

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1296

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1296

Janet's revelation about the exorbitant price of the clothes left Carly's grandmother stunned. She stared at her clothes in shock and immediately thought of taking them off.

"Too... too expensive..." She gestured at the clothes in panic.

Carly frowned, sending Janet a displeased stare. "Miss White, have you forgotten our deal? Why did you reveal the real cost of the clothing?" Janet looked at her seriously. "Because I didn't want your efforts to be looked over simply because of the expense," she said with a serious tone.

Carly and her grandmother were both stunned. With a small smile, Janet explained to the old woman, "The overall cost of the clothes is expensive due to my design commission. Mrs. Reed spent a lot of time helping you find a suitable designer. The time and money spent on it are all out of Mrs. Reed's love for you."

Carly's grandmother was already about to take off the clothes. However, she hesitated upon Janet's words.

Reminiscing about the past made Janet a bit sentimental. She was touched while watching the two. "I also have someone in my family who's the same age as you. Her name is Hannah. She's a kind woman and was always sacrificing for my sake. She would rather use her money for me rather than spend it on herself. However, her action made me feel uneasy."

"Why did it make you feel uncomfortable?" Carly's grandmother looked a bit confused. "Because now that I have the ability to provide, I want the people I love to have a better life. I want to return her favor and show my love the way she did. [hope she can accept my gratitude." Janet had a solemn look on her face. Sincerity was obvious with every word she said.

The anger in Carly's eyes dissipated, replaced by a layer of tears.

With a slight turn of her head, she casually wiped away the tears that formed in the corners of her eyes, then acted as if nothing happened. What Janet said resonated deep in her heart. Her grandma's unwillingness to accept her kindness often made her feel uncomfortable and guilty.

Carly's grandmother listened intently to Janet's sincere words, recalling the days when she and Carly relied on each other. A relieved smile blossomed on her face. "Miss White, you're right. This is Carly's way to show her love for me, so I should accept it with an open heart." She placed a hand on her chest and look at Carly affectionately.

Then, she leaned forward and hugged her granddaughter. "Thank you, Carly. I really like your gift," she whispered.

Carly returned her grandmother's hug. Her voice choked when she said,

"Grandma, I'm glad you like it. Please don't turn down my gratitude in the future, okay?"

Carly's grandmother nodded. The two shared an affectionate smile.

At the sight of this touching scene, Janet smiled knowingly.

She revealed the actual price for a reason and this was exactly what she expected.

Love cannot be measured by money, and material possessions should not undervalue its worth. Therefore, there is no reason to reject an act of love in the form of gifts. Instead, such offerings should be wholeheartedly accepted.

Because they represented the painstaking efforts of the person who loved you deeply. After a while, the two had calmed down, feeling much better than a moment ago. Feeling a bit bashful, Carly smiled and said, "Miss White, thank you for everything."

Janet shook her head. "I just don't want your efforts to be hidden. Hannah was just as frugal and kind-hearted as your grandma. I know exactly how you feel."

Hearing this, Carly's grandmother was suddenly reminded of the box of cookies from before. She couldn't help but smile and said, "Hannah is very skilled at baking. The cookies taste great, and I hope to have the chance to meet her someday."

Carly chuckled, "My grandma still remembers the cookies. She said it reminded her of the countryside."

Seeing how much they enjoyed Hannah's cookies, Janet couldn't help but laugh with pride. "Well, next time Hannah makes pastries, I'll bring some for you too," she promised.

"Thank you." Carly nodded and = smiled appreciatively.

6 minutes before

They chatted for a few Carly had to go. She was just leaving when she caught a glimpse of a business card on the table. "This man..." Carly picked up the business card. Her eyebrows furrowed subtly.

Janet's curiosity rose when she noticed the sudden change in Carly's expression. "What's wrong? Do you know Mr. Shaw?"

With a snort, Carly said coldly, "I have no interest in knowing him. He's a competitor I've disliked for a long time. I didn't expect him to come to you.

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As the head of a prestigious modeling agency, Carly instantly recognized Janet's potential and distinct design style. To her astonishment, before she could even broach the subject of a collaboration, her fiercest competitor had also targeted the talented designer. This development was utterly intolerable.

In a matter of moments, Carly arrived at a decision. "Miss White, I believe you possess immense potential as a designer. Would you consider collaborating with our agency?" Caught off guard by the abrupt shift, Janet stammered,

"What? Collaboration?"

