

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1281

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1281

“Oh? Is that right?” Brandon asked as he lowered his head to look at his attire. He raised an eyebrow teasingly and continued, “Then, my dear one-day boss, how do you think I should dress up?” Janet frowned and said seriously, “What kind of assistant can afford such luxurious clothing? I can rent my studio for half a year with this outfit!”

Janet circled Brandon, scrutinizing his outfit while shaking her head disapprovingly. “And I can even buy two studios with your watch alone! With this extravagant get-up, how can I possibly order you around later?” she said in exasperation.

Brandon laughed and asked, “So, what should I wear to fit my role as an assistant?”

Janet rubbed her chin and pondered for a few seconds. Suddenly, her eyes lit up, and she pulled Brandon to the closet. She made him change into the cheapest clothes she could find and purposely messed up his hair to make him look a bit unkempt. However, no matter what he wore, Brandon still had an aristocratic air around him, like a nobleman from a painting. Even his slightly messy hair seemed to be a natural part of his charm.

While having a handsome husband was something to be proud of, Janet felt helpless.

She looked more like the assistant in comparison.

After making Brandon try many different outfits, Janet finally gave up. She realized she couldn't hide his elegance and sophistication no matter how he dressed.

“Forget it. Just drive me to work, my noble assistant!” Janet said through her gritted teeth.

In the studio, Janet sat arrogantly in the boss's chair while looking at Brandon standing in front of her. Somehow, she felt a strange sense of satisfaction sweeping over her heart.

Although the process wasn't pleasant, Janet felt her frustration disappear when she saw Brandon transform into her assistant, serving her.

"Brandon," Janet said after clearing her throat. She smiled and continued, "Have I made myself clear about the things you need to do? Don't forget to go through the documents on the desk. We have some clients coming later, so make sure you entertain them." Brandon nodded emotionlessly and went out with the documents.

Watching Brandon leave, Janet was unconsciously grinning from ear to ear.

The feeling of having a high and mighty CEO work for her was just too satisfying! 1

However, her satisfaction was only temporary. Janet waited and waited in the office, but her appointment never arrived.

Janet felt something was wrong.

She hurriedly went out to check on the situation.

Suddenly, her lips twitched, and she was speechless when she saw the way Brandon was attending to a client.

His face was expressionless as he spoke, and the client looked a bit flustered being next his intimidating and cold aura.

Janet quickly caught Brandon's eyes and signaled to make him smile.

An assistant shouldn't treat clients with such a cold and distant attitude!

Receiving the hint from his "boss", Brandon forced out a stiff smile.

His smile was so fake and insincere. It made him look anything but friendly.

The client looked even more flustered when he saw Brandon's smile. He chuckled awkwardly before making up some excuse to flee.

Witnessing the client's hasty escape, Janet was fuming. "Assistant Larson, is this how you treat our clients?" she snapped. Brandon blinked innocently and defended himself, "Isn't this how you welcome clients? He asked me a question earlier, and I patiently answered. You told me to smile, and I did!"

He wasn't wrong, so Janet had no reason to refute him.

She could only take a deep breath to calm herself down before asking, "Was he the only client we have scheduled for today?" Brandon shook his head. "There were two more who came," he replied.

Pursing her lips, she asked, "Then where are they? Did you scare them off too?"

A rare resentful expression appeared on Brandon's face as he replied righteously, "They said I looked like Brandon Larson and even asked for my contact information. Of course, I can't go easy on the women who try to flirt with me."

Brandon's argument made Janet both exasperated and frustrated. She couldn't help heaving a sigh.

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Janet has a helpless look on her face when she met Brandon's eyes. "Do you see now an assistant's work is not easy as you thought?" Brandon looks at the empty reception room and nodded. Not one client was insight. "I indeed underestimate assistants," he acknowledged honestly. Before he thought working as an assistant wasn't challenging at all. He wasn't anticipating that engaging with clients could be so tricky. Many of Janet's clients only had an idea of what they wanted and no specific design required. More often than not, their ideas were vague concepts that were difficult to put into words, making it almost impossible to understand what they were looking for if you were not well adept with the trends.

