

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1311

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1311

Within the exhibition hall, Janet guided Brandon, her elegant hand pointing out the symphony of colors and lines that made up Nelson's masterpieces. With the practiced air of a seasoned designer, she dissected the intricate details and design principles of each piece. Brandon, an art neophyte, found himself ensnared by the alluring labyrinth of creativity unfolding before him.

As Janet's enthusiasm soared, an unwelcome voice pierced her joyful bubble.

"Miss White, what a delightful surprise!" Clyde, decked out in a meticulously chosen ensemble, flashed a smile at Janet. Catching sight of Brandon, his eyes briefly flickered with thinly veiled disdain. His heart had not prepared for the revelation that Janet's companion would be Brandon, and he wondered if the latter had the capacity to comprehend the art pieces.

With a smirk, he blurted, "Ah, Mr. Larson graces us with his presence. Does he find Mr. Nixon's art to his taste?"

Janet's eyebrows knitted into a delicate frown, and she quickly stepped into the breach for her husband. "Whether my husband appreciates these art pieces or not, surely, Mr. Lambert, is none of your concern."

Clyde offered a placating smile, swiftly apologizing when he saw Janet's rising ire, "Don't take offense, Janet. I merely thought Mr. Nixon's raw, primal style might not sit well with a hard-nosed businessman. No harm intended."

Janet, rendered speechless by Clyde's audacity, barely resisted rolling her eyes.

She clutched Brandon's hand, ready to extricate themselves from the conversation.

As they began to retreat, Clyde leaped into their path, his tone dripping with arrogance. "Just a small piece of information, Miss White. I've had the pleasure of Mr. Nixon's company thrice and maintain a cordial relationship with him.

Later, I could introduce you. If he's in good spirits, he might even provide some insight into your design conundrums."

Brandon's eyebrows, sharp as an artist's chisel, arched upward, and a glimmer of contempt shone in his penetrating gaze.

He deemed Clyde unworthy of his time. Cutting off the latter's prattle mid-sentence, he guided Janet toward Nelson, who was hovering nearby.

Clyde, stung by the blatant snub, yearned to renew his mockery but was silenced as he watched Brandon warmly greet Nelson while still holding Janet's hand.

Observing their camaraderie, it was unmistakably clear they shared a close and amicable relationship.

The baffling bond between Nelson and a man like Brandon, whose understanding of design was as limited as a fish's understanding of flight, was something Clyde couldn't wrap his head around. He had poured so much effort into currying favor with Nelson, and yet, Brandon had seemingly waltzed into an intimate relationship with him. Clyde was left, befuddled and frustrated.

His earlier grandstanding left a bitter taste in his mouth. Clyde wished he could evaporate, leaving nothing behind but a memory of his embarrassment.

Brandon, however, was indifferent to Clyde's mental turmoil. He greeted Nelson with a respectful nod before turning to introduce Janet. "This is my better half,

Janet," he declared, a proud glint in his eyes. "She's the creative genius behind this ensemble I'm sporting."

Janet blinked, taken aback. The reality of her husband's casual camaraderie with Nelson, a titan of the art world, had her reeling. Brandon, seizing the moment, raised his glass to Nelson, an impish grin dancing on his lips. "Mr.

Nixon, what's your take on my wife's creations? Don't they remind you of your early masterpieces?"

Janet's cheeks flushed a deep crimson. The idea of her work being likened to Nelson's was something she wouldn't dare entertain, even in her wildest dreams.

She gave Brandon a sharp pinch, silently beseeching him to keep his wild notions to himself.

Yet, Nelson, having heard Brandon's audacious question, took a moment to scrutinize the pair's attire. Nodding in approval, he commented, "Your wife's designs are an echo of my own earlier work-simple, elegant, and distinct. Should she continue honing her craft, I foresee her carving a unique niche in the design world, with a legacy that could rival my own."

Hearing her role model's praises, ninja novel Janet's heart fluttered like a hummingbird. Her cheeks burned with joy, a stark contrast to the coolness she felt moments ago.

She'd imagined, at best, gaining a nugget of wisdom from Nelson. His high praise, however, was an unexpected accolade that made her head spin.

