

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1306

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1306

Ian surreptitiously eavesdropped on the conversation between Laney and Garrett from behind the door. Hearing Laney express gratitude rather than love towards him, disappointment washed over him.

Yet, he considered, gratitude was better than indifference. Perhaps it could blossom into love someday?

A glimmer of hope ignited within him. Purposefully, Ian emerged to not only interrupt Laney and Garrett's dialogue but also to sow misunderstanding.

As anticipated, Garrett's eyes betrayed a flicker of pain when he caught sight of Ian.

With a sly smile, Ian drawled, "Mr. Harding, don't misconstrue the situation. Anya is still young, needing nighttime feedings and diaper changes. Mrs. Harding can't handle it all by herself, so I'm staying here to help. Rest assured, I mostly spend time with Anya." "I didn't say anything," Garrett retorted, face flushing crimson. Despite his protest, he couldn't suppress his discontent. Muttering, he said, "There's no reason for you to be with my daughter all the time."

Hearing this, Laney scoffed, "As a father, how often have you taken care of your daughter? You're clueless about her food or diapers. Ian has been a great caregiver. What's your problem?" Chastised by Laney, Garrett found himself at a loss for words. Laney glared icily at her husband, sneering, "Finish the investigation quickly and return to Barnes. We don't need you to cause any more trouble here, and I hope you won't disrupt my life again."

With that, she pivoted to leave.

Garrett, in a panic, grasped her wrist, attempting to explain, "I just want to..."

Laney hesitated, shook off his grip, and disappeared into the room without a backward glance.

Garrett yearned to follow her, but Ian blocked the doorway. He then nonchalantly said, "Mr. Harding, it's best that you not to enter someone else's house without the owner's permission." Eyes blazing, Garrett glared at Ian.

Unfazed, Ian smiled and closed the door.

Staring at the now-shut entrance, Garrett's heart ached.

He was Laney's husband, yet he couldn't even step inside her home. Blocked by an assistant, he wasn't even afforded the dignity to be angry.

However, his sorrow didn't extinguish his determination.

He gleaned from Laney's demeanor that she still harbored feelings for him. She wouldn't have seriously explained her emotions towards Ian or become incensed at his neglect of their child otherwise.

His mission was to reclaim her affections before they waned entirely.

As Garrett mulled over how to win Laney back, a call from Janet interrupted his thoughts.

Upon answering, Janet inquired, "Did you go see Laney?"

"Yes, I'm at her place now. Your intel is impressive," Garrett replied, arching an eyebrow.

Janet rolled her eyes, retorting, "The whole of Barnes knows you ditched the Harding Group to chase after your wife in a neighboring city. I'm the last to find out."

Unfazed, Garrett countered, "My wife is more important than the company. I'll remotely handle its affairs until Laney forgives me." Janet shook her head, smiling. "Your impulsive nature hasn't changed a bit."

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"Speaking of which."

Garrett's tone took on a plaintive quality as he lamented to Janet, "It's all because you found Laney such an exceptional assistant. It's made winning back my wife even more challenging."

"Ian? How has he stopped you from pursuing your wife?"

Garrett scoffed, explaining, "Did you know he's the one who sent the divorce papers and wedding ring? Now he's living with Laney, by her side day and night. My wife and daughter will soon be his!" Unable to suppress a chuckle at his complaints, Janet retorted, "It's your own doing. You angered Laney. Now, you'd better muster your strength and courage to win her back!"

Realizing that complaining was futile, Garrett forced a bitter smile. "You're right. I'll do whatever it takes to win Laney back." He returned to his new home, disheartened, his mind consumed by worry and anxiety about him and Laney's future. Unbeknownst to him, Janet was smirking on the other end upon hanging up. "You used to fool around with women. You're getting what you deserve."

Curious, Brandon leaned in and inquired, "What did Garrett say?" With a grin,

Janet recounted, "He didn't appreciate Laney before. Now he's chasing his wife in another city, and Ian is thwarting his efforts. Winning her back won't be easy for Garrett. In my opinion, ninjanovel.com it's payback for his past philandering!"

Hearing Janet's dissatisfaction with Garrett's former behavior, Brandon couldn't help but feel fortunate. He'd always been a man of integrity, adhering to moral codes and avoiding female friendships. He'd never make such a foolish mistake.

