

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 791 JORGE'S ATTACK

Was that man really Jorge?

Janet's eyes widened in alarm.

As for Brandon, he had already guessed as much. An ominous feeling had been nagging at him since he entered Elizabeth's place. It wasn't until Janet had spoken it out loud that he felt more certain about his suspicions. "I believe so," he said in a somber voice.

Damn it! The man must have come here to exact his vendetta against Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was in danger!

The moment she realized this, Janet gripped the banister and made to race back upstairs. She needed

to prevent another sordid tragedy from happening.

Brandon acted quickly, his arm reaching out to stop Janet in her tracks and pull her back.

"Take her away," he instructed the female bodyguard.

"No, Brandon!" Janet cried out. "Elizabeth is in danger. I have to save her. Let me go, or it might be too late!"

"Just stay away. I'll take care of it." Brandon took off his coat and unbuttoned his cuffs.

He tossed the coat over to Janet and addressed the bodyguard. "It will be dangerous upstairs. Take her to the car and wait for me there."

Janet clutched his coat in her hands, her heart getting heavier by the second.

Her good friend was in danger, yet she could do nothing but to stand back and watch her husband risk his own safety to save Elizabeth.

With a sullen expression, Janet tried to rush forward and run upstairs again.

And just like before, Brandon held her back at the very next second.

"Listen to what I say," he said, his eyes turning cold.
"And wait for me in the car."

Janet opened her mouth to protest, caught herself at the last minute.

Sensing her frustration, Brandon softened his tone.
"Just do as I say, okay? I can't save anyone if I keep worrying about you. I need to know that you are safe

first, do you understand?"

Of course, she understood what he meant.

Brandon had never been the type to meddle in other people's business. If Janet persisted on staying, he just might forget about helping Elizabeth altogether.

Janet hurried down the few steps and looked at him eagerly.

For Elizabeth's sake, she had no other choice but to stay away, just as Brandon said.

"Be careful. I'll wait for you in the car." Her grip tightened on his coat as she steeled her mind and walked to the car with the bodyguard.

Upstairs.

Jorge rejoiced as soon as Brandon and Janet were out of sight. At last, his chance had come.

He continued to move the cabinet and other things along with the other workers. Once everything was in order, the men started to leave the unit.

Elizabeth's aunt stood at the door to thank them one by one and send them off.

Elizabeth was not good with this sort of thing, so she only offered them a smile and a nod, and then went on to organize her design drafts.

Jorge hovered behind the cabinet he had just put down and glared viciously in her direction. He waited until she was distracted and decided it was time.

He pulled out his knife and lunged toward her. "You bitch! You made me like this! I will kill you for all you did to me!"

Elizabeth's aunt whirled around at the sound of a man's roar, and she saw one of the workers trying to attack her niece with a blade.

In a panic, she rushed over without thinking. "You bastard! What do you think you're doing?"

Elizabeth looked up just then. It was all happening so fast, but she did register a man charging her with a weapon.

Shocked out of her wits, she could only freeze and stare.

Who was he?

A terrifying thought flashed in her mind. In an instant, she knew the answer to her question.

It was Jorge!

He had come to her for revenge.

Elizabeth finally sprang into action. She tried to dodge him, but she was trembling so much that she ended up backing herself up to a corner.

Her fear was obvious and palpable, and Jorge took great satisfaction in that. He let out a maniacal laughter and raised his knife to deal her a fatal blow.

But the knife never made contact with Elizabeth.

Her aunt had dashed over in a blur and shielded Elizabeth with her own body. The older woman sustained a long cut on her arm, from which blood

was gushing out profusely.

"Auntie!"

Elizabeth cradled her injured aunt, her eyes filled with tears. Then she raised her head and glared at the man before them. "Jorge!" she screamed in rage. "Have you lost your mind? You can't just go around, killing people! It's against the law!"

But Jorge didn't seem to care about any of that at all.

"Get out of my way!" he snarled, pushing Elizabeth's aunt to the side.

The poor woman fell back from the force and accidentally bumped her head against the wall.

She fainted and fell on the floor in a heap.

Elizabeth instinctively rushed over to see if her aunt was okay, but Jorge grabbed her by the arm and hauled her back.

He pressed the knife against her chin. "Now, you're going to hell, bitch!"