

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire
Chapter 435: Wedding Dresses

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Janet blinked several times, thinking that she had misheard him.

She awkwardly ran her fingers through her hair and clutched the blanket that was draped around her body.

“What-” she choked, then had to clear her throat.

“What wedding dress?” Ethan smiled at her patiently and spoke slowly, as one would with a child.

“We married in a rather shabby ceremony. You wore a simple white dress, and not much happened besides us exchanging vows.

I always thought you may not have a good memory of our wedding day.” Janet didn’t expect Ethan to still remember these trivial

things, much less care about them. Her heart softened despite herself. She could be so easy sometimes.

Luckily, she snapped back to her senses a moment later.

“Forget it, Ethan. That would be too much trouble.”

He insisted, of course.

“The wedding day is one of the most important events in a woman’s life, this much I know. And it is important to me. Now that

you know my other identity, I want to pledge myself to you again, this time as Brandon Larson.”

Janet was stunned speechless at his smooth declaration. In the end, she could only nod in agreement.

South Pole was the most expensive wedding gown shop in Seacisco, catering mostly to custom-made orders for the upper society. They were proud of their clientele, too, as evidenced by an advertisement they had once run on TV.

Then, it was known as a luxury brand that only serviced the wealthiest ladies the city could offer. And today, Janet was going to

get that full, exclusive experience. Ethan and Janet walked into the store hand in hand. She was still opposed to the whole idea,

especially since she was still mad at him. But now that they were here, she couldn’t just flee and make Ethan lose face in public.

“Mr. Larson! Why have you come so early? Isn’t your appointment for three o’clock this afternoon?” A woman who looked to be in

her forties greeted them at the door, wearing heavy makeup and chunky jewelry.

As she drew closer, however, Janet realized that it was actually a man. She tried not to stare at his fake lashes and his Adam’s

apple.

“This is Mr. Jarvis.” Ethan introduced the man.

“He is the chief wedding gown designer of South Pole. He’ll take you to get your measurements, and then browse around the

shop. If you encounter any problems, just let him know. He’ll take care of everything.”

Janet barely nodded before she was whisked away by the zealous designer.

"I never imagined that Brandon was really married! I thought he was just kidding when he called me." Mr. Jarvis put a hand over his mouth and chuckled demurely. His gestures were more coquettish than most ladies Janet had met. He narrowed his eyes and peered at her.

"You have a small face and such dainty features. Do you want to try a sexy, backless dress? Or would you like an evening gown style that shows off your cleavage? What color are we thinking, by the way? White is too common in this day and age. How about champagne or rose pink?" He chattered on as he rounded Janet and looked her up and down. She had a slender waist and all the right curves. She would probably look splendid in any type of dress. Janet, on the other hand, was in a daze.

The rows of dazzling dresses overwhelmed her. It was like she had stepped into designer heaven. It was obvious that each garment had been crafted carefully, with their exquisite details and all kinds of jewels inlaid in the fabric.

One corner seemed to be dedicated to the simpler, sweeter styles, while another corner burst with shades of pink. The first one boasted of satin and lace dresses with pearls and sewn flowerettes as accents. The second one had massive dresses with layers of tulle and ruffles. But the most remarkable of all was the line-up of traditional wedding dresses from different countries.

This shop truly had it all; they had even thought about the possibility of having foreign customers.

"Are those displayed behind the glass for sale?" Janet nodded at a long cabinet lining an entire wall.

"Or are they off-limits?" The dress in the center had caught her eye. It had an intricately embroidered bodice that tapered down to a full skirt peppered with tiny tulips. Mr. Jarvis giggled meaningfully.

"Nothing is off-limits when it comes to Brandon. Those dresses are from the "True Love" series that was released earlier this year. Each element was handmade by professional craftsmen."

Hearing that, Janet surmised that the price they fetched must be over the roof. Her frugal nature kicked in, and she immediately looked away.

There were a lot of other amazing dresses to choose from anyway. Soon enough, she began to wish that they weren't all so gorgeous, since it made for a very difficult choice. Four hours later, Ethan knocked on the door to the fitting lounge and let himself in.

"So impatient!" Mr. Jarvis chided good-naturedly. He could tell what Ethan was thinking at a glance.

"You were taking so long that I started to worry you might have done something to my precious lady." There was a long corridor

connecting the female dressing room and the male dressing room here. Ethan leaned against the door frame and quietly watched Janet. The black suit he was wearing was pretty simple, albeit finely tailored to his figure. Even so, he made it look like a million bucks, Janet tried on a few more dresses, only to realize that she liked everything so far. Eventually, even she thought that she was taking too long. She helplessly turned to Ethan and gave him a pleading look. In response, he stared at the cabinet display and settled for the dress encrusted with diamonds.

