

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE:

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1372

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The sound of Clyde's ireful departure gradually receded into silence. Lexi offered a remorseful expression, admitting, "I goofed up, Boss. I let Clyde sneak past me."

Janet, weary etched across her face, eased into her chair, eyes shut as she massaged her temples.

"No harm done. Just watch out next time. Mind getting me another coffee?"

Relieved by Janet's lack of reprimand, Lexi nodded, briskly exiting the room.

"Sure thing, I'll grab it now."

The office ambiance settled back into tranquility.

A lengthy sigh escaped Janet.

Clyde's intrusion had soured her previously pleasant mood. Even though she didn't buy into the idea of Brandon's infidelity, witnessing his closeness with another woman and the strategically angled photos that suggested an intimate embrace, jealousy was an unavoidable sensation.

However, she wasn't one to stir up a storm over nothing.

Despite an initial pang of bitterness, she brushed off the negativity swiftly, refusing to dwell on it. What truly unsettled her was Clyde's audacious intrusion into her studio. Memories of the misleading photo spoiled her mood further.

"Our studio's security definitely needs a boost. We can't afford to let just anyone waltz in. It's a safety hazard."

Murmuring to herself, Janet logged onto the company's digital platform, hoping some fresh orders might brighten her spirits. To her surprise, a potential client seemed interested in placing an order. This was no ordinary order.

Representing a company, the client was offering a business deal of a size unparalleled since Janet's studio launched. Her spirits lifted at the sudden good news, and she personally responded to the query.

"Hi there, what style of clothing would you like to order?"

A swift response greeted her.

"Hello, we represent an online celebrity agency and are interested in a collection of formal attire for our influencers. Can you handle that?"

"Absolutely," Janet replied, her fingers flying across the keyboard.

"What quantity do you need? Any specific requests?" The correspondent forwarded their specifications and suggested a face-to-face meeting for further discussion. Janet was overjoyed and couldn't suppress her smile. Even though the attire requested wasn't the most extravagant, the bulk order compensated and promised a substantial profit margin. Yet, thinking of the Internet celebrity agency... Janet frowned as an image of Suzanne sprung to mind.

Could it be Suzanne's company?

"Unlikely..."

Janet shrugged off the implausible thought with a smile.

"There's no reason they'd partner with me, especially for such a large order."

As she mulled it over, she clicked open the client's forwarded information. But when Janet saw the company name, she froze in disbelief.

"Star Entertainment Isn't that Suzanne's? How could it be?"

Why would Suzanne bestow such a generous order? The mystery brewed, and a headache started to form as she recalled the photo Clyde had shared the day before. She had previously suspected Suzanne of meddling in Vivi's situation.

Just as she thought things had settled down, Suzanne managed to secure Larson Group's outsourcing project and is now also requesting formal attire from her.

Suzanne seemed to be haunting them relentlessly like an ever-present specter.

Lexi re-entered, bearing fresh coffee, to find Janet staring anxiously at her computer.

Alarmed, Lexi inquired, "Boss, what's up? You're not looking so good. Should I dial Mr. Larson?"

Brandon had been explicit before his departure-if Janet seemed distressed or unwell, he was to be notified without delay.