As an assistant, part of the work was to give a complete picture of their vague concepts by dissecting each and every idea they had. That was the only way to make sure that the client and the designer were on the same page regarding the design and that the finished product would be a perfect work the client would be satisfied with.

The entire process could be incredibly complex and meticulous. If the assistant lacked patience or attention to details, it could lead to conflicts with the client.

Seeing that Brandon finally understood that even small positions could be challenging, Janet couldn't help but smile. "Now that you know how hard being an assistant is, don't make Sean's life too difficult from now on."

With a helpless nod, Brandon gave in, "You're right. I will be treating him better. Maybe I'll give him a day off."

A sense of relief spread on Janet's chest at the sight of the typically unapproachable CEO yielding from pressure. "Seems like you gained something from being my assistant. Now you know how to empathize with your subordinates," she said with a lighthearted tone, giving him a soft nudge on the shoulder. Brandon chuckled softly at Janet's comment. He was amused by her tactics.

Just then, someone knocked on the door of the studio.

Janet decided to let Brandon rest and attend to the client herself. If she let Brandon continue, her studio wouldn't run like it always did. Today would be too chaotic.

A tall slender man entered the studio. He looked well-off with his clean and crisp suit and handsome face.

"Hello," the man greeted. "My name is Jax Shaw." In addition to his good looks, he seemed polite too.

"Nice to meet you," Janet returned the greeting with equal politeness and a welcoming smile. "I'm Janet White, the designer of this studio. May I ask what type of clothes you are looking for? Do you have a specific design in mind? We can discuss it in detail inside." Janet gestured inside and waited for Jax to continue inside.

Jax shook his head. Then his gaze darted past Janet to Brandon who was standing behind her. "I'm here for him. He's exactly what I'm looking for."

An alarm bell rang in Janet's mind. "Do you have a crush on him?" She abruptly asked in shock.

Janet's question made Jax's lips twitch ever so slightly. He breathed, then explained patiently, "I'm a modeling agent. The gentleman behind you perfectly matches the standards we look for in models. His appearance and physique are perfect. If he enters our modeling industry, I believe he'll surely

be a sensation.” With that, he gave a small smile towards Brandon and asked, “Sir, would you like to give it a shot?”

Brandon matched his raised eyebrow with a cold chuckle but said nothing.

The rejection did not disappoint Jax as much. He merely sighed helplessly before turning to Janet and handing her a business card. “Actually, I came here today to ask if your studio needs any models. Our agency has excellent talents you can hire.”

“Oh, you’re trying to recommend models to me.” The idea made Janet chuckle. She pointed teasingly at Brandon. “If my assistant is already this good, I certainly can’t settle for a model below his level, can I? If your models are more good-looking than him, maybe I’ll give it a try.”

Jax rubbed his chin and thought for a moment. He recalled all the models under his agency and mentally screened them. “That would be difficult,” he admitted. “Your assistant has set the bar too high. I could only think of a few people in the entertainment circle who can rival him.”

Defeated, he looked at Brandon and asked, “How much does your assistant make in a month? Is his salary high? How about I rent him from you? Name your price. It wouldn’t be an issue for someone so high quality.”

The more Jax spoke, the darker Brandon’s expression became. That didn’t rub the handsomeness on his face, however.

But after a few more seconds, the cloud that seemed to have appeared over his head turned into a storm, threatening to fall at any moment.

Janet watched the scene, biting her lip so as not to laugh, but it was a losing battle. Her face was red from holding back her laughter.

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Janet lifted her chin towards Brandon and questioned with a smile, “Mr. Shaw, why don’t you take a closer look at him?”

Upon hearing that, Jax took a careful look at the man before him.

His expression changed all of a sudden and he could not help stutter, “Mr... Mr. Larson?”

He never imagined that the small-time assistant before him could actually be the CEO of the Larson Group, Brandon, the man who could make the entire city shake in fear from just a glance.

He had heard of rumors about Brandon’s love and fondness for his wife, but he never imagined that he would love her enough to be her assistant.

Recalling how he had just tried to scout Brandon to be a model for his agency, Jax wanted to dig a hole and bury himself in the ground from embarrassment.