“Jarvis, take that one out and box it up. Send it to my villa along with every dress my wife has tried on.” He was a man of action,

after all. He strode over and put an arm around Janet’s shoulders.

“From now on, you don’t have to push yourself to choose one over the other. If you like something, just buy it. You can get whatever you want.”

Mr. Jarvis clapped his hands with glee. “Oh my, how generous of you, Mr. Larson.”

He then turned to a panic-stricken Janet and said, “Miss, you definitely made the right decision marrying this man.”

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Chapter 436: Dress Up

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By the time they arrived home, a delivery truck was parked in the driveway, and staff from South Pole were carefully transporting one exquisite dress after another into the villa. Any woman would be quite overwhelmed to see so many gorgeous dresses at the same time, let alone own them. Still, Janet couldn’t help but frown and scold her overly indulgent husband.

“Ethan, you don’t have to spend so much money on me. We’d better save for the future, just in case. Stop squandering your wealth like this. I know you’re filthy rich, but...”

She unconsciously drifted into silence, thinking she might have said too much. She hadn’t completely reconciled with Ethan yet, and besides, it was his own money. By all rights, she wasn’t in a position to interfere with his finances.

“Forget it,” Janet muttered angrily and stomped over to the sofa.

Ethan chuckled at the grumpy look on her face.

He knew he should coax her and bring her over back to his side. If he let this selfless woman go, she would only end up getting bullied by other people.

“How about this, then—what if I surrender all my assets to you? You can take charge of my finances from now on.” Ethan

plopped down next to Janet, rather surprised at himself. It seemed that he had taken well to getting tied down and submitting to his dear wife.

Janet gaped at him, just as shocked by his proposal, maybe even more. Ethan had an obscene amount of money, and they both knew it. Was he even aware of what he was saying? He cleared his throat and chuckled again, a mild attempt to lighten things up.

“Take your time and think it over. There’s no rush. For now, just stay at home and get some rest. I’ll take care of everything else.”

Sure enough, Ethan was so busy in the next three days that he barely spent any time at home. They had been sleeping in separate rooms ever since their fight, which only made it all the more difficult for Janet to see him. He’d be gone long before she woke up in the morning, and when he returned, she’d already be fast asleep. Janet found herself overthinking the possibilities, especially since she was in the dark about whatever was keeping Ethan so busy. She tried to find things to do at home, if only to distract herself from her budding expectations and anxiety.

Finally, on the third day, their doorbell rang. Janet opened the door to find a young man with short, curly hair and a bright smile.

“Good morning, Miss Lind. I’ve brought the stylists.” Janet tilted her head to the side and narrowed her eyes. This man looked

familiar for some reason. Noticing her confusion, Sean promptly introduced himself.

“Ah, pardon me. My name is Sean Johnson, and I’m Mr. Larson’s personal assistant.

We have met once, a long time ago.” Janet

gasped and exclaimed, “Oh, so it’s you! Do come in and make yourself at home.”

Sean stepped into the foyer followed by several other people that included of a makeup artist, a hairdresser, and an employee from South Pole.

Janet instantly recognized them. For one thing, the makeup artist was renowned in the entertainment industry for having done international stars and supermodels. Briefly, she wondered how Ethan had managed to book such a high-profile team.

This time, however, Sean ignored her puzzlement and proceeded to direct everyone to their respective duties.

“Alright, you guys, let’s get to work! We only have three hours to get everything ready!”

The team sprang into action at once and got busy. Janet found herself feeling

intimidated by the sharp and efficient atmosphere

that Sean commanded. Nonetheless, she let herself be swept away by the motion of things.

True to their reputations, the makeup artist and the hairdresser handled her appearance like they were crafting a masterpiece.

Janet was stunned when she looked in the mirror afterward; she hardly recognized herself. Her hair was braided intricately and

coiled on top of her head, highlighting her delicate features.

Her eyes glimmered under her curly lashes and the soft blush on her lids. The stylists opted for minimal makeup, but it never

diminished Janet's beauty. She looked far more elegant, more dazzling; than most socialites in Seacisco.

She certainly looked different compared to how she looked on her first wedding ceremony.

Sean watched the final product of their combined efforts and nodded approvingly. He glanced at his wristwatch and checked the time.

"You may go out now, Miss Lind. Mr. Larson is waiting for you outside."

Right on cue, the servants opened the door of the villa. Ethan stood at the driveway, clad in a silver gray suit and holding a bouquet of tulips and lilies of the valley. He looked just as dashing as ever, but there was a more mature and steadfast quality in the way that he held himself.