Eager to steer the conversation elsewhere, Brandon suggested, "Shall we try on our outfits for Mr. Nixon's art exhibition in a few days and make sure they fit?"

After a moment's thought, Janet nodded in agreement. "Okay. The ensembles we'll be wearing were designed by myself. We can't afford any mishaps."

Brandon interjected, "Exactly. Our outfits must make a statement at the event. Not only will we advertise for the studio, but we might also receive instructions from Mr. Nixon." As planned, Brandon successfully diverted Janet's focus, and she ushered him to try on her creation.

Standing before the mirror, Brandon donned the outfit designed by Janet, his satisfaction evident. “Darling, your design skills have improved once more. This ensemble surpasses any of my expensive garments.”

Janet scrutinized him from collar to cuffs, meticulously inspecting every detail. Once satisfied, she grinned, teasing, “It’s your good looks and physique that make this outfit truly shine.” “I’m flattered,” Brandon quipped, admiring her in return. “Your dress is equally stunning. We make a perfect pair in these outfits. Anyone can see the designer’s talent.”

“Truly?” Janet’s face lit up. “Do you genuinely believe that?” Having experienced the upper echelons of society, Brandon had worn his fair share of high-end custom clothing. Though not a professional designer, his aesthetic standards far exceeded those of the average person.

Janet was elated to receive his endorsement.

With a solemn nod, he affirmed, “It’s genuinely beautiful.” Overjoyed, Janet hugged Brandon tightly, affectionately nuzzling his chest. “Thank you, Brandon. Your affirmation gives me greater confidence.”

His heart swelling, Brandon tenderly caressed her head, declaring, “Honey, you’re extraordinary.”

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The day of Nelson’s art exhibition finally arrived. Upon entering the venue, Janet and Brandon instantly captivated the room with their undeniable allure.

Every gaze in the room was drawn to them, their magnetic presence leaving the crowd awestruck.

“Who are those two models? Not only are they striking, but their outfits are stunning as well!” exclaimed one onlooker.

“This design is so refreshing. It’s minimalist yet captivating. I] wonder which major brand it’s from,” another whispered in admiration.

“That woman is Janet! She’s a designer herself, and this dress must be her own creation. Each detail is flawlessly executed. The fashion industry is in for

a shake-up after this,” someone recognized and lauded her. Overhearing the praise, Janet blushed, feeling a mix of happiness and b”That girl from the White family, Janet, is simply clueless. She has no understanding of the significance of marketing whatsoever. She even rejected my offer of free promotion. It’s clear that she’s pretending to be someone she’s not.

Brandon leaned in, his voice a gentle murmur in her ear. “You see, it’s not just me who thinks you’re talented. Everyone here acknowledges your design prowess. Have a little more faith in yourself.”

With a coy smile, Janet nodded.

Her demure expression caught the surrounding guests’ attention, inciting another wave of excitement.

“I never knew the young lady of the White family possessed not only remarkable design skills but also such beauty,” someone remarked, impressed by Janet’s talents and appearance.

“I used to think she was all looks, but she’s clearly got the skills to back it up,” another added.

Even some self-proclaimed elite designers flocked around Janet, seeking her insights and ideas about the garments she’d created. Meanwhile, a jealous stare fixed on her.

“She’s just riding on the coattails of the White family name. What’s so special about that?” a woman sneered, swirling the red wine in her glass. With a swish of her hips, she sauntered toward Janet in her towering heels.

“Hello.” The woman’s approach was marked by a shift from jealousy to a gentle smile. “My name is Vivi,” she said, her voice soft and soothing.

A flicker of surprise crossed Janet’s eyes as she recognized Vivi from social media.

The Internet celebrity model had gained popularity for her exceptional beauty and figure, becoming a sought-after muse for many fashion designers.

Though taken aback by Vivi’s introduction, Janet greeted her warmly, “Hello, is there something I can help you with?”

Sipping her wine, Vivi offered a proposition, "I really admire your design style, and I'd like to promote it free of charge. If we work well together, we could collaborate in the long-term, and I'd even offer you a half-off discount." Janet's heart skipped a beat at the enticing offer. Vivi's fan base could certainly reduce promotional costs for her studio, especially with the first collaboration being free.

