

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 444: What About The Job

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After a week, Ethan and Janet returned from Europe. Seacisco had grown quite warm by then. As soon as the two of them stepped foot outside the airport, countless reporters swarmed around them.

“Mr. Larson, when did you and your wife fall for each other?”

“Why was your wedding so out-of-the-blue? Are you two expecting a child?”

“May I know what Mrs. Larson does? Our source said that she’s an employee of your company. Was it an office romance?”

The reporters bombarded them with a barrage of questions. Covering half of Janet’s face with the scarf, Ethan held her in his arms protectively. His cold gaze swept across the sea of reporters and he didn’t say a word.

Perhaps it was because Ethan’s face was bone-chillingly cold that the reporters didn’t dare to ask any scandalous questions. When they made it home from the airport, Janet couldn’t hold her curiosity at bay any longer.

“Ethan, I noticed that although our marriage is a trending topic, all the media’s reports on me are simple and objective. They were never judgmental with me. Did you put any pressure on the media?” Ethan put his suitcase down and began to sort out the luggage.

“It’s their job to report the truth. I just reminded them that.” With a sweet smile on her face, Janet suddenly walked over and threw her arms around Ethan’s neck.

“Honey, I want to go back to work.” While she had already resigned from the Larson Group, she hadn’t found a new job yet.

And she had no plans of becoming a full-time housewife.

Ethan’s heart instantly softened when Janet called him honey.

He slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her close.

“What do you mean? You want your job back? Or do you want me to support your search for another job?” Swirling her finger on

his chest a few times, Janet said in a pouty tone, “I don’t want to go back; I don’t want to work for you either.”

In a word, she didn’t want to rely on him.

Ethan understood what she meant. He pondered for a while.

“In the design industry in Seacisco, the biggest and the best two companies are the Larson Group and the Lester Silk Fabric.

You can’t join Lester Silk Fabric of course.”

He held Janet even tighter and said possessively, “You’re not leaving Seacisco either. I refuse to be in a long-distance relationship.”

Leaning against Ethan’s chest, Janet smiled and said, “Then give me advice.”

A thought occurred to Ethan and he suggested that Janet open her own studio. With his help, she didn’t need to worry about

reputation or clients.

But she didn't think she was experienced enough to be an independent designer, nor did she want to rely on Ethan to develop her career.

So she decided to talk to Tiffany about it.

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Tiffany was surprised when Janet came to her for help.

After all, Janet was already the Mrs. Largon. Tiffany doubted there was anything in this world Brandon couldn't give to her.

Wait until I get off work. I still work for your husband, remember? I can't just sneak out and have dinner with you," Tiffany whined

jokingly on the phone. She was a professional and drew a firm line between work and personal affairs, a line she refused to cross.

"Okay. I've booked a table in the French restaurant downstairs. Focus on your work first. I'll see you later," Janet said with a smile

After tidying up at home, Janet headed to the restaurant and waited patiently for Tiffany.

When she and Ethan had visited Paris, she fell in love with French cuisine.

Just as she was scanning the menu and thinking about what to order, a voice interrupted her thoughts.

Try the foie gras. This restaurant is known for it. I myself find it the most delicious dish in the whole world."

The woman's voice was lively and crisp, sounding very youthful.

When Janet looked up, her eyes met that of a beautiful girl in a white dress. She had long, dark hair that hung over her

shoulders. Her outfit and accessories were all from designer brands, and she was carrying two Hermes shopping bags. The

Cartier necklace resting on her clavicle twinkled brightly. After hesitating for a few seconds, Janet smiled politely. "I'm sorry, Miss.

I don't think we've met."

"Who I am is none of your business. Are you Janet, Brandon's wife, from the news?"

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Chapter 445: Miss Mooney

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What an arrogant tone! The girl standing before Janet was indeed beautiful, but her voice dripped with arrogance and contempt.

Janet put the menu down and rested her chin on her hand.

"Yes, I'm Janet. If you want something from me, at least tell me your name. Otherwise, I won't know how to address you."

The girl pursed her lips and raised her chin slightly.

"Heard of Mooney Mart? It's a national chain supermarket owned by my family. Other than the famous Lester family and the

Larson Group, our company is the biggest and most well-known.”

Jesus!

This girl was too silly.

She had given Janet so much information—but still not her name. Janet’s smile faded away.

“I’ve heard of Mooney Mart, but I still don’t know your name, Miss.”

“I’m... I’m Cindy Mooney of course!” Cindy didn’t like Janet’s expression. Was she mocking her? No one in the world dared to mock her, the daughter of the Mooney family. Janet smiled again and turned to the waiter.

“Foie gras, please. Good for two people.”

