

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1330

The Substitute Wife: My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1330

“You’re Janet, aren’t you? The one who killed my sister? What did she do to deserve that?”

“You won’t escape our grasp, you monster!”

“Either go to jail or compensate us financially! We won’t let you get away with this!”

The towering men fired off accusations, their greedy, predatory gazes roving over Janet, calculating the potential monetary gain they could squeeze from her.

The supposed kin of the late Vivi bore no signs of genuine grief in their eyes, only ruthless greed and cold calculation, akin to a pack of wild beasts hungrily sizing up their next meal. Their brazen stares and vulgar words ignited a flame of fury in Janet.

She didn’t believe they were seeking justice for Vivi; instead, it seemed like a thinly veiled attempt to exploit her supposed guilt for their own financial gain.

“Seems to me you’re more interested in my wallet than in justice,” Janet retorted, struggling to keep her anger in check. “If it’s just money you want, I suggest you turn around. We have nothing further to discuss.”

One of the burly men balled his hands into fists, his eyes blazing with fury. “Your wallet? Mind your words! You took my niece from us. Isn’t it fair that we get some recompense? Money can’t fix what you’ve done. It’s only just that you pay with your own life.”

“Exactly! What’s wrong with demanding compensation?”

Another hulking man chimed in. “You’re rich, aren’t you? Why the penny-pinching? You’ve taken a life—that’s a grave sin. If we call the cops, you could be behind bars for life. Consider yourself lucky we’re only seeking money and not pressing charges!”

With just a few venomous words, they'd pinned the murder on Janet. She nearly laughed in bitter disbelief. "So, how much will it take to soothe your wounded hearts?"

Their eyes lit up at the prospect of extortion, a spark of sadistic pleasure flashing in their eyes.

The ringleader cleared his throat, eyes gleaming as he raised a single finger.

Janet snorted in disbelief, "One million?"

The self-proclaimed leader squared his shoulders, his chin jutting out defiantly. "One million? That's a pittance... It doesn't begin to cover Vivi's lost life. She was young, vibrant, with a full life ahead. Fair compensation would be a hundred million! But we won't be that demanding. Just ten million will suffice."

Janet was taken aback by their audacity. She couldn't help a cold, bitter laugh, her heart somewhat aching for Vivi.

Her so-called family were merely leeches, devoid of emotion. They showed no interest in the truth of Vivi's demise; they simply saw it as a golden opportunity to fill their pockets. For them, the identity of the perpetrator didn't matter as long as they were paid off. Vivi's tragic end never factored into their twisted equation.

Seeing this, fury surged within Brandon like a tidal wave. These people had started slinging mud at Janet the moment they saw her. They weren't here to seek justice for Vivi, but to wring money from her!

Brandon's features twisted into a scowl as he stepped in, placing himself between the accusers and Janet. "Utter one more slanderous word, and you'll me the day you crossed our path," Brandon warned, his tone laced with menace, his eyes promising retribution. "Keep spouting this nonsense and I'll make you regret." As soon as the words left his lips, the door burst open and bodyguards flooded into the room. They were well-drilled, forming a protective wall around Brandon and Janet. The room's atmosphere turned electric. The robust men's expressions morphed into shock at the sudden appearance of the formidable bodyguards, realizing that they were outmatched. Sensing the futility of their confrontation, they reluctantly clamped their mouths shut.

The elderly pair, who had been weeping earlier, ninjanovel.com were so startled by the scene that they huddled together, their crying replaced with trembling fear.

Janet's heart softened at the sight of the frightened seniors. She gently pulled at Brandon's sleeve and met his gaze, signaling that she wished to handle the situation herself.

With Janet's safety guaranteed, Brandon gave his unwavering support to her decision.

The imposing bodyguards kept the reception room in an eerie silence. The burly men didn't dare stir any further trouble, even taking a few synchronized steps back.

Janet moved forward, standing tall, and locked eyes with Vivi's aged parents.

"I am not the one who took Vivi's life, and I won't be paying you a single dime," she declared with unwavering conviction. At Janet's refusal, the burly men's faces soured, their hopes of easy money dashed.