

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 785 DEFENDING BRANDON

"Thank you so much, Doctor. And I want to thank the donor for being so kind!" Tears were welling up in Catherine's eyes as she held the doctor's hands.

Ever since she lost her beloved daughter, Catherine had been having fears of abandonment. She had tossed and turned all night since the moment she found out that Luke might pass away.

"Mrs. Turner, it's our duty to save lives. You don't have to thank us." The doctor was accustomed to situations like this one, so he didn't appear surprised.

While wiping away her tears, Catherine asked, "Is the donor here at the hospital already? I'd like to see this person and express my heartfelt gratitude."

The doctor shook his head. "Sorry, but we've promised the donor not to disclose their information. But there's no need to worry. The donor is in good health, and we can perform the surgery soon."

"I really want to thank this kind donor in person." Catherine wanted to ask for more details about the mysterious donor, but the doctor wouldn't part with any. He just left to do the rounds.

The donor appeared at the perfect time.

Despite being grateful, Catherine believed that whoever it was, they might've wanted something in return. She had seen a good part of the world and had lived a life long enough to understand human nature. It was highly improbable that anyone would donate their liver to Luke for nothing.

However, she didn't have the time to dwell on it too

much.

Whatever the donor's purpose was, it must have something to do with money. The Turner family was rich anyway, and Catherine didn't mind giving the donor some money.

She actually intended to give the donor a generous reward after the operation.

Though it was still winter, these past few days weren't that cold. Perhaps it was because it was nearing spring, and the snow was slowly melting. Signs of life, be it plant or critters, were showing up.

Janet had been occupied designing the gowns for Laney and Garrett. There was a measuring tape hung on her neck, and a pen in her hand as she attentively

polished every detail of the gown.

Seemingly sensing that she was thirsty, Tasha handed her a cup of coffee. "A little coffee break, ma'am?"

Janet smiled, taking the cup of coffee from her hand. After taking a sip and turning at a certain direction, she asked, "What do you think they're talking about? They've been chattering all morning."

"Just some needless gossip. The Turner Group's stock price is plummeting, and their CEO, Luke Turner, has been hospitalized due to liver problems. Today's newspapers and articles on the Internet are reporting all about it. They're all saying that the Turner family is on the brink of ruin." Tasha heaved a sigh. "They used to be so glorious. They dominated half of the entertainment industry in Barnes, you know."

Janet wasn't that interested in this kind of topic, so saying a few remarks, she went back to work.

Suddenly, the discussion between Dalores and the other designers became heated.

"The Turner Group has been having bad luck for the past few years. I'm guessing it's because they offended Brandon Larson. He's a ruthless man, you know, though I suppose that's what it takes to get to where he is."

Someone remarked, "I can tell that Mr. Larson is a good husband. He helped us through the crisis the other day, remember? Needless to say, he really loves Janet. She's so lucky to have a husband like him!"

Visibly displeased, Dalores shouted, "You are not Janet! How are you so sure that Brandon is a good

husband? Perhaps Janet is being abused every day at home. You know how rich men are; they love having mistresses around. It's highly possible that Brandon has been seeing a number of other women behind her back!"

Dalores had recently taken over many of Elizabeth's projects, and some of them offered generous commissions.

Due to the confidence she earned from all the projects, she became more arrogant. She often talked down on other designers.

She deliberately raised her voice when she made her ridiculous claims. Clearly, she wanted Janet to hear them. Right after Dalores spoke, everyone glanced at Janet.

Thereafter, Janet put down her cup of coffee.

Her affable appearance and warmhearted presence usually made people think that she was harmless. However, after knowing her for some time, all of the employees at W Marks Studio found out that even though Janet wasn't a troublemaker, she wasn't someone that would let anyone push her around. There was nobody who could take her on.

She was just like her husband, Brandon Larson, in this aspect.

When they saw Janet approaching Dalores, everyone looked away and went back their own cubicles to get back to work.

As Dalores stared into Janet's eyes, she showed no sign of guilt for gossiping about the latter's life behind her back. She even raised an eyebrow at Janet and asked, "What can I do for you?"

Upon hearing that, Janet became even more displeased.

If Sean were to see Janet right now, he'd probably be stupefied. The look in her eyes were exactly like Brandon's.

Seeing as Janet wasn't responding, Dalores cleared her throat and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that? I was merely telling the truth."

"Dalores, you'd better watch your mouth."

Janet really didn't want to talk to Dalores, but she couldn't bear to hear her slander Brandon like that.

Brandon was nothing like how Dalores described him. He was a gentle and principled man.

"My husband will never stoop down to that level just to act against the Turner family. Besides, The Larson Group won't attack the Turner Group for no apparent reason," said Janet.

Dalores fell silent and her face turned grim.

She glanced at Janet's bodyguard nearby, and restrained herself, albeit annoyed and dissatisfied. She then turned to Tasha and asked, "Why haven't you given me today's drafts? Tasha! Did you even do any work?"

Tasha ran over, carrying the drafts in her hands.

After going back to her seat, Janet took out her phone and checked the news. She found out that Luke was indeed in the hospital. Janet then thought of Allie and what she had done.

She gleaned that there must be a connection between the two incidents.

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