

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire  
Chapter 559: Not A Chance

. . .

Garrett was still in his pajamas. His hair was a little disheveled, which made him look like a pitiful child.

Without his glasses, Laney could see the nuances in his bright brown eyes. Laney suddenly felt bad. She loosened her grip on his collar and pulled away slightly. As she looked at his pitiful face, she found herself at a loss for words, and her anger gradually dissipated.

Somehow, she even blushed! Realizing that, she turned her face away to hide it.

"Forget it. I'll let you go this time."

After saying that, she turned around and hurried out, ignoring Garrett's stunned expression.

After walking out of the villa, she took a long, deep breath.

What was she thinking just now? Why did she suddenly blush? Laney buried her flushed face in her palms and kept walking, although she didn't know where she was headed. She pushed her feelings to the back of her mind, refusing to fall into his trap.

Laney had long suspected that Garrett liked her.

At the beginning, she had had a bad impression of him.

But after getting along with him for such a long time, she had gradually changed her disposition towards him. But she didn't believe that she could be with someone like him. They were worlds apart and didn't stand a chance of being together.

Besides, Garrett was never short of girlfriends. He might've never met someone as fierce and challenging as Laney, which was probably why he was so infatuated with her now.

Laney sighed heavily. She regretted not making things clear to Garrett just now.

Next time she saw him, she would draw the line. She then headed back to the Pole Shadow in low spirits.

Recently, a lot of new faces had joined the organization, and she was tasked with developing a training plan for each of them. She soon buried herself in the work and left her worries behind.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the W Marks Studio, the staff were running around like headless chickens—as usual. The fashion world was constantly changing, so a studio like the W Marks was busy all year round.

At present, Draco had only two assistants, both of whom were buried neck deep in work. Janet was so busy that she always went to work early and returned home very late. She had been working non-stop, taking few breaks at a time just to eat and sleep.

Sometimes, she'd even do an all-nighter in the studio.

One night, she had fallen asleep at her desk when her phone started to ring. With her eyes closed, she fumbled around blindly until she found her phone beside the keyboard. She put the phone near her ear and answered tiredly, "Hello, who's this?"

"Where are you, Janet? You haven't come home yet."

Ethan's calm and serious voice came from the other end of the line. Only then did Janet sit bolt upright in shock.

She rubbed her eyes and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, honey. I worked until two o'clock in the morning, so I decided to sleep here."

. . .