

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 788 SNEAKING IN

With a smile on her face, Elizabeth said, "Draco is an excellent mentor and boss. I'm really relieved that I am employed by him. That being said, I have a firm conviction that I am capable enough to be an independent designer. Maybe one day in the future, I will leave W Marks to embark on my own endeavor."

When Janet heard her words, her eyes lit up at the prospect.

Elizabeth was going to be an indie designer!? She felt so proud and happy for her friend!

Maybe, just maybe... She herself would have such a chance in the future as well.

"So do you want to become an independent designer?"

Janet asked in an even voice, suppressing her excitement for Elizabeth. "Would you like to open a studio of your own?"

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, and then she looked ever so slightly embarrassed. "But it's just a rough idea and goal at this moment in time. I don't have any capital to open my own studio right now. I have spent a lot of money on Jorge."

The pair of ladies continued chatting.

Elizabeth's aunt came in with coffee and a lovely spread of desserts. "Girls, have some pumpkin pie. I have doubled the amount of cream cheese in it."

"Let me help you!" Janet got to her feet and helped her set the table.

"Elizabeth doesn't talk much at the office, does she?"

She has been a lady of few words, even since she was just a little girl," Elizabeth's aunt said to Janet with a wink. "When she was a child, she had been isolated by her classmates and she often came to me and cried her eyes out because she didn't have any playmates."

"Auntie, how long has it been since then? Why do you have to bring that up?" Elizabeth was eating the pumpkin pie leisurely, when she heard her aunt's remark. She suddenly frowned and looked at her aunt reproachfully.

Obviously, her aunt was intimidated by her and pouted unhappily. "Why can't you let me share my memories?"

Janet tried hard to hold back her appreciative laughter. She hadn't expected the way Elizabeth and her aunt interacted to be so adorable.

Janet looked at Elizabeth's aunt and informed her, "Elizabeth has a lot of friends at the office. She's quite popular. Everyone likes her."

When her aunt heard this, there was an initial look of surprise on her face, but then, she seemed to be relieved. "Really? That's excellent to hear! Elizabeth has been talented in painting since she was a child, but she never liked to talk to me much. And now, I'm so glad she moved in with me so we can spend more time together. By the way, she has brought a lot of design drawings here. You can look over the designs for her... Your name is Janet, isn't it?"

"That's correct," Janet nodded.

"There were design drawings hung all over the walls in her last place. After she came to live with me, I left a wall blank for her to put up her designs. We have

been busy helping her move her things the last few days and we haven't had time to get the paintings here, so I hired several workers to help. We were just about to put them up on the wall..."

Janet could feel that Elizabeth's aunt's words were heavily laden with genuine pride for her niece's amazing work.

As soon as her aunt finished speaking, there was a knock at the door. Her eyes lit up expectantly. "That should be the workers I have hired, right on schedule."

When walked to the door and opened it for three workers, who pleasantly greeted her with smiles on their faces and then began to get their tasks done.

The door was half open, so it was convenient for the movers to go in and out with everything.

Janet didn't pay much attention to them. She followed Elizabeth's aunt into the kitchen to help her prepare for dinner.

Meanwhile, at that very moment downstairs, Jorge had been waiting for half an hour. He had just seen that Janet went up to the third floor, and had confirmed the floor and room where she was staying.

After another hour elapsed, another group of movers arrived for a new shift.

The workers were discussing the job.

"It's Room 302, right?" one of them asked another, just to confirm.

"Yes, our first task is to move all these drawings up there first."

Jorge's eyes lit up. Room 302 on the third floor was Elizabeth's new place of residence.

He put on a mask and sneaked in with the workers...

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