Carly nodded affirmatively. "Yes, our agency would like to work with you. If you require models in the future, you can prioritize ours, and we'll offer you the most competitive discounts."

Intrigued by the proposition, Janet inquired, "Our studio does need models. What kind of discount can you provide, Mrs. Reed?"

As an emerging designer, Janet was desperate for models to showcase her creations. However, the caliber of models available varied greatly, and their fees were typically steep.

Having recently founded her own studio, Janet's budget couldn't accommodate top-tier models. Carly's unexpected proposal and the potential for discounted rates presented a welcome solution to Janet's predicament.

After a brief pause, Carly held up two fingers. "We can offer a rate two points below market price."

Janet's eyes sparkled at the enticing offer. "Really?"

Carly grinned, "I'm confident this will be a mutually beneficial partnership. Your design expertise should easily elevate our models' popularity."

With assurance, Janet extended her hand. "Mrs. Reed, I won't let you down."

With the agreement solidified, Carly departed with her grandmother.

Janet posted her latest design on her work account, but sadly, it garnered little attention and only a few comments.

Feeling disheartened, she refreshed the page repeatedly, but the situation remained unchanged.

The whirlwind of publicity surrounding her designs had subsided, and the public's focus had swiftly shifted elsewhere.

Just as Janet was about to pocket her phone, a barrage of notifications erupted.

Her post had been inundated with comments, arriving in rapid succession, overwhelming her ability to keep up.

As she scrolled, Janet discovered the official account of W Marks had shared and liked her post, capturing users' interest and prompting the deluge of comments.

She was taken aback, recalling that Draco wasn't one to be enthusiastic about social media. Could it be Elizabeth, the manager of W Marks' official account, who had shared her post?

With that thought, Janet promptly dialed Elizabeth's number.

Elizabeth answered the phone promptly. "Janet, what's going on?"

Anxious, Janet inquired, "Elizabeth, did you just share my post? Did Mr. Wesley approve it? Will this cause any problems for you?"

Chuckling, Elizabeth reassured her, "Don't worry, Mr. Wesley won't mind. In fact, he's been following your account all along but kept quiet to avoid putting too much pressure on you. Now that everyone has seen your first independent design, they're all thrilled. Not only is it fine for me to share your post using W Marks' official account, but Mr. Wesley might even personally promote your studio on social media."

Hearing this, Janet exhaled in relief and beamed, "Thank you!"

Simultaneously, Laney stumbled upon Janet's post on her phone.

Witnessing her friend's work receive such widespread acclaim, she clicked "like" and a proud smile graced her lips.

Teresa, passing by, noticed Laney grinning at her phone and couldn't resist asking, "What's caught your eye?"

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"Check this out!" Laney handed her phone to Teresa, her eyes sparkling. "Aren't Janet's designs stunning?"

Teresa grinned, glancing at the screen. "Absolutely. You're beaming like you created them yourself."

Laney's smile widened. "She's my close friend, and I couldn't be happier for her success. Her designs are incredible, and I'm sure she'll become a renowned designer with pricier commissions in the future."

Despite her excitement, Teresa noticed a hint of envy in Laney's eyes as she continued to praise Janet. It was evident that Laney admired her friend's thriving career.

Noticing this, Teresa sighed, her expression turning somber. “You once had a great career, Laney. You were the most famous female security guard in the industry. It’s a shame that you got married, and then we never heard from you again.”

Laney’s smile faltered. “Is that so?”

Teresa shook her head. “I thought you’d given up your career as a bodyguard to become a wealthy housewife.”

A bitter smile crossed Laney’s face as she shook her head. “I don’t want to return to being a puppet for the wealthy family.”

Her time with the Harding family was a period she wanted to forget. During that period of time, Laney felt like a soulless doll, subject to their every whim.

The mere thought suffocated her. Understanding Laney’s pain, Teresa patted her shoulder. “The past is behind you. You’re still young, and it’s never too late to pursue your dreams.”

Laney’s expression brightened a little. “I’m grateful for my job at your company now. It’s exhausting, but I’m finally living life on my terms.”

As they spoke, Teresa’s tone grew serious. “Actually, I have another matter to discuss with you today.”

Laney’s curiosity piqued. “What is it? Please, do tell.”

“I’d like to hire you as our company’s consultant, training our new recruits,” Teresa revealed.

