Chapter 1950 The Effect Of The Farewell Letter

Brandon scanned his phone screen before turning to Janet. "You've had a tough day. Head back to your room, take it easy. I'll sort things out."

His voice was calm yet firm.

Janet shook her head, a spark of defiance in her eyes. "I'm tougher than you think. Online drama won't get to me, not now, not ever. And even if I retreat, I won't find peace. I'll be worried sick."

Johanna, shoulders slumped, spoke up with guilt in her voice. "I messed up. If I hadn't spilled the beans, Janet wouldn't have found about this."

Janet squeezed her mother's arm, gratitude in her gaze. "Mom, don't blame yourself. You did the right thing, telling me straight. It shows you trust me, unlike Brandon, who always wants to shield me."

Brandon sighed, rubbing his temples. "Okay, brace yourself."

Janet nodded quickly. "Got it. Julian was caught in my studio; I know the truth. Internet gossip won't ruin my day."

Brandon reluctantly passed the phone to Janet, gesturing for a servant to contact the obstetrician

Chapter 1950 The Effect Of The Fare # +120 Points at most

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Brandon reluctantly passed the phone to Janet, gesturing for a servant to contact the obstetrician and gynecologist overseeing Janet's care within the White family.

When Janet opened her phone, she was greeted by a barrage of accusations and insults hurled at Brandon.

"Does being rich mean he can get away with anything? Rich folks have no heart."

"He's good-looking, but I never knew he could be so cruel."

"Total hypocrisy."

"Murderer! He needs to face the consequences!"

"What a shame. Getting mixed up with a capitalist."

"He caused someone's death. Shouldn't he be held

Chapter 1950 The Effect Of The Fare ## +120 Points at most accountable by law?"

Janet's heart sank as she scrolled through the hurtful words. With a furrowed brow, she exclaimed, "Ridiculous! That's not how it went down."

Brandon's handsome business photos now marred by digital bloodstains and the damning label "murderer" sent Janet's pulse racing, a knot tightening in her chest.

Witnessing her distress, Johanna intervened, relieving Janet of her phone. She tenderly rubbed Janet's back, murmuring words of reassurance. "Don't dwell on it, sweetheart. It's all nonsense."

A shadow fell over Brandon's face as Larson Group's PR team sprang into action, quelling the wildfire of negative online chatter and erasing the disturbing images.

Even Beal, typically reserved, spoke up, his voice steady. "Don't fret, Janet. We'll handle this little hiccup."

The obstetrician and gynecologist, called by Johanna, unpacked her medical kit, ready to assist Janet at a moment's notice.

Nestling into Johanna's comforting embrace, Janet felt the reassuring warmth of her family's care, her frazzled emotions finding a sliver of calm.

Summoning a faint smile, Janet reassured, "I'm good on my own. Don't worry about me. I don't want to be a bother."

Johanna was relieved to see Janet's spirits lift slightly.

She insisted, "Head back to your room now. Later, the doctor can check up on you."

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"Okay, I'll head back for now. No need to worry." Yielding to Johanna's persistence, Janet allowed herself to be guided back to her bedroom.

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