

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 740

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Chapter 740: Janet's New Bodyguard

The following day, Janet woke up alone in bed.

Yawning slightly, she went downstairs and found Brandon, who was already dressed.

"Still sleepy? Why don't you get some more sleep?"

Brandon smiled at her gently as he fixed his tie. It seemed he was about to leave for the company.

Seeing that Janet was still groggy, he walked up to her and pecked her lightly on the cheek.

"The bodyguard I hired for you is waiting outside."

Janet nodded sleepily and watched as Brandon put on his coat and left.

After breakfast, she got dressed and headed for the door.

A strong, fierce-looking female bodyguard was standing outside. She couldn't be more different from the petite Laney.

With such a scary new bodyguard by her side, Janet doubted anyone would now dare to approach her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Larson!"

Having received special training, the female bodyguard acted and talked in an unusually brisk manner.

Smiling awkwardly, Janet said, "Hello, nice to meet you."

Then Janet left for work with the female bodyguard close behind.

As soon as they arrived at the door to the studio, they ran into Dalores.

Dalores glanced at the bodyguard behind Janet and sneered contemptuously.

Dalores never liked Janet.

In her eyes, Janet was showing off by bringing her bodyguard to work.

This bitch really did whatever she wanted just because she was the daughter of the White family.

"Wow, I can't believe you brought a servant to work," Dalores said sarcastically, deliberately blocking their way.

"Janet, tell your little servant to get away from here.

We can't let just anyone enter our office. Marks Studio is a place for

designers, not lowly people like her."

Janet pursed her lips unhappily. Sure enough, Dalores's words were as rude as ever.

"This is my bodyguard," Janet explained impatiently.

"She's not a servant. She's responsible for my safety."

Dalores threw her head back and burst into laughter as though she had heard the funniest joke on earth.

"Are you delusional? Do you think your own officemates are out to kill you? You just brought a servant to take care of you, didn't you? You're just a big baby! Well, let me remind you that Mr. Wesley would never allow your servant to come inside."

Janet knew that it would be useless to argue with the unreasonable Dalores, so she looked at the bodyguard and asked, "How about you just wait in the cafe outside? I'll come out right after I get off work."

The female bodyguard shook her head grimly.

"Mr. Larson told me that I need to be with you at all times. After all, you could get into trouble anywhere. I won't be able to protect you from outside the office."

Dalores sneered unhappily.

Why was this fucking bitch so lucky? Not only did she come from a rich family, but she also had a wealthy, handsome husband who cared so much about her.

It was so unfair!

As these thoughts whirled around in her head, she became more jealous. She raised her voice and tried to shoo the bodyguard away.

"I've told you that you can't be here! This is our office! Get out of here!" she yelled angrily.

Seeing that Janet's bodyguard didn't budge, Dalores pushed her unscrupulously.

However, the bodyguard defended herself.

In the blink of an eye, the tables had turned and Dalores was being pressed on the ground.

The pain in Dalores's arms, which were pinned behind her back, made her wail helplessly.

"Ouch! Let me go! Help! Somebody, help me!"

Dalores's yells attracted the attention of the employees in the studio. Draco included.

"What's going on here? Why are you yelling right outside our studio?" he asked as soon as he walked out.

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