

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1247

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1247

Clyde's frown deepened, betraying his displeasure as he turned to Brandon. "Well, does Mr. Larson have any more enlightening suggestions?" he inquired.

With his arms crossed, Brandon elevated his chin and uttered in a hushed tone, "The essence of fashion design lies within the creation, not the creator. A designer's allure to clients hinges on their prowess. Janet possesses that skill. She doesn't require excessive self-promotion."

The retort came swiftly. "It's called establishing a personal brand, Mr. Larson. Haven't you grasped that yet?"

Dismissing the comment with an indifferent glance, Brandon countered, "Janet's lineage is evident to all. Exaggerating her self-promotion will only divert public attention towards her background, overshadowing her talents and inciting scrutiny."

With a sneer, Clyde challenged, "I believe Miss White can disperse any negative rumors with her abilities. As her husband, don't you trust her strength?"

His words were a transparent attempt to drive a wedge between the couple.

A fierce glint flashed in Brandon's eyes, barely masking the simmering anger. "Janet is my wife. I comprehend her nature better than you could, and I'm more devoted to protecting her than you are."

Defiant, Clyde locked gazes with Brandon. "Then Mr. Larson should also have faith in Miss White."

Desiring to end the dispute, Brandon's eyes softened as they met Janet's. "Janet, the decision is yours."

Eagerly, Clyde awaited her verdict.

Furrowing her brow, Janet lapsed into deep contemplation.

Moments later, she offered an apologetic smile to Clyde. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lambert, but I concur that it's best not to be overly ostentatious," she conceded.

His disappointment palpable, Clyde argued, "Given Miss White's capabilities, it's hardly ostentatious."

Janet elucidated, "While I do become an independent designer, my personal studio is a recent endeavor. I'm essentially a novice in the industry. That's why I prefer not to be too flamboyant. My current goal is to establish a solid reputation for my designs and introduce them to the public in a sensible manner."

Clyde remained silent, though his disappointment lingered.

He nodded reluctantly. "Then let's proceed with your approach, Miss White."

After hashing out the promotion plan's particulars, Clyde, unable to stomach the couple's affectionate exchanges any longer, excused himself.

As he departed, Brandon arched an eyebrow and flashed a provocative grin. Clyde's fists clenched in fury.

On the way home, Janet recalled the earlier tension and teased, "You were jealous, weren't you?"

With a nonchalant shrug, Brandon replied, "Why would I envy a man who pales in comparison to me on all fronts?"

"Conceited," Janet chuckled.

Gazing out the window, she suddenly felt disoriented by the unfamiliar landscape. Puzzled, she inquired, "This isn't the route home. Where are we headed?"

With a cryptic smile, Brandon assured her, "You'll discover our destination soon enough."

Moments later, the car eased to a stop in front of an elegantly adorned boutique.

Surprised, Janet exclaimed, "Isn't this the store we visited earlier? How did they complete the renovations so swiftly?"

First to exit the vehicle, Brandon chivalrously opened the door for Janet. "Come, let's take a closer look."

Her heart swelled with affection.

She hadn't anticipated that Brandon would go to such lengths to orchestrate her dream studio.

Entering hand in hand, Janet marveled at the interior.

The decor mirrored her vision perfectly, and even the receptionist and assistant had been meticulously selected by Brandon.

Tears brimmed in Janet's eyes as she choked out, "When did you find the time to transform this vast space?"

Tenderly wiping her tears, Brandon confessed, "I began preparations the day we chose a name for your atelier."