But after some consideration, Janet politely declined, "I'm sorry, Vivi. While you're stunning, your style is more luxurious and flamboyant than what I currently design. Perhaps we can collaborate in the future."

Vivi's once-radiant smile froze upon hearing the refusal.

She couldn't believe Janet would pass up a free collaboration.

Shouldn't Janet be grateful for her generous offer of a free collaboration?

Sensing Vivi's growing discontent, Janet apologized, "I'm sorry, Vivi. I didn't mean to offend. My design aesthetic leans more toward minimalist and modern, which doesn't quite mesh with your style."

Struggling to suppress her ire, Vivi forced a smile and replied, "That's fine. If you think it's not a good fit, we'll let it go. Maybe we can work together another time."

With that, she stormed off in her towering heels, a wave of indignation brewing within her.

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Vivi had never encountered a person so ungrateful. Despite her generous offer to collaborate for free, Janet remained unappreciative of her efforts.

If it weren't for the fact that Janet belonged to the esteemed White family, and_ that establishing a relationship with her could potentially open doors to marrying into a highly affluent household,

Vivi wouldn't have bothered dealing with such a worthless young lady. Furious, Vivi stormed into the restroom, seething with anger. Moments later, she called a friend to vent her frustrations about Janet

“That girl from the White family, Janet, is simply clueless. She has no understanding of the significance of marketing whatsoever. She even rejected my offer of free promotion. It’s clear that she’s pretending to be someone she’s not. Perhaps even her reputation as a brilliant designer is nothing more than a facade.”

As Vivi spoke, her anger intensified, and her words turned more venomous. “Her so-called studio is just a waste of money and a frivolous endeavor. There’s absolutely no chance of her ever succeeding! If it weren’t for the backing of the White family and Brandon Larson, she would be nothing but a miserable bitch!”

No sooner had the words left Vivi’s mouth than the restroom door was forcefully kicked open with a resounding thud, startling her.

Her gaze turned towards the person who’d just kicked the door, and suddenly her delicate face became pale and awash with fear.

“Statements like that should be based on facts!” Mandy’s haughty voice echoed through the restroom. “What’s wrong with a designer choosing not to work with models who don’t align with their style? It’s just that you two couldn’t come to an agreement on a collaboration. Is it really necessary to slander Janet behind her back like this?”

Upon entering the washroom to wash her hands, she’d heard Vivi gossiping incessantly about Janet, saying negative things about her.

Despite harboring her own dislike for Janet, hearing this woman spew foul language and relentlessly slander Janet—smearing her in every possible way—made Mandy feel inexplicably angry.

The fact that Janet could become her competitor was enough proof of her capabilities. This woman’s slander towards Janet, therefore, felt like a direct attack on her and the fashion industry at large.

Perhaps that was the reason for her displeasure and anger in that moment.

Mandy managed to find a reasonable justification for her reaction in her thoughts. Since Vivi was acquainted with Janet, she naturally recognized Mandy as well. In addition to being a talented designer, Mandy hailed from a diplomatic family. Her clients mainly comprised of high-society elites and affluent young women.

Vivi quickly had a change of heart and offered an apology, saying, “Forgive me. I’m not well-versed in the intricacies of the fashion industry and wasn’t aware that designers had to select models based on their styles. I shouldn’t have allowed my emotions to get the better of me and criticize a designer like that.”

Mandy crossed her arms, lifted her chin and let out an arrogant snort.

Given Vivi’s penitent demeanor and tone, Mandy decided to let the matter go and not dwell on it any further.

Vivi smiled awkwardly in an attempt to appease Mandy. “Miss Hamilton, I’ve heard that you’re well-known in the fashion industry for your luxurious and refined style. I believe I’d be a good fit for that kind of aesthetic. Would you consider allowing me to model for you, free of charge?”

As she assessed Vivi’s looks and physique, Mandy couldn’t help but be intrigued.

Despite finding her irritating, it was impossible to ignore the fact that Vivi’s stunning looks and well-proportioned figure aligned perfectly with her design style.

Furthermore, Vivi already had substantial fan base, and many of her fans were likely to be potential clients for Mandy’s designs.

