

## **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1277**

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1277

After concluding the call, Janet immersed herself in her work.

Carly's order hadn't been secured yet, so she needed to wrap up Teresa's commission perfectly as her studio's debut.

Daylight faded as she finally completed her tasks, just as the workday drew to a close.

Stretching, she reached for a glass of water when a series of knocks interrupted her.

"Excuse me, is Miss White here?" The familiar voice elicited a raised eyebrow from Janet.

She hadn't anticipated Carly would turn to her so soon.

Lexi, equally surprised to see Carly at the doorway, hastened to welcome her inside.

Considering the previous debacle with the reporters and Carly's decision to engage Mandy for the dress design, Lexi had assumed Carly would never set foot in the studio again.

Unperturbed by Carly's appearance, Janet courteously ushered her into the reception room.

Curiosity gnawed at Lexi, who couldn't resist eavesdropping on the conversation, eager to learn if Carly truly intended to enlist Janet's services for her grandmother's attire.

In the reception room, Carly's smile radiated genuine warmth.

Elegantly sipping her coffee, she remarked, "My grandmother adored the cookies you gifted her last time.

Where did you find that delightful box?"

With a smile, Janet replied, "Truth be told, the cookies weren't store-bought.

They were handcrafted by Hannah, the woman who raised me.”

Carly’s surprise was evident.

“Hannah? It seems you’re not related by blood.”

Janet nodded, her eyes softening at the mention of Hannah.

“Hannah is a benevolent soul who took it upon herself to care for me when I was lost and alone. It’s thanks to her that I found a home in this city and pursued a career in design.”

Moved, Carly replied, “It sounds like you share a special bond.”

Janet nodded again, adding, “In fact, you’ve met Hannah before.”

Carly’s bewilderment grew.

“I have? I don’t recall.”

A mischievous grin graced Janet’s face.

“She was in the photos that led you to me. Have you forgotten?”

Realization dawned on Carly.

“The elderly woman in the photos is Hannah!” Janet’s smile broadened.

“Indeed. The dress she wore was my first creation as an independent designer.”

She then cocked her head, feigning confusion.

“So, you’ve come to see me today just to inquire about the cookies?” With a serious demeanor, Carly confessed, “I was wrong to dismiss you so hastily due to the reporters’ intrusion. I wonder if you’re still interested in designing a dress for my grandmother.”

Janet agreed without hesitation, “Of course, I’ll gladly handle the design for your grandmother’s dress.”

Carly’s brow furrowed, puzzled by Janet’s composed response.

“Aren’t you curious why I turned down Mandy and sought you out instead?”

Leisurely sipping her coffee, Janet replied, “I surmised that Mandy couldn’t fulfill your vision.”

“Oh?” Carly’s confusion persisted.

Was Mandy considered an inferior designer in Janet’s eyes? “Please don’t misunderstand.

I have no intention of disparaging Mandy.”

Observing Carly’s perplexity, Janet clarified with a smile.

“Quite the contrary, Mandy is a remarkable designer. However, each designer possesses a unique style. Mandy’s creations lean towards opulence, making them perfect for lavish galas or soirées, but ill-suited to your specific needs.”