

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 790 A BAD FEELING

Brandon sighed and stroked Janet's back. "I'm fine," he said in a gentle tone.

He was about to pull Janet into an embrace when he realized that there were other people around.

Elizabeth, for one, didn't know where to avert her gaze. She hurriedly stared at her shoes, the tips of her ears slowly turning red.

Brandon seldom came to the studio to pick up Janet. Of course, she had always known that the couple were deeply in love, but she never had to bear witness to their displays of affection until now. Anyone who saw them would definitely feel just how devoted they were to each other.

Embarrassed, Janet pushed Brandon away and smoothed her hair. "Elizabeth," she said after clearing her throat. "Shall we go back to the kitchen and continue preparing dinner?"

"Oh, why don't you go and have dinner with Mr. Larson instead?" Elizabeth replied, clearly amused. "He has come all the way to pick you up, after all."

"But we already bought the ingredients." Janet cast a sideways glance of reproach at Brandon.

She didn't want to leave a bad first impression on Elizabeth's aunt.

"Don't worry about it and just go. You two are practically made of sugar. If my aunt sees you acting all sweet, she might end up pressuring me into getting a boyfriend." Elizabeth snickered behind her hand.

Brandon remained cool and silent, while Janet felt quite sorry for the way things turned out. She had no choice but to relent. "In that case, we'll be taking our leave now."

"I'm perfectly safe here," Elizabeth said as she walked them to the door. "Don't worry about me. The workers aren't done moving things, anyway. The whole place is just a mess. Once I finished cleaning up, I'll definitely invite you two back for a small home warming party."

"Well, if you run into any problems, don't hesitate to call me. We haven't found Jorge yet, so we should be careful at all times."

"Do you realize you've become as much of a nag as my aunt?" Elizabeth teased, though she did feel warm from Janet's words.

They exchanged goodbyes, and Janet and Brandon made to leave.

They walked past the workers, who were still busy shuffling things around.

Jorge was lifting a cabinet when he accidentally met Brandon's eyes again. Fear immediately gripped him.

He hurriedly raised the cabinet higher to hide his face.

Noticing that Brandon was peering at one of the workers, Janet followed the direction of his gaze and asked, "What are you looking at?"

All she could see was a towering cabinet.

Brandon shook his head and looked away. "It's nothing. Let's go."

But the small exchange bothered Janet, and the more she thought about it, the more baffled she became.

She couldn't help but crane her neck to take a few more glances at the man behind the cabinet.

Upon closer inspection, she realized that this man looked a little different from the rest of the workers.

Firstly, his clothes looked clean and new, unlike the others', which were worn out and stained here and there. Secondly, she caught a glimpse of the man's hands.

They were smooth and well-manicured, with nary a scar or a scratch. He didn't look at all like a man who made a living from menial labor.

Janet and Brandon continued making their way out. Even so, neither could shake off the feeling that

something was not right.

When Janet couldn't take it anymore, she raised her head to look at Brandon, only to find that he was already looking at her. It seemed like he wanted to say something, too.

She knew there and then that something bad was about to happen.

A chill raced down her spine. Janet looked back to the third floor and blurted out, "That man just now! He is..."