

Chapter 1590 Being Criticized Online

Mandy's party buzzed with an eclectic mix of reporters and media people.

Though reporters were afraid to approach Brandon for a scoop on those murder rumors, they couldn't resist the allure of Janet. Janet, who had vanished for a quarter of a year, only to re-emerge with a dazzlingly different look. It was like the caterpillar-butterfly transformation, and boy, was it juicy news.

Stealthy clicks of the reporters' cameras followed, and by dawn, the Internet was flooded with images.

By sunrise, platforms were ablaze with a blazing headline, which swiftly shot up to the trending charts.

"Mrs. Larson's Stunning Reappearance After Three-Month Hiatus: New Face, New Life?"

"Famed Designer Janet White Goes Under the Knife? A Bold Move to Woo the Fashion World With Her Ravishing New Look!"

Soon, Janet's studio was the talk of the town, with design orders pouring in like never before. But the underbelly of the net had its share of jibes and cruel quips on Janet's transformative journey.

"Seriously? I thought Janet had disappeared for some advanced design course. Not a nip and tuck! She was already such a looker. Why?"

"Just look at Janet flaunting her vanity. Got herself a makeover, huh? Ugh, I can't stand it."

"Of course, the 'alleged' murderer Brandon and the newly minted Janet make a delightful duo. How... grotesque!"

"Good grief! I'm done with her studio. No more outfits for me from such a two-faced woman."

"Yeah, joining the boycott brigade here!"

The comment section went on, a veritable sea of harsh judgments.

Brandon, witnessing this digital wildfire, was livid. The hurtful words, the baseless accusations—it was as if Janet had committed an unpardonable sin.

"To what end do I have you PR folks?" Brandon erupted, his voice dripping with disdain. He berated the deputy director of Larson Group's PR division so fiercely that the poor man hardly

dared to breathe. "Wipe every trace of this slander about my wife. Now! Get our legal team on this. And if this circus isn't quelled soon, heads will roll!"

With the might of the Larson Group thrown in, the online world went from chaotic to absolute pandemonium.

Amidst this storm, Janet was blissfully unaware. When Brandon finally stepped out of his study, he found her cozied up on the sofa, engrossed in the latest binge-worthy series, munching away at her favorite snacks.

Upon glimpsing the serene, contented expression dancing on Janet's features, Brandon's face broke into the softest, most indulgent of smiles. He settled next to her and, with an endearing tenderness, smoothed the back strands of her hair. "Enjoying the treats?" he asked, his tone dripping with sweetness.

With a playful twinkle in her eyes and her fingers caressing the back of his hand, Janet responded, "Absolutely! But goodness, you've outdone yourself with this spread. There's no way I can devour all this alone. You're joining in, right?"

Brandon chuckled warmly, the sound as

melodious as a comforting tune. "Well, I figured you might be craving a change from the usual munchies. So, why not give you an array to choose from? Sample them, take your pick, and I'll make sure to stock up on your favorites."

As she sipped her bubble tea, an elated expression lit up Janet's features. "Oh, this bubble tea! It's divine. Have I always had a penchant for this flavor?"

Casting his gaze towards the cup, recognition flashed in Brandon's eyes. It was, indeed, her all-time favorite. With a mischievous smirk, he teased, "Care to hazard a guess?"

She playfully squinted at the tea, her expression one of feigned concentration. "Oh, come on! How am I to know?"

In that fleeting moment, overcome by her endearing act, Brandon tenderly closed the distance between them. Gently, he brushed his lips against hers, and with a sly, sultry whisper, he confessed, "Well, I've taken a sip... but I'll keep its secret safe. You'll have to dwell on that taste memory a bit longer."

Feeling the heat of his unexpected yet delightful intimacy, a rosy blush colored Janet's cheeks, her body suddenly buzzing with

warmth.

"You... how..." she stammered, searching for words. "That was quite a surprise move, wasn't it?"

His laughter, soft and teasing, echoed before he leaned in, planting another feather-light kiss on her blushing lips. "Any closer to an answer?"

Taking a moment to steady her racing heart, Janet leaned away slightly, her skin still flushed with a delightful shade of pink.

A while later, she mustered the courage to pick up her tea again, her demeanor nonchalant, as if their sweet interlude had been but a dream. "You know what? It doesn't matter if I loved this flavor in the past or not. What matters is that it's delightful now."