

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 683



Chapter 683: A Monster In The Shape Of A Human

From the window, one could see the sky outside darkening as rain clouds gathered, covering the bright

sun. The woman in the ward looked as gloomy as the dark sky. She suffered from an inner storm.

"Don't you want to explain yourself?"

Brandon's eyes, which were trained on her, were as sharp as an eagle's.

Charis swallowed uneasily. Brandon's question was straightforward.

Apparently, he had already talked to Janet before they came.

Charis wasn't sure what Janet had told Brandon, but she doubted Janet had any evidence of her past crimes.

Therefore, it was likely that Janet didn't tell Brandon everything.

Otherwise, Brandon wouldn't have been so gracious as to give her a chance to explain herself.

In fact, he might not have visited her at all. Since Charis had figured this out, she knew what to do next. She pretended to be angry and asked

pointedly, "Why don't you trust me? I've never lied to you! Brandon, I described your relationship with

Janet only from the perspective of an outsider. Didn't I tell you before? You never talked to me about your

relationship with her. If you didn't tell me anything, how could I have known whether or not you two had a good relationship? Now, I realize that I must've misunderstood your relationship. After all, what I saw was just the way you two got along in public. You are always cold and indifferent with everyone. I thought you didn't like her either."

Charis's explanation was somewhat convincing. It was true that Brandon didn't talk about his private affairs with others.

But Charis was an intelligent woman with a discerning eye. She should've seen the relationship between Brandon and Janet for what it really was. Which meant that she wasn't telling the whole truth.

Still, it was difficult for Brandon to tell which part of her words was true and which part was not. They had known each other for years.

Thus he still trusted in Charis somewhat. As for Janet, Brandon could only feel that there was some sort of a special bond between them.

But every time he tried to recall something related to her or their past together, he'd get a splitting headache that would debilitate his thinking.

"Indeed, I'm not good at expressing myself." Brandon fell silent for a moment.

After a while, he stood up and said, "All right. Get some rest. I have go back to work. I'll visit you another time."

Although what he said wasn't out of character, his eyes were as cold as ice. No matter how hard she tried,

Charis couldn't read him. So she simply forced a smile in response. She could see that although Brandon had stopped questioning her, he didn't trust her as much as before.

Not long after Brandon and Janet left, Charis's attending doctor entered the ward with several nurses.

The doctor glanced at Luke and then said to Charis, "Miss Turner, the gauze can be removed today."

Charis had been in the hospital for a long time now. Because her burns were severe, the doctor never talked about removing the gauze until she had calmed down.

After all, in his experience, many burn patients just broke down as soon as they saw their disfigured faces.

Charis was nervous. Her whole face and body had been covered in gauze since she woke up. She couldn't see how bad it really was and therefore hadn't really mentally prepared herself for the fact that she was disfigured.

Standing beside the bed, Luke said in a fatherly tone, "Only after checking the wounds can the doctor decide the treatment plan for the next stage." "Okay."

Charis slowly squeezed her eyes shut and lay still. She could feel the nurses slowly peel layer upon layer of gauze off her body.

Then she heard someone gasping. Charis slowly opened her eyes, only to find her mother crying in her father's arms. The doctor and the nurses also looked at her in shock.

There was even a trace of pity and fear in their eyes.

Charis slowly turned her head to look at the mirror in the ward.

The reflection staring back at her didn't look like human at all. She looked like a monster in the shape of a human.

Not a single part of her skin was intact, and her face was beyond recognition.

The large black scabbing all over her body looked like a pangolin's shell.

In the blink of an eye, Charis's self-esteem was shattered. She started scratching at the scabs on her face

like a madwoman and screamed at the top of her lungs hysterically.

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