

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1316

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1316

Upon learning of Mandy being targeted by Internet users, Janet, who had recently faced a similar ordeal, understood the discomfort. She couldn't help but worry about Mandy's predicament.

After some hesitation, Janet finally decided to reach out to her.

As soon as the call was answered, the distressed and furious voice of Mandy filled the air. "Janet! I already told everyone it wasn't me. Why are you calling to accuse me? If there were surveillance cameras in the restroom, I'd have already released the video and audio of my conversation with Vivi that day to clear my name!"

Toward the end, Mandy's voice broke with emotion. "Even if I want to best you, I want to do it squarely and fairly! I would never stoop to such underhanded tactics. I, Mandy, am not that sort of person!"

Janet remained silent, patiently allowing Mandy to vent her frustrations.

She understood that Mandy was under unjust online attacks and that her emotional state was on the edge. If she didn't vent, she might completely break down.

After letting out her frustrations, Mandy finally noticed that Janet had been silent throughout the call.

Sniffing back tears, she asked in a forced tough tone, [ninja novel.com](http://ninja-novel.com) "Why aren't you saying anything? Aren't you going to ridicule and mock me?"

Seeing that Mandy had regained some composure, Janet responded sincerely, "I called to tell you that I believe you!"

Mandy was taken aback by her words, her voice wavering with emotion, and she could barely ask, "What... What did you say? Do you really believe me?"

Clearly, Janet's trust meant a lot to Mandy, and all the injustices she had endured seemed to dissipate at that moment.

Janet chuckled and joked, “Yes, I believe you. If you wanted to hurt me, you’d just march into the studio and create a commotion. You wouldn’t resort to sly tactics to cause me harm.” For the first time, someone believed her, and surprisingly, Mandy didn’t react angrily to Janet’s playful jest. Instead, she found herself nodding in agreement on the other end of the phone, saying, “Exactly! I’m not the kind of person who would hide behind Internet trolls and resort to foul play.”

However, when Mandy thought back to her previous tantrum at Janet’s studio, she felt a tinge of embarrassment. “Since you trust me, I... I won’t bother you at your studio anymore,” she said with a hint of embarrassment in her voice. Janet smiled and shook her head. “So, should I be thanking you now?” she quipped.

Mandy snorted and responded with a touch of arrogance, “Whatever.”

Recalling Mandy’s earlier reference to Vivi, Janet asked earnestly, “Could you share the details of your interaction with Vivi during your collaboration? It could very well be her handiwork.”

Hearing this, Mandy promptly gave a detailed account of her encounter with Vivi in the restroom at the art exhibition and how their collaboration started. She didn’t leave out any detail.

Janet’s brow knitted as she took in Mandy’s story.

After ending the call, Janet directed her assistant to probe into the link between Vivi and the online slanderers.

To her astonishment, the investigation unveiled a situation far murkier than she had initially suspected.

It appeared that Vivi had not only hired Internet trolls to defame Janet and falsely incriminate Mandy, but had also employed numerous similar underhanded tactics to frame others. She had used every possible means to twist the narrative online, treating it as a territory without rules.

Janet would not let such misconduct slide and promptly published the evidence she had unearthed online, publicly revealing Vivi’s transgressions.

The evidence that Janet pet users, losed about Vivi was damning, leading to Vivi being shunned and ruthlessly targeted by Internet users. Her social media

accounts, once filled with praises, were now flooded with an onslaught of derogatory comments and insults.

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The truth about Vivi was far from the refined lady she portrayed. She was merely a young girl from a destitute family, who hadn't even finished middle school.

Her illusion of affluence was carefully crafted by a team dedicated to creating Internet sensations. The mansions, fancy cars, and luxury brands she flaunted were not truly hers, but merely borrowed or group-purchased props.

Her crafted identity unraveled, and Vivi lost everything in the blink of an eye.

As darkness fell over the Larson family mansion, Janet lay comfortably with her head resting on Brandon's lap, engrossed in the latest celebrity buzz on her phone. Vivi's scandal had skyrocketed to the top three trending topics. A single tap on any headline revealed a cascade of negative gossip and sordid revelations about her, Janet aimlessly opened one such article, detailing Vivi's reprehensible past, from her bullying antics in middle school to physically assaulting her assistant as a budding Internet sensation.

