

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1341

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1341

The following day, Vivi's car accident once again dominated the trending news.

According to police reports, Vivi's accident resulted from her consumption of illicit drugs, causing a sudden illness while driving. Consequently, she was unable to brake or swerve in time to avoid an obstacle, leading to the mishap. This twist in the narrative left the Internet users, who were initially seething with righteous indignation, utterly confused.

"I never imagined Vivi's accident would be a consequence of her own physical condition, and not a malicious plot against her. We were wrong to target Janet."

'Janet is affluent and influential. She must have bribed the authorities to the actual facts!'

"But where did Vivi procure these drugs? The police owe us an explanation. For all we know, someone could've intentionally administered them to her!"

"Indeed! A thorough investigation of these illicit substances must be conducted immediately. Who knows how many people could be jeopardizing their lives with these hazardous drugs as we speak."

As the public continued to question the circumstances, news of Star Entertainment's influencers indulging in heavy illicit drug use surfaced. This revelation rapidly climbed the trending charts, igniting fervent online discussions.

Authorities promptly shut down Star Entertainment, instructing the firm to enforce rectifications and adhere to regulations before it could recommence operations.

Many influencers were stunned upon discovering the lethal potential of the drugs they had been consuming, and they demanded contract terminations and compensations.

Some influencers went as far as provoking their followers to assail Star Entertainment, hoping to extract additional compensations.

In her office, Suzanne stared at news of her company being mandated to make corrections and at the termination contracts of her employees. Blinded by rage, she swept everything off her desk onto the floor.

“Boss...” The assistant recoiled in terror. “Along with our top influencer Momo terminating her contract, several other firms also want to sever ties with us...

What should we do?” “Termination?” Suzanne scoffed. “Fine! Anyone who wants to leave can take a hike. They’re nothing more than ingrates. I’ll bide my time to see who laughs last!”

The assistant hastily nodded and swiftly retreated from the office. “Janet White!

You’re responsible for my current predicament.” Suzanne clenched her fists tightly; her eyes were brimming with malice, and her face contorted as if she were a demon straight out of hell. “I won’t let you go scot-free! I’ll ensure you can’t escape my vengeance!” Her words carried an ominous undertone. aE

“Ah-choo!” Janet sneezed just as she entered her studio. “Odd, why did I sneeze?”

She didn’t give it much thought, proceeding into her office, contemplating her work for the day, when her gaze landed on an extravagant bouquet of red roses and a fancy fruit basket.

“Lexi, who sent these?” Janet frowned, instinctively picturing Clyde’s face, which induced a nauseating shudder that coursed through her.

Was he still persisting in pestering her?

Behind her, Lexi seemed perplexed, scratching the back of her head as she clarified, “These were sent by a model named Derek. I initially declined them, but he insisted on delivering them personally.”

Janet hadn’t expected it to be Derek. Her lips twitched as she inquired, “Where is he now?”

Looking rather nervous, Lexi replied, “He’s been waiting for you in the reception room.”

Janet exhaled heavily and massaged her forehead. "It's not your fault. Derek's tenacity is challenging to deal with, even for me. You're not alone in this struggle. Now, you can get back to your tasks."

In the reception room, Derek lounged leisurely on the sofa, exuding nonchalance and showing no signs of unfamiliarity with the place.

"Why hasn't Janet shown up yet?" Derek grumbled lazily. "I've been waiting for a good ten minutes."

Janet caught wind of his complaint as she swung the door open, causing her mouth to twitch in response. "Is ten minutes such a long time? I never requested you to wait for me here. If waiting bothers you, feel free to leave anytime," Janet shot back.

"At last, the esteemed designer graces us with her presence!" Upon seeing Janet enter the room, Derek made no effort to rise from his relaxed position on the sofa. "A supermodel's time is valuable, you know. I get paid by the minute for my catwalk appearances. Even a mere ten-minute wait amounts to a six-figure appearance fee!"

On the sidelines, Gilda had had enough of her boyfriend's laid-back attitude. She gave Derek a nudge with her foot and warned him, "Sit up straight, or you'll regret it."