyes, desire palpable in his voice.

"You truly don't recall? Allow me to jog your memory."

Despite his advances, Janet's hands persisted in fending him off. Recognizing her genuine resistance, rather than flirtatious evasion, Brandon ceased his pursuit.

Puzzled, he inquired, "What's wrong? Don't you want this?" With downcast eyes and quivering lashes, Janet's voice was tinged with sorrow. "We haven't been using protection for some time, yet I still haven't conceived."

Though empathetic toward Garrett's predicament tonight, the sight of his charming nursery reminded her of her own childlessness, weighing heavily on her spirits.

Sitting up, Brandon offered reassurance. "Let's have a check-up together soon, to put your mind at ease."

Janet nodded, but her countenance remained somber. Embracing her tenderly,

Brandon consoled her, "Don't fret. Having a child is a matter of fate. If it hasn't happened yet, the time simply isn't right."

"I hope so," Janet murmured, her tone still tinged with melancholy.

Teasingly, Brandon pinched her nose, jesting, "Even if there's an issue, it's likely

mine. Would you abandon me if I were unable to father a child?"

Janet's laughter bubbled forth, her spirits lifted by his comforting presence.

Seeing her mood brighten, Brandon felt a sense of relief. He reached out once more, eager to rekindle their earlier passion. However, Janet firmly held his hand, fixing him with a disapproving gaze.

“Are we not continuing?” Brandon queried, his tone tinged with disappointment, akin to a lovelorn lady.

A mischievous grin danced upon Janet’s lips. “As I mentioned, I’m off to bathe. You’ll have to gratify yourself,” she teased.

“Very well,” Brandon conceded, rolling over to rise.

Despite his enthusiasm, he respected Janet’s desires. Recognizing her genuine reluctance, he ceased his advances and dutifully retreated to his study to attend to work matters.

As Brandon poured over a document, a knock on the door interrupted his focus.

Brandon directed his gaze toward the door.

In an instant, his eyes widened, disbelief etched upon his face.

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Outside the door, Janet donned a black, sexy lingerie piece she had designed herself. Her stunning face blushed slightly, only adding to her enchanting and breathtaking allure.

The lingerie emphasized her full, round breasts and long, straight legs, which shimmered in the light like delicate diamonds, tempting anyone who laid eyes on her.

Brandon’s Adam’s apple moved involuntarily, making it difficult for him to speak. Finally, he stammered, “Janet, you...”

Blushing, Janet offered a shy smile.

“I’ve been planning this for a long time. I wanted to surprise you.”

Before she could finish, Brandon strode over, swept her into his arms, and eagerly carried her towards the bedroom.

“Brandon...” Janet wrapped her arms around his neck, whispering softly, “Do I look good?”

Tossing Janet onto the bed, Brandon yanked off his tie. His gaze burned with intensity. “You look absolutely stunning. I can hardly wait to make love to you and kiss every inch of your body.” After uttering these words, he lifted her legs and eagerly bent down to kiss her.

Her full breasts seemed even more firm and perky with the support of the lingerie. Brandon cupped them gently, feeling their softness. The beautiful sight before him and his own desires stirred his emotions.

Janet shivered as she felt the warmth of his body. “Brandon...”

Her words were met with a deep, passionate kiss.

With one hand holding her tenderly, he used the other to explore her body. The alluring lingerie hugged her curves, accentuating her beauty.

His gentle touches elicited soft sighs of pleasure from Janet.

Brandon’s kisses trailed downward, teasing her delicate skin.

The sensitivity made Janet feel weak and overwhelmed. She could sense her body responding to Brandon’s touch, further igniting their passion.

Unable to contain his desire, Brandon removed his clothing and positioned himself between Janet’s legs. He felt the warmth and connection as he drew closer to her.

He carefully moved closer, making sure she was comfortable as they became one.

Aware of her body’s response, he adjusted his position to ensure their connection was deep and satisfying.

“Ah! It’s so big...” Janet clutched the bed sheets and sighed in pleasure as she leaned her head back.

Their passionate union was slow and tender. His hands never stopped exploring, gently caressing her waist and breasts.

“Honey, you’re so tight,” Brandon whispered, taking in her captivating beauty and grace as their desire continued to grow.

Janet’s eyes were filled with passion, her lips slightly parted. A strong sense of pleasure left her breathless.

Brandon held Janet close, adjusting their position to deepen their connection even further. The intensity of their lovemaking grew.

