

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 753

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Chapter 753 The Same Dress

After the second round of passionate love-making, Janet felt as though her body was about to give up. She raised her index finger and poked Brandon on the chest. "Are you still angry at me?" she asked cautiously. Brandon suddenly pulled her close to him and buried his face in her neck. He held her in his arms without saying a word. No matter how Janet approached, he refused to tell her why he was angry.

But Janet could tell that he was in a better mood than earlier.

Brandon pulled the quilt over them and held Janet close. "Just go to sleep."

Janet pouted in dissatisfaction, but she didn't push the matter.

As soon as she closed her eyes, she fell into a deep sleep. By the time she opened her eyes again, it was already morning.

It was bright out. Yawning, Janet turned in bed, only to catch a glimpse of

Brandon going out the door. He was already dressed, so he must've left for the company.

Janet stuck out of her lower lip and pulled the quilt over her head. She was pissed. She had worked hard to make him happy last

night. In the end, he still refused to forgive her or even told her why he was mad at her!

She stayed in bed for a little while longer before finally getting up to go to work. Her bodyguard followed her to the studio, as

usual.

Now that Laney and Garrett had picked her to design their attire for the upcoming event, she wanted to give them her absolute best.

As soon as Janet got to her desk, she began to work. She was so immersed in her design that she paid no attention to her surroundings.

"Hey, your phone has been pinging." It wasn't until Tasha held up her phone in front of her that she realized that someone had been texting her.

"Oh, thanks, Tasha." Janet took the phone and found that it was Laney who had left her a string of messages.

"Thanks again, Janet! I'll treat you to a big meal next time, okay?" Janet smiled as she read the messages.

Just as she was about to put away her phone, it pinged again.

This time, it was Garrett who had texted her.

Just looking at the words on her screen, Janet felt like she could almost hear his whining tone.

"Brandon must've taught you a thing or two, am I right?"

Janet couldn't help but chuckle. She put down her phone and went to the tea room to get some coffee.

Only then did she notice that the office seemed particularly quiet today.

She took a sip of coffee and looked at Tasha questioningly. "Why's Elizabeth absent today?"

Tasha was in the middle of sorting out some design drafts. She glanced at

Elizabeth's cubicle and shrugged. "She asked for a leave out of the blue. Maybe she has some sort of emergency to attend to at home."

"Seriously?"

A harsh sneer broke the quietness of the office. Dalores threw a design drawing on the table and demanded,

"What the hell is

that supposed to mean? This is the busiest time of the year! How could she abandon us? I can't even get through to her!"

Janet pursed her lips. Judging from what Dalores said just now, she had tried to call Elizabeth more than once. "Did Elizabeth call to ask for a leave of absence herself?" Janet asked at Tankhan

Tasha shook her head. "No. She asked for a leave through text."

For some reason, Janet had a bad feeling about this. Holding the coffee mug tightly in her hands, she murmured, "This isn't like her. Maybe she'll come this afternoon. Dalores, stop slandering her."

Dalores turned her head to glare at Janet contemptuously.

This bitch wouldn't even let her complain about Elizabeth now?

Dalores opened her mouth to argue with Janet, but when she met the gaze of

Janet's bodyguard sitting nearby, she fell silent. She had no choice but to sit back down in a huff and began to tinker with her phone.

Worried, Janet wanted to call Elizabeth herself.

But before she could get her phone, she suddenly heard a scream from Dalores.

"What the hell?!" Dalores stood up agitatedly.

"What's wrong? There's no need to make such a scene," Janet said with a frown.

Rolling her eyes impatiently, Dalores held up her phone to explain. "Look at the dress Aileen Lyons is wearing. Doesn't it look exactly like the one that Draco designed for Mrs. Fuller a few months ago?" Mrs. Fuller hasn't worn the dress to any event yet. Why is Aileen wearing it? This is haute couture. Each dress we design is supposed to be unique!"

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