Having sung Janet's praises, Nelson turned his attention to Brandon. With a playful shake of his head, he jested, "You fortunate scoundrel! To have wedded such a captivating, talented woman."

Wrapping a protective arm around Janet, Brandon beamed back, "It's my impeccable taste. I always pick the cream of the crop." Feeling the heat rise in her cheeks, Janet demurred, "You flatter me too much, Mr. Nixon. I'm but a novice in the design world, with mountains yet to climb."

Nelson laughed heartily, his eyes sparkling with amusement. "Your humility is refreshing, I've always been a straight shooter, and I only lavish praise where it's due. Brandon better watch his step. If he ever fails you, you know who to turn to for backup."

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After the art exhibition, a news article titled "Designer Janet White Leading New Fashion Trends" swiftly became one of the top searches online and was a hot topic of discussion among internet users.

"Wow! These two outfits are gorgeous! The impeccable taste in their design is truly remarkable!"

“Both the models looked very attractive, but they didn’t overshadow the beauty of the garments. It was quite a sight to behold!”

“Regarding the previous comment, they were not models. One of them was the actual designer herself, who happens to be the young lady from the influential White family. The guy next to her was her husband, Brandon Larson, the CEO of Larson Group.” “Wow! That’s such a surprise! I never would’ve expected the designer to be so stunning. She really has it all—a remarkable background and exceptional design talent. She’s really excelling in every facet of her life!”

“I recall that she opened up a studio, and the prices are quite reasonable. I’m going to make my purchase right away!”

“I’ll go and have a look too!”

Countless positive comments flooded the trending search. As a result, an overwhelming number of orders began pouring in, almost crashing Janet’s studio website.

Upon seeing the trending topic and the several positive comments from the users, Mandy immediately felt a wave of anxiety wash over her.

She’d never expected Janet to garner widespread popularity before her!

Refusing to sit around and wait for fate to take its course, she swiftly took out one of her finest luxury dresses that she had carefully designed in an enchanting style. She got it ready to send to Vivi for captivating promotional photos and a widespread campaign across all major platforms.

Vivi, too, had caught wind of the trending search and Janet’s newfound popularity. The news didn’t sit well with her at all, and she felt deeply unhappy about it.

She’d never expected Janet to attain such recognition on the Internet all on her own!

Wasn’t it proof that Janet didn’t need her in order to achieve success?

As these thoughts ran through her mind, a wave of jealousy swept over Vivi, filling her heart to the brim. Just as she was thinking about her next move, she received a call from Mandy. “I’ve just sent you a dress that I designed. As

soon as you receive it, put it on and take some promo photos. We need to generate even more buzz than Janet.”

Clearly, they wanted to give Janet a run for her money.

Vivi’s eyes lit up immediately, and she hastily agreed, “Consider it done. I’ll take care of it.”

Shortly after ending the call, Vivi received the dress Mandy had sent. Without wasting any time, she slipped into it and struck various poses, taking several captivating photos. After carefully selecting the best shots, she quickly posted them on social media platforms, ready to unleash a promotional frenzy.

The fusion of luxury and opulence and Vivi’s striking beauty created an enchanting visual appeal in the photos. Thanks to this pairing, Mandy’s clothing line immediately captured the attention of the entire online community, becoming an instant hit. At the same time, the perceptions people had formed about Janet’s style slowly began to change.

“Mandy’s aristocratic upbringing is clearly reflected in her designs. They exude an air of nobility and elegance, truly befitting her status as a refined lady.”

“People who admire Janet’s designs simply lack culture. Her clothing is targeted towards older women, and is generally quite unattractive and outdated.”

“I heard that Janet grew up in the countryside before being recognized and brought back by the White family. It’s no wonder that she has such a terrible taste. A country girl will never become a real lady.”

As Lexi scrolled through the shifting public opinion and the growing number of negative comments, a surge of anger grew within her, leaving her breathless.

Without wasting any time, ninja novel she quickly grabbed her phone and leaped into action, staunchly defending her boss.

“Every designer has their own unique style. That’s not a reason to attack someone.”

