

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 764 COLD HARD CASH

As he spoke, Brandon took out his phone and made a call.

"We're at W Marks. Come here and drive all the reporters outside away. Contact the media outlets. We're going to buy off the news."

Janet's eyes went as wide as saucers as she listened to what he said on the phone.

"Who did you call just now?" Janet asked in shock.

"Sean. He'll handle it," Brandon answered, putting his phone away.

Sure enough, about ten minutes later, Sean arrived.

Brandon walked out the door of W Marks Studio.

Janet could only watch them handle the situation from inside the studio.

"You don't want to go against the Larson Group, do you?" Sean stood in front of the group of reporters and spoke authoritatively. "Since you're taking our money, I'd better not hear about any of this on the news tomorrow."

Before Sean came here, he had gotten his hands on all the bank accounts of these reporters. After receiving the order from Brandon, he had transferred the money to their accounts.

When the journalists saw that a huge amount of money had been transferred into their accounts, they exchanged glances and knew what this was: a bribe.

"We'll keep our mouths shut, nor will we make any comments that'll affect the reputation of W Marks. We'll forget what happened today." The reporters promised.

Janet watched from the doorway and was dumbfounded. It turned out that cold hard cash saved the day.

"Money can really solve everything," she murmured as she watched the reporters disperse. To Brandon, she felt guilty. "How much did you give them? They all look so thrilled!"

Brandon shrugged indifferently. "If a problem can be solved with money, then why not use it to your advantage?"

Seeing the sad look on Janet's face, Brandon knew that she was still upset about the money spent.

"What's with the long face? This is nothing, honey. I can afford it."

Janet had no idea that Brandon would come and save her skin today. After all, he had been very busy with the Larson Group lately, so he must've carved out time for this.

Her heart felt warm. "Thank you, honey..."

He always showed up when she needed help most.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fuller was still very disappointed. She stood up angrily and was about to storm out in a huff.

Seeing this, Dalores couldn't stay silent any longer. She hurried to block Mrs. Fuller's way and asked

anxiously, "Are you just going to let Janet go, Mrs. Fuller? She's the reason why you won't get to wear your dress!"

Dalores found it so strange. The Fuller family was also wealthy. Why were they so scared of Brandon?

Mrs. Fuller stopped and narrowed her eyes at her. "You're Dalores, aren't you? You're the one who called me yesterday!"

Dalores blinked in surprise. "I did it for you, Mrs. Fuller!"

Mrs. Fuller sneered at her in disdain. "I know what you were really after, Dalores. But you should be kinder for your own good. You gave me false information so that I could make a fool out of myself here? So shady, don't you think?"

"It's not like that! Mrs. Fuller, please let me explain—" Dalores tried to redeem herself.

Mrs. Fuller impatiently raised her hand and cut her off abruptly. "I don't have time to listen to your ramblings."

Then she broke into a smile and patted Dalores's cheek, her eyes flashing dangerously. "Dalores, you'd better pray that you work here the rest of your life, or I'll make sure you have no foothold in the design industry."

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