

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 710: Make Up

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At a loss, eyes wide as saucers, Janet said nothing.

Damn it! She was caught in the act! Without changing her expression, she carefully put the plate of meatballs back into the fridge, licked the sauce off of her fingers, and then patted Brandon on the shoulder.

"Not bad, but you can do better."

Then she walked right past him, intending to go upstairs as if nothing happened.

"Where do you think you're going, little thief?"

Brandon grabbed the collar of her pajamas and pulled her back to him in one swift motion. He lowered his head and locked eyes with her.

Perhaps it was because of the dim light from the kitchen, but Brandon looked unprecedentedly aggressive at that moment. It suddenly occurred to Janet that when they first met, he was nothing but a bad-tempered and slovenly man.

"What thief? What're you talking about?" Janet asked warily, unable to meet his wild gaze.

"I didn't steal anything." Brandon pinched her chin and forced her to look up at him.

"Do you want me to gouge out the food in your mouth as evidence?"

Hearing what he said, Janet quickly tried to swallow the half-chewed meatball.

However, it got stuck in her throat.

Choking, she grabbed her neck with her hands and started to cough violently. Brandon's eyes darkened. He held her up and made her sit on the table.

Then he rushed to the fridge and got her a bottle of water.

After gulping down a few mouthfuls of water, Janet finally felt better.

Patting her on the back to help her breathe, Brandon took a tissue and carefully dabbed her mouth with it.

When she finally recovered, Janet turned her face away shyly.

"Sorry," she muttered.

With a sigh, Brandon pinched her cheek playfully and then tossed the tissue into the trash can.

Then, his expression became serious.

"I should be the one apologizing. The headaches began two months ago. I was afraid you'd worry too

much, so I hid it from you. The memories of the past two years are very important to me, so I have been trying to retrieve them. After all, that was when I got to know you and fell in love with you. No matter how much pain it might take, I'm willing to risk it all to remember you."

Janet fell silent as a lump formed in her throat. She wrapped her arms around his neck and buried her face on his shoulder.

"I didn't know that you cared so much about regaining your memories...I shouldn't have lashed out. I'm sorry."

After thinking for a while, she continued, "We can always make new memories. Promise me you'll stop hurting yourself, okay?"

No matter how important the past two years were, Brandon's health was always more important.

"Okay," Brandon said softly.

He raised his hand to touch her hair, his eyes glued to her soft-looking lips.

When he was about to kiss her...His phone on the table suddenly started ringing.

Brandon turned his head to glance at the caller ID and his expression darkened. It was

Frank calling.

Janet knew that it had something to do with Brandon's memory loss, so she handed the phone to him, raised her chin, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"I want to hear whatever he has to say, too."

Brandon took the phone over. He had wanted to take the call in private, but seeing that Janet wanted to listen in, he put it on speaker.

"Brandon, we've got something. I couldn't wait to call you as soon as I got off the plane," Frank said anxiously.

"I went abroad for a seminar, do you remember? There was an expert there whom I had talked to about your condition. He's also a psychiatrist, and he said that your amnesia might've been caused by some drug. After some digging around, I also found out about similar cases. It's rare, but not impossible. I believe Charis drugged you, causing you to lose your memory. But there is no record of this medicine. Now, my top

priority is to find out the substance of the drug so that I can fix this and help you regain

memory. Otherwise, it'll be difficult to retrieve your lost memories."

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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