

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 767 THE WEIRD ELIZABETH

"I didn't even know that my husband was investigating, so I don't know anything," Janet frowned and said honestly.

Indeed, she really had no idea who leaked the draft. But it occurred to her that the reason why Mrs. Fuller suddenly showed up at the studio to make a scene was probably because of Dalores.

As for her motive, Janet guessed that maybe Dalores was trying to frame her to cover up the fact that she was the one who had leaked the files.

Dalores sneered in disbelief. "Janet Larson, drop the act. I know that you know who did it. Are you protecting someone?"

As she spoke, she deliberately glanced at Tasha, her words rich with implication.

Janet snorted and shrugged indifferently. "Well, since you keep saying that I know who did it, fine. I'll tell everyone that you're the one who leaked the draft."

Her voice was loud enough for everyone present to hear her clearly.

Sure enough, everyone raised their heads to look at Dalores in disbelief.

The scandalous remark made the office break into discussion.

"Oh, so it was Dalores who did it!"

"So that's why she keeps trying to pin the blame on Janet..."

Dalores's eyes went as wide as saucers. She didn't expect that Janet would turn against her like this.

She raised her voice and said loudly, "What the hell you talking about? I've only been here a few days and I've only seen that design once. I've never even touched the original copy. How dare you accuse me?"

"What's gotten you all worked up, Dalores? Did I hit the nail on the head?" Janet locked eyes with her coldly.

At this time, Tasha also spoke up. She said slowly and clearly, "I think you're the biggest suspect right now, Dalores. You're the one who has been pointing fingers. If you don't want to look guilty, you'd better behave yourself and keep quiet."

Dalores's nostrils flared angrily.

"You two are ganging up on me on purpose! Tasha, are you trying to get back at me for rejecting you during your interview? Do you think I'm afraid of you? Just call the police. They'll be able to prove that I'm clean!" As Dalores spoke, she straightened up her back to show how fearless she was.

After saying that, she turned around and strode back to her desk indignantly.

Janet pursed her lips, thinking that it should've been Dalores because she kept on overreacting.

But apart from framing Janet for the crime, Dalores seemed pretty confident in herself.

If it wasn't Dalores, who could it be?

She was deep in thought when her eyes landed on

Elizabeth, who looked even worse than earlier.

Thinking about her recent break-up and the mess at the studio, Janet knew that it must've been hard for her.

"Elizabeth, do you want to take some time off? There's been a lot going on, but don't worry. Mr. Wesley will get to the bottom of this soon." Janet patted her friend on the back gently to comfort her.

Janet had never seen Elizabeth in such a terrible state before. And she seemed to be in a bad mood. Ever since the moment she stepped into the studio that morning, she had barely spoken a word.

Elizabeth didn't answer her.

"Are you still sad because of the break up?" Janet asked softly. "You deserve someone better. Why are

you sad over someone who hurt you?"

"No, it's not like that, Janet... I'm not sad about him, I... It's..." Elizabeth clearly wanted to say something, but she stopped on a second thought.

She held Janet's hand and raised her head slowly, tears rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably.

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