

## **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1342 - 1346**

### **Chapter 1342**

“Fine. I’ll sit properly,” Derek grumbled as he reluctantly adjusted his posture and assumed a more serious sitting position.

Janet chuckled in disbelief, never imagining the day would come when Derek, the notorious troublemaker, would be tamed. She shook her head and teasingly asked, “Shouldn’t you be working today? How come you have time to come here?”

Derek placed his hands on his hips and proudly said, “I’m here to back you up!” Amused, Janet raised an eyebrow at him. “Back me up? What do you mean?” “Well, I just want to say that don’t worry about what others say. I believe in you no matter what happened and that I’ll always be on your side,” Derek replied with a proud snort.

With a smile gracing her lips, Gilda explained further, “Upon hearing about your predicament, he rushed back from abroad as he was worried you were struggling with the public backlash. He said himself he wanted to provide you with encouragement and support.”

With his chin raised high like a proud rooster, Derek declared, “Don’t worry, Janet. I’ll support you forever!”

Janet was taken aback by his enthusiasm but, at the same time, moved. “With your unwavering trust, I’m not scared even if those Internet users would eat me alive. But... does your agent know you’re here?”

The news of Vivi’s tragic death in a car accident had stirred up a whirlwind of attention on the Internet. Despite Brandon’s influential sway over the majority of public comments online and the police issuing official report, numerous conspiracy theorists continued to believe that Janet was somehow involved in Vivi’s untimely demise.

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Some even claimed that she exploited her family's influence to manipulate the police and silence the public's outcry.

Despite the abundance of evidence presented by the police, a faction of users stubbornly clung to their belief that Janet was the culprit.

The incident dealt a severe blow to her reputation, leading to a significant decline in the studio's orders and the loss of numerous previously scheduled clients.

Given that many of these clients were individuals of wealth and influence who placed utmost importance on the designers' reputation, it comes as no surprise that they were hesitant to continue their collaborations with Janet, especially after being caught up in a PR storm.

Janet understood their motives but still could not help feeling disappointed. Nobody wants to be suspected and abandoned, after all.

Amidst such trying circumstances, Derek's visit and unwavering support provided Janet with much-needed encouragement.

At the same time, it was very likely that someone harbouring malicious intentions would seize upon Derek's visit as a chance to fabricate a scandal. Being a popular model, Derek had garnered a substantial following on his social media, which inevitably brought forth many rivals. It was not impossible that someone would provoke the users and, in turn, attack Derek.

In light of this situation, Derek's agent would most probably not allow him to visit Janet.

And from the looks of it, he must have come here without his agent's knowledge.

As Janet weighed the advantages and disadvantages of the situation, Derek nonchalantly waved his hand and said, "Don't stress about it. I don't care about those rumors."

With genuine concern etched on her face, Janet earnestly advised, "Regardless, I don't want you to be attacked by them. As a public figure, you should be mindful of your image. Since not many people have noticed that

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you're away, you should go back now.”

Derek slouched onto the sofa and stubbornly refused, “What’s wrong with me supporting my friend? Whoever dares to curse me shall face the consequences, as I will counter their curses with my own.”

Janet could not help but be amused by his childish response. “I’m just looking out for your best interests here. Besides, if you end up getting attacked by the public and your manager blames me for it, I won’t be able to bear the guilt.”

Derek crossed his arms, moved.

“I’ve been surrounded by negative news and subjected to various insults even before my debut. Fear does not reside within me.

Besides, even if I can’t do modelling anymore, I always have the option of returning home to take over the family business. Don’t worry about me, okay? I’ll handle everything on my own. And even if something worse happens, I won’t let my agent blame you.’

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## **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

### **Chapter 1343**

Janet felt a warm surge in her heart, a testament to Derek's relentless faith in her. Her lips pressed together, forming a thin line before she expressed her gratitude, "I appreciate this, Derek. Truly." A light chuckle escaped Derek's lips as he cheekily retorted, "Well, you've seen how kind I am, haven't you? Fancy having me lend my superior business skills to your cause? Perhaps I could turn your studio's fortunes around in no time!" Yet, Janet shook her head with a soft, solemn resolve. "I wouldn't want to drag you into this mess or stir up any unwarranted controversy. Let's wait for the clouds to pass before discussing any form of partnership. It'd be in our best interest." His hopes visibly dashed, Derek voiced his disappointment, "You never cease to push me away, dismissing my good intentions. You fail to recognize a good heart when you see one..." His downcast demeanor, mirroring that of a puppy denied a treat, sparked laughter from Janet. "Alright, don't overthink it. I'm just looking out for you." Still, Derek was far from placated, his dissatisfaction apparent. "Looking out for me? Who do you think you are, my mother? Clearly, you don't understand the value of someone's sincere intentions. I ditched work just to come here, offer my assistance, and you simply turned me down. That's beyond frustrating!" Despite Derek's grumbles, Janet found her melancholy beginning to lift. She managed a smile and reassured him, "Once the tempest calms, I promise I'll rope you in immediately. How does that sound?" With a dismissive toss of his hair, Derek retorted, "Like I care!" Right then, Gilda, who had been silent all this while, chimed in to calm the brewing storm, "Derek, you're too much of a public figure, and this incident has garnered far too much attention. It's not the ideal time for you to join forces with Janet." Irritated, Derek crossed his arms and shot back at his girlfriend, "And who could possibly do a better job, if not me? You?" Undaunted, Gilda tossed her hair back, her confidence

