

# The substitute wife: my poor husband is a billionaire

Chapter 712: Being Rejected

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Ever since Vivian moved into the Turner family home, the Turners adored her. She always talked so

sweetly, which delighted Catherine.

Vivian's presence somewhat eased the pain of losing Charis.

Both Catherine and Luke were very kind to Vivian, and they even encouraged her to stay longer.

Over the past few days, whenever Luke and Catherine went to work in the company, Vivian would drive them.

One morning, Vivian was taking them to work when Catherine struck up a casual conversation.

"Are you going to come back and work here after graduating?" she asked.

"I'm sure your career will thrive here. Besides, it'd be nice if you visited us often. I love having you around, Vivian."

Vivian reminded them so much of Charis. She liked the same things and even shared similar mannerisms with their daughter.

In a way, Catherine regarded her as a substitute for their daughter.

Glancing at Catherine from the rearview mirror, Vivian mused, "My graduation is still far off, but I'll be sure to come back when the time comes."

Catherine grinned happily.

"If you can't find a job you like after graduation, you can always come to work for us. We have a media company and an energy company. There has to be a job suitable for you, right, Luke?"

Vivian was both surprised and delighted. Things were moving smoothly. She didn't expect that Catherine would ask her to work in the Turner Group so easily.

As soon as the car pulled to a stop in front of the Turner Group's building, Vivian saw a beautiful woman with long hair and light makeup standing at the door.

Vivian was stunned for a few seconds and then broke into a faint smile. She didn't expect to run into Janet so soon.

Seeing Luke and Catherine get out of the car, Janet walked up to them quickly.

Catherine instantly felt displeasure when she saw Janet approaching, but she didn't want to cause a scene in public.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Larson?" she asked politely.

"Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Turner. I came to see you because I need your help," Janet said honestly.

Seeing that the couple had fallen silent, Janet bit her lip and continued,

"Brandon's memory loss might have something to do with Charis...So I was wondering, Mrs. Turner, if I may visit your house? I want to take a look at your daughter's phone and computer. I'm hoping to find some clues that'll help Brandon regain his memory."

As she spoke, she bowed her head respectfully. Her attitude was sincere and humble. If

she had any other way, she wouldn't have come to the Turners for help.

Unexpectedly, Catherine sneered. How dare Janet come to them and ask such a stupid question? Who did she think she was? Catherine had just lost her daughter and was still grieving. How could Janet come to her at a time like this?

"I don't think we can do anything to help," she said indifferently.

"You should leave now. Sorry, but we can't help you."

After all, in Catherine's eyes, Charis only died because of Janet.

Catherine glanced at Luke.

Both of them were seething with rage.

Without wasting their breath on Janet, they walked past her and went inside the Turner Group's office building.

"Mrs. Turner, I know you think that I killed your daughter, so you have every right to be angry at me. But my husband did nothing wrong. Please help him, not me."

Janet followed them anxiously.

Catherine looked back over her shoulder and sneered in disgust.

"It's good that you know you're the one who killed my daughter. Because of you, she'll never come back. Someday you'll pay for what you've done, Janet."

Hearing what Catherine said, Janet sighed and backed off. She knew it was useless for her to keep begging them.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Vivian had witnessed what just happened. She had already recognized Janet

the second she saw her, but she just watched her from the car and didn't do anything. She didn't get out of the car until Janet was gone.

Following the Turners into the building, Vivian pretended to know nothing and asked tentatively, "Mr. and

Mrs. Turner, who was that woman?"

Being reminded of Janet, Catherine got angry again.

"Janet Larson."

Hearing what Catherine said, Vivian looked in the direction Janet had left and gasped in feigned surprise.

"Oh, that was her? How dare she come to you!"

Catherine sneered indignantly.

"She said she wanted to go to our house to check Charis's things. I don't know what she was up to. That

woman is very scheming. If you meet her someday, you should be very careful with her, okay?"

"Okay, Mrs. Turner."

Vivian nodded solemnly.

"The audacity of that girl! She killed Charis and then came to you for help? She'll pay sooner or later!" She spoke with such disdain, knowing that this was exactly what the Turners wanted to hear.

Seeing that Vivian was on their side, Catherine's trust in her only grew. Vivian knew that she was steadily earning the Turners' trust. It was only a matter of time before she could take the next step.

Janet was a murderer.th. She didn't deserve to live such a happy life!

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