

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 74I

□ □ □

Chapter 74I: Ruling Out Dalores

Draco looked at Dalores, who was being pressed on the ground by a fierce-looking woman, and then at Janet.

"Janet, tell me, what's going on?"

After asking her bodyguard to let Dalores go, Janet explained, "Dalores picked a fight with me and my bodyguard, so she stopped her."

Dalores hastily stood up from the ground as soon as she was released. She shot Janet an angry look and then turned to Draco

with a pitiful expression.

"Mr. Wesley, it's all Janet's fault! She tried to bring her servant into the office, but I told her it wasn't allowed.

So she ordered her servant to beat me up!"

Janet was sick and tired of Dalores's bullshit, so she walked up to Draco and explained frankly, "This woman isn't my servant. She's my bodyguard. Something terrible happened after work yesterday. The billboard on the roof of this building fell and

almost killed me. For the sake of my own safety, I brought bodyguards to work today."

Crossing her arms across her chest, Dalores sneered in disdain.

"You're making mountains out of molehills. The fallen billboard was just a freaking accident. Why would you need bodyguards here? What a lame excuse!"

Janet didn't even glance at Dalores.

Instead, she stared at Draco intently and asked, "Mr. Wesley, you've heard about the billboard incident, right?"

Draco did hear about it. It was said that after Janet got out of work yesterday, she was almost crushed by the billboard. It seemed that Brandon was also there.

It was he who protected Janet, saving both her and himself.

He frowned.

"Are you hurt? Have you gone to the hospital?"

After hesitating for a few seconds, Janet decided to tell the truth.

"No, but my husband got injured. Although the police said it was just an accident, I know that something's not right."

Whoever was behind this had to be lurking in the shadows, but she didn't know where.

Maybe everything that was happening right now was also being monitored.

After mulling over it for a while, Draco finally made a decision.

"I'll let your bodyguard into the studio, but she'll have to abide by the rules and can't get in the way of anyone's work, okay?"

Janet was a little surprised to hear this. She wasn't expecting Draco to be so considerate.

What a kind boss! She broke into a smile and nodded happily.

"Thank you, Mr. Wesley. I'll get to work now."

After excusing herself, Janet entered the studio with her bodyguard.

Just as she was about to reach her workstation, Dalores's sharp voice called from behind her.

"You can't just leave! Your so-called bodyguard hurt my arm just now. How're you going to compensate me for that?"

Dalores demanded fiercely.

Janet was speechless. She glanced at Dalores's arm, which only had some slight bruising.

The bruise would probably disappear in mere minutes. How dare Dalores ask her for compensation? This stupid woman just wanted to blackmail her! As Draco walked past them, he

glanced at the petty bruise on Dalores's arm and said coldly, "If you're really hurt, you can file for a leave and go see a

doctor. Anyway, we have Tasha now. The studio will survive while you're gone"

Dalores's nostrils flared angrily.

Draco was obviously on Janet's side. She put her arm behind her back and lowered her head, as though she had been wronged.

"It's okay. It's just a minor injury. I can still work."

Then she stomped off to her station angrily.

Janet couldn't help but snigger when Dalores was out of earshot. She actually thought about whether Dalores had been the one

who tampered with the fallen billboard.

On second thought, it seemed that Dalores was too stupid to come up with a ploy so devious.

She couldn't have found out about Janet's war with Charis and used it against her, right? At least among the suspects, she could

rule out Dalores.

But if it wasn't her, who could it be? Janet had to get to the bottom of this. She found a seat for the bodyguard in the office and

asked her to wait quietly.

Then she went to the bathroom.

She turned on her cell phone and looked at all the strange messages from last night.

It was daytime now. She doubted ghosts would come to haunt her while the sun was still up.

Janet then tapped the phone number and called the mysterious sender.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

□ □ □