

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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Derek's hand fell before it landed, his hand dropping to his side even as his eyes stayed narrowed. He clicked his tongue sitting back down on the sofa. "A real gentleman doesn't lay a hand on women. I'll let you off this once, but don't think there'll be a next time," he hissed.

Gilda rolled her eyes at his childishness. Not bothering herself with him, she turned to Janet with a smile and said, "Ignore him. Where were we? Let's continue talking about our plans." Janet returned her smile and nodded readily.

As their discussion went on, her gaze would occasionally land on Derek, who quietly restrained his temper. A sense of relief came to her at the thought that someone had finally managed to tame this rough and childish demon.

Gilda was stern with her dealings with Derek, but she was able to equally display wit and humor in her professional conversations. Janet found herself enjoying her company, and the two of them came into quick agreement about their terms.

"Then it's settled." Janet extended her hand with a bright smile. "I look forward to the results of this partnership."

Giselle shook her hand back and beamed, "Likewise. Don't worry. I won't let you down."

Derek, who had been quietly watching the entire time, spoke up, a hint of jealousy in his voice. "What's the big deal? I can do even better than you."

At his words, Gilda's head turned sharply, a cold look in her eyes as she glared at him. Derek's heart skipped a beat, and his hand flew to cover his mouth. 1

Janet couldn't help but chuckle at their playful display.

After seeing them off, she had planned on going back to her office and doing some more work.

At this moment, Lexi ran over and said hurriedly, "Boss, the people from W Marks have arrived. They're waiting for you in the reception room."

Upon hearing this news, Janey walked eagerly to the room to meet them. 1

It must have been Elizabeth who came.

However, she did not expect the presence of another person as she opened the door. A familiar figure was standing with his back to her. "Mr. Wesley, you're here as well?"

She had thought that Elizabeth would come alone. Seeing Draco, who had always been reserved and distant, was a surprise. Draco turned around, his handsome face breaking into a smile at the sight of Janet. "Long time no see," he said.

Elizabeth quickly walked over and affectionately hooked an arm around Janet's own. "Did you miss us?" she asked with a teasing smile.

A pleasant warmth wrapped around Janet. She was touched. "I didn't expect the both of you to come..."

Draco's voice was firm and sincere as he answered, "We believe in you. You're not the kind of person who would use your family's power to step over others.

You would never harm anyone. Starting your own studio will not be without problems. You'll be faced with a lot of difficulties, and you'll have rivals waiting for a chance to pull you down. You have to stay strong. Every beginning is a hurdle in itself, but once you've built a solid foundation, you'd be able to survive any storm."

Janet bit her lip, her eyelids growing heavy with tears. She blinked them back and smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Wesley. Your trust and support mean a lot to me. I'll keep going. No matter what challenges come my way, I'll keep this studio alive."

A relieved smile came to Draco. Janet had always been determined, and it was serving her well now. "I'm glad that you're holding on to your resolve. You've done excellent work with the studio, and not once have you let me down. I expect great things in your future."

Draco had come in concern for Janet despite being in the middle of W Marks' work, but seeing how she held her head high reassured him. Now that he knew she was doing fine, he had no reason to linger. After exchanging a few more words, he bid farewell and left.

It had been a long time since Elizabeth had last seen Janet, and she was aware of the problems that recently arose for her friend. She decided to stay behind a little longer instead of leaving with Draco, wanting to give Janet more encouragement.

"Don't worry about it too much," Elizabeth said comfortingly as she held Janet's hand. "We all know that you had nothing to do with what happened to Vivi. All this is someone else's doing, and you're being framed."

Janet sighed. "You're right. It's clear that Brandon and I are being targeted. Vivi wouldn't have died so quickly otherwise. But we haven't found any leads, and not knowing who is behind this makes it all the more unsettling. I can't close my eyes without all this coming up to the surface."