

My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1367 - 1368

Chapter 1367

The mere thought of the spectacle where he crushed Brandon underfoot would send Jeremy into bouts of gleeful mirth. Jeremy's savage grin paired with his frosty laughter was enough to chill Suzanne's bones, a fear she kept well concealed. Their separation had spanned but a handful of days. How was it that Jeremy seemed even more unhinged, more outlandish than before? His demeanor was akin to a midnight butcher brandishing his blade on a deserted street. Such recklessness stirred a sense of trepidation in Suzanne. Could such a man, a tempest of insanity, truly serve as her protector? Might his blade find

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her skin in some unfathomable future? Contemplating this possibility sent ripples of anxiety through Suzanne.

In truth, she was a woman beset by perpetual insecurity. Upon her birth, her

mother was claimed by the harsh realities of childbirth.

As a girl in the patriarchal Duncan family, she received less-than-welcome

receptions. Her existence was deemed the origin of her mother's demise.

She was forced to reside in a damp, forgotten storage room in their antiquated

homestead, left to her own devices. The elders' scorn emboldened her

relatives to torment her daily for their amusement. In her mind's eye, Suzanne

recalled her cousins delighting in dropping insects into her garments,

applauding enthusiastically as her tears of terror flowed. At first, she would

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protest, but they dismissed her defiance due to their superior numbers.

They even attacked her until she lay on the brink of death, pleading for mercy.

Suzanne sought help from the elders, yearning for their support.

Yet, her pleas fell on deaf ears. The patriarchs met her with revulsion,

suggesting cruelly, “Why do they raise their hands on you and not others?

Reflect on yourself.” Too young to counteract, Suzanne would retreat, her

battered body finding solace in that cold, damp corner. Yet even there, in her

private sanctuary, she was not granted respite. The attendant designated to

care for her neglected her duties, rationing her meals and shunting her own

tasks onto Suzanne.

If tasks were poorly executed or if the servant faced criticism elsewhere,

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Suzanne was the sacrificial lamb, bearing beatings and insults. Attempts to retaliate only provoked harsher abuse, more brutal blows. Her formative years were painted with bruises and insults, bereft of family or companions. Upon reaching school age, she harbored hopes of better times, only to find her tormenting cousins were persistent. Her schoolmate cousin not only subjected her to bullying but also alienated her from her peers. The rumor of her “doombringing” persona spread like wildfire by her cousin. Consequently, her peers believed she was an ill omen. Every school day began with a symbolic sweeping of their brooms on her back, their childlike voices spewing cruel taunts. “All the better to sweep away your misfortune and give your mother peace.”

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“You, the source of your mother’s death, must endure daily beatings to spare us from your curse.”

“Your mother must rue the day you were born, you tiny jinx!”

Eventually, Suzanne grew numb to these harsh words. She found herself

cornered with no choice but to endure. Her submission didn’t quell their

tormenting.

Instead, it seemed to embolden their bullying further.

One day, a simple conversation with a boy fancied by her cousin resulted in a

post-school ambush in the restroom.

Her cousin, with venomous hate, declared, “You attempt to ensnare others at

such a tender age. You’re a shameless wretch, just like your deceased mother!”

Suzanne was filled with desperation to defend her late mother’s honor, but her

young body was too frail to resist. She was pinned down by her cousin’s allies,

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akin to a dying wild dog being subdued.

Ultimately, her cousin marked her forehead with a long, deep scar using a

stone before releasing her.

Once, Suzanne had a face that held a trace of beauty. But the scar marred her

features, replacing her beauty with visible agony.

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Chapter 1368

Suzanne's face bore a disfiguring scar that gnawed at her self-esteem, and even plunged her into depression's abyss. In the throes of high school, the constant scrutiny from cruel eyes became unbearable. One bleak day, dressed in her only elegant attire, she approached the river's edge, resolved to extinguish the dull misery of her existence. Slowly, the cold water began to swallow her legs, creeping up to her chest, when suddenly, she was yanked back by a powerful force. It was Jeremy. In the dire moment, it was Jeremy who came to her rescue. Once back on solid ground, with a solemn gaze on Suzanne, Jeremy questioned, "What drove you to attempt suicide?" Feeling a sting of humiliation, she veiled her "ugliness" under a curtain of hair, dropping

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her head swiftly.

Eventually, she managed a soft, choked reply.

“Life seems pointless, only a target for mockery.” Bewildered, she posed a question.

“Why did you save me? Wouldn’t death be a preferable fate for someone like me?”

Jeremy’s words resonated—bewitching and compelling.

“If I offered you a chance at a different life, would you still choose death?” Her

head snapped up, locking her gaze into Jeremy’s icy stare.

From that point forward, Jeremy kept his promise, crafting for Suzanne an

existence beyond her old despair. He financed her reconstructive surgery,

coached her on digital stardom, helped launch Star Entertainment, and

gradually rebuilt her confidence. Having survived a grueling decade, she had

emerged stronger, luxuriating in her newfound supremacy.

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The thought of regressing into her past was unbearable. “Can you grasp this opportunity?”

Jeremy’s soft murmur pulled Suzanne from her reverie.

“You wouldn’t disappoint me, given all that I’ve provided?” Startled into clarity,

Suzanne offered a slow smile, meeting Jeremy’s frosty gaze.

“Indeed, I will seize this chance to bear the heir of Larson Group.”

She held a

resolution, identical to her resolve from a decade prior —to seize every

opportunity to climb higher. She aspired to dominate, and for those who had

scorned her to rue their choices. “Excellent. I trust you’ll rise to the occasion.”

Jeremy’s satisfaction was apparent in his grin. Concerned about Brandon’s

aloofness, Suzanne’s brow furrowed.

“But I can’t even approach Brandon; his bond with Janet is so strong, let alone

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carry his child. Leaning back in his chair, arms crossed, Jeremy's tone was nonchalant.

"There are numerous ways to bridge the gap with Brandon."

Her eyes gleamed with interest.

"What is your proposition?"

Leisurely sipping his wine, a smirk played on Jeremy's lips.

"Monitor the bidding collaboration with Larson Group closely; find more

opportunities to interact with Brandon. It would be ideal if rumors started linking

you both, causing Janet to ask questions."

A cruel smile dawned on Suzanne's face.

"Janet's emotional state must be precarious, given her recent infertility

diagnosis. Gossip about her husband's infidelity could be the breaking point,

creating fissures in their relationship."

Jeremy nodded appreciatively.

"When we break the news of your pregnancy with Brandon's child, it would

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seem plausible, more so if their relationship appears strained.”

Suzanne’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“But I haven’t been intimate with Brandon. The truth will soon be uncovered;

how could I be carrying his child?”

Jeremy exuded confidence as he replied, “Don’t fret; I assure you, I have the

plan to facilitate your pregnancy with Brandon’s offspring. Be patient.”

Witnessing Jeremy’s unwavering confidence, Suzanne’s apprehension faded.

Indeed, if Jeremy could transform her life once, his potency was undeniable.

She needed only to adhere to his scheme to reap its rewards!

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