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unwavering as she asserted, “Absolutely. I’m far better suited for this. I’ve got a background in modeling, genuine talent unclouded by needless hype, no sizeable fan base or negative publicity. Plus, my age and style align perfectly with Janet’s aesthetic. I’m clearly a better choice than you!” As her confident words hung in the air, she turned to Janet, her eyes alight with a friendly sparkle. “If you ever need a model for a collaboration, feel free to knock on my door. I guarantee won’t say no.” Janet’s eyes sparked with an eager glow at Gilda’s proposition. Gilda’s sense of style had always resonated with hers, in harmony with her own design ethos. In fact, Gilda was the one she initially thought of collaborating with. But the offer coming from Gilda herself was an unexpected turn. It was an opportunity of a lifetime, one she couldn’t let slip away. No sooner had this thought crossed Janet’s mind than she yearned to delve into collaboration details with Gilda. However, Derek, now feeling sidelined, registered his discontent. “Are you doing this just to spite me, Gilda?” Derek cut in, his voice rising towards his girlfriend. Rolling her eyes, Gilda countered, “Spite you? Really, Derek? Do you truly believe you’re a fitting candidate for Janet’s designs? If you can convince me, I’ll be your cheerleader in this venture with Janet.” “Ugh!” A frustrated Derek failed to formulate a concrete argument to align his style with Janet’s aesthetics. After a beat, he raised his head defiantly. “This isn’t about you! And I won’t stand by and let you partner with Janet without my approval!” In response, Gilda stuck out her tongue, defiantly stating, “Well, I’m going ahead with the collaboration. What will you do now?” The color rose high on Derek’s chiseled features as he jabbed a finger toward Gilda, his voice filled with accusation. “So that’s why you tagged along today! You were only using me to get closer to Janet! Gilda, you’re craftier than I thought!” With a complacent smile and a raised eyebrow, Gilda countered, “Does it matter? I’ve drawn Janet’s attention through my own abilities.” That was the last straw for Derek. He lunged at Gilda, bellowing, “I swear, I’ll fight you tooth and nail!” Gilda’s response was a disdainful hoot as

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she clenched her fists. “Go ahead, try your luck. Let’s see who comes out worse for wear.”

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## **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

### **Chapter 1344**

Derek's hand fell before it landed, his hand dropping to his side even as his eyes stayed narrowed. He clicked his tongue sitting back down on the sofa. "A real gentleman doesn't lay a hand on women. I'll let you off this once, but don't think there'll be a next time," he hissed.

Gilda rolled her eyes at his childishness. Not bothering herself with him, she turned to Janet with a smile and said, "Ignore him. Where were we? Let's continue talking about our plans." Janet returned her smile and nodded readily.

As their discussion went on, her gaze would occasionally land on Derek, who quietly restrained his temper. A sense of relief came to her at the thought that someone had finally managed to tame this rough and childish demon.

Gilda was stern with her dealings with Derek, but she was able to equally display wit and humor in her professional conversations. Janet found herself enjoying her company, and the two of them came into quick agreement about their terms.

"Then it's settled." Janet extended her hand with a bright smile. "I look forward to the results of this partnership."

Giselle shook her hand back and beamed, "Likewise. Don't worry. I won't let you down."

Derek, who had been quietly watching the entire time, spoke up, a hint of jealousy in his voice. "What's the big deal? I can do even better than you."

At his words, Gilda's head turned sharply, a cold look in her eyes as she glared at him. Derek's heart skipped a beat, and his hand flew to cover his mouth. 1

Janet couldn't help but chuckle at their playful display.

After seeing them off, she had planned on going back to her office and doing

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some more work.

