

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 770 SHUT HER UP

Smiling smugly, Dalores reached out and snatched the thick stack of documents from Elizabeth.

"Mr. Wesley said that I'll take over your work."

Janet frowned dubiously. She doubted Draco would do such a thing. Even if he hadn't assigned it to her, he wouldn't have given Elizabeth's remaining work to Dalores.

It was Dalores's fault that the issue came to a point where Mrs. Fuller came to the studio to make a scene, reporters in tow.

"You'd better not be lying. I'm going to ask Mr. Wesley myself to see if you're telling the truth." The look in Janet's eyes became colder as she spoke. She stood

up and was about to go straight to Draco's office.

However, just then, Tasha came out of his office with some files. She grabbed a hold of Janet's wrist and said in a low voice, "Janet, don't."

Shocked, Janet looked into Tasha's eyes for answers. "Do you know something?"

Tasha sighed. "Just now, Mr. Wesley called me and Dalores into his office. He told us to take over Elizabeth's projects."

Janet's eyes went as wide as saucers. When she glanced at Dalores, she was staring back at her with an arrogant look on her face.

Why would Draco choose her? Everyone knew that Dalores was not a reliable designer. It was very likely that she'd ruin Elizabeth's projects. Moreover, she

doubted Elizabeth would be able to get her projects back from Dalores upon her return.

"Let me ask Mr. Wesley myself!" Janet was so pissed off that she couldn't help but snap at Tasha.

"Janet, calm down." Elizabeth stopped her. She leaned close and whispered in Janet's ear, "It's okay. Mr. Wesley's a smart man. He knows what he's doing. He probably gave Dalores my projects so that she'd keep her mouth shut. I don't want to make a big deal out of it, okay?"

After a slight pause, she added bitterly, "I know I probably won't get these projects back once I hand them over to Dalores. But that's what I get for causing the leak. It's a lenient punishment compared to losing my job here forever."

Elizabeth then looked at Dalores coldly. "Take the

files. There are a lot of deadlines coming up."

"I don't need you to tell me! I'm much more hard-working than you," Dalores snorted. As soon as Dalores got her hands on the files, she beamed with pride. She immediately sat down to leaf through them with great interest. Gradually, her eyes took on a greedy light.

Everyone in the W Marks Studio was well aware that Elizabeth had been working for Draco for the longest time and was one of his best assets. The projects that were assigned to her were all well-paid and in cooperation with rich ladies.

In her last job, Dalores didn't get to rub shoulders with the clients directly, so she didn't get to make any connections.

The more she flipped through the documents, the

greedier her smile. Elizabeth's clients were all rich ladies who were kind and lenient.

Elizabeth must've made a fortune in commissions over the years.

Dalores couldn't wait to finish reading them.

Tasha took her half of the work from Elizabeth. She held the documents tightly and said, "Don't worry. I'll keep an eye on Dalores so that she won't ruin your designs."

Elizabeth chuckled wryly. She had no choice now.

While Dalores was happily browsing through the materials, she saw Tasha chatting with Elizabeth from the corner of her eye. She turned around and shouted, "Tasha, what're you still doing there? Get to work!"

She sounded like an army general.

Tasha lowered her head and said to Elizabeth and Janet, "I'll come to you if I have any questions. I have to get back to work now."

Elizabeth patted her on the shoulder and said, "Good luck."

Janet shook her head. She was still fuming, but there was nothing she could do about Dalores's disgustingly arrogant attitude.

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