With a sigh, Janet mused, "Vivi, in all her glamor, has done some deplorable deeds. As a public figure, she should have valued her reputation, but she consistently chose the path of wrongdoing." Brandon glanced at the phone screen, a sardonic smile playing on his lips. "Evil doers can never truly mask their decay, regardless of the glitzy facade they uphold," he scoffed.

Janet wholeheartedly concurred, "If she had avoided mischief and focused on her career, she might have accomplished something. Now, she has no one to blame for her downfall but herself." Mid-conversation, Janet's phone buzzed with an incoming video call from Laney.

As soon as she picked up, a concerned Laney inquired from the other end,

"Janet, how are things with Vivi's scandal? Is there anything I can do to help?"

With a reassuring smile, Janet responded, "Don't fret, everything's under control. How have you been? Is Garrett keeping up the good work?"

Just as Laney finished speaking, a familiar figure appeared behind her. The man, dressed in casual home attire, adeptly held and fed a baby.

Janet recognized the man and, with a chuckle, teased, "Garrett, I never expected you to become so proficient at caring for a baby. You seem to have mastered holding and feeding her."

Cradling his daughter, Garrett wasn't taken aback by Janet's jibe. Instead, he wore a proud smile, proclaiming, "Exactly! I'm on the path to becoming an exceptional dad. My little girl has already taken a liking to me."

Slyly, he glanced towards Brandon, taking the opportunity to boast, "Having a daughter is a wonderful thing. She's so adorable and clingy."

Brandon remained stoic, offering Garrett a simple response. "Piss off."

With a helpless tap on Garrett's head, Laney chided, "Behave. You've only been looking after the baby for a few days. Don't let it go to your head. You're not off the hook yet."

Despite her words, the joy and tenderness in Laney's eyes were unmistakable.

Observing the warm interaction among the duo, Janet felt genuinely happy for Laney. It was hard to believe that Garrett, once a wealthy playboy who reveled in a glamorous lifestyle, was now a responsible father, personally taking care of his child.

Perhaps the familial bond, along with Garrett's attentive care, had endeared Anya to him.

Yet, Janet noticed that Laney still seemed somewhat distant from Garrett, hinting that their reconciliation was not yet complete. With this in mind, Janet inquired, "Laney, when do you plan to forgive him?"

Laney shot Garrett a sidelong glance and deflected, "We'll discuss that later. If you're free, come over and visit Anya. I think you're the best choice to be her godmother."

Sensing Laney's reluctance to continue on the topic, Janet wisely pivoted, "Sounds perfect! I've been eager to become Anya's godmother."

While observing the video of the sweet and tender Anya, Janet and Brandon exchanged a knowing smile, silently acknowledging their mutual yearning for a child.

After ending the call, Janet promptly broached the subject of undergoing a medical check-up. "Shall we get our tests done tomorrow?" she suggested. "We need to be prepared if we're planning to have a baby."

The desire to become a father had been stirring within Brandon, especially during Garrett's boastful display. Upon hearing Janet's proposal about the physical examination, he swiftly nodded in agreement and promptly began organizing everything necessary.

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The next morning, Janet was still sound asleep when Brandon pulled her out from the covers. His voice sounded low and deep in her ear as he coaxed her out of her peaceful slumber, "Wake up. We need to go to the hospital for a check-up, remember?" Janet rubbed her bleary eyes, still half-asleep. A yawn came from her as she playfully answered, "I don't want to get up." Brandon's lips curved into an indulgent smile. He pinched her face affectionately and reminded her, "Don't you want to have a baby soon?"

Janet's eyes had drifted close as sleep lured her back, but her brows furrowed at his words. "Is that all you care about? When the baby comes, will you only think about them?"

Brandon pulled her closer and whispered, "That shouldn't even be a question. You'll always be the most precious person to me. You can go back to sleep if you're still sleepy. We can go another time."

Janet opened her eyes at that, cracking a smile. The truth was that she was also eager to have the check-up, but she wanted to bask in her husband's affection first.

His answer seemingly satisfied her, [ninja novel .com](http://ninja-novel.com) and she grinned, "Good answer. Come on, let's go to the hospital!"

The limo ground to a smooth halt at the hospital entrance. Frank was with the top doctor, waiting by the gate. They saw Brandon and Janet getting out of the

car and walked over to them. But before they could reach the two, a disheveled woman came from nowhere and knelt down in front of Janet.

The sudden appearance startled her. The woman broke into tears and begged repeatedly, "Please! I won't do it again. Please forgive me."