Immediately after she posted the comment, a user fired back harshly, "'Style' means nothing to us. All we know is that her designs are tacky and we wouldn't even consider wearing them even if they were given to us for free!"

Unperturbed by the pushback she received, Lexi responded fearlessly, unwilling to tolerate any insults towards her boss.

As Janet's assistant, Lexi knew exactly how hardworking and dedicated Janet was.

Despite her best efforts, however, no one paid her any mind. Instead, she was met with an onslaught of insult and ridicule from the other commenters.

Fuelled by anger and determination, tears welled up in Lexi's eyes as she persevered and kept typing away furiously on her phone, engaging in heated arguments with hundreds of users all by herself.

At that moment, Janet's voice echoed softly through her ears. "What's wrong, Lexi? Why are you crying?"

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Lexi jumped when she heard Janet's voice behind her.

She panicked and tried stashing her phone away, then acted like nothing had happened. "Boss, hi, what are you doing. here? Everything's fine. I'm fine."

Janet wasn't one to be fooled. Lexi's eyes told her everything she needed to know. She walked forward and asked, "What are you hiding from me, Lexi?"

Lexi realized she would not be able to hide the truth, so she hung her head low and told Janet how her design was being criticized and mocked on the internet all of a sudden.

Janet's frown deepened as she listened. Lexi finished speaking and she stood still, not saying a single word.

It came to Lexi that Janet was too upset to speak, so she hurriedly tried to comfort her, "Boss, I must say your design styles are absolutely stunning. The

people criticizing your design styles are simply too ignorant to appreciate it. They make judgments about fashion without truly understanding its essence.

Plus, we can simply ask Mr. Larson to handle these haters. I can call Sean right now and have the Larson Group's legal team sue them for this.

Janet reached out and held Lexi's hand. "Don't. It's alright," she said. "I don't want to have to depend on Brandon to consistently handle my problems for me. I can deal with this myself."

"But..." Lexi couldn't help but remain worried. To Lexi, Janet was a sweet, gentle person. It was easy for people like her to be victims to cyber bullying.

While Lexi was still deep in thought, Janet's phone rang. It was Brandon.

The instant the call connected, Brandon's worried voice came from the other end.

"Are you alright, Janet? I saw what people are saying online. It's clear that someone paid money to have you be made fun of on the Internet. I'm going to have someone deal with the whole thing immediately."

Janet had a smile on her face as she said, "No. It's fine. I want them to continue to talk." Brandon was taken aback. "What? Why? They're slandering your name and business, this isn't a good thing."

Janet's voice sounded devious as she responded,

"You'll find out why in a couple of days." Time went by and the hate only increased. It got so much that statements and posts mocking Janet crashed the studio's official website and the bullying escalated to personal attacks against her.

Brandon's heart was in pieces and his head was full of rage as he watched his wife get attacked so mercilessly.

They got home that night and Janet saw Brandon sitting on the sofa with a crestfallen expression. She gave him a playful smile and said, "Who's making my dear husband so angry?" Brandon found it difficult to stay angry in the face of Janet's gentle smile.

He sighed helplessly and pulled Janet into his arms, his voice soft as he said, "I know you want to use this to publicize the studio, but I don't think it's the best. I don't like you getting slandered like this just to save a little promotion cost."

Janet's heart warmed at her husband's concern for her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled slyly as she said, "It's alright. I have a plan. Once the studio has gotten enough publicity, I'll stop."

Brandon sighed and heaved helplessly in the face of Janet's positivity. "I know you're very capable. I regret it now." Janet was confused. "What do you regret?"

Brandon nuzzled in Janet's neck, taking in her fragrance. He said in a muffled voice, "I regret making that agreement with you. If I hadn't demanded your studio make profit within eight months, visit ninja.novel.com you wouldn't be working so strenuously.

Why would you subject yourself to online criticism just to save a few bucks on advertising?"

Janet pushed Brandon from her slightly and cupped his face. She looked at him, her eyes filled with love and determination.

"This isn't your fault. Even if we'd had no such agreement, I would still use this as promotion anyway." Her tone was gentle yet firm.

As Janet spoke, Brandon's anger dissipated slowly.

