

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE:

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1366

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1366

At an exclusive club nestled in the heart of Barnes, Suzanne leisurely drained the last drops of her vintage wine, her glass meeting the table with an assertive thud.

Across the table, Jeremy's eyebrows perked up in surprise, a playful chuckle escaping him.

"Why the hostility?" Suzanne's grip tightened around the glass, fury igniting her features.

Her muscles bulged subtly under her delicate skin.

"Is Brandon even a man? I've practically waved the 'I'm interested' flag, yet he's blind to it; he never even glanced in my direction!"

This all started a few days back when she had visited Larson Group for a pre-bid conference. She had gone to the extent of mirroring Janet's style, investing her time and effort to charm Brandon. But the irony was, Brandon was nowhere to be seen at the conference.

Through the grapevine of Larson Group's employees, she discovered that Brandon found such bidding events beneath him.

Just when Suzanne, seething with frustration, was on her way out, there was Brandon, right at the doorway.

This was the chance of a lifetime, and she wasn't about to let it slip away. Once she was sure her outfit and makeup were impeccable, she approached Brandon, feigning surprise, saying, "Mr. Larson, what a serendipity!" Her face lit up, her voice dripping with faux amazement.

"I didn't see you at the conference. Just when I thought I wouldn't catch a glimpse of you, here you are at the door. Such a surprise!" But Brandon was visibly indifferent.

“Do I know you?” Her smile faltered momentarily, but she regained her composure.

“Forgotten me already? I’m Suzanne Duncan, the CEO of Star Entertainment.” Brandon’s stony expression remained unchanged, showing no recognition. Exhaling deeply, Suzanne patiently elaborated, “I’m Vivi’s boss.”

At that point, Brandon seemed to recall her existence.

His response, however, remained frosty.

“What’s your point?”

Suzanne had to swallow her nosing anger at Brandon’s icy demeanor.

Keeping Jeremy’s strategy in mind, she pasted on a smile and advanced, the curve of her bosom emphasized deliberately. “Mr.Larson, am I unworthy of a mere greeting when I’m not asking for favors?”

Her voice was seductive, and her body nearly brushed against Brandon’s when she stumbled. Brandon recoiled, his face a mask of disgust, and walked away without a second glance. As his dismissive figure receded, Suzanne’s foot hit the floor in frustration. She had often found success with her seductive maneuvers, but shockingly, Brandon didn’t bat an eyelid. As Suzanne narrated her encounter, Jeremy scrutinized her, a trace of contempt in his gaze.Despite the leaps in plastic surgery, and Suzanne’s commendable results, her beauty wasn’t organic.

It lacked a certain natural charm. Having been around a myriad of stunning women, it was no surprise Brandon turned his nose up at artificial beauties like Suzanne. But now, the tide was turning.

With a smug smile on his lips, Jeremy’s fingers drummed on the table.

“Recently, Janet was diagnosed with an infertility problem.”

Suzanne blinked, her eyes sparkling with newfound hope.

“Truly? She’s barren?”

A wicked grin adorned Jeremy’s face as he nodded.

“This is our golden ticket. If you can bear Brandon’s child, you will have a clear path to the wealth and status you desire. The child could potentially drive a wedge between him and the Whites too, killing two birds with one stone.”

Moreover, he could exploit the situation to incite turmoil within the Larson Group.

Once Brandon’s sway diminished, he could swoop in and claim the CEO title.

As for the child... Naturally, he wouldn’t spare Brandon’s offspring.

The child would serve as his guinea pig, enduring agonizing tests daily until they begged for mercy!