If she designed a luxurious and elegant dress and paired it with Vivi’s large following, the promotion effectiveness would undoubtedly be outstanding. By capitalizing on their individual strengths, they had a good chance of overtaking

Janet in the industry.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, Mandy hesitated and asked, “Are you sure that you can bring me enough popularity?”

Vivi raised her chin confidently and asserted, “Absolutely. Although I’m not a big celebrity, I’m one of the most popular influencers on social media. Topping the trending topics is a breeze for me.”

As soon as Mandy heard Vivi boasting, a strong sense of dislike surged within her.

Vivi was merely a small Internet celebrity, yet she thought of herself as a big star. Contemplating on the potential popularity that Vivi could bring her, Mandy hesitated for a few seconds before clenching her teeth and reluctantly agreeing, "Fine, we can work together. I hope you won't disappoint me."

Vivi smiled and reassured her, "Not at all, Miss Hamilton. You can rest assured. The result of our collaboration will definitely meet your expectations."

Mandy cast an indifferent glance at Vivi, snorted dismissively, and then turned around and left without uttering another word.

No matter how she rationalized the situation, one thing was clear-she had a strong dislike for Vivi. Whether due to her own ethics or personality, she found Vivi to be a hundred times more detestable than Janet.

If it weren't for her desire to surpass Janet, she wouldn't have bothered to work with a woman like Vivi, who lacked morals and principles. Just this once. Once she triumphed over Janet, she would never have anything to do with Vivi again.

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Stepping out of the restroom, Mandy reached for her makeup when a familiar figure near the washbasin caught her eye.

Draco stood there, his icy gaze filled with disdain.

Mandy's heart raced instinctively as she felt Draco's icy, disdainful gaze.

Had Draco overheard her conversation with Vivi? "Draco..." she said hesitantly. He pursed his lips, looked away, and strode off. Flustered by his departure, Mandy rushed after him and grasped his hand, attempting to explain, "Draco, it's not what you think. Please, hear me out."

Draco gently freed his hand from her grasp, his frosty smile and flat tone revealing his indifference. "Miss Hamilton, there's no need to justify yourself to me."

His cold demeanor left Mandy feeling humiliated.

Was she a terrible person in his eyes?

Did he believe she'd hurt Janet, prompting his frosty behavior?

Draco shot her another icy glance and continued walking.

Unable to bear the frigid atmosphere, Mandy blocked his path, her eyes welling up. "Do you really see me as despicable and shameless?" she choked out.

The anguish of being misunderstood by her prince charming emboldened Mandy.

She longed to clarify that she wasn't a shallow, malicious person.

Even if she truly detested Janet, she'd compete honorably through her designs, not with underhanded tactics.

Momentarily entranced by her resolve, Draco soon regained his composure, regarded Mandy calmly, and replied flatly, "You've misunderstood, Miss Hamilton. Your character is none of my concern."

Tears brimming, Mandy's voice quivered. "What do you mean it's not your concern? Am I that insignificant to you, Draco?"

Unmoved by her distress, Draco remained poised, his tone polite but distant.

"Miss Hamilton, we have no real connection. At most, we're merely peers in the design industry."

His words shattered Mandy's heart, the pain so suffocating that she struggled to breathe.

Biting her lip, Mandy's eyes reddened. Her tears threatened to spill.

Knowing Draco already harbored a strong dislike for her, she didn't want to prolong the scene by crying in front of the man she admired. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to walk away either.

She didn't want Draco to misunderstand her, despite her disheveled state.

And so, they stood in a silent standoff near the restroom door, neither one yielding.

At last, Draco's heart softened, and he sighed. "Miss Hamilton, how long do you plan to stand here blocking my path?"

Feeling wronged, Mandy glared at him. "I just want to tell you that I'm not the despicable and incompetent person you think I am. I aim to beat Janet, but only by relying on my own abilities! You'll see. I'll prove it to you!" Without waiting for his response, she spun around and dashed off.

Draco watched her flustered retreat, his feelings inscrutable.

Mandy found a secluded corner and lingered there, her heart gradually calming.

Taking deep breaths, she replayed her bold declaration, embarrassment threatening to engulf her.

"Am I an idiot?" she muttered, stomping her foot. "I've ruined any chance I had with Draco!"