Raising his eyebrows, Brandon sneered, “So, Mr. Shaw, do you still need me to model for you? I can still be your model, but I’m not sure if you can afford my salary.”

Jax forced a smile and replied in an embarrassed tone, “Mr. Larson, that... that was just a Joke.”

Suppressing her laugh, Janet teased, “Mr. Shaw, didn’t you just say that he would make a great model, why are you suddenly not interested in him?” “It was really a joke.

Please forget it!” Jax let out an awkward laugh, handed over a business card to Janet, and fled as fast as lightning.

Before he left, he shouted, “Miss White, if you ever need a model, don’t hesitate to give me a call!” Brandon glared at Jax’s retreating figure.

Did Jax really try to hire him, (swnvoel) the CEO of the Larson Group, as a model? It was so ridiculous that people might want to laugh their heads off if they heard of it.

Janet saw Brandon’s anger and tried to appease him.

“Jax only took one look at you and was immediately smitten with your appearance that he was so eager to scout you as a model.

Do you know what this means? It means you’re too handsome to be real! And you have the perfect figure! I’m so lucky to have a handsome husband like you!” Brandon’s expression softened a lot under her flattery.

At that moment, a voice came.

“Is anyone here?”

Janet signaled to Brandon, indicating that he should welcome the client.

With a playful smile, Brandon gestured for Janet to turn around and see who it was.

As soon as Janet turned around, she saw Mandy walking over to her in her three-inch high-heels arrogantly.

“Janet White!” Mandy marched in, pointed at Janet, and roared fiercely, “What kind of dirty trick did you use to make Carly leave me and hire you back as her designer?” Janet frowned and said in a deep voice, “It’s up to the client to decide whom they want to hire. I won’t influence her decisions. Did you really come all the way here just for this?”

Mandy let out a cold laugh and retorted, “Stop lying! You’re just intentionally sabotaging my business.

If you hadn’t badgered Carly, she wouldn’t have given you the order.”

Janet became annoyed after seeing how unreasonable Mandy was.

“You need to calm down. Carly wants an outfit designed for her grandmother, who is frugal and simple. Isn’t it normal that she doesn’t like your luxurious design style?”

“No! You must’ve done it on purpose! This is all your fault! You ruined my relationship with Draco, and now you’ve stolen my client. You bitch!” Mandy roared hysterically as she charged at Janet.

Brandon’s expression darkened when he saw the raging Mandy.

He quickly stepped forward, putting his body between Janet and Mandy.

Glaring at Mandy coldly, he warned, “Miss Hamilton, I suggest you behave yourself. If you dare lay a finger on my wife, I will make you pay.”

At the same time, the bodyguards who were lurking nearby also rushed in to protect Janet.

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Janet entrusted him with this task so he wanted to be a good assistant. Even if Mandy was making a ruckus out of nothing, they were still in the studio. The least he could do was be polite. “If you are not here for a commission, please leave.”

Mandy gritted her teeth while staring at the man in front of her. It took her a few seconds to realize the person she was looking at was Brandon.

“Huh. I wasn’t expecting to see you here.” Mandy bared her fangs. “You, the CEO of the Larson Group, abandoned the whole company to come here and be an assistant. People will laugh if they found out about this!”

Of all the times Mandy had seen Brandon, this was the first time she saw him wearing such cheap and ordinary clothes. She didn’t expect that he would appear as an assistant of Janet, so she didn’t recognize him immediately.

Brandon’s face was impassive as he narrowed his eyes at Mandy. Coldly, he said, “Miss Hamilton, I advise you to behave yourself. Didn’t you know? Your tongue is the source of your misfortunes.” The threat in Brandon’s words made Mandy tremble. Her heart was racing as fear and regret take over. |

Despite Brandon’s young age, as the CEO of the Larson Group, he had a high position and reputation at Barnes. How could she forget? Even the elders of her family had to bow to him, let alone a junior like her.

Then there was Brandon’s aura. Domineering, arrogant, and filling the air around him, making it suffocating. She was so scared her legs would give up any second.

So, even if she could throw a tantrum in front of Janet, provoking Brandon was not something she dared do.

“L.. L..” Mandy stammered.