Noticing that Janet seemed completely disinterested in her, Cindy asked bluntly, “May I sit with you?”

Without waiting for an answer, she plopped down on the seat opposite Janet. It was clear that she still had a sense of superiority as she stared at Janet with disdain.

“You’re Brandon Larson’s wife. What’re you wearing? Your clothes look very cheap.”

Cindy shook her head and clicked her tongue in disgust. She didn’t think her words were impolite at all because in her household, she grew up saying whatever she wanted to say.

“There are dozens of popular families in Seacisco, but I’ve never heard of the Lind family. What’s your background, Janet? How did you meet Brandon?”

Janet shifted in her seat uncomfortably. She didn’t know the woman sitting across her that well, nor did it look like Cindy had

anything to do with Brandon. Despite this, Cindy brazenly interrogated Janet.

Judging from her words and tone of voice, Cindy seemed to be saying that Janet was too ordinary to be with a man like Brandon

Not wanting to waste her breath on her, Janet said dismissively, “I have no reason to answer you, Miss Mooney. Thank you for your dish recommendation, but if there’s nothing else, please leave now. I’m expecting a friend.”

Cindy didn’t give a damn. She firmly believed it was fate that she ran into Janet today. No media outlet would reveal Janet’s specific identity, shrouding Brandon’s wife behind a veil of mystery.

“Cancel on your friend and have dinner with me today. Tell me, how long have you been with Brandon? And how did you get him

to fall in love with you?” Cindy asked persistently. Sometimes even the servants who worked for her family couldn’t stand her, let

alone Janet, who didn’t even know her. I don’t talk nonsense to annoy others, or maybe it’s because I’m more beautiful than most

women,” Janet answered in a casual tone, mirroring Cindy’s arrogant manner.

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Chapter 446: The Public Is In Disbelief

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“Excuse me, but who do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like that?!” Cindy instantly flew into a rage from the humiliation.

She sneered and looked Janet up and down carefully.

Well, even she had to admit that Janet was indeed a very beautiful woman. Her skin was fair and delicate, and her features were refined. She could've drawn anyone's attention with her eye-catching beauty.

Cindy bit her lower lip and her eyes flashed with anger.

The girl sitting opposite her was arrogant and annoying, but she hadn't gone too far yet. She was clearly another rich princess spoiled by her family, so Janet didn't want to waste her breath and argue with her anymore.

But Cindy had taken Tiffany's seat. Where would Tiffany sit when she arrived?

Thinking about this, Janet glanced at her phone to check the time. It was time for Tiffany to get off work. “Oh, hello. Who's this?

Did you invite someone else to dinner?” Speaking of the devil, Tiffany approached their table and looked at Cindy questioningly.

Janet looked at Cindy and said impatiently, “Miss Mooney, my friend is here. Can you go now?”

When Cindy saw the domineering woman standing next to Janet, she snorted with disdain, gathered her things, and left in a huff.

Janet's eyes flickered with annoyance as she watched the girl leave.

Tiffany put down her bag, took off her coat, and sat on the seat Cindy had been sitting on just moments earlier. “What's wrong?

What happened? Who was that girl?”

Making sure that Cindy had left the restaurant, Janet told Tiffany how the girl had provoked her for no reason.

“Oh, I see how it is. Initially, you were married to Ethan Lester-an ordinary, unknown man. But now, you're married to Brandon

Larson, the CEO of Larson Group. Do you know how intimidating this title is? Brandon is young, promising, and rich. Many rich

families have tried to get him to marry their daughters, but he was too aloof. He showed no interest in being with anyone, nor did

he show any interest in getting married. All the women who hoped to marry him eventually had to give up.” After such a lengthy

explanation, Tiffany found herself thirsty. She gulped down a glass of water and then continued, “Yet now, he announced out of

the blue that he's married, and his wife is not from a prominent family. It's unheard of-it's like breaking the barrier between social

classes. Naturally, those rich families feel that they've been robbed by you.

Janet sighed. “It was stupid of Cindy to outright provoke me, and I can deal with a small fly like her. But, my worry is that she's

not the last one. I think I'll encounter a lot of similar situations in the future.”

Tiffany smiled at her knowingly. “It’s good that you know that. Since you can’t change your fate, you have to learn to embrace it.”

With knitted brows, Janet rested her chin in one hand and mulled over things carefully.

After a long while, she finally said, “Ethan– I mean Brandon has announced to the public that I’m his wife, but they don’t seem to

be okay with it. Because Brandon is an excellent man, people think he should’ve married someone

from the same social status. Now that he’s married to me, an ordinary woman, everyone’s in disbelief. I guess I can

see where they’re coming from. It’s true that I don’t deserve Brandon in terms of social rank’. But I can’t change

where I came from.”

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