Laney’s heart raced, but her face fell. “I’ve been away from the security industry for so long. I’m afraid I won’t be able to do it.”

She hadn’t worked in years and doubted her ability to perform her old job.

Moreover, after giving birth to her child, Laney’s physical fitness had declined. Her daughter, Anya, was still young and needed her. She feared she wouldn’t have the time or energy to balance work and motherhood.

Ian entered the room just in time to catch their conversation.

Understanding Laney’s concerns, he reassured her, “You don’t need to worry,

Mrs. Harding. You can ease back into work, and your health is manageable.”

Laney shook her head, disheartened. “I can’t return to my former self. Since giving birth to Anya, my body hasn’t been the same.”

Teresa narrowed her eyes. “How do you know unless you try? Don’t you miss the confidence and happiness you once had? Dwelling on the past will only bring you down.”

Laney forced a wry smile. “I understand, but what about Anya? She needs me right now.” Ian chimed in, “I’ll be here to look after Anya. You can pursue your dreams without worry.”

Teresa nodded in agreement. “Laney, you can’t stay trapped in your past. It’s time to move forward.”

Laney’s expression softened as she listened to Teresa and Jan.

Maybe she shouldn’t have been so consumed by worry or let down her supportive friends.

Having escaped the clutches of the Harding family, Laney resolved to stand tall, embrace her new life, and face fresh challenges head-on.

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Laney was swayed. “But I still need more time. After all, with Anya…”

Teresa, noticing Laney’s concern, interrupted with a reassuring smile, “Don’t worry. I won’t expect you to work now. You can return to the workplace after your maternity leave.”

Touched by Teresa’s thoughtfulness, Laney nodded. “Thank you, Teresa.”

Teresa smiled warmly. “You’re welcome. As long as you’re willing to help me, we can work things out. It’s not easy to find a female bodyguard as skilled as you, so I can’t just let you go.”

Flattered, Laney replied, “I’ll do my best. I won’t let you down.”

Seeing Laney's agreement, Teresa breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

Glancing at her watch, she realized it was time for work. After bidding Laney farewell, she stood up and left.

Recalling their dwindling supply of daily necessities, Laney decided to go shopping with Ian and Anya.

At the supermarket, Ian expertly selected baby supplies while Laney pushed the stroller. "These diapers are soft and fit well, perfect for the baby," Ian remarked, tossing a pack into their shopping basket.

Laney held up another bag of diapers, teasing, "What about these?"

Ian examined the pack, shook his head, and replied, "Although the quality is good, they're too thick. Anya overheats easily, so they'd likely cause a heat rash."

Surprised, Laney raised an eyebrow. "How do you know so much about diapers?"

Ian grinned, "As a competent assistant, choosing the most suitable products for you and Anya is a basic professional skill."

Laney nodded, thoroughly impressed.

In truth, Ian was not only considerate but also intimately familiar with her and Anya's habits. He took excellent care of them both.

Even Anya had grown fond of him and had become increasingly clingy to him.

With a playful smile, Laney inquired, "What did Janet pay you? I need to know if I can afford you in the future."

Ian grinned and held up three fingers.

"Thirty grands?" Laney gasped, drawing the attention of nearby shoppers.

Covering her mouth, she eventually regained her composure and whispered to Ian, "That's quite a generous salary."

Ian reassured her gently, "Don't worry. You'll be able to afford it once you start working again. I'll always be here to take care of you and Anya." His considerate words touched Laney deeply. In Laney's eyes, Ian had cared for her and her child more effectively than any other assistant she'd encountered. Moreover, he maintained appropriate boundaries, which put her at ease. She suddenly recalled the call from Janet, mentioning someone had forged a divorce agreement and sent it, along with the wedding ring, to Garrett. Initially, she had suspected Ian, but now she realized she might have jumped to conclusions.

Ian had always maintained the proper his bounds.

He was a man of principle, and she trusted he wouldn't secretly send such things to Garrett. There were numerous other people who could have wanted her and Garrett to split up. Perhaps it was Kailee, who had long desired to be Garrett's wife. Or maybe it was Leo and Vera, who had never quite approved of her. Regardless, she felt certain it couldn't be Ian. This realization made Laney feel guilty, and her lingering suspicions about Ian faded

Once they had purchased the baby supplies, they proceeded to other sections of the store. Unbeknownst to them, a sneaky figure trailed closely behind.

