

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 447: Tiffany's Suggestion

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"Don't belittle yourself. One can't change where they came from. Besides, rich and powerful families didn't start out rich and powerful. You're a talented designer. What you need to do is to work harder. Soon, the public will acknowledge and accept you whether they like it or not." Tiffany waved her hand dismissively. Just then, the waiter came to serve black truffle, foie gras and a bottle of aged wine. Swirling the glass of red wine in her hand, Tiffany's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"This is expensive. Is Mr. Larson paying for it?" Janet shook her head.

"My money is mine, and his money is his. I just wanted to thank you for all of your help. I doubt I'd be where I am today without you." Tiffany clinked her glass against Janet's and smiled leisurely.

"You don't have to do this. I didn't do much." Sipping her wine, Tiffany nodded in satisfaction.

"But I won't say no to a bottle of Lafite. So, what's the real reason why you invited me to dinner? Ask away."

Rubbing her fingers, Janet smiled sheepishly.

"Okay. Well, here's the thing. I want to be an independent designer." Hearing this, Tiffany pursed her red lips.

"Has it been a year since your graduation?"

This question made Janet's heart sink to her stomach.

"No. It has only been ten months." Janet was so nervous that her palms started to sweat. Generally speaking, becoming an independent designer was no easy feat.

Except for those extremely talented, no one in their right mind would be arrogant enough to open their own studio within a year of graduating. It was expected that they gain experience from working in a company for a few years before going independent.

Tiffany fell silent for a second.

"That's a little tricky. Experience is important for a designer. Plus, it's somewhat an insult to those experienced designers if you become a successful independent designer at such a young age."

After a while, she smiled gently. "If it were up to me, I wouldn't see it that way. You're clearly a talented designer and I'm sure you had a lot of ideas even back in college. But my experience tells me that it's still early for you to set up your own studio. What if you work for another design company to gain experience first?"

Hearing this, Janet's expression was complicated.

"It seems that you have something on your mind, Janet." Tiffany saw through her immediately.

"Mr. Larson doesn't want you to work for anyone else, am I right? That's so macho of him."

“No, it’s not that. Rather, he doesn’t want me to work outside of the city. A long-distance relationship is not for us. If I had the chance, I’d want to go to Barnes. But Seacisco is in the south and Barnes is in the far north. It will not be easy for us to see each other in the future,” Janet explained dejectedly.

She didn’t want to be separated from Ethan, but she didn’t want to be dependent on him either.

Tiffany shook her head and sighed.

“You managed to marry a rich man yet you still have a lot of things to worry. Men are indeed the stumbling block to a woman’s career.”

Janet was amused by her opinion. She looked at Tiffany carefully.

Tiffany was beautiful and sexy, but she always seemed to cast aside worldly desires and lived independently. She was a tough

woman. She was professional and capable and it was as though she didn’t need a man at all. Nobody knew whether she was

born like this or it was because of something she had experienced.

The two of them proceeded to have a nice dinner. Finally, it was time to say goodbye.

Before getting in the taxi, Tiffany turned around to warn Janet.

“This is no small matter. You two had better discuss it and make things clear as soon as possible.”

“You’re right. I’ll see what I can do. Be careful on your way back.” Janet waved goodbye to Tiffany.

When she got home, Janet was preoccupied with thoughts on how to discuss her predicament with Ethan.

Ethan was wearing a dark blue suit and tie, looking tall and mature. With his shiny leather shoes, he was the epitome of a cold, meticulous CEO.

When he saw her come in, Ethan wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on her cheek.

“It’s good you’re back in time. There’s a charity party tonight. Let’s go there together.”

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The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 448: Besieged With Ridicule

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“Did you just say a charity party? Is it being held by the Larson Group?”

Putting away the coat she had just pulled off her body, Janet thought it over for a few seconds and then added, “But I don’t have

an evening dress for such an occasion. When you were Ethan, it was no big deal for me to wear my usual dress to attend a

formal event. But today the situation happens to be very different. You’re Brandon Larson now. If I underdress, it will go on to be

a huge disgrace to you.”

