

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1257

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1257

Clyde seemed to be unaware of Janet's displeasure.

Flashing his usual gentle smile, he attempted once again to give Janet the flowers.

"Please take the flowers, Miss White. If you have any ideas about promoting your studio, we can sit down and discuss it,"

Clyde offered like a gentleman.

Janet was almost laughing from irritation.

Although Clyde claimed he only came to visit, the promotion was the only thing that came out of his mouth.

Since he came in, she had told him countless times that she wasn't interested in that kind of publicity.

Was it that hard to understand? With a step back, she pushed away the flowers Clyde had placed in her face.

"Mr. Lambert, please go and take your journalist friends with you. Today is a busy day and I'm afraid I had no time to entertain you," Janet said bluntly.

Still, Clyde seemed to miss the meaning of her words.

He shrugged her refusal off and continued to persuade Janet in a serious tone.

"Miss White, are you sure you want to pursue your design for that old woman? You've already designed clothes for an old woman before. It'll lose its novelty once you do it again. You won't profit much from this project." Janet didn't even have the chance to reply.

He gave her a small smile and continued, "Don't worry, I will let the reporters know that you refused the old woman's order to raise the threshold of your design." A cold expression settled on Janet's face.

Now she could tell that Clyde was essentially a very arrogant and rude person who, deep down, despised the unpretentious elderly woman.

A person like Clyde was not someone she could go along with.

But Clyde had helped her once and she couldn't discount that.

So, Janet reeled her anger in and politely said, "Mr. Lambert, there's no need for you to worry about my business. Please leave as soon as possible."

Clyde stared at Janet's somewhat angry expression with interest.

For some reason, he felt even more drawn to her.

Janet was indeed different from the average lady from a prestigious family.

Not only did she voice out her opinions, but she was also so adorable when she was angry.

Janet felt very uncomfortable under Clyde's suggestive gaze.

She frowned, just about to completely lose her temper and drive him away when the studio suddenly turned dark.

All the lights went out.

The entire studio was plunged into darkness.

A flurry of steps sounded, then Lexi's panicked voice came.

"Boss, bad news! The power is out! We need to call a repairman to fix it."

Before Janet could react, Lexi turned to Clyde with an apologetic look and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lambert, and to everyone. The power in the studio suddenly went out. We won't be able to accept any interviews or publicity today. Please go back first." Clyde didn't budge, however.

He still attempted to stay.

"Never mind the lights, we can go outside to continue the interview. Now..."

A cracking sound brought Clyde to an abrupt stop.

In the dim light, Lexi shook her coffee mug apologetically.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Lambert, the studio is too dark and I couldn’t see. I accidentally spilled coffee on your face. You’ll forgive me, right?” Clyde was left standing in the same spot, covered in coffee.

Thick liquid dripped from his hair and face and Lexi knew full well how sticky it would be.

Most of all, it was extremely embarrassing.

He had every reason to believe that this little brat had done it deliberately! The embarrassed look on Clyde’s face made Janet burst into laughter.

The anger she was tightly holding down dissipated.

She swallowed to suppress her laughter.

“Mr. Lambert, I suggest your return home and change your clothes.” Clenching his fist, Clyde did his best to hold back his anger but it was a struggle.

Fortunately, he managed to resist the urge to explode at Janet’s assistant right there and then. He had to maintain a good impression in front of Janet. He couldn’t let his emotions take over! “Alright then.” Taking a deep, calming breath, Clyde forced a smile.

“I’ll be on my way now. But I’ll be back to chat with you again some other day, Miss White.” He wanted to come back again? What a joke! Janet cursed silently.

Clyde casually put the flowers on a table before leaving with the big group of reporters.

In the dim light, Janet glanced at the table where the flowers were and felt her annoyance return.

“Mr. Lambert, wait!” She called after him. Hopeful, Clyde turned around with excitement.

Did Janet change her mind and want him to stay? Janet didn’t beat around the bush.

She threw the flowers directly back to Clyde, the corners of her lips lifting a little.

“You should take the flowers back with you. I don’t need them.” Rejection hit Clyde like a truck.

He held the flowers in his hands and finally recognized that he didn’t have a chance. Janet wasn’t only refusing the flowers he gave her, she was also refusing him. No matter how thick-skinned Clyde was, at that moment his face turned livid completely.

He had never been so humiliated in his life! Between gritted teeth, he uttered an abrupt “Goodbye” and rushed out of the studio, taking the journalists with him. Relief shot up Janet’s body as she watched Clyde flee. It was oddly refreshing to see.