

## **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1245**

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1245

Janet and Clyde had both agreed to rendezvous at an upscale cafe, nestled amidst stunning scenery.

Nerves tingling with anticipation, Clyde reached the cafe early, eagerly awaiting Janet's arrival.

The photos he took of Hannah were no coincidence.

He'd known for some time that Janet yearned to leave W Marks, aspiring to be an independent designer. Hannah's garments were Janet's first solo endeavor.

Initially, Clyde puzzled over why Janet would design for an ordinary elderly woman.

Upon discerning the connection between Janet and Hannah, a plan took shape in his mind.

To get closer to Janet, Clyde resolved to approach Hannah first.

Thus, he ventured to the countryside, capturing those images of Hannah and investing heavily in high-profile marketing campaigns. With considerable effort, he propelled the photos to the top of trending topics.

As anticipated, upon seeing the pictures at the summit of the trends, Janet reached out to him, even consenting to a private meeting.

As long as their encounter remained uninterrupted, Clyde believed he could capture the fair maiden's heart.

Lost in reverie, a knock at the door jolted him back to reality.

His gaze darted to the door.

A delicate hand gently pushed open the door to the private room. The ethereal figure who had haunted his dreams gracefully entered.

Clyde's heart thundered as the captivating woman drew nearer.

Janet's beauty remained unparalleled.

"Excuse me, are you the artist, Clyde Lambert?" Janet's dulcet tones echoed within the chamber.

His breath hitched. "Yes... Yes... Yes, I am," he stammered, struggling to control his galloping heart.

A charming smile graced her lips. "Nice to meet you. I'm Janet White, the designer of Hannah's clothes."

Trembling slightly, Clyde inhaled deeply before cautiously accepting her outstretched hand, feigning composure. "Hello, I'm Clyde Lambert."

"I've heard a lot about you," she replied. Janet's smile was unwavering as she released his hand and seated herself opposite him.

Her poised speech and self-assured smile sent his heart aflutter.

Suddenly, Janet scrutinized Clyde's face for a moment, her eyes widening in surprise. "You look familiar. Have we met before?"

As Clyde poured tea for her, he feigned confusion. "Have we?"

Her brow furrowed in thought, and then her face lit up with recognition. "You're the Mr. L I mistook for someone else at the coffee shop months ago!"

A look of realization dawned on Clyde's face as he exclaimed, "Now that you mention it, I have a vague recollection of that encounter. Fate, it seems, has brought us together again."

"Yes," Janet chuckled, letting the subject drop.

She retrieved the design draft for Hannah's garments from her bag, presenting it to Clyde.

Her earlier sweetness yielded to a professional, confident air befitting a designer as she tapped the draft. "This is the design for Hannah's outfit, and the reason for our collaboration on promotion," she stated.

A wave of emotion surged through Clyde, his eyes darkening.

Not only was she stunning externally, but she was also intelligent, independent, and refined. A near-perfect woman.

No wonder he found her utterly captivating.

Noticing Clyde's distraction, Janet tapped on the table lightly, her voice gentle. "Mr. Lyons, are you paying attention?"

He snapped from his daydream, apologizing with a smile, "I'm sorry, please go on."

Assuming his distraction stemmed from overwork, Janet resumed discussing Hannah's attire once Clyde had collected himself.

Suppressing his infatuation, Clyde channeled his professional artistic sensibility, attentively absorbing Janet's design concepts while occasionally offering suggestions.

As they delved into conversation, the private room's door swung open.

A tall, well-built man materialized in the doorway.

Janet's eyes sparkled upon seeing him. "Brandon, what brings you here?" she inquired.

With a dotting tone, Brandon brandished a purse. "You left this behind."

"My memory fails me sometimes." Janet playfully tapped her head, feigning embarrassment. Her demeanor was both endearing and irresistible.

Witnessing their intimacy, Clyde's heart soured.