

The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

Chapter 308: Janet Was Accused of Plagiarism

Laney hobbled out of the bathroom, every inch of her body sore.

Carrett saw the sweat gathered on her forehead and that she clutched onto the door frame of the bathroom with her fingers, seemingly not knowing what to do next.

She seemed to be hesitating at the bathroom door about how to walk back awkwardly.

This was indeed very inconvenient for her and she would feel even more uncomfortable if Garrett continued to stay there.

Garrett picked up his suit jacket from the chair and uttered these words, "I have a meeting to attend to later; so I'm heading out now. I'll call the nurse over later. If you need anything, she can help you. Feel free to spend Ethan's money as you please. Your injury was a result of you protecting his woman after all. You can also call me if anything else comes up."

Before leaving, Garrett placed his fingertip on the cake box and tapped on it.

"Since it's not going in the fridge, you'd better finish it up soon."

Watching Garrett walk out the door, Laney staggered from the bathroom in the direction of the bed. She looked at the pink bear-like cake and hesitated for some time.

After that, she slowly made her way over to the cake box and opened it. She dipped her fingers into the pink cream and placed it into her mouth.

The cream was very sweet, much sweeter than she originally thought.

But it was not very greasy.

Looking at the door that Garrett had gone out of, Laney thought that he was not that bad after all.

As soon as Janet snuck back to the company, Tiffany asked her to meet her in her office.

"Why haven't you shown up the whole morning? Where did you head off to?"

There was anxiety evident in Tiffany's voice. She was dressed up very gracefully today. She had on a long pink off-the-shoulder dress, appearing very elegant. Usually, she liked to wear suits of black and white colors, which made her appearance seem very shrewd and capable.

"What's the matter? What happened?"

Rubbing her fingers together in a nervous manner, Janet appeared a little confused.

Tiffany wouldn't be looking for her if there wasn't anything important.

Tiffany shook her head with a look of disappointment on her face.

She took the coat hanging from the hanger and rapped Janet's forehead with her knuckles.

"You are really forgetful. This afternoon happens to be the opening of Fashion Week in Seacisco."

All of a sudden, it dawned on Janet that the clothes she designed would be the first one to be on display.

"What are you doing still standing here? Let's go now!"

Tiffany uttered after she opened the door and turned around to give Janet a look.

On the venue of the Fashion Week at Seacisco.

Janet and Tiffany sat at the seats under the runway which happened to be set up in a maple forest.

Janet was the youngest person among the designers of the first show and this would be her first time taking part in such an activity, so she was attracting a whole lot of attention.

Tiffany was familiar with a bunch of people in the designer circle since she was once also a designer like a dark horse with a bright future.

Tiffany led Janet to meet with many famous designers.

After several rounds of chit-chat, Janet got acquainted with a bunch of designers in the city.

The fashion show started at approximately four o'clock in the afternoon.

Pretty soon, Janet's work was on display onstage.

This time, the materials she used were soft silk fabric and silver threads to the silk cloth.

At this moment in time, a breeze blew the dress designed by Janet, making it outshine all the other dresses.

Like the others present in the showroom, Tiffany pulled out her cell phone and began to take pictures of the models wearing the dresses.

Some exclamations sounded out from time to time.

'Even the wind happens to support you this afternoon.'

Tiffany smiled and activated the shutter on her phone screen.

With a shy smile on her face, Janet quietly turned her head around to look at the people who were apparently thoroughly impressed by her design.

She felt a special sense of satisfaction and accomplishment flow through her heart. Her initial intention of being a designer was not to be famous but to be appreciated and liked by the others around her.

Just as everyone was admiring her designs on the stage, a woman suddenly rushed onto the catwalk, trying to catch her breath.

She stopped all the models, angrily pointed her finger at Janet, and shouted out loud, "Janet Lind, you're such a shameless plagiarist! How could you actually plagiarize my work openly in this way?"