

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1271

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1271

As Janet spun around, she found that Estella's friends had whisked away every last dessert from the platter. Her face turned into a scowl.

But after a second, she regained her composure.

Janet placed her hands defiantly on her hips, tilted her chin upward, and scoffed, "I'm not worried at all! I'll have a fresh order in no time!"

Brandon arched an eyebrow and inquired, "Oh, really? If I'm not mistaken, Carly has chosen another designer—Mandy, correct?"

Brandon's extensive web of informants blanketed Barnes.

If he sought information, nothing could elude his grasp. swnovels.com

Hence, Janet wasn't taken aback by his knowledge of these matters.

Janet jutted her chin out even more, declaring, "Mandy won't be able to deliver the design Carly desires. She'll come back to me, you'll see." But Brandon remained unconvinced.

He believed Janet was merely boasting.

"From what I've heard, Mandy enjoys quite the reputation in design circles. Carly won't abandon her choice so easily."

Undeterred, Janet flashed a confident grin and challenged, "Care to wager on that?"

Intrigued, Brandon countered, "A wager, you say? What are the stakes?"

Janet mulled it over for a moment before a devilish grin spread across her face.

"If you lose, you shall serve as my assistant for a day at my studio—no excuses! Lexi can take the day off, and you'll fill in for her." Upon hearing this, Lexi gasped and waved her hands frantically.

“No, no! How could Mr. Larson possibly be an assistant?”

To her astonishment, Brandon cheerfully accepted, “I have no issue with that. However, I do have one condition...”

He leaned in, a wicked smile playing on his lips, and whispered his demand into Janet’s ear.

Janet’s eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

“What do you think? Can you handle it?”

Brandon teased, taking delight in her embarrassment.

Face aflame, Janet glared at him and flatly refused, “No, I cannot!”

With a provocative tone, Brandon taunted, “Lacking the confidence to follow through? How can you expect to win this wager?”

Janet hesitated but remained resolute.

He continued to goad her.

“As the CEO of Larson Group, I’m willing to serve as an assistant, yet you shy away from such a minor task. How can you call yourself an independent designer?”

“Fine, I accept!”

Janet gritted her teeth and nodded in agreement.

Defeated by Brandon’s argument, she would be branded a coward if she didn’t comply.

Overcome with curiosity, Lexi quietly inquired, “Boss, what was Mr. Larson’s condition? I promise, your secret’s safe with me!”

Once again, Janet’s cheeks reddened.

She pursed her lips and refused to indulge Lexi’s curiosity.

Upon seeing this, Brandon couldn’t help but chuckle.

Janet shot him a withering glare at the sound of his laughter.

Noticing the hour, she swiftly wrapped up her work.

Lexi abandoned her line of questioning and gleefully departed.

Finally able to exhale, Janet grasped Brandon's hand and hurriedly ushered him out.

Her mind filled with thoughts of Brandon's condition, she felt flustered and eager to escape the confines of the office.

Hand in hand, they exited the studio, bantering playfully.

As they emerged, Janet spotted a man waiting at the door, and her brow furrowed in displeasure.

He caught sight of Janet and immediately beamed, approaching her.

"Miss White, a pleasure to meet you."

The unexpected presence of Clyde irked Janet, but, ever the diplomat, she masked her distaste and inquired coolly, "Mr. Lambert, what brings you here?"

Clyde's expression was tinged with guilt as he replied, "I've come to apologize for my thoughtlessness last time. My actions caused you to lose an order."

Forcing a polite smile, Janet responded, "Accidents happen, Mr. Lambert. Don't dwell on it. If there's nothing else, please take your leave."

Clyde's remorse seemed to deepen.

"Miss White, I know you're upset. I'm here to offer a sincere apology."

He then produced a ticket from his pocket and extended it to Janet.

"I've brought you a gift as a token of my regret. I believe you'll find it quite appealing."