

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 771 A FAVOR

"Don't feel too bad. Mr. Wesley is being kind enough to me already," Elizabeth said gently in a bid to comfort Janet. She had packed up her things earlier, and was now holding the cardboard box that contained them. "Since it's time to get off work, anyway, would mind having dinner with me? As a way of sending me off, maybe?"

Janet was momentarily taken aback. "Don't say that. You'll be back once Jorge is caught."

Elizabeth's eyes dimmed at the mention of his name. "After dinner, I'll head straight to the police station."

Judging by the look on the other woman's face, Janet could tell that she probably still harbored some expectations for Jorge.

They had much to discuss, yet so little time to do it, especially in the studio. The pair clocked out and chose a famous Turkish restaurant in Barnes for dinner. Janet's bodyguard tailed them, of course. She chose a nearby table and sat quietly.

Now that they had left the studio and Dalores wasn't around, Janet finally let her guard down and spoke her mind.

"Jorge is an absolute asshole. You should be more careful the next time you see him. Whatever happens, don't fall for his tricks again." She simply couldn't help but admonish Elizabeth. "Men like him are good at putting up appearances, but their ruthless nature never changes. A desperately ambitious man can do anything for his selfish interests! Seeing that you've made your decision to go to the authorities, you should prepare yourself for the possibility that he

would come back to take revenge on you."

"Don't worry, I will never be softhearted toward him again," Elizabeth assured her. "I intend to move and live with a relative for some time. He won't be able to find me."

This seemed to appease Janet. "That's good, then. If you need any help, just call me at any time. I'll help you in any way I can."

"Okay." Elizabeth paused and changed the subject. "You know, you're the most passionate colleague I've ever had the pleasure to work with," she beamed.

It was rare for her to smile so brightly. She always appeared aloof and distant to other people.

"We're all there to work," Janet said gently, returning Elizabeth's smile. "There's no need to make our

workplace such a mess, like Dalores does."

Just then, the waiter came to serve the dishes they ordered.

"This dessert tastes excellent," Elizabeth said as she cut up a piece for Janet. "I've eaten here before, and I was not disappointed!"

After taking a bite, Janet was amazed by its exquisite taste. She then remembered that Brandon enjoyed such sweets in the past.

The women had been starving when they arrived, so their attention was diverted to the food as soon as it was laid out on the table. As such, they failed to notice a man in a black turtleneck sweater sitting in the far corner of the restaurant. He was holding up the menu to cover most of his face as he stared at Elizabeth and Janet.

It was Jorge.

His eyes flashed maniacally as he gnashed his teeth together. It was all he could do to keep from rushing over and beating Elizabeth up.

But when he spotted Janet's bodyguard sitting just a few tables away, he had no choice but to stay put.

After the meal, Janet and Elizabeth exchanged farewells and went their separate ways.

Brandon was already at the villa. He had already taken a shower and made himself some salad.

When Janet came in, he had just sat down and was about to start eating.

"You arrived just in time. Do you want some?"

Brandon gestured at his plate with his fork.

As if on cue, Janet let out a dainty little burp. "No, thanks. I'm too full for tonight."

But she did pull out the chair next to him and plopped down. Then, she opened the dessert box she had brought back and pushed it in front of him with a big smile. "Here, try this. It's so much more delicious than the salad you made. I bought it for you."

"Who did you have dinner with tonight?" Brandon put down his fork and leaned back against his chair. He peered at the delicate piece of pecan pie on the table.

"A colleague," Janet answered, scooping up a spoonful of the dessert for him. "Don't you want to eat it? This is your favorite dessert. I brought it back

especially for you."

Brandon raised his eyebrows but made no move to eat it. He figured that she must have a favor to ask from him.

"What do you want?" he asked warily.

With a frustrated huff, Janet put the spoon down. "I'd like you to find the person who has been selling our designs," she said with some caution. "I already know that it's Elizabeth's boyfriend, Jorge. But he has fled. I'm pretty sure the police will have a hard time searching for him at this point."

Ah, so it was regarding this matter.

Brandon felt the overwhelming urge to ease the troubled look on her face.

In truth, he would readily help Janet with whatever she needed, no matter how outrageous her request was. He was just teasing her a little bit.

With a self-satisfied smile, he said, "I can even find Charis' 'ghost'. Looking for a living, breathing person should be a walk in the park."

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