Janet had not recognized her at first, but her voice was unmistakable. The woman who was now a sobbing mess as she desperately pleaded was the once haughty Vivi.

Janet was yet to answer, and Vivi crawled over, trying to hold on to her leg. "I'm begging you, Miss White. I swear I'll never bother you again."

The next moment, Brandon had stepped forward, pulling Janet back protectively. His face had darkened at the crying woman. "What do you want?"

Janet asked, her face twisting into a frown. "You brought this on yourself. It's none of my business."

With Brandon standing watchfully beside her, Vivi didn't dare come closer to Janet.

She remained kneeling, not ceasing her frantic pleas.

"You're right. It's my fault. I know it was all because of me. I won't ever do it again. Please, Miss White. Have some mercy! You're a dignified lady, and I'm just a commoner. Please have some compassion for me."

A crowd had slowly gathered around the scene, and some of them were quick to recognize the woman who was desperately begging on her knees. None of them had ever imagined they would see Vivi, the infamous Internet celebrity, in such a position. She had been subjected to heavy criticism in the recent days, and the onlookers couldn't take their eyes off the scenario unfolding right in front of them.

Low murmurs came from the bystanders.

"Why is she begging like that?. What did she do this time?" "With the way she's crying, it's hard to believe that she's the same woman in the news about her these days."

Their whispers reached Janet's ears, and her frown deepened. Something told her the entire situation was not as simple as it seemed. There had to be something else going on with Vivi's apology.

Her eyes scanned the area around them, and true enough, she spotted a man in the crowd holding up his phone and discreetly recording the scene.

A similar inkling came to Brandon. He noticed the lurker almost at the same time Janet did. At once, he signaled his bodyguards to take care of him.

Meanwhile, Vivi hadn't moved from her spot on the ground. Amplifying up her theatrics, she kept putting on a show of despair. "I'm not like you, Miss White," she sobbed. "I wasn't born into a good family with a lot of wealth. I'm just a country girl. I have no one to rely on but myself. Miss White, I'm begging you, please stop this. The rumors you've spread have hurt me enough. I can't take it anymore!"

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Vivi remained on her knees, orchestrating a theatrical plea for an extended period, yet neither Janet nor Brandon reacted. The spectacle seemed to be a one-person show, leaving Vivi feeling deeply humiliated and embarrassed.

Vivi looked at Janet, bewildered.

But as she lifted her gaze, she locked eyes with Janet, whose expression held a certain knowing amusement, as if she had already deciphered Vivi's intentions.

An inexplicable shiver ran down Vivi's spine.

"Why did you stop?" Janet cocked an eyebrow, her tone dripping with sarcasm as she looked down at Vivi. "Aren't you going to continue crying and pleading for mercy?"

Avoiding Janet's gaze, Vivi felt a surge of embarrassment but persisted with her performance, sobbing and imploring, "I only hope that you can find it in your heart to forgive me and let go of this resentment. After all, I had no part in what transpired." Janet's eyebrows rose even higher. "Are you implying that

you weren't responsible for hiring online trolls to target me? If not you, then who?"

Tears streaming down her face, Vivi sniffled, "All my accounts are managed by my agency. The trolls were hired by them, unbeknownst to me. I implore you to forgive me for my ignorance and let me off."

The onlookers, swayed by Vivi's desolate and pitiful display, started speaking up in her defense.

"It appears this poor girl was entirely in the dark. Miss, please consider granting her an opportunity to make amends." "Companies can be ruthless, and many influencers lack true autonomy. It seems this girl is merely a puppet of her agency." "Indeed, Miss. Given your privileged background, there's no need to press her further."

Hearing the crowd rally behind her, Vivi experienced a surge of satisfaction, a sly grin spreading across her face, hidden by her disheveled hair.

When she raised her head again, the smirk on Vivi's face had morphed back into a pitiful expression as she lamented, "If Miss White still harbors anger towards me, my only recourse would be to atone with my life."

The bystanders cast even more empathetic glances at Vivi.

Upon hearing Vivi's words, Janet's gaze became more mocking. Feigning confusion, Janet inquired loudly enough for everyone to hear, "Is that so? Then the payment account used to pay the Internet trolls was also controlled by your agency, wasn't it?" Vivi was caught off guard. "I..."

Janet interrupted her, raising her voice in indignation. "I can't believe your agency even manipulated your personal payment account, using your funds to pay those Internet trolls! That's utterly reprehensible! This is a human rights violation!"