He gave Janet a soft kiss and said, his voice much calmer, "Alright, please enlighten me then, Miss White. Why must you utilize this bullying tactic? If you don't explain it to me, I'll be up all night worrying and won't get to sleep."

A devious smile formed on Janet's face and her eyes glistened with confidence. Her voice was firm when she spoke. "I believe in my skills, and I also believe people on the internet have good reasoning. It doesn't matter how harshly I am criticized now, with how good my work is, it would speak the truth for me very soon!"

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As Janet had foreseen, public opinion began to shift favorably after a few days.

Many individuals who admired Janet's design style voiced their support.

"Fashion should be diverse, and each style has its own merits. You may not appreciate her design aesthetic, but that doesn't justify trampling on or ridiculing it."

"Moving from criticizing her design style to launching personal attacks is more than just critique; it's cyber bullying. "I find Janet's design outstanding and uniquely styled. I support Janet."

"I too support Janet..."

Witnessing the change in public sentiment, Lexi let out a sigh of relief. She couldn't help but admire Janet's ability to predict trends. "Boss, you're incredible! How did you know the public opinion would shift?"

Janet smiled modestly. "Internet users have discerning eyes and aesthetic sense. They can judge the quality of a work for themselves.

No matter how hard the naysayers try to smear my reputation, they can't undermine my design skills. Eventually, users will return to a rational aesthetic sense. Those who were paid to attack me will ultimately face backlash."

Listening to her words, Lexi's admiration for Janet grew. "Boss, you truly have a knack for forecasting! It seems all the plots and schemes can't stand against genuine talent, she exclaimed.

With a bashful grin, Janet replied seriously, "Well, I'm not as proficient as you suggest. Let's capitalize on this public sentiment and release the sets of designs

I prepared earlier. "Absolutely, boss!" Lexi now looked up to Janet completely.

She would follow her lead without hesitation.

After seizing the momentum of the current trend and unveiling a few design sets, the public not only began to appreciate Janet's ninja novel.com work more but also started following her in increasing numbers.

In a short span, her social media account garnered hundreds of thousands of new followers.

This was just the tip of the iceberg-with the sudden surge in followers, her designs quickly topped the trending list. This led to an enormous influx of orders for Janet's studio. "Hello, I'd like to request a design in this style..." "The outfit you wore at Mr. Nixon's art exhibition was stunning. Can you design two similar sets for my spouse and me?"

"I'd like a design for my grandmother..." The incessant phone calls and the constant flow of customers kept both Janet and Lexi busy yet delighted.

Many people were drawn to Janet's simple yet stylish designs, wearable for any occasion. Unlike other designers' creations that were often too specialized for certain events, Janet's designs were versatile and practical.

Seeing the shift in public sentiment online, Vivi was on the brink of losing her sanity!

In a fit of fury, she flung her phone at her assistant, her voice dripping with menace. "How could you botch this up? I've invested a fortune hiring these rumormongers, and yet they seem to have made no dent in that woman's reputation. Instead, her studio is gaining more popularity."

As it turned out, those naysayers who had maligned Janet were actually on Vivi's payroll.

Initially, she promoted Mandy's dress to curry favor with some users, then promptly hired a swarm of trolls to disparage Janet, criticizing her work and labeling it as "tacky".

Being labeled "tacky" is a designer's nightmare. Once a designer is stigmatized with this term, it's unlikely they will attract any clients.

However, against all expectations, the trolls derogatory comments sparked an uproar among the public, and many of Janet's impartial fans defended her.

This shift in public opinion led to a reversal of the initial trend.

The assistant cowered in a corner, too terrified to utter a word even after being hit.

Fuming with rage, Vivi slapped her assistant and barked out a command, "Go hire more trolls. I want to completely tarnish that detestable Janet. And if you bungle this again, you can kiss your job goodbye!"

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Like a rubber band stretched to its limit, public sentiment rebounded forcefully when pulled too far.

The Internet users grew increasingly discontent with the vitriolic tirades of the online trolls.

Their relentless, calculated attacks on Janet had left many unable to stomach anymore.