Embracing him tightly, Janet’s voice grew fragmented as they moved together.

The thrusts made liquid drip down from inside her. Her labia protruded outward, and her clitoris was swollen. As the man thrust into her, his thrusts often grazed her clitoris, creating an intense sensation that almost made her faint.

“Oh... Oh god! I can’t take it anymore...”

The overwhelming pleasure became almost too much for Janet, and she clung onto Brandon, seeking reassurance.

However, instead of easing up, Brandon continued to match her intensity.

He gently teased her sensitive skin and felt the growing connection between them. Knowing that she was nearing the peak of her pleasure, he continued to cherish her with even more fervor and intensity.

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At eight o’clock the next morning,

Brandon was awoken by a phone call. Last night, Janet’s seductive prowess had proved too much for him to resist, and it wasn’t until dawn that they ended. Exhausted after such intense love-making, Brandon’s mood turned rotten when his phone rang so early that morning.

When he saw that the call was from Garrett, he rudely ended it and tried to go back to sleep.

To his surprise, Garrett persisted and kept calling.

Gritting his teeth, Brandon finally picked up the phone and barked, "What the hell are you doing?"

Garrett's cheerful voice came buzzing through from the other end. "Laney started talking to me!"

Brandon's tone turned menacing. "Did you call just to tell me that?"

"Of course not!"

Garrett didn't notice the irritation in Brandon's voice at all, and continued to chatter away excitedly, "I want to thank you and Janet for your help! If it weren't for you two, I would've thought Laney was going to divorce me. However, she just told me that she didn't send those things. It seems like she might still be in love with me..."

"You idiot." Without waiting for him to finish his sentence, Brandon hung up immediately.

If he continued to listen to his drivel, he might end up just as stupid as Garrett.

Nevertheless, Brandon was happy to hear that the two of them had made up.

Laney was lucky to have a friend like Janet. Otherwise, if she and Garrett were to have another misunderstanding, their already fragile relationship would surely hang precariously in the balance. At this time, Janet was also awoken by the phone conversation. She rubbed her eyes and asked in a daze, "What's going on?" Brandon cradled her in his arms and whispered, "Nothing, it was just a telemarketer. Let's go back to sleep..."

"Hmm..." Janet snuggled comfortably in his arms and drifted back to sleep.

A week later, Janet finally finished designing the clothes for Carly's grandmother after putting in several hours of overtime. Carly then brought her grandmother to the studio to try on the finished outfit.

Inside the fitting room, the elderly woman changed into the clothes and stood in front of the mirror, trembling lightly as she gazed at herself in the mirror. A slow, contented smile slowly spread across her weathered face.

“It looks magnificent.” The corners of the elderly woman’s lips couldn’t help but lift up in joy, and her eyes moistened as she said, “I’ve never worn such a beautiful piece of clothing in my entire life.”

Carly’s eyes turned slightly red with tears as she said, “As long as you’re happy with it, grandma, I’ll have someone make as many as you want.”

The elderly woman quickly waved her hand and said, “No need for that. I’m quite satisfied with this one.”

After a moment, she took Carly’s hand and exclaimed with deep emotion, “My little Carly’s all grown up now and can get me such fine clothes. That’s more than enough to make me very happy.” As she stood beside them, observing the touching exchange between grandmother and granddaughter, Janet couldn’t help but think of Hannah. A subtle smile appeared on her lips.

Back when Hannah wore the new clothes she made for her for the first time, a similar scene unfolded, with tears of joy filling her eyes as she held Janet’s hand tightly and told her how much she loved it.

These thrifty and diligent elderly people had worked hard their entire lives, and now the time had come for the younger generation to take care of them.

The elderly woman glanced at herself in the mirror over and over again, until she suddenly remembered something and quickly turned to Janet. With a bit of uneasiness in her voice, she asked,

“Could you please tell me how much this outfit costs?” Behind her grandma’s back, Carly immediately gave Janet a signal with her eyes.

She wanted Janet to keep the true cost of the outfit from her grandma. Considering how frugal the old lady was, she was surely going to become agitated if she found out how much Carly had paid for it.

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Janet saw Carly's signal and gave her a subtle nod, but then proceeded to tell the elderly woman the true cost of the design. This took Carly surprise, and a glimmer of anger immediately appeared in her eyes. agreed cary by Hadn't they agreed not to tell her grandmother the real cost? Why did Janet break her promise?

Janet, however, remained calm in the face of Carly's anger.