

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 756 WAS IT HER

Draco was holding a brown file folder in his hand.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting." Raising the document in his hands, he strode into the studio. He stopped in front of Mrs. Fuller and said calmly, "I had to get this before coming here, so it took me some time. Upon investigating the matter, I've found that an individual designer got their hands on the design draft and sold it to several clients. Aileen is just one of them. W Marks Studio is also a victim, Mrs. Fuller. But don't worry. I'm about to get to the bottom of this."

Hearing this, everyone in the studio was shocked.

Janet didn't expect that Draco would investigate this matter and make progress so soon.

Mrs. Fuller snatched the document from his hand and began to skim through it.

The content of the file indeed confirmed what Draco had said.

"Then what next? I can't wear that damned dress anymore!" Mrs. Fuller slapped the document onto the table, speechless with anger.

"Mrs. Fuller, please rest assured that I will provide you with a proper solution," Draco said calmly.

"Fortunately, you came to us first instead of making a public statement, or else whoever's behind this would've gotten what they wanted. Not only would this have marred W Marks's reputation, but it would also have damaged our cooperation."

Mrs. Fuller fell silent and thought it over. She found that he made sense.

Albeit reluctant, she said, "I'll give you one day to deal with this matter. I wanna see the results by tomorrow."

"Of course, Mrs. Fuller. You can trust us," Draco promised.

Mrs. Fuller snorted and left with her lawyer.

As soon as the door was closed behind them, Dalores flew over to Draco to butter him up. "Mr. Wesley, you're a genius! How'd you find the evidence so soon?"

Draco was in no mood to listen to her flattery. "Cut it out," he said coldly.

Then, his gaze swept across the employees in the office. "Everyone, think about whether you might've leaked the draft. I'm willing to give whoever it was a

chance. If anyone of you thinks you might've accidentally leaked the draft, please come to me yourself before leaving work. If not, I'll take the necessary measures to find out who it was and send him or her to Mrs. Fuller."

He didn't want to believe that it was one of his own designers who stole the design draft, because it would be too cruel. Besides, such a thing had never happened before.

Since this matter was temporarily settled, everyone returned to their cubicles to continue working. Although everyone discussed in hushed whispers, no one walked into Draco's office.

Janet returned to her cubicle in a trance, thinking about what Draco had just said.

"Who would be stupid enough to do such a thing?"

Janet overheard her colleagues' discussion.

She listened in silence.

"Just check your laptop. I heard that hackers can even steal files now."

"It's not me. I just checked, and my computer's fine. I wonder who it was. If we can't find the person who did it, Mrs. Fuller would sue the whole studio!"

"Well, we can't do anything about it right now. Let's just get back to work."

Hearing the statement about the hackers, Janet's heart stopped. The pen she was holding slipped out of her fingers and fell to the ground.

She bent over and picked up the pen, feeling incredibly anxious.

Brandon had told her that her laptop had been acting up because somebody planted a virus and then probably hacked it.

Could the hacker have stolen the design drawings in her computer?

But it just happened a few days ago...

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