At this moment, Lexi ran over and said hurriedly, “Boss, the people from W Marks have arrived. They’re waiting for you in the reception room.”

Upon hearing this news, Janey walked eagerly to the room to meet them. It must have been Elizabeth who came.

However, she did not expect the presence of another person as she opened the door. A familiar figure was standing with his back to her. “Mr. Wesley, you’re here as well?”

She had thought that Elizabeth would come alone. Seeing Draco, who had always been reserved and distant, was a surprise. Draco turned around, his handsome face breaking into a smile at the sight of Janet. “Long time no see,” he said.

Elizabeth quickly walked over and affectionately hooked an arm around Janet’s own. “Did you miss us?” she asked with a teasing smile.

A pleasant warmth wrapped around Janet. She was touched. “I didn’t expect the both of you to come...”

Draco’s voice was firm and sincere as he answered, “We believe in you. You’re not the kind of person who would use your family’s power to step over others.

You would never harm anyone. Starting your own studio will not be without problems. You’ll be faced with a lot of difficulties, and you’ll have rivals waiting

for a chance to pull you down. You have to stay strong. Every beginning is a hurdle in itself, but once you’ve built a solid foundation, you’d be able to survive any storm.”

Janet bit her lip, her eyelids growing heavy with tears. She blinked them back and smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Wesley. Your trust and support mean a lot to me. I’ll keep going. No matter what challenges come my way, I’ll keep this studio alive.”

A relieved smile came to Draco. Janet had always been determined, and it

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was serving her well now. “I’m glad that you’re holding on to your resolve. You’ve done excellent work with the studio, and not once have you let me down. I expect great things in your future.”

Draco had come in concern for Janet despite being in the middle of W Marks’ work, but seeing how she held her head high reassured him. Now that he knew she was doing fine, he had no reason to linger. After exchanging a few more words, he bid farewell and left.

It had been a long time since Elizabeth had last seen Janet, and she was aware of the problems that recently arose for her friend. She decided to stay behind a little longer instead of leaving with Draco, wanting to give Janet more encouragement.

“Don’t worry about it too much,” Elizabeth said comfortingly as she held Janet’s hand. “We all know that you had nothing to do with what happened to Vivi. All this is someone else’s doing, and you’re being framed.”

Janet sighed. “You’re right. It’s clear that Brandon and I are being targeted. Vivi wouldn’t have died so quickly otherwise. But we haven’t found any leads, and not knowing who is behind this makes it all the more unsettling. I can’t close my eyes without all this coming up to the surface.”

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## **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

### **Chapter 1345**

Aware of the challenge Janet faced, Elizabeth felt a pang of helplessness. Regardless, she soldiered on, showering her with soothing words and sprinkles of inspiration.

Janet, never one to wallow in sadness, had already aligned her mind with the new reality. As a result, Elizabeth's brief comforting episode ended with Janet deftly steering the conversation elsewhere.

Their engaging chatter was interrupted by a sudden uproar from the exterior. It seemed like someone was stirring up trouble out there.

Janet's face clouded over. Rising, she headed towards the source of the disturbance.

Elizabeth, fearing Janet might need assistance, quickly tailed her friend. Emerging from the door, Janet spotted Mandy holding court in the lobby, her assistant and two bodyguards flanking her as she squared off with Lexi.

Upon seeing Mandy, Janet expelled a sigh, fingers brushing her forehead. She readied herself to intervene, but Mandy, having caught sight of her, spoke first. Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

"Janet, is this your idea of hospitality? No wonder your business isn't booming!"

Lexi, unable to stomach someone ridiculing her boss in her presence, fired back, "Guests don't storm in with bodyguards and a hostile demeanor. You're clearly here to cause a ruckus!" Exasperated, Mandy simply rolled her eyes skyward, choosing to ignore Lexi's rebuttal.

While Mandy's entourage might have looked intimidating, they were also there to carry gifts; a subtle olive branch from Mandy. The bodyguards, apart from being gift-carriers, primarily served to save Mandy from any potential embarrassment before Janet. Mandy, however, would never disclose these

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details to Lexi. As a result, the pair remained in a stalemate at the entrance for what seemed like an eternity.

It didn't take long for Janet to notice the gifts being carried by Mandy's posse. Understanding the underlying context, she greeted them with a gracious smile, "Lexi, every visitor is our guest. Please welcome Miss Hamilton and her associates inside." Mandy responded, chin up, arms crossed, in a voice brimming with arrogance, "Did you catch that? Your boss has given the order to admit me!"

Lexi shot Mandy a disgruntled look and retorted, "But it's obvious that she's here to cause..."