In fact, Janet didn’t want to go at all. If she went to the party, she’d have to face those who looked down at her.

After adjusting his tie, Ethan asked in a very gentle voice, "Didn't I buy you a custom-made dress before? If it's not something you like, I'll ask my assistant to send over a few more for you to choose."

Ethan quietly looked at Janet for a few seconds and as if sensing her thoughts, he touched her hair and asked her, "Don't you want to go to the party? A distinguished guest from Barnes will be there. Joanna White happens to be a famous philanthropist in Barnes. I want to introduce you to her."

With a sweet smile on her face, Janet leaned her head against Ethan's shoulder and said, "I nearly forgot about the dress you gave me. Wait a minute; I'll go get changed."

After that, she walked into the room and put on the dress. She knew in her heart that Ethan had good intentions for doing this.

He wanted to bring her to such important occasions to emphasize and consolidate her position. Sooner or later, she had to adapt to such things.

After putting on her dress and fixing her makeup, she headed to the party with Ethan. The charity dinner just got started. This event was totally different from any party that Janet had attended before. This kind of charity dinner was obviously on a higher level than the other events. Everyone here was refined and talked properly

"Mr. Larson, it's good to finally meet you." Two men in tuxedos, who were about fifty years old, made their way over with huge smiles on their faces.

When talking to them, Brandon was not as level-headed as he was to other people.

Perhaps they were business partners. The three of them talked together rather casually for a while. The atmosphere seemed to be relaxed and pleasant.

Janet sat on the side and enjoyed the desserts and champagne quietly. At this moment, several middle-aged rich ladies came over to talk to her.

"Mrs. Larson, do you like sweets?" a rich lady in a fitting dress and curly hair asked with a smile on her face, staring at the plate resting in Janet's hand.

After a short pause, Janet nodded with a slight smile. The desserts here were indeed very delicious and at the same time, she was not that much of a fussy eater.

"Booth's Cake is way better. Mrs. Larson, please go try it when you have the time. Its taste is much better than these cheap desserts they serve here."

These rich ladies proceeded to exchange glances with one another.

"In fact, it matters very little whether the dessert is cheap or not. If one never gets to see the world and thinks that these are already good stuff, then that will be the real joke here." The rich lady flipped her hair and turned to look at Janet with a thoughtful look on her face.

“I heard that Mrs. Larson graduated from a local design school.” Tiffany was right. Cindy wouldn’t be the only one who didn’t like the fact that Janet married Brandon.

These rich ladies mocked her one after the other. They pretended to act like they cared about Janet, but in fact, they were ridiculing her in a way that said that she didn’t deserve to be Brandon’s wife.

“Yes, I am a designer.” Janet tried her best to stay calm.

“Designing isn’t in demand right now. Besides, all those famous designers graduated from prestigious foreign universities. Our domestic design schools here aren’t very good.” .

“Mrs. Kane, is it true that your daughter is studying fashion marketing at UCIA?”

With a proud expression on her face, Mrs. Kane replied, “Yes, she’ll graduate in one year. She met Mr. Larson before and said that she wanted to work as an intern in Larson Group after she returned. Now, there’s no chance for that anymore.”

Mrs. Kane let out a long sigh and then went on to say, “You have no idea how excellent my daughter is. She went to study in a foreign country alone at the age of fifteen. Many rich young men are pursuing her, but she only likes mature men.”

With a faint smile on her face, Janet acted like she didn’t understand what Mrs. Kane meant. She was feeling so

angry and aggrieved that she couldn’t even taste the dessert in her mouth.

“What are you girls talking about? It appears to be something funny.”

At this time, a middle-aged woman in a royal blue V-necked evening dress walked over toward them. She was noble, low-key, and elegant all at once. She had a graceful and elegant appearance, with an easy-going and calm aura emanating from her. Her long black hair was held up on her head by a black wooden hairpin. When those rich ladies caught sight of her, they became restrained and courteous right away.

