

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1235

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1235

“Hello.” The stranger’s voice brought a vague sense of familiarity to Janet, but she couldn’t pin it down to a face.

She replied politely, “Hello, is this Mr. Clyde Lambert, the artist?”

The man on the other end of the line did not expect her response to be so cordial but distant. A wave of disappointment washed over him. “Yes, it is,” he answered.

It had only been a few months, but Janet no longer recognized his voice.

As things turned out, the man on the phone was none other than Clyde Lambert himself, one of Janet’s former pursuers.

“It’s nice to meet you. My name is Janet.”

The change in Clyde’s tone escaped her, and she continued to speak in a polite and professional manner. “If you take a look at the photos you posted today, the old lady is wearing one of my designs.”

Clyde let out a small sigh. “Yes, I know. What can I do for you?”

On the other side, Janet straightened her back, turning stiff with nervousness. “Here’s the thing. I’m going to start my studio’s official account on the major social media platforms soon. I’ve seen your work, and I think your photos are amazing. I’d like to enlist your help in publicizing our studio.”

A wide smile broke out on Clyde’s lips.

After a long wait, finally, an opportunity had presented itself.

“It would be my privilege,” he readily agreed. “But I think it would be better for us to discuss this in person.”

With his positive response to Janet’s proposition, she gladly agreed to meet him.

The call ended with Janet all smiles. She thought she had secured a promising chance.

She had been anxious about the call, thinking that someone of Clyde's talent wouldn't be so easily convinced. Truth be told, his quick approval surprised her. Janet had psyched herself to negotiate with his terms, but it had turned out to be an unnecessary worry.

However, her rejoicing was cut short by Elizabeth coming over and patting her on the shoulder.

"A lady is here for you. I had seen her here before, so I let her in."

Janet turned to the direction Elizabeth was pointing to, her eyebrows arching up.

She already anticipated that Vera would come to her one of these days, but she didn't think it would be so soon.

Janet was well aware she couldn't keep the fact that she helped Laney escape hidden forever. If the Harding family investigated, they would find out that she had been involved.

At this time, Vera's eyes met hers.

Raising her chin, the woman walked calmly towards Janet, her gait every bit as graceful and refined as her status.

Janet didn't feel the least bit intimidated. She was ready to face the Hardings.

Vera came to a halt a step from her.

Her face was unchanging and impassive, betraying none of her intentions.

But Janet knew why she had come.

For a few seconds, two gazes locked in a wordless battle, then Janet stood up. With a smile that feigned innocence, she greeted her guest, "Mrs. Harding, it's been some time since I last saw you. To what do I owe the pleasure? Do you need a new dress, perhaps?"

Vera gave her a cold look and nodded.

“Let me take you to the meeting room so we can talk about the style that you want.”

Janet made a motion of welcoming Vera inside.

“I never said I wanted you to design it,” Vera hissed.

Janet’s face darkened, caught by surprise at how Vera embarrassed her in public.

Tension rose between the two, and Elizabeth hastened to mediate. “Well, Ma’am, did you already have a designer in mind? I can assure you that all designers from W Marks are professionals. They’re great at what they do.”

Vera turned to Elizabeth. With an arrogant air, she said casually, “Do you have a good relationship with her? Then I’ll pick you.”

Her choice left both Janet and Elizabeth stunned.

However, W Marks prided itself on its excellent service. Even the most difficult customers left the studio satisfied and pleased. Elizabeth had her hands tied. She knew she had no choice but to agree. Keeping a polite smile, she led Vera to the meeting room to discuss her preferences.