

## My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1328

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1328

The dawn had shaken off the grip of night, but the shadows under Janet's eyes still clung on, remnants of a restless slumber. Her mind, a haunted house, had been infested with nightmares. Faceless figures prowled through her dreams, hungry for her peace, or Vivi-her face a crimson mask-cried out accusations of injustice from beyond the grave.

This spectral onslaught had left Janet with a melancholy that clung to her like a second skin.

Yet, she rallied. Gathering her things, she steeled herself for the day's work.

Her husband, Brandon, took in her pallid complexion with a furrowed brow. Genuine concern lacing his words, he suggested, "Maybe you should consider taking the day off? I fear Vivi's kin might stir up a storm at the studio and you could get caught in the crossfire." But Janet was unyielding. Her voice, a whisper laced with iron, responded, "The studio's still in its infancy, and we're already navigating such a crisis. It's crucial that I'm there, guiding it through. I can't abandon my crew or show a hint of fear."

Brandon found himself in the face of an immovable object. He conceded, a solemn nod to his white flag. "At least promise to be cautious. If anything goes south, I want to hear from you immediately."

Janet reached up, pressing a reassuring kiss to Brandon's cheek. "Don't worry," she soothed. "We'll weather this storm."

Just as she was about to step into her shoes, her phone rang. Lexi's voice breezed through the phone line, her tone as unruffled as ever. "Boss, when can I expect you? The studio's electricity bill is overdue, and we need to settle it."

Janet stilled before replying calmly, "I'm on my way. Just hold on." Without a word, Brandon bent to help Janet with her shoes. Once the call ended, he asked, curiosity tugging at his brows, "Is something amiss at the studio?"

Janet's fingers danced across her phone screen as she shared, "Lexi footed the electricity bill-a grand, a few days ago. There's no way we're in arrears."

His frown deepened, a portent of stormy weather. “Something’s off.”

Her brow creased in worry, Janet nodded. “Trouble might have already found its way to the studio, and Lexi could be in its crosshairs. Her call could have been a veiled plea for help. I need to get there as soon as possible.”

Brandon held out his hand, an unspoken offer of solidarity. “Let’s face this together. We’ll take the security detail with us. Whatever comes our way, we’ll navigate through.”

Her lips pressed into a thin line, Janet nodded.

As they journeyed to the studio, Janet restlessly shifted in her seat. “Please speed up. I fear for Lexi.”

Brandon’s hand tightened around hers, his words a soothing balm. “Lexi will be okay.”

Tears brimmed in Janet’s eyes, her voice quivering as she confessed, “If anything happens to Lexi, I’ll never forgive myself.”

“Don’t worry.” Brandon leaned in, his voice a comforting blanket. “The security team is already en route. They’ll keep Lexi safe.”

The reassurance offered by Brandon breathed a moment’s respite into Janet’s fraught nerves.

Yet, the calm was fleeting, her heartbeat quickening again as she contemplated the impending confrontation.

Could this chaos be the handiwork of the puppet master she was yet to unmask? Was this turmoil another thread in their intricate web of conspiracy?

And most importantly, how was she to counter it?

A single misstep could have catastrophic consequences, potentially escalating the crisis and tarnishing the Larson family’s and the White family’s standing.

These dire thoughts fanned the flames of her anxiety.

A heavy burden settled in her chest, a stone sinking into the depths of a still lake, pulling her down with its weight.

The only solace Brandon could offer was the reassuring squeeze of his hand, a silent promise of unwavering support. Yet, he couldn't shake off the feeling of helplessness that hung around Janet like a specter.

In the silence, the car came to a halt before the studio entrance. The sight that greeted Janet was a chilling confirmation of her worst fears.

The studio was engulfed by a sea of people, waves of chatter crashing against its walls. The cacophony was a storm of voices, the subjects of their heated debates lost to the chaos.

The moment the media sharks spotted Brandon's car, they swarmed towards it, circling like vultures. Their cameras were a barrage of flashes, their questions were bullets fired relentlessly through the car doors.

"Miss White, what's your perspective on Vivi's tragic demise?" "Miss White, whispers of your involvement in Vivi's death are swirling. Any truth to these claims?"

"Miss White..."

The questions rained down, each a thirsty plea for Janet's response.