

the substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 667



Chapter 667 Running to look for him..

Charis was stunned and speechless.

grabbed the woman's hand and demanded:

“And then? Where is that man now? It's okay?” The woman

threw Charis's hand away and fled, cursing as he ran for a moment, Charis was rooted to the ground.

His eyes they were clouded with panic and confusion.

He never expected Brandon to risk his life to save Janet in such a situation.

“There wasn't even been with Janet so long since she lost her memory!” Charis took out her phone and

quickly called the man he had hired.

At the moment the call was connected, he let out a litany of curses.

“Didn’t I tell you?! You should have separated those two! Can’t you even do something that simple?” The

man’s voice trembled slightly.

“We continue your instructions, Ms.

Turner, I really do! we did! But the halls of this attraction are dark and narrow.

As soon as it broke out fire, everyone ran for the exit.

You can not blame us for losing that man in the middle of all the chaos.” Charis anxiously walked through

the entrance of the haunted house.

She told herself that she should Calm down and consider your options.

After a moment, he asked.

“Which direction are you going? directed? Go and find it” The man’s breath caught in his throat.

‘Ms.

Turner, that’s impossible.

There is not way for us to find someone in a raging fire.

We are not firefighters.

Also, don’t we have no idea where the knight has gone.” “Shit!” Charis screamed in frustration.

took the hand to forehead, not knowing what else to do.

He came back to look at the flames that rose higher and higher towards the heaven, as if to embody the swift surge of his despair.

Brandon could be burned to death the fire she had instigated.

Unable to bear the thought, Charis took off her coat and put it over his head, before rush into the burning establishment.

Nope I couldn't let anything happen to Brandon! A steady stream of people kept fleeing the scene.

When they saw a woman running in the opposite direction, they naturally looked at her jaws dropped as if he had lost his mind.

Fortunately, Charis had become familiar with the haunted house structure of beforehand. As long as no error will be submitted, could get Brandon out unscathed.

Charis squinted into the dark smoke and wavy. It was as if I had entered a huge oven.

He couldn't even tell if his tears were from the heat or smoke.

Soon Charis was gasping for air. while frantically looking around.

“Brandon! Where are you? Can you hear me?” His voice was getting hoarse by the second, but still couldn’t locate it.

Suddenly, he saw a figure speeding across the sea of fire out of nowhere.

The long hair of woman was tied up in a bun, her slender silhouette glided nimbly through accessories and accessories on fire.

It was Janet.

Charis watched her run into a side room.

Remembering the plans, he recognized that the room it was a small cubicle used by the staff.

It had only one barred window, high up in the wall.

The only way in and out was through of the door.

“If Janet got trapped inside, I would probably die in the fire.

charis followed stealthily out of Janet's footsteps, careful to not alert the latter. Once Janet was firmly inside the small room, Charis hurriedly closed the door slammed and bolted it from the Exterior.

Hearing the noise behind her, Janet turned right around. time to see Charis's face.

she ran and he banged against the door, yelling, "Charis! What do you think you're doing?! Let me out!"

But it was in vain.

Charis had no intention of opening the door. gate.

He let out a sinister laugh and sneered of Janet from the other side.

"Shut! Just stand there like a good girl and quietly await your death!"

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