

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 778 I WANT TO SEE BRANDON

Allie, pale as a ghost, slowly shook her head in disbelief. "Bullshit! I just made a small mistake, that's all! The Larson Group wouldn't kill me over something so trivial, would they?"

She almost blurted out the fact that she had a powerful backer. The second she was released from this place, Vivian would send someone to come pick her up.

Ellen eyed her with disgust and spat out the toothpick in her mouth. "I don't give a fuck if you don't believe me. I'm not the one who's going to die. Since you've been massaging my feet over the past few days, out of the goodness of my heart, I'll let you in on a secret. You were sent here by the Larson Group and you know how ruthless Brandon Larson can be. Do you

really think he'll let you go so easily?"

Hearing this, Allie was scared out of her wits. She staggered over to the door and cried through the iron railings, "Sir, can you lend me your phone? I need to call someone! It's urgent!"

The prison guard outside did nothing but glance at her as though she was an annoying fly.

Allie's lower lip trembled. It had been several days already. Vivian had to know that she had been arrested. Why didn't she send her a sign of some sort?

Allie suddenly felt that she might've been made scapegoat for Vivian!

"I need to see Brandon! I need to talk to him!" Allie kept yelling.

Since Vivian didn't lift a finger to save her, she had no choice but to betray her!

The prison guard was annoyed by her screams.

He walked over to the iron bars, took out his baton, and rattled the bars with it. The sound of metal clashing with metal sounded particularly harsh. "Shut the fuck up! Look around you. Do you think you can just see anyone you want? Let alone Brandon Larson? Do you really think he has time for someone like you? Behave yourself!"

Allie was about to shout some more when someone hit her on the head with a slipper.

Ellen rolled her eyes impatiently. "You're making a scene for nothing. No one will want to talk to you like that. Think someone out there can help you get out of

here? Dream on. No one will save you. Get back here and massage my feet!"

Allie tightened her grip on the bars. She refused to give up!

If Vivian didn't save her and Brandon thought she was the mastermind, her life would really be over.

"Hey, bitch! Did you hear me?" Seeing that Allie still said nothing, Ellen jumped off the bed, grabbed Allie's hair from behind, and spat fiercely, "Don't ignore me when I'm talking to you! Or else I'll beat the crap out of you!"

The woman was tall and strong. She easily dragged Allie to the toilet by the hair.

Allie kicked and screamed for help, but everyone else minded their own business and turned a blind eye to

her desperate cries.

No one dared to provoke the woman, Ellen Swain, so they could only watch from the sidelines.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Ellen held Allie's head over the dirty toilet. There were even some unflushed droppings floating in the water, emitting a disgusting stench.

Ellen ignored her cries and shoved her head into the toilet. She dunked it several times until Allie felt as though she was going to pass out.

Finally, Ellen let go of her and dusted her hands off. "That's what happens when you piss me off."

Allie crawled to a corner, where she curled into a ball feebly. Toilet water dripped from her hair and her eyes were empty and glassy. She didn't dare to say

anything more to Ellen.

Days felt like years in here. In the blink of an eye, Allie suddenly lost all hope.

Just as she felt that she couldn't hold on any longer, the prison guard suddenly opened the door and told her, "Allie Olson, someone's here to see you."

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