

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1270

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1270

The room was filled with disbelief.

No one could fathom why Janet would refuse the order.

As Janet gracefully poured coffee for her guests, she softly explained, "I have faith in the designers at W Marks Studio. They possess the skill and creativity to craft designs that will undoubtedly please you. While I appreciate your kind gesture to switch designers temporarily to bring me business, it would ultimately hurt the designers at W Marks Studio and create complications for Mr. Wesley."

Estella, a perceptive woman, instantly understood Janet's perspective.

Indeed, their actions would have been ill-advised.

It would not only tarnish the reputation of the designers of W Marks Studio but also strain the relationship between Janet and W Marks Studio, potentially fostering animosity between them.

"You're absolutely right," Estella conceded, a contrite expression on her face.

"My apologies. Rest assured, I'll actively seek other opportunities to bring you business in the future."

The others, too, regained their composure.

They were impressed by Janet's integrity and candor, assuring her that they would undoubtedly seek her design expertise in the future. Gratitude graced Janet's smile.

The conversation shifted from design to more casual topics.

During their chat, Janet inquired about the status of Estella and Sean's relationship.

However, upon hearing Sean's name, Estella's smile was quickly replaced by a scowl.

“Don’t even mention Sean to me!”

With fists clenched, Estella fumed, “He is a workaholic! He never has any time to spend with me!”

The blame for Sean’s excessive overtime fell squarely on one person: Brandon! Janet chuckled awkwardly, “Oh, is that so?”

Estella continued to vent, waving her fists in anger.

“Brandon gets to enjoy leisure time with his wife while squeezing every last drop of time and energy from his employees. It’s left Sean with no time for dating! How utterly unreasonable...”

In her impassioned tirade, Estella failed to notice the sudden quiet in the room or the frantic winks Janet sent her way.

“Ahem...”

A familiar, embarrassed cough interrupted Estella’s rant.

It was evident that Estella recognized the voice’s owner.

Her face stiffened, and she quickly swallowed the harsh words she had been ready to unleash.

“Actually...”

Estella managed an awkward smile and attempted to curry favor with Brandon.

“In my eyes, Brandon—no, I mean, Mr. Larson—is the finest boss in the world...”

“It’s too late now.”

A deep, charming voice sounded from behind Estella.

“Are you criticizing me?”

Estella immediately sprang up, putting a considerable distance between herself and Brandon, wearing an awkward smile.

“Mr. Larson, fancy seeing you here today. Oh, I was merely jesting... I’m here to introduce some potential clients to Janet.”

Afraid that Brandon would take offense, Estella hastily invoked Janet’s name as an alibi.

Suppressing a smirk, Brandon cast a glance at Sean beside him and drawled, “If it weren’t for your timely cough, she’d have unleashed a torrent of slander against me.” Sean and Estella exchanged awkward smiles.

Brandon chose not to dwell on the matter, instead waving his hand dismissively.

“Since your girlfriend feels this way, I won’t keep you working today. You can leave early.”

Sean, realizing Brandon desired some alone time with Janet, nodded knowingly and ushered Estella and their friends away.

Silence enveloped the reception room once more.

Noticing Brandon’s sullen expression, Janet couldn’t help but laugh.

“As the CEO, are you really going to bicker with a young lady?” Unwilling to admit defeat, Brandon shot back,

“You should be more concerned about your desserts. You haven’t received any order yet, and you’ve almost run out of desserts.”