

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 751

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Chapter 751: Why Is He Angry

At first, Janet was a little reluctant.

After much convincing from Brandon, she finally handed over her laptop to him.

"Let go, Janet."

Brandon wanted to take the laptop, but Janet still gripped it tightly. She seemed unwilling to give it up.

"Be careful with it, okay? I don't want your staff to pry into my personal files! My laptop's a treasure trove of my life!" she said

anxiously, her bright eyes as wide as saucers.

If she hadn't said anything, Brandon wouldn't have thought about checking what else was in her computer.

But hearing this,

Brandon couldn't help but feel suspicious.

"Why? What's in your computer?" he asked coldly, his eyes darkening.

Why was she acting weird? Was she hiding something from him? Could it be possible that she had other men and she kept

pictures or something about them in her laptop? ©
Confused, Janet blinked, not knowing why Brandon's mood suddenly changed.

"Just tell them not to poke around, okay?" she reiterated.

"Got it," Brandon said, his voice tinged with impatience. He quietly put her laptop away and then continued to cook as though nothing had happened.

This time, Janet didn't linger in the kitchen.

She retreated to the living room and sank into the sofa, munching on snacks and watching TV while waiting for dinner.

Some strange sounds would come from the kitchen from time to time.

Janet fan over and poked her head into the kitchen to see what was going on.

"Honey, what's with the noise?"

Brandon was still busy cooking, but his face looked sullen. He snorted coldly and ignored Janet's question. Janet pursed her lips, turned around, and left.

What was that all about? Why did he seem so mad?

During dinner, Brandon looked even angrier. He ate his food in silence.

When he stood up to clean up the table after they finished, he finally broke the silence.

"Go upstairs, take a shower, and then go to bed."
He didn't even glance at her while he was talking. Then he stormed off to the kitchen to wash the dishes. Janet could tell that something was wrong with Brandon, but she still didn't know why he was so angry. She shrugged and did as she was told. She went upstairs, took a shower, and then went to bed. She didn't stir until Brandon went to bed next to her.

He lay there with his back to her, and Janet subconsciously moved closer to him.

Pressing her face against his back, she asked softly, "Honey, are you mad because I didn't tell you about my plan?"

Brandon shrugged her off and said coldly, "No. Just go back to sleep."

What a liar! Janet sobered up instantly.

Wiping the sleep from her eyes, she tried to get close to him and apologized in the sweetest voice she could manage.

"I know I was wrong, okay? Honey, please forgive me." Although she didn't know what she had done wrong, she thought she could win him over with her cuteness. Brandon squeezed his eyes shut, ignoring her advances. He didn't react until Janet slipped her hand into his pajama pants.

Suddenly, he rolled over and got on top of her.

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