

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1261

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1261

Watching Lexi vanish into the distance, Janet couldn't help but pout, "Why did she run away so fast?"

With his arm around her shoulder, Brandon gently said, "As a boss, you shouldn't make your assistant work overtime on opening day. Let's head back; the client isn't going anywhere."

Janet sighed, feeling helpless since Lexi had already left and she couldn't investigate further.

"I guess things have to be left as they are. I'll look into it tomorrow." Brandon smiled and led her to the car.

With her chin propped up, she gazed out the window, contemplating how to address Carly's issue.

It wasn't until the car stopped and she saw the unfamiliar scenery outside that she realized something was off.

"Aren't we supposed to be going home? Where are we?"

Grinning, Brandon revealed, "Today's the first day your studio is open. I booked a table at your favorite restaurant to celebrate your business's successful launch."

As he spoke, he exited the car and gallantly opened the door for Janet, extending his hand to help her out.

Janet smiled and took Brandon's hand.

"That's so sweet of you."

Brandon had arranged for the restaurant to prepare Janet's favorite dishes, and once they were seated, the waiter brought the food to the table one by one.

Janet felt grateful seeing her husband being so thoughtful and attentive.

She looked at the handsome man across from her and said affectionately, "Thank you, Brandon."

Brandon poured a glass of wine for Janet and gently replied, "You don't have to thank me."

After all the dishes were served, the waiter brought a special cake that Brandon had customized.

Upon seeing the cake, Janet furrowed her brows and asked, "Why is the cake this flavor?"

Usually, Brandon knew her preferences; why would he order a cake in her least favorite flavor? Brandon also frowned.

"This isn't the flavor I ordered. Did you bring the wrong cake?"

"Isn't this the cake you two ordered?" The waiter quickly checked the order and confirmed with the kitchen.

It wasn't until Brandon's impatience grew that they realized the cake was indeed meant for another table.

"I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!"

The waiter hastily apologized, "There was another table nearby that also ordered a cake, and both cakes were accidentally switched. I'll go and get it replaced right now."

Brandon didn't want to make a scene and simply waved his hand, allowing the waiter to correct the mistake.

Suddenly, a detached voice rang out.

"I'm sorry, but I already ate your cake. I'll buy you a new one to make up for it."

Both Janet and Brandon turned to see the tall, handsome man.

Jeremy Button approached them with a smile on his lips, his black eyes gleaming with a mysterious aura.

“Brandon, Janet, long time no see! Your happy and peaceful days are about to end. Are you ready to face my storm?” Jeremy thought to himself.

The moment Brandon’s gaze fell upon the stranger, an inexplicable sense of unease surged within him.

Casting an icy stare, he retorted, “Forget it. Compensation is unnecessary.” With an air of contrition, Jeremy replied, “That’s not fair. The cake wasn’t inexpensive, and I feel really bad about it.”

Janet chimed in, shaking her head, “Just keep it. No need for reimbursement.”

Jeremy feigned an apologetic sigh.

“Very well, then. I appreciate the cake. Enjoy your repast.”

Having spoken, he offered a faint smile, pivoted, and retreated to his seat.

Observing Jeremy’s table, Janet’s heart plummeted.

Why were all the people gathered there familiar faces from the Turner clan? What ties bounded him to that family? Brandon, too, perceived something amiss and his brow furrowed in response.

“Brandon, do you recognize him?”

Janet nudged him and arched an inquisitive brow.

“What’s his connection with the Turners? And what are the odds he’d just happen to eat our cake? Mere happenstance, or something more?”