

## **THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE:**

### **My Poor Husband Is A Billionaire Chapter 1367**

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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 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 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, 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 “doom-bringing”

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.”  
“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, 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.