

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1273

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1273

Janet batted her eyelashes innocently.

“Then who else should I have gone with? Clyde?”

“Absolutely not!”

Brandon snatched the ticket and examined it.

“Why do you want to bring me, though? I thought you’d take one of your designer friends, like Elizabeth.”

Grinning, Janet replied, “Elizabeth already knew about this art exhibition, and she had asked Frank to get her a ticket a while ago.”

“But if Clyde hadn’t given you the ticket today, how were you planning to go?”

Brandon was puzzled.

With a pout, Janet admitted, “I was still hesitating whether to attend or not.”

Annoyed, Brandon furrowed his brow.

“What’s there to hesitate about? As long as you’re interested, I can secure tickets for you. While art exhibitions aren’t the Larson Group’s specialty, I have significant clout with people across various industries in Barnes. Rest assured, I can acquire as many tickets as you need.”

Janet chuckled at Brandon’s’ endearing competitiveness.

“Alright, alright, I know my husband is the best. It’s just that the studio has been keeping me incredibly busy lately, leaving me with little desire to attend an art exhibition. That’s what made me hesitant. But now that Clyde has sent the tickets, I can’t think of a reason not to go. Let’s consider it a date,”

Janet suggested.

At her words, Brandon’s expression softened.

Janet playfully shook Brandon’s arm.

“Don’t you want to go on a date with me? Moreover, I can help you expand your knowledge of art. That way, you’ll be better prepared to work as my assistant if you lose the bet,”

Janet remarked with a sly smile gracing her lips.

“You want to be my teacher?” Brandon narrowed his eyes, a hint of mischief gleaming within.

“We haven’t tried that yet.”

With a confused look, Janet said, “What do you mean? Haven’t you been to school?”

With a wickedly charming smile, Brandon teased, “You’ll find out when we get back, my teacher.”

Brandon’s low, seductive voice lingered, akin to a feather teasing Janet’s heart.

An uneasy feeling of foreboding welled up within her.

Once home, Janet finally grasped what his intention was.

As soon as they entered the villa, Brandon pinned Janet against the sofa, his voice hoarse and flirtatious.

“Miss White, I want a lesson now.”

Janet’s cheeks flushed a rosy hue.

She tried to push the man off her, gritting her teeth.

“Brandon Larson! I’m a real teacher! Show some respect!”

His lips brushed her earlobe, his sultry breath caressing her neck.

“I know, you are my art teacher. But body art is also a type of art. Teach me, Ms. White,” he whispered.

Janet felt her knees weaken beneath Brandon’s intoxicating touch, a fiery sensation building within her.

Just as they were consumed by passion and on the brink of heading to bed, a sudden ringtone interrupted them.

Janet regained some clarity and pressed her hand against Brandon's.

"The phone's ringing..." Brandon swatted her hand away and kissed her again.

"Now's not the time to answer the phone."

"Stop it. What if it's urgent?"

Janet pushed him away once more.

"Fine."

Reluctantly, Brandon released Janet, his gaze filled with frustration as she picked up the phone.

The display revealed the call was from Hannah.

Upon answering, Janet heard Hannah's excited, aged voice.

"Janet, I saw it!"

Bewildered, Janet asked, "Hannah, what did you see?"

Hannah's elation was palpable.

"My photo in a magazine, wearing the clothes you designed for me! I'm so thrilled I had to call you!" she gushed.

Silently, Janet heaved a sigh of relief, realizing it was only about the photo.

Hannah was elderly and lived a solitary life in the countryside, which often made Janet worry for her well-being.

Receiving such a late-night call, Janet had feared something had happened to Hannah.