

Chapter 901 The Best Wife In The World

Brandon was confused. "Why makes you say that all of a sudden?" 1

"Dalores was probably still busy cutting up Estella's dress by the time I sent Draco home. So how could she have known and tipped the paparazzi to take photos of us? Was she just banking on the possibility that I would be helping Draco out of the car?" Janet had never pegged Dalores to be an insightful woman.

"I've checked where the photos were first posted. It's just an ordinary entertainment magazine." When Brandon saw that she was still frowning, he asked, "What is it? What's wrong?"

"Who else could it be besides Dalores?" Janet muttered under her breath.

But Brandon thought that she was overthinking the matter. "The paparazzi must have been targeting you and Draco for a while now. You did

well at the Iridescent Show, so it wouldn't be surprising if you've garnered a bunch of envious rivals."

"You have a point there. After all, even some of my peers over at Northcliffe made things difficult for me." Janet sighed mournfully. "Well, this should be interesting. I haven't even made a name for myself as a designer yet, and I'm already involved in several scandals."

Just this morning, she was browsing a certain website when she came across an article detailing her and Draco's supposed love story. A rich young lady suffering from an unfortunate marriage and a talented designer presumably met and found a new purpose to life in each other.

Janet couldn't help but chuckle at the memory.

Brandon narrowed his eyes. He rarely saw this particular smile on her face.

"What are you thinking about?" Before she could answer, however, he pulled her into his arms and pressed a kiss on her lips. "Don't tell me you're thinking about that sickly guy, Draco."


Janet giggled and told him all about the article.

"What the hell?" Brandon struggled to contain his anger as he opened the website and saw the article for himself. After reading only a few lines, he immediately called Sean and instructed him to remove all the articles pertaining to Janet and Draco, and to ban the accounts that were engaging in such tasteless rumors.

"Why would you ban their accounts?" Janet complained. "Some of them are my fans, you know. They defended me and showed their support."

She never imagined having a fan base, at least not this early. She was still just a rookie designer, after all.

Despite that, a good number of netizens were speaking up for her amidst all the slander and hate speech. The only catch was that their wording seemed a little... strange.

"I am a good friend of Janet's. I assure you that she will never cheat on her husband. Why would she, when they love each other very much? Her husband spoils her at every turn. Not only that, he is also good-looking and an excellent cook." 

"That's right! Janet's private life is spotless. She

goes home on time every day after work. She's a workaholic who's obsessed in design. There's no way she would look at other men apart from her husband."

"Stop besmirching her name, or you will be receiving a lawyer's letter from me soon!"

The more that Janet read the comments again, the more bizarre she found the whole situation. She fell into a pensive silence as her mind raced.

No way... Brandon couldn't have anything to do with this, right?

Janet continued to browse the comment section until she reached the bottom, where she found the most inconspicuous comment yet.

"She is the best wife in the world. I forbid you to spout such nonsense." 1

Brandon was still barking orders at Sean, so he failed to notice the shift in Janet's mood. When he was done, he said, "Stay away from Draco. I don't like it when people gossip about the two of you."

Janet sniffed and pounced on him, hugging him tightly. "I will."

Brandon was taken aback by her prompt

compliance. "Good girl," he crooned and stroke her hair before kissing her cheek.

"Come on, I'll drive you to the studio."

Moments later, their car stopped in front of W Marks.

Janet thought about the paparazzi that had hounded her at the studio's entrance last time. She still harbored some fear due to that incident. She couldn't bring herself to get out of the car as she looked around nervously.

"Are you afraid of the paparazzi?" Brandon asked, and laughed when he saw her frown.

Janet glanced at the reporters hiding behind the pillar just outside the studio. She clicked her tongue and sighed. "They're here to snap some photos secretly, but they don't even know how to hide themselves properly. I can see all of them from here."

She didn't want to get out of the car, but Brandon had to go to work, too. He couldn't just stay and wait for her to muster the courage to expose herself to these intrusive reporters.