

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 755 THE FURIOUS MRS. FULLER

"Where the hell is Draco Wesley? Come out and face me!"

Mrs. Fuller looked expensive as usual, wearing a luxurious mink fur coat and designer shades.

She stormed in, her Valentino heels clicking against the floor, and threw her Prada bag onto an empty chair.

Behind her was a man in a well-tailored suit, who must've been her lawyer.

Agitated, Mrs. Fuller pulled out a cigarette from her bag, lit it, and took a long drag. While exhaling a puff of smoke, her eyes swept across the office. "What a coward! Is he hiding? That B-list actress showed off

my dress to the masses. Shame on her! Tell your boss to come out! I demand an explanation!"

Frightened by Mrs. Fuller's threatening aura, nobody dared to make a sound.

Only Janet walked over calmly and put on a professional smile. "Mrs. Fuller, our apologies, but Mr. Wesley is on his way here as we speak."

As soon as she finished speaking, the man next to Mrs. Fuller spoke.

"Miss, we demand justice. Mrs. Fuller has made herself very clear: if you can't fix this today, she will sue Draco Wesley and the W Marks Studio to cover her losses. We will also hold a press conference to make it public."

"We still need to investigate this matter. There has to

be some sort of misunderstanding," Janet explained cryptically.

"We've already confronted Aileen, but she said she didn't know anything about it. She only said that she had paid a designer a high price for the dress. She didn't know that it was stolen from your studio." The lawyer took out a recorder and played a clip. It was their conversation with Aileen.

Seeing that things were not going well, Dalores poured a cup of tea for Mrs. Fuller and said with a flattering smile, "Mrs. Fuller, have some tea while you wait."

As she handed the cup to Mrs. Fuller, Dalores took this as an opportunity to whisper something into Mrs. Fuller's ear. "Here's the thing, Mrs. Fuller. None of us have seen the design Mr. Wesley made for you. The only people who have seen it are Mr. Wesley himself

and Janet, his assistant. If you ask me, Janet most likely leaked the design."

Mrs. Fuller took the cup of tea and took another drag from her cigarette pensively. Soon, she put out the cigarette in the tea and looked up at Janet. "You are Janet? I remember you."

She stood up from her chair and walked up to Janet, her high heels clicking against the floor. "Did you leak the design drawing? You'd better admit it now. I don't have all day to waste on you."

Janet frowned tightly, wondering what Delores said that made Mrs. Fuller suspect her all of a sudden.

Just as Mrs. Fuller was about to grab Janet by the collar, Janet's bodyguard leaped into action. "Please step away from Mrs. Larson."

Embarrassed, Janet whispered to her bodyguard, "Don't worry. I can handle this. Go back to your seat."

Mrs. Fuller's nostrils flared angrily.

She looked the female bodyguard up and down and sneered in disdain. "Do you think you're better than me? I'm your client! Who are you putting on airs for, Janet? A designer with a bodyguard? How ridiculous!"

At this point, Mrs. Fuller had lost her patience. She picked up her Prada bag and said, "Let's just sue them. Let them deal with their internal affairs by themselves. I refuse to cooperate with a studio that doesn't respect their clients!"

Mrs. Fuller snorted and turned around to leave.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Mrs. Fuller. Kindly wait for Mr. Wesley here," Janet said, trying to stop her.

As soon as she finished speaking, the door to the studio was suddenly pushed open from the outside.

It was Draco.

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