

## My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1248

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1248

The more she explored the studio, the more t\*ouched Janet felt.

Brandon had everything prepared for her, as it turned out. He was keen to arrange even the smallest details.

“Thank you, Brandon.” Janet looked at him sincerely as she thanked him from the bottom of her heart.

Brandon affectionately pinched the tip of her nose. “Silly girl, I’m your husband, you don’t have to thank me. It’s my duty.”

Once again, she scanned the studio, silently calculating how much the rent would cost for a month and how many orders it would take to get back the money invested. Janet’s anxiety increased the more she thought about it.

This shop was luxuriously decorated and not to mention was located in the center of the city, so the rent must be expensive. As a new independent designer, would she be able to pay the rent?

There were also the newly recruited receptionists and assistants to pay. With their excellent abilities, their requested salary must be high.

These were necessary expenses for the studio every month.

She just left the W Marks studio. Could she really afford this much?

If her studio failed to cover all the expenses using its own profit, Brandon would not hesitate to pay for the losses. But that was not what she wanted.

“Not only did you find a studio, but it’s also been decorated already. Isn’t it too early?” Janet felt a little uneasy.

Brandon easily read what was on Janet’s mind. He shook his head helplessly.

“Don’t worry about unnecessary things and just work at ease. After eight months, I will bring a professional team to assess the studio’s profit and loss. If it turns out you couldn’t break even, then you can just stop working.”

Inside Janet, a bad feeling stirred like a storm.

She frowned, "What do you mean? You don't want me to work?"

"If you're not able to run a studio as an independent designer, then why bother work at all? I would rather have you at home every day than let you work at W Marks studio with Draco," Brandon said seriously.

Brandon couldn't stand knowing his wife was working with a man who once had a crush on her.

Yes, he knew Janet would never give Draco a chance, but he still couldn't accept it.

Janet's eyebrows knit. She couldn't believe what he just said. "Brandon, it's my own business. I will be the one running it and working on it. I don't need you to make a decision for me."

"If this doesn't turn out well, then maybe it's a sign you should stay at home instead. Maybe it's our opportunity to have a baby,"

Brandon explained as if it would convince her to agree with him. "You like kids too, don't you?"

Janet huffed, "I do like kids, but I don't think raising kids would prevent me from working. If I need to sacrifice my work to have kids, then I would rather not give birth to them. I won't give up my career." 1

Every time she thought about how Laney gave up her career to give birth, she couldn't help but feel scared. She remembered how Laney lived like a walking dead because of her pregnancy and shuddered a little.

That was the last thing she wanted.

Women should be able to have their own careers and hobbies. It was the only way they would be their husband's equal. A partner, not a follower.

"I don't need this shop to be my studio." Janet stood a little firmly, raising her chin a little higher. "So please don't order me around about my career," she said coldly.

Brandon's expression was a mix of confusion and panic. He had no idea how to comfort the angry Janet. "Janet..."

Before he could finish his words, a voice suddenly came from outside.  
“Excuse me, is this the studio of the designer, Janet White?”

Janet peeked in the direction of the voice and found a graceful woman by the door. Judging from her appearance, Janet knew she must be an upper-class lady.

“How did you find this place?” Janet asked courteously if not a little surprised.

Even she had only found out about this studio today.

“I saw the address on her social media account, so I specially came here to request her to design a dress.”

The woman looked around and asked, “Is this the right place?”