

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1259

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1259

Clyde was just about to get in the car when a black Maybach stopped behind him all of a_ sudden, effectively blocking his way.

Frowning, he asked, "What's your deal? Can't you see I will have to reverse the car later? How will I move my car if you're there?"

Even in the car, Brandon could hear the resentment oozing from Clyde's voice.

He slowly rolled down the window, flashing an evil smile.

"Hello, Mr. Lambert."

At the sight of Brandon, Clyde's coffee-stained face suddenly stiffened.

"Mr... Mr. Larson?"

He didn't expect to meet Brandon right now.

Especially not during his most awkward situation! Brandon was the last person he wanted to meet at this time! Brandon studied Clyde from head to toe before asking with a teasing smile.

"What happened to you, Mr. Lambert? Did someone throw coffee in your face?"

A grim expression settled on Clyde's face.

Nevertheless, he put on a fake smile.

"It's none of your business, Mr. Larson. Please drive the car away the soonest you can. I need space to back up."

Either Brandon didn't understand the meaning of his words or he was purposely ignoring them, because he asked in a friendly manner, "This spot is very close to Janet's studio.

Do you perhaps want to visit Janet's studio, Mr. Lambert? Let me drive you there."

Brandon's offer made Clyde's expression darker.

Between gritted teeth, he said, "No thanks. I just came out from there. I heard that you helped prepare Miss White's studio. Mr. Larson, the decoration team you hired is not good at it. The power suddenly turned off." Raising his eyebrows, Brandon smiled.

"Really? Oh, how unfortunate!" Clyde had already opened his mouth to complain some more, but Brandon had enough fun for the day.

He didn't want to talk to him anymore, so he waved his hand at Sean.

"Let's go," he said.

A "whoosh" cut the air as the Maybach drove away. The exhaust sprayed on Clyde's face. If a car could be arrogant, it was definitely like this.

"Brandon Larson! How dare you!" Clyde's roar echoed in the street.

Soon, Sean was parking by the studio. With sunflowers in his hand, Brandon got out of the car. A brightly lit space welcomed him as soon as he entered. No trace of the power failure was seen.

Almost immediately, Janet sensed Brandon's presence and saw him walking towards her with a bouquet of flowers in his arms.

She smiled and pounced on Brandon.

"You are here!"

"Congratulations on opening your studio! I wish you become the best designer in the world." Brandon held the flowers up and presented them to Janet with sincerity.

"Thank you, honey!"

Janet took the flowers before giving him a big kiss on his cheek.

Thinking of how embarrassed Clyde was, leaving with flowers in his arms, Brandon feigned ignorance and asked, “Did anyone else send you some flowers today?”

Janet’s face immediately turned sour at the mention of this.

“Flowers from you are the only ones I accepted,” she announced angrily.

Just then, Lexi came with a tray of coffee and desserts.

“Mr. Larson, please have some coffee.”

With Clyde’s coffee-stained face in mind, Brandon couldn’t help teasing, “Will the coffee be splashed on my face?”

Janet finally realized that Brandon saw Clyde before coming here.

It was easy for him to guess what had happened.

She handed the flowers to Lexi and asked Lexi to put them on the table.

Then she pulled Brandon and began to recount the previous events.

“Well. You have no idea how hateful Clyde is. Not only did he scare away my clients, but he also shamelessly judged my work. He’s despicable!”

Brandon listened with great interest.

When he found out it was Lexi who drove Clyde away, he immediately praised, “Lexi did a great job. You should raise her salary.” Hearing this, Janet couldn’t help but sigh.

“I don’t have money to raise Lexi’s salary. The reporters had sabotaged my only commission.”