

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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In the cozy reception area, Janet extended a warm cup of coffee towards Mandy, her voice softened as she asked, "What brings you my way, Miss Hamilton?"

Post the swirl of the troll scandal, Mandy had gone radio silent, keeping herself out of the Internet's scrutinizing gaze. With a gentle huff, Mandy sent a puff of steam swirling above her coffee, her words came unhurried.

"I'm not one for debts. I'm just here to repay a favor." Janet arched an eyebrow.

"I can't seem to recall any favor you owe me." A peculiar flush swept across Mandy's cheeks.

After a significant pause, she murmured, barely above a whisper, "You extended your trust to me once... Now it's my turn. I don't want any debts looming over us!"

Mandy's words were somewhat amusing to Janet.

"Alright. Seems we're square then. However, I must express my gratitude for your trust, Miss Hamilton." In response, Mandy straightened her posture, her tone laced with arrogance.

"Indeed, you should. It's not often I place my trust in others."

Janet smiled.

"I consider it an honor." Mandy took a leisurely sip of her coffee, her nose crinkling slightly as she added, "But remember, this trust won't extend to our professional battlefield. Don't let my victory in the design contest knock you off your feet."

"Oh?"

Janet rose to the challenge with a twinkle in her eye.

“Miss Hamilton, I’ll extend the same courtesy to you. I hope the competition doesn’t end prematurely for you.” Her words stoked the competitive flame in Mandy.

“I’m not the one to be defeated! I’ve been honing my skills, gearing up to trump you at the next fashion show, proving my mettle to everyone!” Janet offered a graceful smile.

“Well, I’ll be eagerly awaiting the day you best me.” The competitive banter tapered off soon, and Mandy found herself grappling with the main purpose of her visit.

Shuffling awkwardly, she ventured, “Mind if we snap a few pictures together?” Janet caught on quickly.

Smoothing out her coat and running a hand through her hair, she offered a sincere “Thank you.”

Mandy posed with elegance alongside Janet, snapping a handful of pictures.

Ensuring her most flattering angles were captured along with the Logo of Janet’s studio, she pocketed her phone, a satisfied grin playing on her lips.

The shared photograph soon made its way to Mandy’s social media, accompanied by a supportive post for Janet.

It quickly gathered momentum among Mandy’s followers. At that moment, in the bustling W Marks studio, Draco, Elizabeth, and the rest rallied behind Janet with their supportive posts. The backing from well-renowned designers improved Janet’s standing in the industry.

Her reputation was on the mend, and her clientele was warming up to her once again. Janet, however, remained oblivious to the show of solidarity from the W Marks team and the revival of her reputation. Once the photograph was posted, Mandy made her grand exit, trailed by her assistant and bodyguards.