He watched the love of his life emerge from the villa, the sunlight pouring over her lovely face. A wave of awe washed over him as he drank in the sight. He offered his arm as Janet drew close, and when she took it, he murmured, "Only you could give this dress justice."

Janet curled her gloved fingers around his bicep and grinned as he ushered her into the car. The sound of salutes rang around just as the car door slammed shut, and then they were off to the wedding venue. The Bugatti Veyron cruised out of the villa grounds with dozens of luxury cars in its trail.

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Chapter 437: The Grand Wedding

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The wedding was being held outside on the lawn of a manor that Ethan happened to own. It might be because Ethan had prevented the other cars from entering this area ahead of time that they could drive unimpededly Janet was so anxious that her palms were pouring out sweat.

Looking at the scenery passing by outside the car window, she kept taking deep breaths in order to calm her nerves.

"Relax, you're making me nervous, Mrs. Larson." Ethan held Janet's quivering hand, his eyes full of tenderness for her

Turning to give him a look, Janet asked in a solemn voice, "If you do this, will your true identity as Brandon Larson be revealed?"

"It's not too much of a big deal compared to getting married to you."

Ethan was concerned that Janet might overthink things, so he looked at her to see how she was doing.

The woman's face was a little flustered, her drooping eyelashes shaking ever so slightly, and her soft and slender fingers were fiddling with the hemline of her wedding dress. Ethan knew that Janet was very nervous today. She didn't like to stir up trouble

for others. She was always afraid of becoming a burden to others. But she and he had been married, and it was only right that they took care of each other.

“Janet.” Clenching Janet’s hand, Ethan looked expectant right then.

“From now on, the person next to you is Brandon Larson. Do you have any objections to starting a new life with him as the wife of Brandon?”

Janet’s heart skipped a beat and her face reddened unnaturally. In fact, she was willing to right then. But Ethan still had the feeling that Janet was still rejecting him since she didn’t say anything. He looked down at her gently and then said,

“There’s absolutely no rush. I didn’t ask you to give me an answer right away.”

Their car made its way into the manor.

The whole white villa was overflowing with guests.

Seeing the luxury car coming in, everyone started to clap their hands. Janet was shocked by the grandness of the wedding.

On the road just outside the mansion, all types of luxury cars lined up and the queue was about several miles. It looked like the

lawn in the manor could hold thousands of people. Those who attended included celebrities from various fields and rich families,

as well as those in the media, came to witness the joyous occasion

“Ethan, you should at least put a mask on. If you expose yourself, the Lester family will come right away to cause trouble for you, won’t they?”

In addition to being shocked by this scene, Janet was worried about Ethan revealing his current identity

“There must be other reasons why you’re hiding your true identity. Even though I have no idea what the specific situation is, I don’t want you to fall short of success just because of me.”

As Janet said this, her nose started to twitch.

Ethan was startled for a few seconds. It looked like Janet had already guessed it.

His wife was really so smart.

Ethan placed his arm around Janet’s shaking shoulder and whispered in her ear, “I just want to make it public that Brandon and

Janet are married. In this way, it will be common knowledge that you’re Mrs. Larson.

Then you’ll feel at ease and won’t feel that

I’m not being sincere enough. As for what you’re worried about, I’m going to handle it.”

Janet’s moist eyes widened. Tears wet her curled eyelashes, which gave a charming and enchanting look.

Janet cried even harder and a hint of bitterness surged up in her heart

Ethan burned to take out a square handkerchief from his suit pocket and proceeded to wipe the tears off Janet’s face. He was

too anxious to say a coherent sentence for a moment there while wiping the tears off her face, he tried

to comfort her, “Please stop your tears now, babe. You’ll need to fix your makeup if you keep crying like that.”

Taner smiled through her tears. The man before her was the decisive and ruthless CEO of the Larson Group. But now

Was he was acting so cautious in front of her. She was feeling moved and she didn't know if she should cry or laugh for a moment there

"Ethan, since you're willing to marry me, of course, I won't be giving up on you so easily. Even though being Brandon Larson's wife is no easy thing, and I may be too young and not qualified enough, I'll definitely try my best to be stronger and make you proud of me. If you feel worn out and want to go home one day, I'll always be by your side the whole entire way." The two embraced each other.

All sorts of feelings welled up in Ethan's heart right then.

"Janet..."

Ethan could tell that underneath Janet's gentle and calm appearance, there was an incomparably strong, unyielding heart and that she would always stand by her man. She was obviously a very good woman.

The wedding music sounded out at that time. Ethan led Janet out of the car, interlocked ten fingers with hers, and they both walked into the wedding site.

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