

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1329

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1329

Just as Janet was unsure of how to proceed, her vision suddenly went dark.

Brandon had removed his suit jacket and placed it over her head. The car door was opened, and with Brandon's protection, Janet exited the vehicle.

As soon as they stepped out, a journalist holding a microphone made his way through the crowd towards them, asking,

"Excuse me, may I..."

But before the journalist could finish, he was silenced by Brandon's sharp, icy gaze.

His commanding presence was a testament to his role as the CEO of

Larson Group. His mere look was enough to instill fear in these seasoned journalists, prompting them to instinctively halt their probing questions. The Larson Group held sway over a significant portion of the economic lifeline of Barnes, solidifying Brandon's unmatched influence and power in the city. Any missteps against him could result in losing their footing in Barnes. with just a flick of his wiist. Recognizing the potential consequences, the reporters didn't dare to further obstruct Janet for an interview. They could only watch as she and Brandon made their way into the studio.

Sean, having served by Brandon's side for many years, viewed this scene as routine. With the bodyguards, he quickly dispersed the media and onlookers, ensuring his boss and Janet could enter the studio unhindered.

Though she was engulfed in darkness, Janet felt a sense of relief as the commotion around her gradually subsided, and she found herself securely in

Brandon's arms. Her tense nerves started to relax slightly.

Fortunately... Brandon was there with her.

As soon as they stepped into the office, they were greeted by the sound of mournful sobbing.

Janet returned Brandon's jacket to him and, with a stern expression, calmly walked deeper into the office.

Seeing them approach, Lexi quickly ran over. Her usually cheerful eyes were red and teary, her expression a mix of confusion and distress.

"Boss..." Lexi's voice broke.

Janet gently patted Lexi's shoulder, her voice soft. "Lexi, thank you for your help earlier. Now that I'm here, you can leave the rest to me."

Her eyes still red and filled with tears, Lexi nodded and glanced apprehensively at the tense atmosphere in the reception room. She warned them with a note of concern, "Vivi's family is there, and they don't appear to be in a good mood. Please, be careful." Inside the reception room, several robust men were huddled around two weeping elders, speaking forcefully in a dialect that was unfamiliar to Janet.

The two elderly individuals helplessly wiped their tears, their sobs echoing through the room, evoking a sense of empathy in all who heard them.

Standing at the entrance of the reception room, Janet couldn't help but observe the humble and desolate appearance of the two elders. She was reminded of

Hannah, who had raised her since childhood, and she felt a wave of sympathy and compassion. However, before she could utter a word, an anxious voice rang out, drawing everyone's attention to Janet. "Miss White, Mr. Larson, why have you both arrived personally? I'm sorry, I wasn't able to convince them."

Suzanne, who had been seated on the sofa, rose with an apologetic expression and approached Janet. Her tone and demeanor both reflected her sense of helplessness. "These individuals are all Vivi's relatives. I had intended to accompany them to Barnes to handle Vivi's funeral, but they were adamant about meeting you. I apologize for the inconvenience."

Suzanne had been seated in a slightly hidden corner, obscured by a few men, which is why Janet hadn't noticed her earlier.

Upon realizing that Suzanne was also present, Janet expressed surprise and asked, "So, Miss Duncan, you're here to..."

Suzanne sighed deeply and responded, “I tried to convince them to leave, but they refused to listen. I was concerned that they might cause a scene and possibly harm you, so I followed them here to see if I could be of any assistance. I hope you don’t mind.” For the time being, Vivi’s situation didn’t seem to have any direct connection with Suzanne, and all her actions appeared to be purely out of kindness. Without any evidence to suggest otherwise, Janet had no reason to cast blame.

She smiled warmly and said, “I don’t mind at all. Miss Duncan, you are incredibly kind. You’ve tried to assist me every time a problem has arisen. I can’t thank you enough.”

As the two women conversed, several unfriendly glares were cast Janet’s way.

Upon confirming that Janet was the so-called “culprit” of Vivi’s car crash, the burly men surrounding the elderly individuals grew visibly agitated.