A gentle shake of the head from Janet was all it took for Lexi to grudgingly step aside, a bitter expression etched on her face.

A triumphant smirk played on Mandy's lips as she sauntered in, chin held high.

The trio following her promptly unloaded the gift bags and boxes onto the table with considerable effort.

Janet and the rest of the group gaped at the spectacle before them. A seemingly endless cascade of gifts mushroomed on the table, forming an impressive mound.

Blinking in astonishment, Lexi managed to stutter, "All these... are all these gifts from you? Did you raid a store?"

Mandy replied nonchalantly, "Just some common offerings. If my assistant and bodyguards could've carried more, I'd have brought even more."

A sigh of disbelief escaped from Elizabeth, her lips curling in a slight smirk. "Is this how the affluent live? Casually carting along half a store's inventory?"

The extravagance displayed by Mandy left Janet stunned. Scanning the pile, she noticed the sheer quantity and the undeniable luxury of the items.

This lot must be worth hundreds of thousands.

She mentally tallied the probable price.

Mandy, taking in the dumbstruck expressions around her, nodded with

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satisfaction. “I’m glad to see my gifts are appreciated.”

Considering Mandy and W Marks were at odds, and wishing to steer clear of their dispute, Elizabeth leaned over to Janet and whispered, “I’ve got work awaiting me, Janet. I need to make a move.”

Janet, understanding the unspoken implications, simply nodded. “Of course, Elizabeth. Safe travels.”

Once Elizabeth was gone, Janet shifted her focus back to Mandy and offered her a gracious smile. “May I invite you for some coffee, Miss Hamilton?”

Hearing the invitation from her competitor, Mandy’s arrogance reached new heights. “Well, since you’ve extended the invite so graciously, I suppose I can accommodate,” she replied.

She turned to her entourage and instructed, “Wait for me outside.”

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## **The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire**

### **Chapter 1346**

In the cozy reception area, Janet extended a warm cup of coffee towards Mandy, her voice softened as she asked, “What brings you my way, Miss Hamilton?”

Post the swirl of the troll scandal, Mandy had gone radio silent, keeping herself out of the Internet’s scrutinizing gaze. With a gentle huff, Mandy sent a puff of steam swirling above her coffee, her words came unhurried.

“I’m not one for debts. I’m just here to repay a favor.” Janet arched an eyebrow.

“I can’t seem to recall any favor you owe me.” A peculiar flush swept across Mandy’s cheeks.

After a significant pause, she murmured, barely above a whisper, “You extended your trust to me once... Now it’s my turn. I don’t want any debts looming over us!”

Mandy’s words were somewhat amusing to Janet.

“Alright. Seems we’re square then. However, I must express my gratitude for your trust, Miss Hamilton.” In response, Mandy straightened her posture, her tone laced with arrogance.

“Indeed, you should. It’s not often I place my trust in others.”

Janet smiled.

“I consider it an honor.” Mandy took a leisurely sip of her coffee, her nose crinkling slightly as she added, “But remember, this trust won’t extend to our professional battlefield. Don’t let my victory in the design contest knock you off your feet.”

“Oh?”

Janet rose to the challenge with a twinkle in her eye.

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“Miss Hamilton, I’ll extend the same courtesy to you. I hope the competition doesn’t end prematurely for you.” Her words stoked the competitive flame in Mandy.

“I’m not the one to be defeated! I’ve been honing my skills, gearing up to trump you at the next fashion show, proving my mettle to everyone!” Janet offered a graceful smile.

“Well, I’ll be eagerly awaiting the day you best me.” The competitive banter tapered off soon, and Mandy found herself grappling with the main purpose of her visit.

Shuffling awkwardly, she ventured, “Mind if we snap a few pictures together?” Janet caught on quickly.

Smoothing out her coat and running a hand through her hair, she offered a sincere “Thank you.”

Mandy posed with elegance alongside Janet, snapping a handful of pictures. Ensuring her most flattering angles were captured along with the Logo of Janet’s studio, she pocketed her phone, a satisfied grin playing on her lips. The shared photograph soon made its way to Mandy’s social media, accompanied by a supportive post for Janet.

It quickly gathered momentum among Mandy’s followers. At that moment, in the bustling W Marks studio, Draco, Elizabeth, and the rest rallied behind Janet with their supportive posts. The backing from well-renowned designers improved Janet’s standing in the industry.

Her reputation was on the mend, and her clientele was warming up to her once again. Janet, however, remained oblivious to the show of solidarity from the W Marks team and the revival of her reputation. Once the photograph was posted, Mandy made her grand exit, trailed by her assistant and bodyguards.

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