

The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 702

• • •

Chapter 702 Let go

It was early December.

The cold wind howled and the sky was gloomy.

Countless snowflakes glittered in the sky, forming piles of snow on the ground.

Charis looked down from the French window broken and caught a glimpse of a white snowflake.

What ridiculous.

At this time last year, I was surrounded by loving friends and family, celebrating the first snowfall of the year.

But currently, her face was disfigured, had a mental illness and did not I had more friends.

Life was cruel.

"Don't try to talk me out of it. They have disfigured and my life is ruined. Never I will have the opportunity to be with you now", said Charis desperate, her voice increasingly hoarse.

"My only purpose in life now is make sure you witness the death of Janet."

After a slight hesitation, she nodded decision.

"I feel sorry for my parents, but I no longer I want to live in this cruel world." if there is a life after death, I will pay you back."

As soon as he finished speaking, he jumped down the window taking Janet with her.

Janet left escape a deafening scream.

Brandon acted quickly ran towards the window and quickly grabbed the outstretched hand of Janet.

However, the combined weight of the two women and gravity dragged Brandon down.

Blue veins appeared on his sturdy arms and beads of sweat began to form on his forehead.

He clung to what was left of the frame from the window with one hand and held the hand of Janet forcefully with the other.

Janet felt like she was going to snap in half being pulled by two opposing forces.

Brendan the was pulling up... while Charis he was pulling her down.

Nope! She couldn't let Brandon go down with her! Gritting her teeth, Janet looked at Charis, who was clung to his other arm, and tried to get rid of she.

Charis glared at her and almost snapped release a string of curses.

But the next second, he lost his grip on the Janet's hand and plummeted.

A shout desperate resounded in the air...

Startled, Janet looked down in shock.

With a thud, Charis landed on the ground, motionless, and a pool of blood formed quickly around him.

Janet he immediately closed his eyes. I could not stand see such an awful sight.

After all, he was still in danger. I didn't have time to worry about Charis.

The harsh winter wind mixed with snow it began to numb Brandon's arms. I knew I was about to lose

feeling in the hand.

The edge of the window that he grabbed it was soft and it was difficult to find a good grip. I could feel his

fingers slipping, little by little.

With her whole body hanging in the air, Janet she could feel herself inching forward down.

Brandon seemed to be about to let go of the window frame.

Life was strange.

Looked like that at every critical moment in Janet's life, he I was there with her realizing it made her feel exceptionally calm.

She looked at him with her clear eyes and said, "Brandon, let me go. You can go up alone, but you can't get on both of us."

Brandon ignored her and tightened his grip on her hand.

Janet was right. It was better if at least one of them could live.

However, without her knew, there was a small voice inside her.

Brandon's heart telling him he couldn't let her go.

If she was going to die, he was going to die with she.

Time seemed to have stopped.

It was like if they were the last two people on earth.

Even Brandon didn't know why he was so determined to stay by this woman's side, in the life or in death.

He didn't remember his past which meant that he only knew her from two months ago.

"Brandon Larson! Can't you hear me? Said, Let go!".

Scared that both of them were going to meet her end, Janet cried out desperately. I was scared to death, yes, but I was more afraid to kill Brandon. Brandon pretended not to hear her.

He just squeezed He clung to her with all his might.

Their hand that held the edge of the window continued slipping very slowly... In the blink of an eye, his strength was exhausted and He let go of the edge of the window Screaming in fear and shock, the two fell from the window French..

• • •