“Good evening, Mrs. White. We’re just chatting with Mrs. Larson here.”

The middle-aged woman had a friendly smile on her face. She glanced over at Janet, appearing stunned for a few seconds, and then asked with a gentle smile on her face, “You’re Janet, right?”

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The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 449: Her Parents

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Janet was still hung up on the ladies’ sarcastic remarks that she didn’t notice the woman approaching her

Johanna had to wave her hand in front of Janet’s face before the latter came back to her senses.

Janet blinked at Johanna, at a loss for words. She looked familiar for some reason. But Janet couldn’t figure out where they had

met before, so she decided to brush off the thought. Thinking that Johanna was about to mock her just as the others had done, Janet squared her shoulders and lifted her chin.

“Hello. Can I help you with anything?” She held her breath and braced herself for the inevitable. What sort of abuse was she going to hear this time?

“It’s very nice to meet you. My name is Johanna White, and you may call me Mrs. White just like everybody else.” The woman

stretched out her hand, her eyes gleaming as she peered at Janet with obvious curiosity. Johanna had noticed Janet the moment

she had entered the room, mainly because she had the same eyes as her husband

As for Janet, she was rather taken aback by the distinct lack of hostility. It was a breath of fresh air after what she had just

experienced. She set her plate down and reached out to shake Johanna’s hand.

“Hello, Mrs. White,” she said with a polite nod and an apologetic look. So, this was the Mrs. White that Ethan had mentioned

earlier. Upon closer inspection, Janet finally realized why this elegant woman looked so familiar—she saw that same face in the

mirror every day. Johanna White looked just like her.

“You caught my attention when you came in just now,” Johanna said with a smile.

Before either woman knew it, she had already clasped Janet’s hand between both of hers.

“Are you a native of Seacisco? I’ve grown very fond of the local cuisine. Can you give me a few recommendations?” Johanna

was genuinely amiable and didn’t put on airs, unlike the other rich ladies in attendance.

She had a gentle aura that inspired the confidence of the people around her.

“Oh, there’s a restaurant near my school that sells the best lamb stew in town,” Janet replied instantly.

“This is the perfect season to have a hearty lamb stew I think.”

Seeing that Janet seemed to be in good terms with Johanna, the other women had no choice but to back down. They stood to

the side and exchanged pointed glances, not daring to interrupt the other two’s conversation.

Johanna finally turned to them after a while, though her expression was not as warm as when she had been speaking to Janet.

“It’s cold out here, ladies. Why don’t you come with us to the lounge inside?”

The White family was one of the most prominent lineages in Barnes. Each generation had studied abroad and gone on to

become notable figures in their respective field, and some of them had even held important positions in the military. Needless to

say, Johanna was a key player in society, and everyone pandered to her at every chance they got. And since she was courteous

toward Janet, the women had to keep themselves in check, lest they inadvertently offended Johanna. It was the early days of

spring, and the floor-to-ceiling windows of the lounge opened to the garden. Despite the lack of snow, the cool, refreshing scent of winter still lingered in the air.

“You know Seacisco so well. Have you lived here since you were a child? May I ask who your mother is?” Johanna was usually reserved, but she was inexplicably interested in Janet.

Aware that she might be crossing a line, she smiled kindly at Janet and assured her, “It’s all right if you don’t tell me. I know it’s a little abrupt and may not exactly be appropriate. Just forget I asked.”

The matter of her family background was a sensitive issue for Janet, so she was grateful for the other woman’s consideration.

But she sensed no malice from Johanna, so after a moment’s hesitation, Janet decided to answer her question.

“I was adopted by the Lind family. As for my biological parents, I’m sorry, but I’m afraid I have no idea who they are.” Her voice

instinctively quieted down as she spoke, and the words fell heavy between them.

Johanna’s face immediately changed. A mix of complicated emotions flashed across her eyes.

“Are you saying that you’re adopted?” she asked urgently, as if to confirm a crucial truth.

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