

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 789 WANTED TO SEE YOU

The door to Unit 302 on the third floor was wide open.

Several workers were shuffling back and forth, moving things into the unit.

Janet was busy helping out in the kitchen while her bodyguard kept eye on things. She leaned against the door frame, her arms crossed over her chest, as she eyed each of the worker that came and went.

Since all the men were dressed in black uniforms and wore safety masks, she couldn't tell if something was indeed amiss in the first few moments or so.

But soon, she noticed one man acting peculiar. He was tasked with bringing in the paintings, but instead of making quick work of his job, he kept looking over

every so often.

Just as the bodyguard was about to take a closer look at him, Elizabeth's aunt appeared and stood in front of her. "Here, why don't you take a break and have some drinks?" she offered to the workers. The woman was carrying a few bottles of coke in her arms, which she handed over to the men with a kind smile.

"Thank you," the head of the workers chuckled and wiped the sweat on his forehead. "But we'd better get back to work and finish as soon as possible." Sure enough, he got right back to what he had been doing.

Meanwhile, Jorge realized that he might have been too obvious just now, so he hid behind a pile of boxes and slinked out of sight.

By the time the bodyguard looked back in his direction, he was gone.

"Hey!" the head suddenly barked at Jorge. "Don't just stand there! Keep moving!"

Jorge nodded without saying anything, and then pretended to work until the head left. Once the coast was clear, his eyes darted back to where Elizabeth and Janet were.

At the time, Janet was holding up her phone and showing Elizabeth the gowns she had designed for the Hardings.

"What do you think of this color? Mrs. Harding said she didn't like the old-fashioned hues. I think this one suits Laney, but I'm not sure that Dalores would be on board."

Elizabeth zoomed in on the design and looked at it carefully. After some consideration, she said, "You

always have a distinctly unique taste, so you should just follow your heart. Mr. Wesley would have the final say, anyway. Don't worry too much."

Janet nodded in agreement.

The two women were oblivious to the impending danger.

Behind them, Jorge was slowly drawing near. He was holding a knife with one hand, which he cleverly covered with the painting he was supposed to be carrying.

His sinister eyes never left the pair as he inched closer.

All of a sudden, Janet's head perked up, and her face broke into a smile. "Brandon!"

Jorge froze. Brandon Larson was here? He stashed his knife back into his pocket and followed the direction of her gaze.

As he did so, he accidentally met Brandon's eyes. Jorge immediately lowered his head and moved away.

He knew that he was no match for this man. He scurried back to where the other workers were.

Brandon walked over and put his hands on Janet's shoulders. "I've been looking for you."

"How did you know to find us here?" Janet asked in surprise.

"Your bodyguard sent me the location. I was about to pick you up from the studio when I received the message." For some reason, his grip on her

tightened.

Janet saw through his facade and could tell that he was a little nervous. She just didn't know what he was apprehensive about.

"Really?" She glanced at her bodyguard at the door and added in a quieter voice, "Is anything the matter? What can I do to help?"

His nerves were infectious, and she found herself getting skittish as well.

Brandon smiled and tapped her forehead with his finger. "I just wanted to see you; that's why I came." He caressed her cheek and fiddled with her hair. "Don't overthink it."

In truth, he was feeling rather uneasy and wanted to see her as soon as possible to make sure she was

safe.

Janet found it endearing. But as she thought about it more, she started to wonder if Brandon came because he had remembered something. She grabbed his arm and asked frantically, "Are you having headaches again?"