

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1246

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1246

“Who is this?” Clyde gave Brandon a confused look as if he didn’t actually know him.

Walking up to Brandon, Janet intimately clung her arm around Brandon’s and introduced him to Clyde. “This is my husband, Brandon Larson.”

Then, with her usual grace, she introduced Clyde to Brandon. “This is Clyde Lambert, the artist who photographed Hannah.”

Brandon looked at Clyde and smiled provocatively. “I know.”

Janet gazed up at him in surprise. “You know Mr. Lambert?”

Brandon glanced at Janet and immediately, his smile turned fond. “I remember all the men who try to get close to you.”

Janet’s face heated up all of a sudden. She gave Brandon a gentle punch and pouted, “What are you talking about?”

The scene before him was too sweet that Clyde clenched his teeth as jealousy engulfed him.

What an arrogant man Brandon was! How could the man just show up when Janet and he were still dating!

He endured his displeasure, reeled it in, and calmly stood up before extending a hand to Brandon. He flashed a smile. “Hello, Mr. Larson. I’ve heard so much about you.”

For a few seconds, Brandon simply stared at Clyde coldly. Finally, he shook hands with him and smiled indifferently. “Hello, Mr. Lambert.”

The two of them just held each other’s hands, looking square into each other’s eyes with fake smiles plastered on their lips.

It didn’t take Janet long to sense that something was wrong.

With a provocative smile, Clyde said, “Mr. Larson, you seem to be worried about me staying with Mrs. Larson. I was merely discussing the designs of Hannah’s clothes with her. You can rest assured.”

In his eyes, Brandon was just a businessman who knew nothing about art and design.

He thought that Brandon didn’t understand Janet’s work and that was why Brandon was so hostile to him.

But then, Brandon raised his eyebrows and asked, “Is that so? Are you talking about Hannah’s clothes?”

He withdrew his hand and sat down next to Janet. An arrogant smile appeared on his lips. “Mr. Lambert, what a coincidence. I happen to be the real client of this order. Perhaps you should discuss the design of this apparel with me,” he said casually but with a hint of taunting.

Clyde frowned, feeling surprised. This was unexpected.

He had not known that. Brandon had kept this information secret. The only thing the public knew was that a mysterious rich man had entrusted Janet to design clothes, but no one knew it was Brandon.

In this way, Clyde had no reason to send Brandon out.

Clyde’s anger was obvious on his face now.

He pursed his lips, holding on to the last bit of patience he had. It was a losing battle. His face darkened.

He had formulated an extensive plan to get Janet alone so he would have a chance to win her heart.

But in the end, Brandon trampled on it like trash on the ground.

Clyde was more convinced now that Brandon was only a barbarian who knew nothing but business. Someone as disrespectful as him did not deserve Janet. Janet didn’t mind at all. Besides, she thought that as the client, Brandon had the right to discuss the promotion plan with them.

Clyde tucked his anger inside him, smiling his usual elegant smile as he returned to his seat.

The three of them talked about the publicity.

“Public exposure is indeed important to a successful independent designer, I believe,” Clyde said, analyzing the matter logically. “I will reveal your identity on social media platforms at some point and arrange an exclusive interview with you. What do you think?”

Janet scrunched her face, looking skeptical. “Isn’t it too much?”

Clyde smiled reassuringly. “You deserve this kind of publicity. It’s just right.”

Janet’s frown persisted. She couldn’t decide what to do.

“I don’t think so.”

Brandon’s voice cut Janet’s failed attempt to refuse before she could even say it.