Through meticulous probing, the curious observers uncovered a shocking truth: most of the trolls berating Janet were mere mercenaries, paid to tarnish her digital reputation. This revelation sparked a wildfire of anger, causing these hired digital saboteurs to face the fierce retribution of the online crowd. Armed with diligence and righteous indignation, the users unmasked these professional trolls, exposing their social media profiles and personal photographs. Now, they found themselves on the receiving end of public scorn, reviled even by passersby on the street.

While these trolls had sullied the names of countless celebrities in the past, they had never been on the receiving end of such a backlash. In their distress, they sought to deflect the blame onto Vivi.

The de facto leader of the trolls confronted Vivi, his words sharp and unyielding.

"You stirred up this storm, Vivi. Being on the payroll doesn't mean we'll be your scapegoats. It's high time you step up and face the music."

Vivi's voice wavered with anxiety. "I've filled your pockets. You can't abandon me now. If you dare leave me to the wolves, I'll drag you down with me. We'll sink or swim together. "

The troll leader merely scoffed at her threat, countering, "Dream on if you think you can pull us into the abyss with you. You better brace yourself for the

onslaught of online fury, not to mention the wrath of the White family and the Larson Group.”

With that, he hung up, leaving Vivi to stew in her own dread.

Vivi crumpled to the floor in despair, the phone slipping from her grasp. She could never have imagined that things would end up like this. She had masterminded online smear campaigns, stirred up controversies, and thrown other influencers under the bus, all without ever being unmasked. In fact, these machinations had only served to amplify her digital following and influence, elevating her to Internet stardom and enhancing her financial and societal standing.

This emboldened her to hire trolls and take aim at Janet, believing her actions would remain shrouded in the shadows of the internet.

She had often launched blistering attacks on her rivals, yet she had always managed to escape unscathed. But the law of averages eventually caught up with her. Those who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind.

Now, the public outcry was spiraling out of control, and the digital crowd was baying for blood. They wouldn't rest until the puppeteer pulling the strings was unmasked.

Unwilling to take the fall, the trolls sought to shift the blame onto Vivi, hoping to escape the public's wrath.

Vivi, despite her dubious past, had always tread lightly around Janet in the public eye.

She was well aware that she was no match for the combined might of the White family and the Larson Group backing Janet. Desperate to shield herself from detection, Vivi steeled herself and redialed the troll leader's number.

“We've been in cahoots for a while, let's not sour things over a minor hiccup. I have a plan to defuse this situation. Pin the blame on Mandy. She has enough clout to stand up to Janet. Once the dust settles, I'll give you a hefty payoff and we'll call it a day.”

Vivi found the prospect of crossing Mandy daunting, but the powerhouses supporting Janet were far more intimidating.

Moreover, Mandy had a bone to pick with Janet, and it was her design that had sparked criticism Of Janet. Making Mandy the scapegoat seemed like the perfect out.

“Consider it done,” the trolls assented without hesitation. With a new target to bear the brunt and a cash incentive, why would they refuse?

Soon, the trolls’ accusations set the Internet ablaze, subjecting Mandy to a barrage Of online vitriol.

Upon learning of her predicament, Mandy swiftly issued an online statement. “I would never stoop to such disgraceful tactics. If I had slandered Janet, may misfortune befall me, such as a fatal accident, or losing my limbs, rendering me incapable visit [ninja novel.com](#) Of designing.” Despite Mandy’s fervent denials, the wrathful users turned a deaf ear.

They swarmed her social media, unleashing a torrent of insults and accusations. This digital maelstrom didn’t escape Lexi’s notice.

She presented her boss with the troll post accusing Mandy of smearing Janet. With a dismissive snort, she remarked, “Mandy had it coming! She deserves to be called out online.

She targeted you deliberately last time, and now she’s hired trolls to tarnish your reputation. She’s beyond contempt!’

As Janet watched the users continue their digital onslaught against Mandy, she rubbed her chin contemplatively.

“I don’t believe Mandy is behind this.”

Lexi, taken aback by Janet’s assertion, sought clarification. “Why would you think that? The trolls have squarely placed the blame on her.”

In her characteristic calm demeanor, Janet replied, “While he’s Mandy can be headstrong and conceited, she’s fundamentally a straight shooter. She’s not one to resort to backstabbing.