

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1244

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1244

“My dearest daughter, Kailee won’t have the opportunity to vex you any longer.”

Janet was moved by Johanna’s message.

She realized that it was her mother who’d intervened secretly.

Just days ago, she’d confided in Johanna about Kailee, and now, Kailee’s reputation lay in tatters.

Yet, Janet remained puzzled. Turning to Brandon, she furrowed her brow. “As far as I know, Kailee’s parents really adore her. Wouldn’t they defend her?”

Brandon’s eyes narrowed, and a cold smile graced his lips. “The true power in the Gibson family lies not with Kailee’s parents, but her aunt. Having suffered heavy losses due to Kailee, her aunt won’t forgive her, and her parents are powerless to intervene.”

Despite the reassurance, Janet couldn’t shake her lingering concern. “Will Kailee remain in Barnes?”

Caressing her cheek tenderly, Brandon replied, “Fear not. Embroiled in scandal, the Gibson family won’t permit Kailee to disgrace herself further in Barnes.”

Relieved, Janet sighed. “That’s wonderful. Without Kailee, Laney’s return will be much safer.”

After all, with Kailee in Barnes, who knew what wicked deeds she might commit?

Moreover, if Laney encountered Kailee again, she might recall Garrett’s past manipulation at Kailee’s hands and feel disgruntled.

At that moment, Janet’s phone rang.

It was Clyde Lambert.

Eagerly, he blurted out, “Miss Janet, don’t forget our appointment this afternoon. I’ll await you at the restaurant.”

He’d anticipated this date for so long.

Now that she finally accepted, he had to call her to remind her for fear that she might cancel it for other reasons.

“I’ll be there, I promise,” Janet assured him, chuckling at his earnestness.

This meeting was also crucial for her.

After all, promoting the studio was a crucial milestone on her journey to becoming an independent designer.

“See you then,” Clyde replied. He then breathed a sigh of relief. Anticipation coursed cell in his body aflutter as he looked forward to their afternoon appointment.

He was determined to make a lasting impression on Janet.

As the call ended, Brandon fixed her with a dangerous gaze. “Who’s the man you’re meeting this afternoon? I can tell that it’s a guy by the sound of the voice.”

Sensing Brandon’s jealousy, Janet quickly grabbed his arm.

“I’ve scheduled a meeting with an artist who captured a stunning collection of photos featuring Hannah. Surprisingly, the photos gained immediate popularity upon being posted online, and my clothing designs garnered attention as well. I want to seize this opportunity to declare my independence as a designer, so I’m meeting with this artist this afternoon to discuss publicity strategies.”

To quell his doubts, she showed him the photographs.

Brandon’s jealousy subsided somewhat as he examined the photos featuring Hannah, adorned in Janet’s designs amidst the pastoral landscape.

“The artist’s eye for aesthetics is commendable,” he conceded, pride swelling in his chest. “He’s done your designs justice.” Brandon nodded proudly.

As Janet watched him feign generosity, she couldn't help but laugh. "Then help me choose a stunning dress. I must take this meeting seriously to become independent of Mr. Wesley's studio and establish myself as a renowned designer!"

Though reluctant, Brandon couldn't deny his wife's charm and assisted in selecting the perfect dress.

Donning a knee-length number, Janet twirled before Brandon, inquiring, "What do you think? Is this one lovely?"

His eyes darkened, observing her delicate legs. "No, it's too short."

With a sigh, she tried another.

And another.

"No, your back is exposed."

"No, your waist is bare."

"No..."

Exasperated, Janet slumped onto the sofa, pouting, "Brandon, don't any of these dresses please you? Are you just trying to keep me from going out?"

"I can help you with your career, too," Brandon countered, enveloping her in his arms, nuzzling her cheek. "You don't need to meet other men in person."

He couldn't help his jealousy.

"You don't have to be so jealous." Janet shook her head helplessly.

"Fine, you can drive me there. While I work, find a nearby spot to wait. Just don't interfere. Will that ease your mind?"

Begrudgingly, Brandon agreed.