

## **THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE**

### **CHAPTER 759 IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE!**

After work, Janet went to the supermarket to stock up on ingredients. Of course, her bodyguard went with her.

"Do you want to come in and have dinner with us tonight? I promise I won't poison you," she said with a smile when they got home.

"It's okay, Mrs. Larson. I'll just wait by the door." The bodyguard blushed slightly and waved her hand in a hurry.

However, no matter how hard Janet tried to change her mind, she insisted on staying by the door like a statue.

Janet shrugged. She carried the grocery bags to the

kitchen and started cooking.

She hadn't been herself since she walked out of the Draco's office earlier that day.

She absentmindedly sliced the vegetables, the silver blade making dull sounds as it hit the wooden chopping board. With her eyes lowered, Janet felt very sad at the thought that she might've been the one who leaked the design drawing.

And judging from what Draco had said, it seemed that he wanted to take the blame for her.

Janet was a little surprised when he said that. Why would he do that for her?

When she opened the cupboard to take out some plates, her mind was elsewhere. The plates in the cupboard fell out and shattered into pieces on the

floor.

The crisp sound of porcelain breaking echoed in the empty house.

Janet's face turned pale. Looking at all the broken plates on the floor, she squatted down to clean up.

It just so happened that Brandon came home when the plates fell. He had heard the noises from the kitchen and quickly went to investigate.

As soon as he saw what had happened, Brandon immediately went to get the trash can beside the cupboard. He squatted down beside Janet and quickly started to pick up the pieces of broken porcelain. "Let me do it."

"It's okay. I was almost done," Janet said in a fluster.

She then cut her finger accidentally on a sharp edge.

"Ouch!" she yelped and immediately threw away the broken plate in her hand.

There was an obvious wound on her finger, and bright red blood oozed from the cut.

Initially, Brandon was still angry with her. Seeing the blood on her hand and the pitiful look on her face, he couldn't help but feel sorry for her.

While his tone was harsh, his expression had softened. "Don't touch the open wound. It might get infected."

He scooped her up and carried her to the sofa in the living room. Then he fetched the first aid kit and bandaged the small wound for her.

Staring at her bandaged finger, Janet was in a daze.

Seeing that her mind was still elsewhere, Brandon sighed.

He gently tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. "You are a designer. Your hands are your greatest tools. You should be more careful next time. What's wrong? Did something happen at work?"

The only thing that could bother Janet this much was work.

When Janet looked at Brandon's concerned face, she felt much better, but her voice was still wrought with melancholy. "Brandon, tell me the truth. Was the hacker able to steal the information in my computer?"

Brandon shook his head honestly. "My staff handled it. They said that nothing was leaked."

Janet's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you sure? You're not lying to make me feel better, are you?"

"You don't believe me?"

Brandon asked with one eyebrow raised as he put the first aid kit away.

"No, I believe you," Janet said quickly, grabbing his hand. "I just didn't know if it was me who leaked that design... But if it wasn't me, who could it be?"

Brandon stopped what he was doing and sat down next to her. "What happened at work?"

Brandon was really observant. Janet didn't need to say anything for him to figure out that there was trouble at the studio.

"The design for one of our clients, Mrs. Fuller, was leaked somehow. Since my laptop was hacked, I thought it was me. I went to Mr. Wesley and told him everything. But he said he would take full responsibility and talk to Mrs. Fuller himself." After saying that, Janet looked up into Brandon's eyes and sighed. "Mr. Wesley said that if I admitted that it was me, it'd ruin my career as a designer."

Of course, she knew that Draco was doing this for her own good, but she still felt terribly guilty.

"I thought it was me, so I've been beating myself up all day. But now that I know I wasn't the one who leaked the design draft, I'm so relieved! I have to tell Mr. Wesley!"

Since Brandon was sure that nothing in her computer had been leaked, Janet made up her mind to tell Draco first thing tomorrow morning.

It was someone else! It wasn't her! There was no need for Draco to shoulder the responsibility alone. They had to find out who was really behind this!

Brandon's expression darkened. "Why do you care about him so much?"

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