

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1249

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1249

“Social media account?” Janet found herself bewildered.

Discovering today that the store had undergone a renovation, she hadn't had the chance to update the address of her studio on her social media profile.

“Yes.”

The woman nodded, handing her phone to Janet. She pointed to the address on the screen, inquiring, “Isn't this the right address?”

Upon closer inspection, Janet realized that the address was indeed here, which only added to her confusion.

When had she updated her personal information, and why couldn't she remember doing so?

Suddenly, a suspect crossed her mind.

Janet shot Brandon a fierce glare. “Did you do this?” she demanded in a hushed tone.

He was the only one who knew her password and could access her phone.

Grinning slyly, Brandon confessed, “I changed your social media account's address to this studio a while ago. You know, users could easily track you down through Clyde's photos. They are quite the detectives, so it's best to stay one step ahead.”

It dawned on her then that she'd been duped by Brandon. Fury simmered within Janet, but the waiting woman's impatience interrupted any outburst.

“Is this Janet White's studio?” she interjected. “If not, I'm leaving,”

With a witness present, Janet bit her tongue. Shooting Brandon another glare, she whispered venomously, “We'll discuss this later.”

Inhaling deeply, Janet turned to the woman, offering a courteous and warm smile. “Hello, miss,” she greeted. “I'm Janet White. What type of clothing design are you seeking? Please, share your thoughts.”

She ushered the woman into the reception room.

“Miss.” Janet poured a cup of coffee for her. “Might I ask your name?”

She took the coffee, sipping it gently before responding, “Carly Reed.”

Janet inquired, “What kind of clothing design interests you?”

Setting her teacup aside, Carly replied earnestly, “I saw the outfit you created deeply moved. I’d like you to design one for my grandmother as well.”

This being her first commission in her independent studio, Janet took it seriously. “Do you have any specific design requirements?”

Carly smiled and replied, “I’m still considering it; I haven’t quite made up my mind.”

Surprised, Janet probed further, “You haven’t decided yet?”

Visibly embarrassed, Carly explained, “After seeing that outfit, I couldn’t help but think of my own grandmother and knew I had to commission you. However, I haven’t pinned down a particular style yet.”

Janet nodded, her expression veiled and uncertain. “I see.”

“Actually, I previously asked Draco from W Marks to design something for me.” Carly sighed. “Sadly, his design wasn’t what I wanted.”

Taking another sip of tea, she continued with a smile, “But when I saw your designs, I just knew you could create exactly what I sought. Now, having seen your studio’s decor, my faith in you is even stronger.”

Janet hadn’t anticipated such confidence from Carly.

After all, she was a fledgling independent designer, her reputation hardly rivaling that of the renowned Draco.

Janet took a demure sip of tea before saying earnestly, “Thank you for your trust, Miss Reed. I promise not to let you down.”

Carly beamed, nodding in affirmation. “I believe in you.”

Their conversation flowed effortlessly, the hours slipping away unnoticed until the moon dipped behind the hills. Reluctantly, Carly said her goodbyes.

“If you need anything further, please don’t hesitate to contact me,” Janet offered, escorting Carly to the door.

“Of course, we’ll chat soon,” Carly responded, her smile unwavering.

Once Carly departed, Janet moved to tidy up the table, but Brandon sauntered in.

“Let the assistant handle it,” Brandon suggested, taking Janet’s hand. “Why don’t we head home?”

She was still simmering over Brandon’s overreach.

Janet casted him a sidelong glare. “You go on without me,” she murmured. “I have more work to do.”

Raising an eyebrow, Brandon inquired, “What work could you possibly have at this hour?”

Her voice icy and laced with lingering ire, Janet retorted, “That’s none of your business. Just go—I don’t want to see you right now.”