

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 801 I MUST TAKE REVENGE

While staying in the hospital, Vivian kept herself updated and soon heard of what had happened to the W Marks Studio.

She had also found out that Brandon was searching for Jorge, so she immediately asked someone to hide the latter.

She knew that Jorge was at the end of his wits. If she could find Jorge first, she could make good use of him to deal with Brandon and Janet.

But it was not the right time to take actions yet. Vivian had to plan everything carefully.

These past few days, it kept raining as if the sky was grieving. The gloomy weather made her mood worse.

Today, Vivian remembered that she hadn't reported the recent events to Jeremy.

All Vivian had managed to achieve now was with the help of Jeremy. She was still counting on the man, at least for now.

"Seriously? You volunteered to donate your liver to Luke? Do you really take them as your parents now?" As soon as he heard what Vivian had to say, Jeremy bombarded her with questions. Strangely, she could hear the sound of raining in his background too.

Donating liver was not a joke.

At first, he thought that Vivian just had a soft spot for Charis that she was willing to approach the Turner couple so she could avenge Charis one day. But now he was surprised that she even offered to donate part of her liver to Luke. It was a bit too much.

This inevitably rose Jeremy's doubts. Her kindness towards the Turner family might hinder his future plans.

However, Vivian was quick to deny it. "Sir, you don't know what happened to me before. The Turners had grown suspicious of me. I happened to learn that Luke had liver problem and that he needed a transplant, so I took the opportunity. If this is the only way I can have a firm foothold in the Turner family, so be it. Donating part of my liver to him is nothing if I can gain their trust in exchange."

Jeremy didn't expect that Vivian could be so extreme.

But then he remembered that she had always been like this. In school, she always did her best to be a top student. She could do almost anything as long as she put her mind to it.

"Alright, I'll respect your decision. If you have nothing else to say, I have to hang up." When Vivian called, Jeremy was in the middle of something. He had other important things to deal with, so he couldn't spend much time on the phone with her.

"Wait, sir." Vivian stopped him.

"What's wrong?"

"I have a question, and I hope you'd answer me honestly." Nervous, Vivian's grip on her phone tightened.

"Go ahead."

"Sir, you sent me to the Turner family. I think it should be just the first step. So... What are your plans now?" There was a brief silence after she said that.

Hearing the question, Jeremy's attitude suddenly shifted. He replied with a sneer, "Vivian, I'm warning you again. You'd better know your place. Do not waste your time wondering about things you have no business knowing, or else you wouldn't like what's going to happen to you."

His voice gave Vivian goosebumps. She was too frightened to even speak.

In a snap of a finger, the Jeremy she knew was gone. She felt like she didn't know this man anymore.

Without waiting for her to speak, Jeremy ended the call.

The way he threatened her infuriated Vivian even more. She was sick living under someone else's command.

Tracing the wound on her stomach with her fingers, she cursed in her mind. Since she had paid such a big price, she must take revenge and then take over the Turner Group.

It was up to her whether she would give it to Jeremy or not when the day came.

Meanwhile, the cloudy sky came into Janet's view when she looked up and put away her umbrella. Step by step, she walked into the studio.

Her bodyguard followed her, holding the design draft Janet brought.

Seeing Janet walk in, Tasha was the first to rush over and ask, "Everyone has seen the news on the Internet. Is that Elizabeth? How is she now?"

On the news shown on the screen of Tasha's phone, Janet saw Elizabeth's photo and her own.

Nowadays, with the help of the Internet, nothing could be hidden at all.