

## The Substitute Wife My Poor Husband is a Billionaire

### Chapter 318: Press Conference

Ritchie had a devious grin on his face when he hung up the phone.

"Call all the designers under Lester Silk Fabric and the people in charge of the fashion week," he barked at his secretary.

"I want them here tomorrow. Call some famous personalities in the fashion industry as well. We need people in authority for the event." The secretary nodded respectfully.

He was about to leave when Ritchie stopped him in his tracks.

"Where the hell are you going? I'm not finished yet. Get your ass back here."

The poor man scurried back, cursing his boss in his mind.

"Invite every media outlet in Seacisco, especially the ones that prioritize viewership over anything. And make sure to tell them to hype up the event as much as they can!"

Ritchie sat back on his chair as his plan began to take shape.

"Get the biggest function hall for the press conference. I want hundreds of people to be there. Oh, and don't forget to arrange for a live stream, too. Contact our usual sponsors and tell them their products will be displayed throughout the feed. We might as well make some money while we're at it. And remember-our main goal is to discredit Janet and end her fashion career for good."

Another evil grin spread on Ritchie's face. He wanted to screw that woman over so badly that she could never get back on her feet again.

The secretary pursed his lips and jotted every detail down.

This time, he made sure that his boss was finished before leaving the office.

The sun shone bright and early the next day.

Just as planned, the press conference was held at the largest meeting hall in Lester Silk Fabric.

Cameras littered all around the room, squeezed in among the throng of people who came to watch the spectacle.

Even as she swept a glance over the crowd, Janet didn't feel panicked in the slightest.

"It looks like the Lester Silk Fabric really wants to do you in,"

Tiffany remarked from beside her. She turned to look Janet in the eye.

"You're not just going to stand there and let yourself be bullied in public, are you? What's your plan?" A faint smile appeared on Janet's lips.

"You'll find out soon enough. Don't worry. I'm not particularly inclined to suffer any misplaced grievances, either."

With that, she walked onto the stage, all calm and grace.

The room finally settled down as Janet took her place.

Without wasting her time, she whipped out a flash drive and held it up for all to see.

"Sorry for taking up your time, everyone. In order to convey my sincerity more properly, I have prepared a couple of videos for today's press conference."

From a distance, Ritchie frowned and narrowed his eyes. He could sense that something wasn't right.

Why was Janet so composed in such a situation? If anything, she should be mortified and humiliated right now, especially in front of all these people.

What was she up to? He leaned over to his secretary and asked in a hushed voice, "Did she find something?"

"She can't have," the other man replied confidently.

"We've taken care to sweep everything. All the evidence has been locked away. I think she's just bluffing."

At this point, Janet had already plugged the drive to a computer, and one of the videos was playing on the widescreen. Ritchie's eyes widened like saucers as they

watched an employee of Lester Silk Fabric tampering with the time stamp on the website.

The scene changed, and this time, the same man was sobbing hysterically as he divulged what he had done.

The clips ended, and a deafening silence fell in the room.

Janet took the microphone and said, "As you can see, this is what really happened. Lester Silk Fabric managed to get hold of my designs prior to the show. After that, one of their designers, Luna McCoy, posted my entire portfolio online and edited the details to make it look like she was the original designer. There is your truth. Once again, I thank each of you for coming to hear me out today. If you have further questions, kindly direct them to Mr. Lester. I'm sure he can give you better answers than I can."

She gave Ritchie a meaningful look, then, and gestured in his direction with a wave of her hand.

As soon as she did, the crowd burst into an uproar.