

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 763 MY WIFE WAS FRAMED

It was none other than Brandon.

He strode in with four bodyguards following closely behind him.

He glanced over his shoulder and ordered calmly, "Get all the reporters and cameramen out and close the doors."

The reporters and cameramen exchanged wary glances as Brandon's men drove them out of the studio.

Brandon wanted to keep those outsiders out so as to not cause a needless sensation.

"Who the fuck are you? This matter is none of your

business!" Mrs. Fuller was still fuming. She looked at the man in front of her with unmasked hostility.

Without answering, Brandon walked to the sofa in the studio and sat down as though he owned the place. He explained unhurriedly, "I am Brandon Larson of the Larson Group. Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Fuller."

Hearing that, Mrs. Fuller swallowed nervously and faltered.

The Larson Group was not to be trifled with. No wonder she felt that this man looked familiar. She might have seen him before from a distance at a banquet or something.

Brandon was a low-key person and he seldom showed up on TV and newspapers. Thus Mrs. Fuller had no idea what he looked like. But judging from this man's temperament, she knew that he wasn't lying.

She forced a smile and asked, "What brings you here, Mr. Larson? Does the leak of W Marks' design drafts have anything to do with the Larson Group?"

Brandon examined his nails casually and took a glance at Janet, whose head was lowered. "It's indeed related to Larson Group, in a way. Mrs. Fuller, why don't you listen to me first and then decide whether to call the police or not?"

As he spoke, he nodded at the head of his bodyguards. The latter took the hint. He brought out some documents and handed them to Mrs. Fuller. Brandon continued, "I asked my men to investigate the whole thing last night. Aileen and the other people who bought the design draft all admitted that they had never had any contact with Janet."

Mrs. Fuller flipped through the document and

sneered, "I know what's going on here. You're trying to make excuses for Janet."

"I'm not making any excuses for my wife. I'm just interested in getting to the bottom of this matter. Mrs. Fuller, please read through the document carefully. It doesn't matter if you still insist on calling the police. Of course, the Larson Group is more than ready to deal with this trifle matter, but I don't want to mar the relationship between us." Brandon spoke in his usual casual tone, as though everything was under his control.

Albeit dubious, Mrs. Fuller lowered her head and read the document carefully.

At first, she was very impatient, but when she got to the last few pages, her expression froze for a moment.

After a few seconds of silence, she raised her head again with a different attitude.

"Well, I'm willing to believe in Janet's innocence."

Hearing this, Janet breathed a sigh of relief. But Mrs. Fuller's attitude had changed too fast, which left her feeling a little confused.

She looked at Brandon questioningly, trying to look for answers, but he just smiled back at her as though he had expected such a reaction.

"Since the matter has been settled, Mrs. Fuller, maybe you should let them go back to their work. I'm very busy, so I've got to go as well." Despite his polite words, Brandon's voice was incredibly cold and sent shivers down the spines of everyone in the room. Without waiting for a response, Brandon stood up and walked out with his men.

Janet followed him out and tugged at his sleeve. "Why are you here?"

Brandon put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her on the lips. Winking at her, he said in a low and gentle voice, "Of course I couldn't just stand by and watch as my wife was being framed."

Janet was unconvinced. "Although you've managed to convince Mrs. Fuller, there were many reporters just now. They'll spread the news. It'll be difficult to deal with this matter once and for all."

Brandon simply smiled. "What're you talking about? It'll all be a piece of cake."

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