

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire

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A week swept past before anyone realized it. In the quietude of the evening, Lexi rapped lightly on Janet's office door.

"Enter."

Janet's response, a tired whisper, wafted from within. Lexi swung the door open a fraction, her head peeking through.

"Mrs.Larson, we're wrapping up for the day.Will you be heading out with us?"

Cradling her phone, Janet seemed lost in thought.Her voice wavered as she glanced at Lexi, managing a weary smile.

"You all have been diligent; head home.

I have some matters to attend to." Lexi's eyes widened in concern; it was the first time she saw Janet so dispirited.

"Mrs.Larson, are you alright? The slew of cancelled orders isn't weighing you down, is it? Don't stress..."

"I'm okay."

Janet cut Lexi off mid-sentence with a comforting smile.

"We have enough orders to keep us afloat.I'm not troubled about that.Go on, don't worry."

Janet fell silent for a moment, studying Lexi as if she wanted to pose a question. Lexi looked puzzled.

"Mrs.Larson, is there something you want to ask?"

After a moment's hesitation, Janet managed to mumble, "I have a friend.Her relationship with her boyfriend has been a bit rocky recently.Any idea what could be the cause?"

Rubbing her chin in thought, Lexi suggested, "Maybe he's having an affair?"

Janet felt a jolt of fear at the response, her voice trembling as she asked, "Why would you say that?" Scratching her head with a grin, Lexi's eyes sparkled with the thrill of gossip.

"Isn't that how it goes in TV dramas? Love never fades; it merely shifts."

Janet was left dumbfounded.

Brushing off the awkwardness, she urged, "Never mind.

You should get going." Lexi wanted to probe further, but the sight of Janet's deflated demeanor stopped her.

She bid her boss goodbye and exited the room. With Lexi's departure, the studio fell into an eerie quiet, save for the distant honks and murmurs of the outside world.

The setting sun streamed through the glass, casting elongated shadows of Janet across the room.

She stared at her phone, the chat history from the day before igniting a pang of loneliness. For the first time, she had gone a full day without hearing from Brandon. Their last conversation ended abruptly the day before.

Brandon's final message had been a promise to pick her up after work that day.

And then, radio silence Janet gnawed at her lower lip, itching to send Brandon a message.

But after some hesitation, she set her phone aside. Given Brandon's icy demeanor of late, she was at a loss about what message to send, not to mention whether reaching out might disrupt him further. In reality, the upheaval following Vivi's death didn't weigh heavily on Janet. She had experienced the superficiality of the celebrity world but had also managed to discern genuine friends and those clients who truly appreciated her designs.

In her view, this was far from being a setback.