

## **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1268**

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1268

Upon seeing the mediocre, unremarkable snacks that Janet had brought, Mandy's lips curled into a subtle sneer, dripping with disdain.

No wonder Janet's deal had fallen through—she was likely too miserly and close-fisted, Mandy speculated.

Indeed, Mandy's interception of Janet's design project was anything but accidental.

She had meticulously planned it.

As soon as she left W Marks, Mandy began digging into recent happenings at Janet's studio.

It wasn't long before she uncovered that Janet had inadvertently offended Carly during a \_ previous encounter, leaving Janet scrambling for a chance to make amends and win back Carly's favor.

That was why Mandy sought out Carly, volunteering to tackle the job herself.

Otherwise, she would never have stooped to take on such a mundane task as designing clothes for an ordinary elderly person, much less actively reaching out to someone like Carly.

To Mandy, Carly was nothing more than a run-of-the-mill modeling agency owner, hardly worth the effort of cultivating a relationship.

The only endeavor truly worth Mandy's time and cunning was to make life difficult for Janet.

Her ultimate goal was to force Janet out of the design industry altogether, ensuring Janet never crossed paths with her or Draco again.

"Go to hell, Janet, you loser!" Mandy's eyes burned with fury as she silently cursed Janet's retreating figure.

Composing herself, Mandy glanced dismissively at the box of snacks and shook her head in mock pity.

“It appears Miss White hardly exerted herself for this gift. These cookies are so crudely made, it’s obvious she was just going through the motions.” Carly eyed the cookies but held her tongue.

Instead, she instructed her assistant to collect Janet’s snacks for her grandmother’s upcoming visit.

Mandy’s expression soured instantly.

Why bother saving such a shabby box of cookies? Shouldn’t they be tossed in the garbage? Mandy believed that Carly was nothing but a backwater bumpkin, and over a decade in Barnes hadn’t changed her small-town mentality.

She shot Carly a furtive glare before plastering on a warm smile.

“Ms. Reed, I’ve procured the finest treats in Barnes for you. Please enjoy them with your grandmother later.” After bidding Carly farewell, Janet and Lexi lingered at the modeling agency entrance.

Their eyes, filled with disappointment, met the blazing sun overhead.

“We’ve wasted so much time waiting here for nothing,” Lexi grumbled, her fists clenched in frustration. “If Ms. Reed didn’t want to see us, she should’ve just said so.” Janet shook her head, accepting blame.

“The fault lies with me, not Ms. Reed.”

“But…”

Lexi wanted to vent further, but the crestfallen look on Janet’s face made her bite her tongue.

Janet offered a comforting smile.

“Let’s go. Her forgiveness means more to me than winning back the order.”

Lexi knew her boss was gentle and kindhearted, not one to be bothered by such setbacks, so she relented.

“Alright, since you say so, I won’t be mad anymore.”

As they departed, Lexi suddenly remembered Mandy and sensed something amiss about her.

Though usually carefree and unworried, Lexi had caught a fleeting glimmer of malice in Mandy's eyes back at Carly's company.

"Boss, I can't help but think there's something off about Mandy,"

Lexi shared her unease.

"It seems like she intentionally snatched the order from us."

At the mention of Mandy's name, Janet let out a weary sigh.

Mandy just loved to be her adversary.

Sensing juicy gossip, Lexi pressed, "Boss, from your reaction, it seems there's some truth to my suspicions, right?" Janet nodded resignedly.

"Yes, there's been some conflict between us..."

She went on to recount the incident that had transpired between her and Mandy at W Marks. Lexi listened in shock.

"So that's what happened. Mandy is truly malicious." Janet offered a faint smile.

"She's not entirely a bad person. She is just being immature. Besides..."

Her voice trailed off, and a glimmer of hope danced in her eyes.

"There might still be a chance for this project."

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Could it be that hope still lingered? Lexi's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Truly?"

Janet responded with a warm, reassuring smile, "I won't attempt to convince Carly any further."

I believe she might just take it upon herself to approach me.”

Envisioning the congenial interaction between Carly and Mandy, Lexi pouted, “Boss, I must say Carly and Mandy seem to be getting along splendidly. I doubt she’ll choose anyone else.” Janet’s grin remained.

“I’m not convinced Mandy can create a dress that will truly satisfy Carly.” Janet knew Mandy all too well.

Mandy held herself in high regard, only deigning to design clothing for the affluent and influential or the most renowned of stars.

The fact that she accepted Carly’s request this time was likely an attempt to irk Janet.

With that thought in mind, could Mandy genuinely create a dress that met the client’s desires? Janet had her doubts.

Yet, Lexi didn’t concur with Janet’s assessment.

“Boss, I believe we can’t simply wait idly. To passively anticipate Carly’s initiative is not enough. We should attempt to persuade Carly’s grandmother.”

Flashing a confident smile, Janet replied, “Patience, dear. Just wait and see.”

Witnessing Janet’s unwavering confidence, Lexi couldn’t help but feel a tinge of confusion and curiosity.

“Boss, you were uncertain just yesterday.

Why is it that facing a formidable competitor like Mandy has only bolstered your confidence?”

Janet shot Lexi a knowing glance, her smile unwavering, yet she offered no explanation.

As they conversed, the car came to a gentle halt outside the studio.

Janet spotted a familiar face at the entrance.

“Estella?”

Janet exclaimed in surprise.

“What brings you here?”

Upon turning around and seeing Janet, Estella’s face lit up with a joyful smile.

“I heard your studio was open for business, so I brought some friends along to visit and show our support.”

Only then did Janet notice several others standing beside Estella.

She greeted them with a beaming smile, “Hello, and welcome to my studio.”

They returned Janet’s warm welcome.

Estella grinned, “Aside from paying you a visit, my friends also wish to commission you to design a few garments for them.

Might you have the time?”

Janet was taken aback by Estella’s unexpected visit and the generous offer.

She was deeply touched.

“Thank you, Estella.”

“Oh, there’s no need for thanks.”

Estella brushed off the gratitude with a wave of her hand.

“Shall we head inside?”

Janet eagerly ushered everyone into the reception area and instructed Lexi to prepare coffee.

Once all was in order, Janet inquired with anticipation, “What kind of designs are you looking for?”

One of Estella’s companions chimed in, “Truth be told, we initially placed this order with W Marks Studio.

However, upon learning you’d established your own studio, we’d like you to take over the project.”

Janet’s surprise was evident.

“An order from W Marks? Is that...appropriate?” Estella nodded, her smile reassuring.

“You needn’t feel guilty. My friends and I chose W Marks initially because you were the designer there. Now that you’re an independent designer, we have no reason to remain with them.”

Another voice concurred, “Exactly. It was your designs we sought from the start. W Marks Studio hasn’t commenced our order yet, so it’s not too late to change designers.” Furrowing her brow, Janet shook her head solemnly.

“I apologize. But I cannot accept the offer.”