Janet watched from the corner. She shook her head disapprovingly at the scene.

Walking up to Mandy, she gently said, “Miss Hamilton, how about we go to the reception room and have a talk?”

Brandon’s powerful aura gave Mandy no choice but to agree. Failing to refuse, she followed Janet into the reception room. Mandy’s uncharacteristic submissive attitude made Janet laugh inside.

It turned out someone could make the arrogant Mandy look so scared.

Seemed like hiring a few fierce-looking employees in the future would be good for the studio. Maybe no one would dare make trouble then.

Brandon watched Janet lead Mandy into the reception room. He couldn’t help feeling worried. He itched to follow them, but Janet stopped him before he could even do it.

Inside the reception room, Mandy was fidgeting nonstop. Janet glanced at her before looking back at Brandon. “Don’t worry. I can handle her myself,” she said softly to comfort him.

Brandon wasn’t completely convinced. He frowned and said, “I don’t think she’s an easy-going person. What if she says something bad to you? What if she hurts you?”

He witnessed with his own eyes how that woman tried to hurt Janet earlier. If he hadn’t been here, Mandy could have bullied Janet!

How could he be fine leaving Janet alone with Mandy?

Taking Brandon’s hand between hers, Janet smiled and said, “I know you’re worried about me, but I know what I’m doing. Mandy is not a bad person. She just cried out on impulse and wouldn’t really hurt me.”

Brandon had a bad impression of Mandy. “Anyway, she came here and made a scene. She should be driven out directly.”

With a smile, Janet defended, “She came here on her own today. She didn’t even bring her assistant with her. It means that she just felt ashamed because Carly refused her. She came here to blame it on me. I’m sure if I talk to her calmly, she will understand. There’s nothing to worry about.”

With a defeated sigh, Brandon let her in alone.

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Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Brandon decided to call Sean himself, seeking guidance for the current predicament. Sean, finally enjoying a day off, was spending quality time with Estella when the call interrupted them.

Annoyed, he picked up the phone.

His heart skipped a beat upon realizing it was his boss.

Did Brandon expect him to work at this hour?

Should he pretend he'd left his phone behind?

After a brief hesitation, Sean reluctantly answered the call.

His boss's anxious voice filled his ear. "As an assistant, is it permissible to eavesdrop outside the boss's office when necessary?"

Caught off guard by the question, Sean instinctively replied, "Of course not."

Silence lingered on the other end before Brandon's frosty voice returned. "I'll give you another chance to answer."

Sean immediately deduced his boss intended to eavesdrop on Janet's office, seeking a scapegoat in case he was caught.

Estella, listening in, snickered, "Boss, if you ask me, occasional eavesdropping doesn't hurt. After all, Sean does it sometimes... Hmm..."

Her words were abruptly muffled by Sean's hand.

But the damage was done. Brandon, now armed with that knowledge, retorted, "Estella's right. Eavesdropping is acceptable when necessary."

Sean, thinking Brandon hadn't heard Estella's last comment, nearly sighed in relief until a sneer slipped through the phone. "However, tomorrow I'll ask what you've been eavesdropping on." Brandon then ended the call.

Sean stared blankly at his phone, the screen now black. He knew he was in trouble.

Inside the reception room, Janet offered Mandy coffee and desserts, her voice soft. "Have some coffee and calm down first." Mandy hesitantly took the cup, sipping slowly as she recovered from the pressure of Brandon's presence.

"Are you feeling better?" Looking at her pale face, Janet felt funny and shook her head.

Finally composed, Mandy recalled the reason for her visit. Embarrassment colored her cheeks as she thought of her earlier behavior and the coffee Janet had served her.

It was so humiliating! She had actually displayed her timidity in front of Janet. She even accepted the coffee she offered! How could she continue causing trouble for Janet now?

Noticing Mandy's shifting expressions and the anger that ultimately settled on her face, Janet couldn't help but find the situation amusing. "Are you still upset?"

Face flushed, Mandy shot a glare at her and demanded, "What did you do to make Carly abandon me and choose you instead?" Janet's smile remained. "If Carly didn't explain, perhaps you should consider the requirements of Carly's order more carefully."