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The man following them was Garrett, who was supposedly in Barnes. Evan, his assistant, was with him. The two peeked behind the shelves, keeping a safe but close enough distance from Laney.

Seeing Laney and Ian laughing and chatting made Garrett's blood boil. "This bastard has some fucking nerve to try and seduce my wife while I'm not around. I'll kill him!"

He had already unbuttoned his cuffs, rolling up the sleeves and heading straight to Ian.

Evan pulled him back from his blind rage. "Boss, don't forget the plan. We're here to keep watch over Mrs. Harding. If you go out now, we'll be discovered," the assistant reasoned.

Evan's persuasion did little to quell Garrett's fury. Still seething, he gritted his teeth and snapped, "What's the point of it now? Look at him! He's doing as he pleases. Anyone who sees them together would naturally assume that he's Laney's husband! Even my daughter has almost recognized him as her father. He's taking my family away from me, and you're telling me to just keep watching?" The thinly-veiled hurt that bled out of his voice struck Evan, catching him off-guard. For a moment, he was speechless, but he quickly recovered and went straight to trying to convince Garrett again.

"You have to bear it for now. If you mess things up here, you'll lose a lot more. Boss, you came here to make up with your wife. Letting your anger get the best of you would just jeopardize your chances." That finally seemed to get through to Garrett. His body relaxed, losing some of its tension.

Evan was right. He had no right to demand anything when it was his own fault things became this way. He had many things to atone for, and he was a long way from getting back Laney's love. Still, it didn't change the fact that he was pissed. His wife was here, smiling at another man while he hid like some damned coward.

"What the hell should I do then? I have to do something. I can't just stand here while that bastard steals her away."

Garrett felt like a fish out of water. He had never had any problems with women.

If anything, they were the ones who kept flocking to him. He didn't have to lift a finger to get a woman to succumb to him.

But this was an entirely different thing. He had angered his wife, and nothing he did worked to earn her forgiveness. And now he was forced to watch as some bastard tried to flirt with Laney right in front of him. No man would be able to stay calm in this situation.

Apart from that, something in his gut told him it had been Jan who had sent the divorce agreement and the wedding ring to him. It told Garrett everything he needed to know. That man had impure motives towards Laney.

This realization made him feel all the more restless.

Meanwhile, Evan's eyes were furrowed in deep thought, trying to come up with a plan.

The loud clap beside him made him jolt. Garrett had slapped his hands together and said, "Evan, go rent a house next to Laney's. This is not going to be an easy and quick battle by any means, and I'm staying here for as long as it takes to win her back." Evan's face fell at his boss' directive. "Boss, you still have the Harding Group to think of. The company wouldn't function without you," he reminded Garrett.

Garrett answered with a glare that radiated menace, "My wife is about to leave me, and you want me to think of the Harding Group? Getting Laney and my daughter back is my top priority. To hell with anything else."

As they two talked, Laney and Ian were almost done with shopping.

Garrett rushed to the register to carry out his plan.

"Here is thirty grands," he said as he pulled out a check and handed it to the cashier. "Could you please tell the lady with the child that they won a promo and everything they're buying today is free of charge?"

The cashier shot him with a stern look and refused, "I'm sorry, I can't accept this check. I have no guarantee that this isn't fake." Garrett's eyes widened in disbelief, and he pushed the check nearer the reluctant staff's face. "Look closely. It's from the Harding Group. This is 100% a legitimate check, I can assure you." Hesitantly, the cashier took the check and found no anomalies. It seemed to be genuine. However, she didn't take her chances and remained skeptical. "Why are you doing this? The lady that you've pointed out looks like she's married. You're not trying to get between her and her husband, are you?"

Garrett couldn't almost believe his ears. He was so angry that his face twisted into harsh lines before he burst out, "That bastard is by no means her husband! I'm her real husband! Alright?"

The cashier looked at Garrett with even more suspicion in her eyes.

Taking a deep breath, he calmed himself down and began to plead, "I'm telling the truth. I'm her husband. But the two of us fought, and she left our home with our child. She probably wouldn't accept anything from me if I gave it to her myself, so I had no choice but to try this."

As he finished speaking, he took out a photo of himself and Laney, showing it to the cashier.

The cashier finally believed him after seeing proof. She let out a sigh and said, "Alright. I'll help you out."