Upon hearing Janet's words, the onlookers who had been advocating for Vivi fell abruptly silent, their looks of sympathy now replaced with skepticism.

It was indeed common for media companies at that time to maintain tight control over their social media influencers' actions and behavior. However, it was impossible for the agencies to exert control over the influencers' finances and payment accounts, and utilize their money to hire internet trolls. Despite

their susceptibility to rumors, the bystanders were able to see through such a blatant ruse.

Vivi's expression froze completely, and the rehearsed pleas she had prepared seemed to desert her in the face of Janet's words. She was taken aback to discover that despite the public scrutiny, Janet didn't capitulate under the pressure of public opinion and grant her immediate forgiveness. Instead, Janet swiftly detected Vivi's blunder and skillfully redirected the narrative. speechlessness,

Spotting Vivi's speechlessness, Janet relentlessly pursued the matter. "Don't worry, I'm not an unreasonable person. I can't tolerate companies overstepping their boundaries either. My husband's firm has a proficient legal team that will certainly assist you in taking legal action against such a company and help vindicate your name."

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The moment she noticed Brandon and Janet coming together to go after her,

Vivi's tail tucked between her legs. They looked like they would personally take her to her company to demand an explanation. It made her quiver in fear.

Hastily standing up, she said, "Please don't bother, Miss White. I'll handle the conflict with my company myself. If you forgive me, I promise this will be the end of it."

Vivi wasn't in touch with her company anymore. She didn't dare approach them, even. Ever since her involvement in paying Internet trolls to tarnish Janet and falsely accusing Mandy was exposed, her company cut ties with her. She had been completely abandoned.

However, despite Vivi's strong refusal, Janet wouldn't let her go. "Vivi, you don't have to worry about causing me trouble. I've always detested these sordid companies and I'll stand up for employees like you who have been exploited. Don't burden yourself with guilt. We'll consider it as a public service."

"No, I really don't..." Vivi trailed off. A flustered expression appeared on her face.

With a serious tone, Janet said, "Well, as you have mentioned, your company was the one that defamed me. I want to seek justice. If your company is targeting me, I will face them head-on and not let them go!"

Brandon nodded in agreement. "That's right. My wife has been humiliated and I won't let the masterminds behind it run away freely. Rest assured that we'll protect you, Vivi. We'll sue this company until it goes bankrupt."

The more they said, the more anxious Vivi became. She bit her lip, trying her best not to cry out.

She desperately scanned the crowd in hopes to find the man who had accompanied her earlier. Perhaps he could help her out. Otherwise, she would be digging her own grave.

Only then did she notice that the man she was looking for had been seized by Brandon's bodyguards. He was now pinned to the corner, unable to move.

Vivi instantly realized that Janet had long seen through her scheme.

The only reason Janet acted compassionate toward her was so that she would reveal her true intentions.

No amount of calculating and scheming would outsmart Janet. Vivi had lost before she even started.

She despondently hung her head. "If Miss White doesn't want to forgive me, then so be it. I'll come again another day to apologize. I won't give up until you forgive me," she promised, her voice laced with sadness.

Now that she said it, the only thing she wanted to do was slip away.

However, it would be impossible for Janet to let Vivi off so easily. At her signal, the bodyguards intercepted Vivi.

Several tall and sturdy, cold-looking bodyguards blocked Vivi's path. With a fake smile, the head of the bodyguards said to her, "Miss, Mr. and Mrs. Larson haven't told you to leave yet." Brandon appeared from behind, speaking slowly. "Vivi, what's the rush? As our witness, we need you when we sue your company in court. Your testimony is crucial."

If she hadn't been so jealous that she paid Internet trolls to smear Janet, it wouldn't have come to this. She wouldn't have suffered such a devastating fall from grace. ninjanovel.com She would have held her head high instead of being treated like a social pariah. No one would have pointed at her and gossiped about her.

But it wasn't only that. Her involvement in such a heinous act led to her company abandoning her and demanding huge liquidated damages. If she couldn't come up with enough sum to pay, she would end up in jail.

That was also the reason why she came to Janet today in an attempt to frame her again.

But there was no use regretting it now.

The only consolation Vivi

Ho get was guarantee that they wouldn't be able to do anything to her.

Confronting Janet outside the hospital where a lot of people could see was a bright idea. Even Brandon would not dare hurt her in the face of public eyes.