

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 830 DANCE WITH HER

Several minutes had passed while Brandon stood there before Janet finally noticed him. He gently touched her face and murmured, "Scary cat."

Janet's gorgeous eyes blinked as she considered what Vera had just said. "Is it your impression, too, Brandon, that I am overly possessive? Mrs. Harding just taught Laney a lesson. She warned that a woman's clinginess to her husband could be detrimental to his professional success." Janet responded somberly, propping her chin with one hand, "What Mrs. Harding said makes perfect sense. I was thinking that maybe I should extend my business trip so that you can have the extended time to yourself."

Brandon was at a loss for words. This really put him

on pins and needles!

Looking at his face, Brandon was bent out of shape over this topic. "I wish I could cover your ears and tell you not to listen to such nonsense." He pulled out a seat and sat down beside Janet. He put his hand on her wrist and said, "Even if my mother is still alive, she'll probably just let you watch out for me. Therefore, a lengthy business trip is out of the question."

Simultaneously, Janet lifted her eyebrows and regarded Brandon, thinking that he was rather adorable.

Why did he constantly treat such little things with such seriousness? Just like a child?

"Fine!" Janet broke out in a wide grin.

As he considered what Vera had said, Brandon's unease persisted.

The entire mess was Garrett's doing. He was the one unable to improve relations between his mother and wife, why would Brandon also have to suffer?

Brandon's expression soured. He reached for his phone and texted Garrett.

Brandon was here to show their love to others, but Vera's remarks almost had the opposite impact.

Brandon asked Garrett to come over immediately so he could help out with his mom and wife. It was imperative to him that his family shouldn't have any impact on him.

When Janet noticed Brandon looking resentfully at his phone, she had no idea who he was messaging.

"What are you doing there?" Janet inquired inquisitively and desired to know what Brandon was doing.

"I'm lending a hand to Laney." Brandon put down his phone and stared into her lovely eyes. And then he leaned and kissed her passionately.

As soon as the kiss ended, the lights in the banquet hall went dim. Instruments like the saxophone and piano played a mellow, evocative melody. Brandon helped Janet in standing.

"Let's dance!"

Janet shook her head and said, "No, I'll make the worst dancing partner!"

Brandon smiled slightly as he took her hand and led her into the dance floor.

"Place your hand here, please." With a soft voice, he told Janet, "Follow my steps," after he placed her hand on his shoulder.

Janet carefully followed Brandon's lead. She moved clumsily and kept her head down.

"Raise your gaze to mine. You may discover your own rhythm," explained Brandon with patience and care.

Janet was apprehensive that she may inadvertently step on Brandon at first. But she plodded along with Brandon's lead.

The dance floor's illumination fell on Brandon's face, and the scene took on a surreal quality.

Brandon was wearing a suit very identical to the one he donned for their wedding. The atmosphere of the

dance, with its soft lighting, swooping music, and passionate movements, seemed to transport her back to that time.

Back to when she fell head over heels in love with Brandon!

In an instant, Janet's heart rate increased. She regarded Brandon, apparently with a blank mind. There was just Brandon left in her field of vision, and everyone else around her had faded away.

Everyone during the charity banquet must have been in a unique state of mind.

Laney moaned and supported her face with her hands. That was such a pleasant setting. However, she could do nothing except watch passively. Janet, though, appeared to be having a great time on the dance floor. With a bright grin on her face, she

danced joyfully with Brandon.

Laney was beaming too. She rejoiced at Janet's happiness.

When the last note had been played, the lights came back on.

Vera and an elderly, silver-haired woman came chatting and laughing their way over.

"Meet Mrs. Imani Sampson, the owner of the manor."
Vera introduced her elegantly.

Imani smiled and nodded at Laney.

Vera nudged Laney from behind, grinning, as she hushed, "Mrs. Sampson knows many people in foreign countries. Go and say hi."

Imani politely inquired as to Laney's name in French.

Laney's eyes widened. She couldn't speak French at all!